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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXXXVI

DECEMBER, 1917, TO MAY, 1918



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1918

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Painting by Franklin Booth

Illustration for "The Proud Lady"

"AND HE WHO BRINGETH ME HOME THE BEST,
WITH THAT MAN WILL I WED"



HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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A POET AND HIS CHILD FRIENDS
James Whitcomb Riley's Letters To Children
Arranged with Comment by Edmund H. Eitel

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY always greeted the applause which came to him with something of the surprise and wonder of a child. When he was praised as the man who had introduced the real child into American literature, he said, "I have only been trying to do the little fellow simplest, purest justice." But he was genuinely pleased, and was not too "grown-up" to acknowledge his gratification. "The letters received from delighted fathers and mothers," he wrote to an old friend, "and even the pencil-printed ones from the lovely little chaps themselves, all— all go to make me one of the happiest, gratefullest of men—with never a child of my own, and yet with a world of them—thank the Father of us all."

It was the children themselves who helped him most to his success. Whoever has seen a child listening to "Little Orphant Annie" or "The Raggedy

Man," and has watched it tingle with glee through every line, comprehends how amazingly Riley understood the child. It was natural that the children should applaud and ask for more, at school and at home. In Riley the teachers found "a key to child-nature." And in Riley the children instinctively knew they had a friend who understood. And so they wrote to him, and made his growing years beautiful with their tribute.

On Easter and New-Year's they showered letters, drawings, rhymes, and flowers upon him. At Christmas-time Riley's correspondence rivaled that of St. Nicholas. On his birthdays the postman on Lockerbie Street had to throw up his hands, and Uncle Sam's automobile brought around in mail-bags the letters from boys and girls. On his last birthday, October 7, 1915, ten thousand messages came, many representing

entire classes or whole buildings of school-children, and many written out of school in a burst of confidence.

"I think Indiana should be proud of such a child as you," a little girl wrote. "Not only Indiana, but the United States should be proud of you. I am proud of you myself."

Riley's appeal to the child was universal, for the people who liked him lived in all parts of the world. Sometimes immigrant children, Italians, Armenians, Slavs, remembered him with letters. "I am a little Hungarian boy just one year in this country," wrote a child, "but that one year was enough to learn to love your lovely poems. I like the Old Swimmin'-Hole best." An Indian boy wrote, "I think the Raggedy Man is nice, but I can't go back on the Bear Story."

So the letters came, some in big, wabbly handwriting, some in faultless vertical, and once a letter in Braille from a school for blind children. It seemed the writers had not the slightest doubt that the poet would gladly hear anything and everything that they were interested in.

It would be impossible to quote many of the amusing things children wrote to Riley. Some of them ought not to be forgotten. One little boy wrote, "I tell you what, Mr. Riley, I was surprised to learn that you was living because I thought all poets was dead." A very little girl sent this birthday message in an immense and wabbly hand, "I hope you have had a happy day. I think it will pay both you and both me to keep up your writting of good poetry." A boy wrote, "I have read so many of your poems that I have a strong taste of poetry myself." Another boy asked, "Did you ever stop to think where that boy went in 'Little Orphant Annie'?" Another said: "I past your home about a month ago on Lockerbie street. It looks like it is filled with poetry from foundashun to roof." "I have never saw you, and you have never saw me," wrote a very ungrammatical little girl, "but I do wish I will see you some time."

Frequently the children told Riley which poem was "loved best." "The Raggedy Man" and "The Bear Story" were the favorites. "Little Orphant Annie" was a close third. The boys

usually liked "The Old Swimmin'-Hole" best, but often mentioned "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," which perhaps has reached their hearts through its description of good things to eat. Almost all of the verses mentioned by his little correspondents are in child dialect.

The children favored Riley with their own poetic efforts. On one birthday they gave him a poetry shower, and marched past his gate on Lockerbie Street with their contributions. This came from a little girl in Portland, Oregon: "When I was nine years old I wrote a poem. I will send it to you. I was sitting on the porch one night and composed it in a few minutes. I started another but did not finish it." One little boy inclosed a "pome," which was everything that a poem should not be: "I am twelve years old, live in the country, and am not fit for hard work. If you think it is all right I will try and be a poet."

Again and again the children in their letters told of their desire to meet Riley. "You naughty little poet!" one letter from Indianapolis read. "To think of both of us living in the same city and never meeting as I would like to do very much, but deep in my heart there is forgiveness for you. I realize that you are no longer young and cannot get around to visit and meet all of your unknown friends."

One enthusiastic boy wrote: "Can't you come down to California and visit us? We have never had any important people to come to visit us, only relations and they are not important."

Some of the most charming of the letters were those which tell of meeting the poet:

DEAR MR. RILEY,—We little girls who came to your home today are so ashamed of ourselves for staring at you so, but we had not expected to see *you* our great Hoosier poet in his living room, when just this afternoon I had read that you detested being stared at, as if you were "a pinkeyed mouse."

I do not know whether you will ever have time to glance at this note but we wanted to apologize to you for being so very common.

From a little girl who loves you,
MARY M. COATES.

An Indianapolis newsboy had this to tell of Riley: "This morning we were talking about your birthday and the teacher asked us if we knew or ever saw you. I was the only one in the room that raised my hand. I told her that I have sold you many newspapers by the market. She asked me if you ever gave me any tips, as us newsboys call them. I told the teacher that one day you gave me a quarter tip." Riley never asked a newsboy for change. "Pennies," he explained, "were very scarce when I was a boy."

On just one occasion he was drawn into an intimate talk in which he revealed from his vivid memory of the boy he used to be the real secret of his understanding of children.

"There is always beside me the little boy

I used to be, and I can think his thoughts, and live his hopes and his tragedies now, just as much as I could when I looked like him.

"We have great times together—this little boy and I—and we are never more intimate than when some other little child is near us. I have sat here by the fire, or by somebody else's fire, and have seen a little, strange child come into the room when it seemed as if he must know how much alike we were and that I must go and talk with him. But I never did go to him right away, or call him to me. Why? Because the little boy I used to be was at my elbow, and I remembered very well how he used to like to have people treat him. Was it the people who made an affectionate rush at him and

caught him up and covered him with kisses who won his heart? No, it was the people whose hearts he thought he had won.

"So with this little, strange child in the room, I would sit still and pretend to be talking with the grown-up people. But I never ceased to be conscious of

him for a minute—only I wouldn't have let him know that for the world. I wooed him instead as subtly as ever lover wooed a sweetheart—and, when you consider it, a lover woos as if his sweetheart were a child, undervaluing what is too easily won, and overestimating what is hard to possess. . . . So I would hold out my hand to the child with all the absent-mindedness I could muster, and I would keep on talking. The little, strange child

would watch like a little, shy rabbit, and come a little nearer, and a little nearer, and finally he would be standing with my arm around him, and all the while I would be talking to some one else, and not seeming to pay him the slightest attention. Then at length he would begin to make timid efforts to attract my notice, and, finally, I would let him. After that we would be fast friends."

Riley took his correspondence with children seriously. Always he saw that no child's letter went neglected, even though he himself had ordinarily no more than time to read the messages. Often he replied with little souvenir bookmarks or Christmas cards which he ingeniously devised, or booklets of verses in facsimile of his handwriting. He always was thoughtful and consid-



TRIPLETS NAMED AFTER THE POET
James Rule, Whitcomb Rule, Riley Rule

erate of their feelings. If there were two in the family two souvenirs exactly alike must go.

And so the hosts of small friends who wrote to him were never forgotten by Riley. They were held to him not only by his poems, but by the personal letter which cheered. There are men and women to-day who have preserved as a most precious memory a cherished letter from Riley like this one:

JAMES L. MURRAY:

DEAR LITTLE BOY,—No-sir-ee! I couldn't write verses when I was nine years old like you. But, as you do, I could get verses "by heart," for speeches at School—only I always got pale and sick and faint when I tried to *spea*k 'em—and my chin wobbled, and my throat hurt, and then I broke clean down and *cried*. Oughtn't I been ashamed of myself? I bet *you* ain't goin' to cry—in the Second Room of the A Grade!

I was sorry to hear your mother died when you were only one year old. My mother is dead, too; and so I wouldn't be surprised if *your* mother and *my* mother were together right now, and know each other, and are the best friends in *their* World, just as you and I are in this. My best respects to your good father and teachers all.

EVER your friend,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

To another and older boy, the son of Riley's life-long friend, Dr. Franklin W. Hays, the poet sent a letter with the verses, "A Simple Recipe,—Showing How to Make the Right Kind of a Man Out of the Right Kind of a Boy."

DEAR FRIEND TOM,—You have written me a mighty fine letter and as interesting and entertaining, from start to finish, as Gentry's show of trick-animals—in the highly enthusiastic midst of which

"The Baby Elephant goes round and round,
The band begins to play,
And the little boys under the monkey's cage
Had better git out o' the way!"

The little pony the poodle rides,
And the "munk" that beats him too—
The wild sea-hoss, and the 'noss-e-ross,
The koot, and the kangaroo!

Indeed the letter is as though I were an excited spectator of the whole delightful performance. . . .

Your affectionate old friend,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A little girl, the daughter of old friends, wrote from his native town, Greenfield, for a contribution for her school paper. Riley replied:

MISS HELEN DOWNING:

DEAR FRIEND AND FELLOW CITIZEN,—It is just *impossible* for me to write a suitable article for "The High School Budget," in the time you give me, being now a child no more. But I want you to tell "the Graduating Class," for me, that, as *their* view of the World which they are now about to enter might make Providence alter *His* plans quite a good deal, each worthy pupil ought to *think ahead*, and so put the great Master to the least possible embarrassment. Well can I fancy—in the old days—with what surprise He ultimately found an utterly *unpromising* "scholar" amounting to something. So, I say to you—in lieu of any literary attempt on my part to break into "The Budget" while the editors are looking the other way,—tell *all* the children, in High or Low school, that here's an old schoolboy a-bettin' on 'em all—thinkin', trustin' and *knowin'* that *everyone* of 'em is goin' to do his and her very level-best to make things "unembarrassing" for the One Supreme Master of us all.

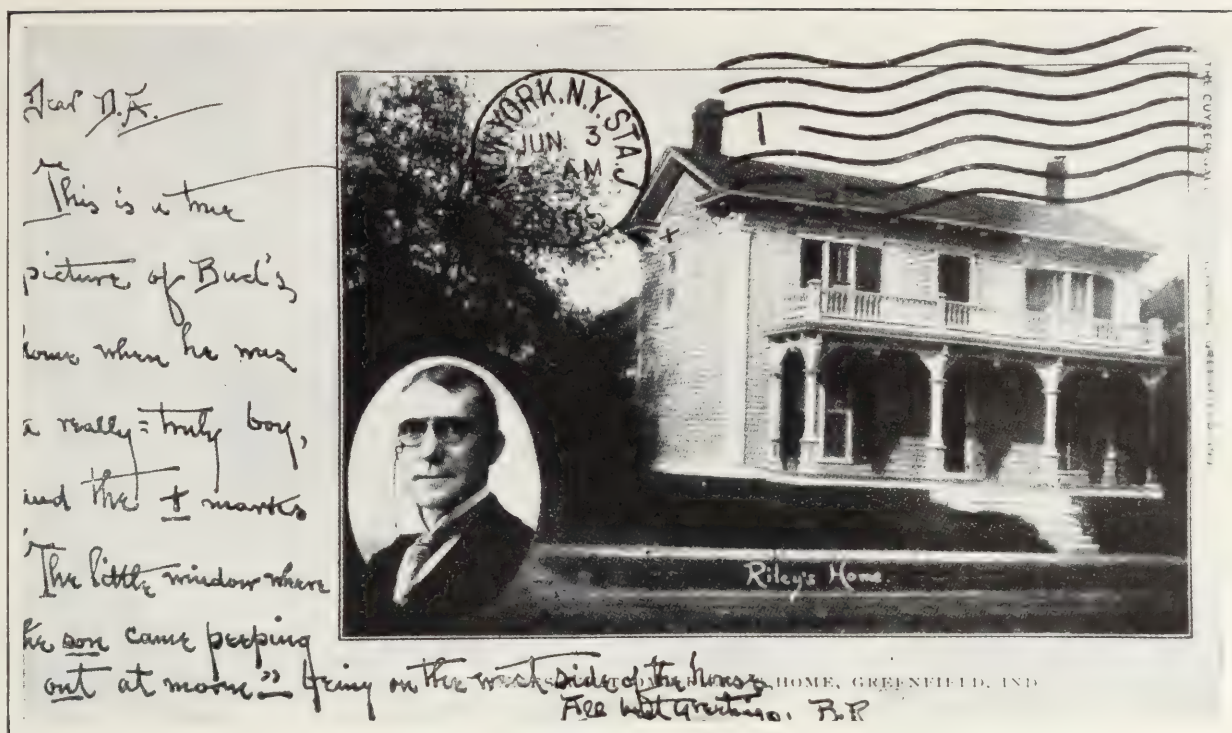
As to the old song-rhymes of mine you desire to print—Yes, put 'em in "The Budget," if they're worthy—which I doubt. . . . And now, my dear child, let me startle you a trifle, maybe, by telling you that right in the midst of all you lovely children is a little chap you never see at all! . . . 'cause he's *a ghost!*—And a nawful happy shore-'nuff ghost!—And it's me!—Back to Greenfield—*my* home,—and your home—and your parents' home—and the best home outside of Heaven.

So, with all hale greetings to everybody, I am your old Hoosier friend and schoolmate,
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

To little Elizabeth Page, who wrote about a "beautiful collie pup honored with the name of James Whitcomb Riley Page," the poet replied:

DEAR ELIZABETH PAGE,—You have sent me a mighty good letter, and I thank you heartily. I receive a great number of letters, mostly written by grown-up people, and it is really surprising how uninteresting they can be.

Give me a letter any time from the Elizabeth Pages of this world. What you say in appreciation of your "Daddy" goes spang to the spot. That is right, bet on your "Daddy" above all other men however bright they shine in the spotlight of your



A POST-CARD TO "DORY ANN," WRITTEN FROM THE POET'S OLD HOME AT GREENFIELD, INDIANA

gubernatorial halls. And the dog James Whitcomb Riley Page at once romps into my affections. As you say, you "hope he will be a smart dog" and if he is not you will change his name to "Edgar Allen Poe." I agree with you, as I too dislike Poe so much that I am glad he is not here to be embarrassed thereby.

Thank you very much also for liking my books, and always have your "Daddy"—my friend—to interpret them to you.

By the way, though, you must spell Allan with an *a*, as Mr. Poe was very touchy on that point.

As ever and always your old friend,
JAMES POPCORN RILEY.

During Riley's last years, on hearing of the serious illness of the little son of his old friend, the late Senator Kern of Indiana, Riley wrote a sympathetic note:

DEAR JOHN KERN, JR.,—You are a brother invalid but you have the edge on me, for you are able to write your own letters while I have not made a scratch of a pen for nearly three years. It is very good to hear from you, although I feel that I know you well for your father's sake.

We are patients of the same doctor and like you I enjoy Mr. Noblet's ministrations. As yet I walk about the same as you do from his description, but am earnestly hoping that you and I will caper about together at some early future time. All we have to do is to

be brave and gallant in our affliction and I think the Good Lord will eventually reward us,—reward us with the good health of our more fortunate constituents. I mean some time to answer your invitation and stop to see you, just as soon as I find myself a little less unwieldy.

Present my best wishes and regards to your parents and believe me always

Very truly your friend,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Among the letters of Riley to children, those to the little niece of his lifelong friend, Miss Edith M. Thomas, the poet, have a particular interest. With her Riley exchanged letters until in the inevitable course of events she grew up. In a child's spirit, and often in its language, he made some of the most intimate revelations of his character. Among his papers was found this unfinished letter begun but never sent. She had written to express her delight in "Orphant Annie" and "The Run-away Boy." Riley prepared this reply:

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—One time an old middle-aged man—a *very* middle-aged man—who from his childhood had been *playing* that he was a poet—got some sure-enough books of poetry—pieces printed, at last, and sprinkled them over his friends like salt on cantalopes; and then leaned back and waited for applause and laughed to himself

so that he would not miss any voice of praise out of the vast chorus of the world at large. And—he is listening still—though, like the bass kings in the O-r-tao-ri-o,

He thinks it not becoming
To be found in idle funning
So his laugh is ver-ee L O W—
H A ! ————— H A !

And yet not quite in vain has he been listening all these years, for now and then faint murmurous accents like yours reach his almost starving senses; and as he hears them, the old man's fancies find his Youth again and all the childish joys that once were his.—So veritably young he is that he goes dancing back to his old make-believes, and plays that he's a poet, just as then.

Miss Medairy Dory Ann
Cast her line and caught a man,
But when he looked so pleased (alack!)
She unhooked and plunked him back,—
“I never like to catch what I can,”
Said Miss Medairy Dory Ann.

It would be interesting to know why this letter was never sent. It seems not at all unlikely that Riley did not send

weeks. In a letter telling of her accident she inclosed her photographs. Few little girls ever received a more deft message of comfort than this:

MY DEAR MISS MEDAIRY DORY ANN,—No use trying, for I just can't tell you how proud I am of your letter and the portraits too—though to save me I can't see, by your picture, which arm it is that has been hurting so.—Strange that the artist should take the arm so lifelike and yet leave out the ache! Surely he must have neglected something, the day you say—wasn't it a dark, damp sort of a day, so that the chemicals smelled too thick? or did the artist fail to smother himself long enough under the velvet cover of his camera? or did he, by some fateful oversight, fail to instruct you to “look pleasant,” “lift the chin,” “moisten the lips,” “wink” like a kinettescope and “hold perfectly still,”—all at one and the same sneezible instant! Be this all as it may, I'm rejoiced at the beautiful result—the portraits both to adorn the walls of my already storied Temple of Fame. Yes, and I'm going to try to take your advice as to writing more “Runaway Boys” and “Orphant Annies.”

Very gratefully your old
Hoosier friend,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

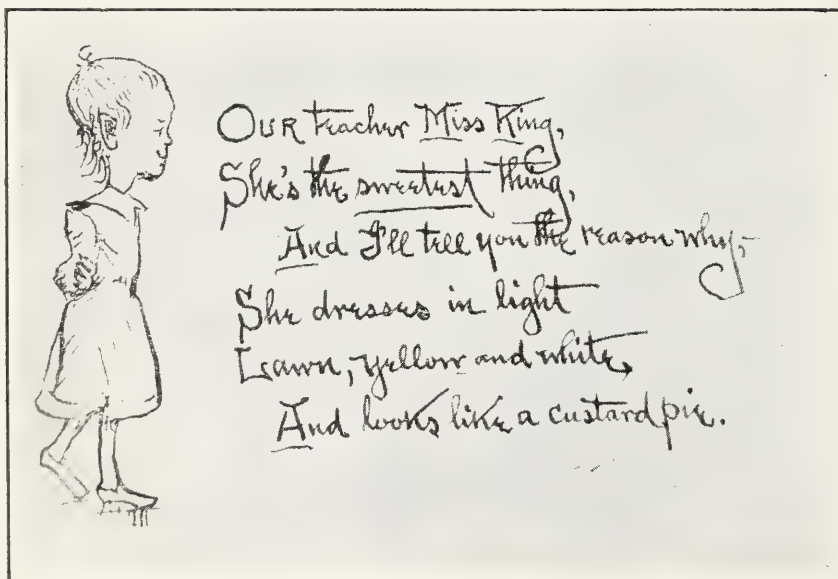
In one of her first letters the little girl tried to coax the poet to New York for a visit by expressing the hope that if he came they might have “ice cream and salted almonds for dinner.” A little later Riley addressed a letter to her signed “Bud,” the name he went by as a child:

Dear frund i rite to Let
you Kno the World is
White With drif tud
Snow

The Worlds in bed all
tucked in
White like its Ma Said
There de ear good
Night.

ever thine yore littel po-ity friend,
BUD RILEY.

After that “Dory Ann” addressed him as “Bud” Riley. At Christmas-time the poet and the little girl regularly exchanged presents. “Dory Ann's” first gift to the poet is of interest because of the letter it inspired:



AN ILLUMINATED POSTSCRIPT

This was appended to the letter to “Dory Ann” which is printed in the following column of this page

it because he wanted to write to the little girl as a mere friend and not in the person of a poet. Riley always called her “Dory Ann,” after an old-fashioned name from the memories of his childhood. When the letters began, the child was in the hospital suffering from an injury to her arm which kept her there for many

DEAR FRIEND DORY ANN,—Indeed I *did* get your fine Christmas present, and beautiful as it is, I've had it in use ever since it came. When I read the wondrously wrought letters of the legend on it, "Cuffs and Collars," then I seemed to know at once just what it was for, and so I rushed back up to my room with it and hung it up ins'tantly; and then all joyously I took off my cuffs and collar and put them in their exquisitely lovely case—And "O how sweet they looked in that ellagunt re-septicul" I then exclaimed, radiant with delight unspeakable. And now, ever since, when callers come to see me, Dennis tells 'em "Yes'm, Mist' Riley's *here*, but I spec' he cain't see nobody no more, caze he's got a Christmus-gif' what he's got sich a 'miration for dat he done keep his cuffs and colluhs in it all de time! — Yes'm — an' done sent word to ev'body for to skusen him he *cain't* come down, caze he aint got on no cuffs and collahs, an co'se he cain't come down no more!"

Yours with ever-growing thanks and tears of rapchurus Joy. BUD RILEY.

Next Valentine's Day Riley sent her a book, for which Dory Ann thanked him, and added this comment:

Aunt Edith said people died and made you sad. I am sorry. Grim (my cat) just died and I am sad too. When are you coming to eat ice cream and turkey?

"Bud" discussed turkey with her year in and year out.

DEAR DORY ANN,—Your last letter was so short I couldn't laugh over it only just a little. And then you choose such small words and write them in so big a hand on such a weenty-teenty page, that just about the time your letter gets to tasting

good-and-creamy, I've got it all licked up! So I think, when you hint about *some* folks being "pretty mean," that you must have in mind a certain girl I know—and that's you your-own-sef! (and I spelt self thataway a-purpose.) But the other day I was a little mean, I guess,—when my little third-cousin Helen broke away from her Pa (my *second*-cousin) and his Pa (my *first*-cousin) and ran

right in front of a streetcar and almost under the wheels, when her Pa grabbed her, and she was 'most about to cry, and I laughed at her and clapped my hands and said "Goody! goody! goody! you come purt'-near' a-gittin' run over! Goody—Goody! that's what you git when you're only ist somebody's third-cousin!"

All right about the turkey that died of old age, waiting for me to come help eat him! —If that's a picture of him you made, why I think he wasn't the kind of turkey folks eat, anyhow — 'cause you made him with four legs, like a work-stand, so you ought to have made *casters* on him — 'stead o'

toes! Eatin'-turkeys has only got *two* legs. Here's a picture of a eatin'-turkey:—

And here's a Eatin'-turkey poem:—

When Dory Ann she gave a tea
She specially invited me,
With other children, two or three,

And asked us all to *come* quick!
"Because," she wrote, "dear friends I've got
A turkey for you, steaming hot,
And each of you—forget it not—
Shall have a savory drumstick!"

But when her four guests came, and she
Cut off one turkey-leg for me
And one for her—why, there were three
More guests might suck their thumbs slick!



EDITH THOMAS MEDAIRY

It is this photograph of "Dory Ann" to which Riley refers in his letter on the preceding page

A Eatin'-turkey's hapless lot
Is two lone legs, more guests or not,
Two lonesome legs is all he's got,
And nary other drumstick!

Ever yore obedient servant and
well-wisher ever thine
yours respectfully write soon
BUD RILEY.

With joy too great for pen
to state
Or tongue to dare articulate.
And I like you—and better too—
Than angel-cake or rabbit-stew!

The little girl replied:

DEAR JIM,—I hope you don't mind. I think it does not sound quite so familiar as Bud—and you are older than I am. I received your letter. I don't think you understood the turkey business. New York turkeys do not have four legs. I wanted you to see in my picture both sides of the turkey's legs. That was all. Besides if our turkey did have four legs when you come to dinner you ought to be very glad, for we would each have two legs. Your poem in Collier's is as bad as my turkey. Mamma read it to me. I like it, but, like the turkey, *I don't understand it*. Mamma thinks it is beautiful.

The little girl in *your* picture did not have such a dreadful time as *I do*. Her hair was strait as a string and mine curls!! and is about 2 yds long and mamma is so mean she won't have it cut off. I don't mean she is mean because I love her better than anybody in the world. If you will come to New York City I will love you too. I wish I could write poetry, but I can't. So Aunt E. wrote one for me and I will send it. She says she saw you in New York City long ago. I call that mean, for I never saw you. If you will come at XMAS time I will give you a present. I always have a XMAS tree and I will poot something on it for you. And we can take off the popcorn and *candy aples* and such things *and* eat them all by *our selefs* you and I.

I do not go to school this year. I have my lessons at home. I don't like children very much, but I like you. I go to dancing school and I have been there for years. I don't dance with little boys. Can you dance? Aunt E. can't and I don't spose poets can ever dance. Mamma thinks you are very good to write to me so often and says I must not be a nuisance or expect you to write to me very often.

With my best love,
DORY ANN MEDAIRY.

To "Dory Ann's" mother the poet wrote to explain about the flowers which he had sent to "Dory Ann" for Christmas:

DEAR MRS. MEDAIRY,—With all my heart thank you, thank you for the good message direct from the far-off home of my little friend Edith—And you must hasten to inform her how sorry too am I that I was *not* there, immediately back of the floral offering, to Gnome-like spring forward, gloweringly, exclaiming, "*Whur's that'-air Dory Ann 'at thinks she'll git to eat up all my turkey and ice cream!*" Well, tell her I just *couldn't* be there, or I'd 'a' been! So I'm dancin' around now, just as *she* danced, and a'tryin' to flop my hands loose from the wrists, a-wantin' ever'body to hurry quick an' bring me there, whether they kin er not! . . .

But now I'm goin' to be good agin an 'bediant to my parunts all an teachers fond an dear!—So that — *next* time I'll really be there fer sure! . . . Of course I never dreamed of the florists holding back the Indianapolis message that went with their instructions. But all's well at last, and happily; and we're all the more assured of a real meeting after all.

Then there was a series of post-cards Riley prepared in anticipation of St. Valentine's Day for "Dory Ann," as explained in a letter to her aunt:

DEAR MISS THOMAS,—This rainy day I began a series of rather hectic post-cards, being just issued here by some municipal authority—presumably honoring the very loveliest and best city in all America. Well—these cards, being writ especially for the interest and pleasure of the eye of "Dory Ann," have so pleasantly engaged me, that, behold! the entire set of them is now completed, and here proffered, in your care—just as I'd want 'em, *all at once*—'stead o' stutterin' through the letter-slot one at a time for 'bout forty-'leven weeks!

Both smilingly and seriously,
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Her pride and delight over such rhymes as these may easily be imagined:

DORY ANN—O friend of mine,
I can't find *one* valentine
That's as fine as you're divine,
So I send you eight or nine.

Ever thine,
—Bud Riley.

STATE HOUSE
The Guvner he once said to me,
"The proudest day I hope to see



A POETRY SHOWER AND PARADE BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF INDIANAPOLIS
This unique tribute was paid Riley in 1913 at his home on Lockerbie Street

Is when Miss Dory Ann comes West,
Our Capitol's most honored guest."

COURT HOUSE

"What house is this?" asked Dory Ann
Po-litely of a poor blind man:
"I've saw—in days long past and fled—
On that-ere spire," the blind man said,
"Bud Riley, Mum, stand on his head!"

THE CANOE CLUB

This scene is not, O Dory Ann,
A picture out of far Japan,
But just a Hoosier water-view,
As I've been told by those that k-new.

CITY LIBRARY

This classic piece of architecture
Is solemn inside as a lecture
And O so densely, deathly quiet
The wildest rumor tiptoes by it.

THE GERMAN HOUSE

Das Deutsche Haus is the place, I guess
Where guests speak German, more or less—
And they who *speak* it *less* are those
Who *sing* it more, as I suppose.

UNIVERSITY PARK

O the Park!—University Park!
There is never a care known there—nor a
cark,—

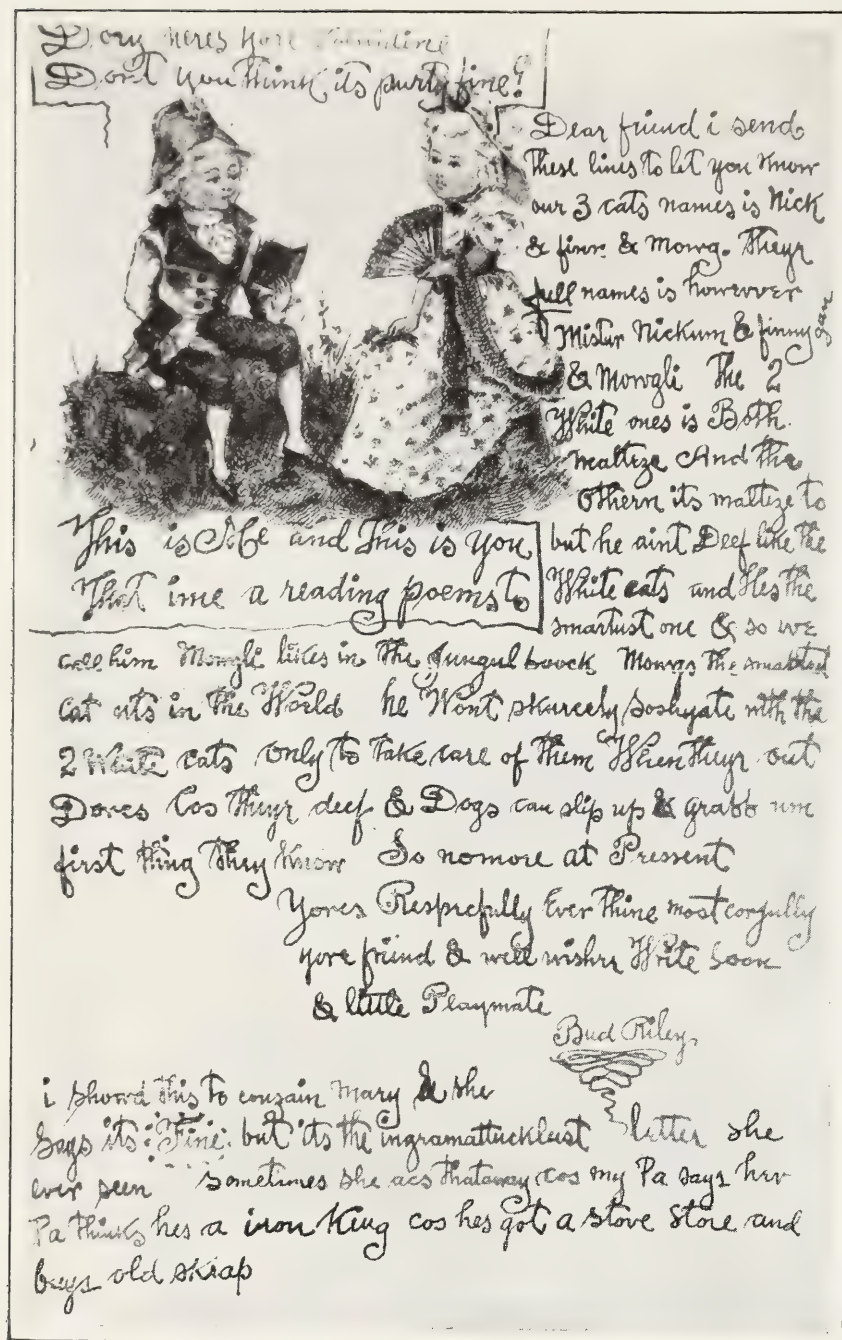
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Just the trees and the breeze, and a brave
bronze man,
And little Bud Riley and Dory Ann.

In 1904 Indianapolis entertained
Prince Pu Lun, who, it will be recalled,
was beheaded a few months ago during
the monarchical *coup d'état* in China.
A dinner was given for "Oriental roy-
alty," as Riley described it, "in about
an equally blended party of Hoosiers
and Celestials." The poet sat next to
his Highness, and described the occasion
in a letter to Miss Thomas, adding:

And oh, yes! Do tell Dory Ann that the
Prince is just like us:—He can't get enough
of ice cream!—As the colored waiter said,
at the recent banquet, "W'y, that China-
man Prince is the beatinest man for ice
cream ev' I see!—I done give him three
holpin's!"

To "Dory Ann" Riley sent the menu
card with this translation of the Prince's
actual indorsement, "His Imperial High-
ness, Prince Pu Lun, has deigned with
his own hand to autograph his portrait
herewithin sent on to Princess 'Dory
Ann'—Mr. Riley's greetings and salu-
tations."



FACSIMILE OF ONE OF THE "DORY ANN" LETTERS

In this letter to Miss Thomas, after the death of an intimate friend, Riley showed something of the depth of his soul:

DEAR MISS THOMAS,—The junior Edith, just back from Bennington Center, Vermont, writes me three enthusiastic pages of the vast new and dewy world now dawning on her young senses. O Youth—Youth—Youth! come down *this* way again! Then the Dread Shadow even could not blur the glory of the summer as it does. The fourth member of our household had gone on—(the fourth in three years—and this last a dear old and already sainted Mother). So I

calls it "kitepaste"), and hot biscuits, or salt-risin' bread, and fresh melty butter and shore-nuff honey, and "milk that's purt-nigh puore cream fer the child," as Mrs. Tilley she allus says. They ain't no monuments, and catamounts, and Molly Stark's husbands burried at Mrs. Tilley's, but they's whole heaps of her home-made pies that's laid away forever there that old Revolutionary *Bennington* can't boast of with all her "'onored dead," as she calls 'em in her hawty pride and arrowgance! So no more at present,—only don't brag on Bennington no more till you've came out there and saw Millersville!

Yours respectfully Ever thine. BUD RILEY.

could not write—nor can I yet,—only in this allusion to reaffirm yet newer, firmer belief in a wholly compensating hereafter.—Simply for all mother sakes it must be so.

The Hawthorne poem I saw with a reverence the almost elegiac one evoked. Each was of the divine spirit, and so all righteously worshipful. For a long long time my own effort has been stayed utterly.—It seems as though I never had worked or would work again—ever—on—earth! Of course, though, it *will* be resumed—O happy day!

All best greetings to you, and cheer no less—though the cheer seems sad from such cheerless lines.

As ever, your grateful and fraternal

JAMES WHITCOMB

RILEY.

Then, forgetting his sadness, he wrote:

MISS MEDAIRY DORY ANN,—You needn't think you're so big if you have been to Bennington! Maybe this afternoon I'm going to get to go 'way out to Millersville, and eat supper there, 'fore we drive back, and have chicken, and white gravy (which Uncle Sidney laughs and

"Dory Ann" wrote on a post-card the following summer: "I told mamma the other day that I knew I must not expect letters from you very often, because you always write in poetry and of course it takes a long time to compose it." Riley's next letter was true to the ideal:

DEAR DORY ANN,—Thank you for the lovely post-card and message. *Oh no!* I ain't dead at all, but just loafin' 'round, like the doctor said, or I *would be* took down, first thing I know, and wouldn't maybe be my *old se'f* till I was 'bout seventy years old—which is the vurry age which the Bible calls it "three skoren ten." So, you see, I got to be 'connomizin' in regards to also my health and my sole's welfare.

"Sister, sister, come and see!
'Tis not a bird—'tis not a bee.
Now it rises—up it gose—
Now it settles on a rose."

I just write this poetry 'cause the other was beginning to sound like it was poetry too. Dozent it, allmost?

If your Aunt whom is so grand a poettess was to see this poetry I spect she would be envious and spiteful with emotion! Long ago I wrote her a letter, and she has never so much as wrote me a word in responce. All right for *her*, say I!—Yes, and I *exclaime* it too with an exclaimemation-point!

Here come some strangers to see me, but I know what they want by their looks:—One of them is going to tell me that the *other* one is a poet, and then the poet-one will want me to "kindly" read a few reams of a poem he has just begun and give him my "real" opinion of its merits—"or demerits"—at which word, the janitor enters hurriedly to say I'm wanted at once in the directors' room a *bove*.—And I don't never get no chance to discover the first hemisphere of that beautiful poem!

Write soon—and my! your composition is getting finer and finer right along.

In her next letter "Dory Ann" asked Riley for a poem about her school. "Put N. Y. C. I. in it and that means New York Collegiate Institute," she said. Riley answered:

DEAR DORY ANN,—When I got your nice long, really-truly *letter* I sprang right out of the doctor's care, exclaiming,—"*O*, it's a letter from Edithia Eudory—Ory—Ann,—thank you, maam!—Oh, thank you, *Mam!*" And it was so lejibbly wrote—I mean written, of course—and its words of languidge was so well—so well chosen, and speld so correct and jeudishous that—

Being a Jimsy-jumpsy boy,
I Jimsy-wimsy jumped for joy.
And, now I've got *this* poem done,
N. Y. C. I've *another* one.



RILEY AND THE TWO SONS OF BILL NYE

It was to these lads that he wrote the verses entitled "Max" and "Jim"

So now you can take a few home-lessons in *equation and quotation* from your Aunt Edithia Academicia; and then, with shining morning face, trip away to [your teacher] and quote at her the above striking lines, let the chips fall where they may!

I am very sorry to hear your arm isn't well and hurts so to be treated, but I bet your arm don't hurt as bad as both my eyes when the doctor puts more Tobasco Sauce in 'em and says "they're just a-lookin' fine!" Well—well—well! we mustn't complain about any old hurt. The very noblest men and women in this world, they hurt and hurt, all their lives and then left the brave words after them that it was really good to be hurt, while hope and faith and cheer always helped 'em to stand it. So always, mind you, we're to take new heart, with every new, accommodating hurt, and really thank it for being so obligingly overcome at last. Now there's a very *amiable* hurt going to call to-morrow—as every day it has been calling on me for many long months,—and it's the pure truth I tell you—I'll welcome its coming with an ever-growing pleasure, as compared with my first *dread* of its pitiless visits. Soon, though, I'll be able to read and write again, but now this is the longest letter I can write, so you must show it only to your folks—for it is for all of them as well as for you-your-own-se'f.

Yours respectfully, ever thine, your humble
Servant and well-wisher. Write soon.
BUD RILEY.

Merry Christmas to all!

With the letter Riley sent a book and a box of candy. At Easter came some of the "beautiful roses, wild flowers, pinks, and sweet peas" which Riley always liked to send to his child friends. In reply to her thanks for the Easter flowers:

DEAR DORY ANN,—Oh, *thank ye ma'am* for the good, long, almost young-lady-letter you wrote me last! Seems like it was about forty-'leven weeks since then,—so that's a sign how always welcum your letters is to one whose cherrished thoughts is ever thine. The wether here is simply too butifle to express—or I would express you a whole box of it, so you could just gnock the lid off and berry your face in it and Exclaim "*Gee! isn't it lovely of Bud to send all this golden gorjus sunny climate to his glancing, prancing, dancing Dory Ann!*" You asked is it *all true* in the papers about Bud building at Bear Wallow. *No-sir!—not one word of it is true.* Ner Bud says how the like o' such reports ever does git in the papers is more

than he can even surmise! And them's his very words! He is still bragging how bad his health is; but the best way to treat *that* is never to 'pear to notice his cumplaining altitude to thos to whom he owes it most to deport hisself at least the most ladylike and thoughtful of others who is more optimis-stick and Sinceare. Do you not think so? The Easter picture of the two Ediths was mighty well drawn, and colored too,—only *next time, please face your audience!* With all best greetings and gratefulness to you and your Pa and Ma and Aunt and teachers all.

Your little-mammoth playmate
BUD RILEY.

"Dory Ann," not knowing Riley's birthday, sent him a present several days late. Riley, in his dislike for reminders of advancing age, seems to have been delighted by the mishap:

DEAR DORY ANN,—Yesterday Bud got a fine, gorgeously ineffuble scarf-pin, which, (*not* being received in any near distance of his birthday) he most proudly accepts; and to-day he is strutting the streets, in a new tie and the opulent Orient splendor of his dazzling gift, till the admiring passers-by are startled at the gem's refulgent glory, and the mettled horses of the midstreets snort and rear and run away at the resplendant sight of him!!! And—very best of all—I consider it the *very most* delicate compliment that you didn't send it as a *birthday* present. Therefore with all heartfelt thanks to you—and best greetings to your father, mother and the postman and the morning sun—and your Aunt as she comes,

Your old friend
—JWR.

The following Christmas, Riley sent a letter in the character of another boy, "Bud's cousin from Renssalaer," which suggests "Little Cousin Jasper" of the rhyme:

DEAR DORY ANN,—Bud he's readin' child stories and p'tendin' *he's* a child: and ever' time he reads *this-un* 'bout the Tailor and the Mices, he thinks: well now I must send this dee-lishamus little *story* to Dory—just to see if it will delight her as it delights

Her ever-loving playmate

Master *Jimpsy-Wimpsy*—

Bud's cousin from Renssalaer.

Bud says he wisht you could hear him read it out loud and look and talk ist like the Tailor, and Dimpkin the 'pertinent cat, and say "Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap!" ist ezackly like the little Mices!

Later "Dory Ann" wrote, taking "Bud" to task:

DEAR BUD,—Do you know that you ought to get a whipping because you did not go to the Longfellow dinner? Aunt Edith was there and she brought me home the programme and where the guests sat and the menu and the best comes last—the best picture I have ever seen of Mr. Longfellow. No wonder he is called the "Children's Poet" because he has such a kind face. I think that you are like him because all the children love you. I am one. Of course you are not so old as Mr. Longfellow. . . .

In this letter, as in most of them, "Dory Ann" begged the poet to come to New York for a visit. Perhaps the poet remained away for a purpose, knowing the illusion of "Bud" and "Dory Ann" could be maintained only if the grown man were not intruded.

Once the poet, who was having his troubles, wrote to ask the little girl for a cheering letter:

DEAR DORY ANN,—Here is a 'tend-like letter from Bud, who is a-waiting here till his Publisher gets back from lunch, where he must be a-eating like a' Orphant-Child, he stays so long! As usual, Bud is behind time with everything till it just seems he cain't never catch up again no more! And he's a confirmed *hoodoo*, everything he *wants* and *tries* to a-complish he just *can't*. So he thinks of hisse'f about like your Aunt thinks of him,—that he's a-getting to be not a *youngster* no longer, but a real shore-'nuff "*Oldster*." And that's just what I 'spect he is! His friends, though, all tries to incurrage him, and says "*He's* all right, and the clouds is all got silver linings, and it's a long lane, and Onward Christian Soldier, and why don't he try Christian Science any-

how—'cause *that'll* fetch him out when everything else fails!"

So you write and cheer him up—even when you are *visiting*. And next time *he* writes he'll be a-feeling more like his old se'f. All best greetings to everyone.

As ever your old friend

BUD.



TWO "PLAYMATES" OF THE POET CALLING TO CELEBRATE A BIRTHDAY

All three were born on October 7

The next Christmas "Dory Ann" sent word of her delight in various Christmas presents, especially a box of snow-white letter-paper. "As you see," she explained, in thanking him, "I am writing on *your* note-paper which I can think better on than on the other. It is getting to be an old story asking when you are coming to New York, but I am going to keep it up until you come."

In July, 1910, Riley suffered a

stroke from which he only partially recovered. Because of his disability the poet could not write with his hand now, but he sent his letter and the usual Christmas box.

DEAR DORY ANN,—I got your good letter and am glad and proud of your ability as a letter writer as well as a sufferer and an invalid in your last possession of the malady of *housemaid's knee*. Like myself, you are gradually exhausting the ills that human flesh is heir to, but I have the pleasure of attaining an attack beyond any affliction of yours, since my latest visitation is the rare affliction of bone-erysipelas of my immortal soul. And until you reach that you must acknowledge my superiority in especial suffering.

With best love and greetings to your mother and your Aunt Edith, I am
Your faithful old friend

BUD.

And so went the letters back and forth, and the little girl grew up and age crept upon the loving poet who found it increasingly difficult to keep up with the letters. Reading these letters, written with care and thoughtful

remembrance of birthdays, Easters, and Christmases, just as the most devoted lover would remember his sweetheart, might lead one to forget that this was one of many whom he remembered, if not with letters, with thoughtful and fitting gifts. In words that revealed genuinely his devotion to the child ideal, Riley wrote:

Youth like Dory Ann's should not be curbed—in all truth her letters delight me and send the sometimes glowering clouds of age *a-scuddin'*! As you observe of the real rural scenes and people vanishing, "Life is being syndicated," and I think we ought to foster all the *child elements* of it in particular. Therefore I pray that full permission be granted to our ever blithe and youthful Dory Ann to write letters and draw pictures for my delectation forever and a day. She is of the only true Elect of earthly Joy. No yet overawing ambitions; no hopes beyond all hope of fulfillment; no dreams prohibited; no *unavailable MSS.* dead certain! At least, as Bud Riley estimates them. So tell her to write to me—and I'll write,—though even now I owe her a letter;—but very soon it shall be in her friendly hands.

Brandon

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

THE house is empty, and the garden alley,
A shadowed aisle of linden and of yew,
A marble vase, a glimpse of river-valley—
Translucent white against transparent blue—
A mystery of boxwood and of byway,
Beneath barred windows and unopened door,
And far below the river like a highway
Sweeps on, but brings no travelers any more.
Beauty alone is constant; where she chooses
A dwelling-place, there would she ever stay,
Fortune and friends and fashion though it loses,
Beauty more faithful does not pass away,
But most deserted, most herself she seems,
Left to her deep and solitary dreams.



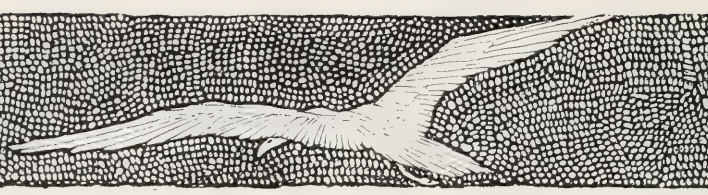
The Proud Lady

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

WHEN Stävoren town was in its prime
And queened the Zuyder Zee,
Its ships went out to every clime
With costly merchantry.

A lady dwelt in that rich town,
The fairest in all the land;
She walked abroad in a velvet gown,
With many rings on her hand.





Her hair was bright as the beaten gold,
Her lips as coral red,
Her roving eyes were blue and bold,
And her heart with pride was fed.

For she was proud of her father's ships
As she watched them gaily pass,
And pride looked out of her eyes and lips,
When she saw herself in the glass.

"Now come," she said to the captains ten
Who were ready to put to sea,
"Ye are all my men and my father's men,
And what will ye do for me?"

"Sail north and south, sail east and west,
And get me gifts," she said;
"And he who bringeth me home the best,
With that man will I wed!"


So they all fared forth, and sought with care
In many a famous mart,
For satins and silks and jewels rare
To win that lady's heart.


She looked them over with never a thought,
And careless put them by;
"I am not fain of the things ye brought,
Enough of these have I!"

The last that came was the chief of the fleet,
His name was Jan Borel;
He bent his knee at the lady's feet—
In truth he loved her well.

"I've brought thee home the best i' the world
A shipful of Dantzic corn!"
She stared at him long; her red lips curled,
Her blue eyes filled with scorn.

"Now shame upon thee, feckless kerl,
A loon thou art," she said.
"Am I a starving beggar-girl?
Shall I ever lack for bread?"





“Go empty all thy sacks of grain
Into the nearest sea—
And never show thy face again
To make a mock of me!”

Young Jan Borel he answered naught,
But in the harbor cast
The sacks of golden grain he brought,
And groaned when fell the last.

Then Jan Borel, he hoisted sail,
And out to sea he bore;
He passed the Helder in a gale,
And came again no more.

But the grains of corn went drifting down
Like devil-scattered seed,
To sow the harbor-mouth of the town
With a wicked growth of weed.

The roots were thick, and the silting sand
Was gathered day by day,
Till not a furlong from the land
A shoal had barred the way.

Then Stävoren town saw evil years;
No ships could out or in;
The boats lay rotting at the piers,
And the mouldy grain in the bin.

The grass-grown streets were all forlorn,
The houses in ruin stood;
The lady's velvet gown was torn,
Her rings were sold for food.

Her father had perished long ago,
But the lady held to her pride,
She walked with a scornful step and slow—
In her velvet rags she died.

Yet still on the crumbling piers of the town,
When the midnight moon shines free,
A woman walks in a tattered gown
And scatters corn in the sea.



The Empty Pistol

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE



PETER FINDLAY let the morning paper slip to the floor, and he began to stir his cup of muddy coffee. His hand was trembling as he carried a spoonful of the dark-brown liquid to his lips.

He felt curiously relieved to learn that there had been no hope from the start. *Death was instantaneous!* Had he turned back, the issue would have remained unchanged. The boy had been killed outright—the question of what prompt aid would have accomplished was disposed of.

Never for a moment had he doubted that the accident was inevitable. He was running his car at a steady, easy-going pace; the victim had materialized out of thin air. Findlay had heard a cry, felt the sickening impact of collision with a human body, caught the sound of crashing glass, and the next thing he knew he found himself tearing past green fields, the paved streets of the city left far behind.

He felt, now, that if he were to live to be a hundred he would never forget that dreadful moment when he had brought his machine to an abrupt stop and faced the issue squarely. He, Peter Findlay, had knocked down a fellow human being and ridden away without so much as an impulse to turn back.

Peter Findlay always had prided himself upon his emotional restraint. He liked to put the emphasis on the canny side of his Scotch heritage; he liked to think of himself as temperate, well-poised, undismayed by uncomfortable issues. In the quiet security of his very ordinary life, he had gone through rehearsals for brave performances with a preening confidence. His self-satisfied vision had pierced the mists of everyday experience and discerned a future

heroic and sufficient. He had had faith in the stirring things to come, and in his ability to meet life's challenges boldly and with credit. He had even felt equal to defeat; and now—

He picked up the paper again and re-read every word of the precise news item. It was not the first time that he had read such an item. Indeed, he knew the formula by heart: *The police are making a drastic search among the public garages and repair-shops of San Francisco for a gray touring-car with shattered headlights.* Of course they were! But Peter Findlay was not a fool, even though he might be a coward. And in the absence of a worthy stimulus he began to have a sly satisfaction at the thought of how quickly he had anticipated the inevitable program.

When the first moment of realization had come, far out upon the lonely road where he had brought his machine to an abrupt stop, there had flared up a brief flame of passionate self-reproach which urged him to face about and meet the issue squarely without further compromise. The unleashed fear that gave an ugly lie to the fiction of his self-restraint had spent itself in flight. He saw then that his action had been not only unworthy—it had been foolish; the accident was unavoidable; he was in no wise to blame; there had been not the slightest reason for flight.

But there had been nothing comforting in his belated reflections; instead, he had felt the chagrin of a thief captured by an obvious and bungling ruse, as if Fate suddenly had snared him with an empty pistol. And his back had stiffened with hollow spiritual bravado as pride succeeded blind instinct in the fight for his soul's possession.

With an empty pistol! The phrase struck him again with all its bitter irony as he scraped the sugar from the bottom



Drawn by Fanny Munsell

Engraved by H. Leinroth

"WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?" SNAPPED FINDLAY

of his cup of coffee and beckoned the slovenly waiter. The man came forward, a greasy towel slung limply over one arm, his flat feet clicking noisily on the floor. Findlay ordered another dish of buttered toast. He was determined to be leisurely; he had been tricked into an emotional indiscretion for the first and last time, he told himself. Henceforth he intended to proceed calmly, refusing to be confused by the quick turns of circumstance. He was satisfied that at least he had retrieved some of his initial mistake by the clear-mindedness of his following actions. Most men, he flattered himself, would have continued in a state of panic—run their tale-bearing car into a ditch and abandoned it, or done something equally foolish. Or they might even have been thoughtless enough to have returned to town and put into a repair-shop in the hope of quickly wiping out all evidence of a smash-up. But Peter Findlay knew a thing or two. He had kept on riding all night, slipping into the city at an early hour, casually, boldly, with the dust of the highway as evidence that he had come a long way.

Over the dregs of his coffee-cup he found heart to chuckle at the thought of thick-witted policemen making the rounds of all the public garages and repair-shops while the car they sought stood just outside an obscure Third Street coffee-house, a challenge to official stupidity.

He paid his bill and departed. The waiter, surprised at so unusual a thing as a tip, followed him to the door with a series of obsequious bows.

"I shouldn't have given a tip!" flashed through Findlay's mind. "I shouldn't have done anything to draw attention."

The man, shielding his eyes from a warm sun, walked toward the curb. "Ah, you've had a smash-up!" he said.

Findlay flushed. "Yes," he answered, as he climbed into the car.

The waiter began to circle inquisitively about, rubbing his fawning hands together. His little ferret-like eyes darted with malicious curiosity—at least so it seemed to Peter Findlay.

"What's wrong—what are you looking at?" The question snapped from

Findlay unawares. He was conscious of a raw edge of irritability in his tone.

The waiter's glance of surprise was succeeded by an insolent shrug. Peter Findlay started the engines and the car shot forward. His heart was beating violently. Could it be possible that he was getting the habit of emotional hysteria? he asked himself. He had eluded the temptation to indulge in a long and unconvincing explanation, only to succumb to an ill-timed exhibition of bad temper.

"I'll have to watch my step," he warned himself.

And at that moment he began to rehearse for the hundredth time the story he had prepared for his wife.

It was a clear morning—an unusual thing in San Francisco during mid-summer. As a general rule the early hours of August days are shrouded in mists along the coast of California, and it is noon before the sun comes shivering out of gloom. But this August morning was an exception, as if determined to stamp itself upon the consciousness of Peter Findlay. The breeze, instead of blowing moistly from the west, was stealing in from the hot, eastward valleys; already the city had assumed a restless, peevish air under this sultry inland assault.

Peter Findlay looked up at the intolerant sun and cursed under his breath. "Everybody's bound to be up early a morning like this," he muttered. He glanced at his watch. It had just passed six o'clock.

Six o'clock in the morning on Peter Findlay's middle-class street was normally as dormant an hour as one could wish for. Except for the newsboy flinging skilfully twisted papers up long flights of wooden steps, or a rumbling bakery wagon bumping along the stone-paved thoroughfare, the block was always as deserted as a playhouse at midnight. But, thanks to this unusually bright morning, Findlay told himself that everybody would be stirring. Already sparrows were rowdily chirping in long, restless lines along the telegraph wires, and the barking of yard-pent dogs expanded in the thick, heavy air.

"It's just my luck!" Findlay repeated, monotonously. "It's just my luck!"

He had the trick of most people who either fancy that they are important enough for Fate's vindictive persecution, or who forget how many times they make port on the flood tide of chance. He reflected that in a crisis circumstances were always perverse. Not that he had experienced any decidedly critical moments in his career, but he had read stories, and gone to plays, and watched screen dramas unfold with relentless inevitability. In this fictional life with which he was saturated the courses of both the hero and the villain were obstructed by every conceivable mischance in the calendar. Things happened just as they were happening this morning. Had not his broken headlights already occasioned remark and given rise to a betrayal of self-consciousness that amounted almost to indiscretion? And now, when a dull, drab morning would have offered every opportunity to slink unseen into the drowsy reaches of upper Pine Street, the day broke unclouded; not only unclouded, but uncomfortably warm—a sure temptation for habitual sluggards to deviate from their drowsy ways.

The depression that followed Peter Findlay's analysis of the situation was succeeded by a feeling of cunning elation. On second thought, he was glad of these tilts with Fortune. They gave him a sense of conflict, which drugged the sting of yesterday's defeat. He comforted himself that if he had failed to be heroic he might at least qualify for shrewdness. After all, his supreme test was to come; he was still to have a chance to prove his mettle.

Of course his wife would be up; this was inevitable; not because of the morning's sultriness so much as because an anxious night would have made her restless and uneasy. Peter Findlay was not given to sudden disappearances, and he tried to picture his wife's growing alarm as the hours wore on without his appearance. It occurred to him now that he could have telephoned. Well, there was nothing to be done but face the music, and all the confidence with which he had looked forward to putting up a convincing argument was

routed by the expectation of his wife's disconcerting retort:

"But, Peter, why didn't you telephone?"

Why indeed?

"Let me see," he mused, intent on giving his carefully prepared tale the test of an audible recital, "Mr. Jenkins, the cashier of the bank, was home sick at Hillsboro. He 'phoned me to come down for a conference at about four o'clock. I expected to be back in time for dinner, but couldn't make it. On the way home my machine skidded and hit a fence. Bang! went the lights. I pulled out of this mess only to have my machine die on me seven miles from no-place, and not a machine in sight. Finally a fellow came along and towed me into Colma. Stayed there all night at a dinky Italian hotel and got patched up at a garage early in the morning. And here I am."

"But, Peter, why didn't you telephone?"

"Oh yes, I forgot! I tried to raise you from Burlingame. The operator said the line was out of order. It isn't? Well, you know what disgusting liars these telephone girls are."

Peter Findlay rehearsed this last reply with an air of satisfied triumph. Then he glanced about. He was on Post Street, crossing Fillmore. In a few moments he would be home. A tongue-tying dryness crept into his mouth. He felt a sudden nausea.

"I'm nervous, that's what is the matter," he muttered. "Naturally, after what happened yesterday—"

Suddenly it came to him that he was passing the very point where the accident had occurred. Again he felt the impact of collision, again he heard the crash of shattered glass, again he woke up miles from town. And again he beheld himself trapped by the sneering figure of Fate standing in sinister dignity before him—trapped by the sneering figure of Fate with an empty pistol in its skinny hand.

Curiously enough, the unusual sunshine had not roused the sluggishness of upper Pine Street. Having gone to all the elaborate mental preparation for this contingency, Findlay felt a bit

cheated at the monotonous row of blind-drawn, bay-windowed houses. The newsboy had come and gone, even the baker's cart had departed. At each doorstep lay a carefully twisted newspaper and a loaf of bread.

Peter Findlay's home street was an old-fashioned affair. The houses were two-storied, with square, uncompromising head-pieces like women of the eighties who gloried in false fronts. Flights of dark-blue steps bridged the distance between sidewalk and the first floors; the front doors were grained in imitation of oak; fuchsias were growing on either side of the basement windows.

It had never occurred to Peter Findlay to live anywhere else in San Francisco, although all the old neighbors had long since moved away. He didn't like flats; he wouldn't live in apartments; he had installed electric lights under protest. His father had lived there before him when the Western Addition was considered the last word in civic expansion, and Findlay liked to fancy that there was a commendable sentiment, a certain stamina, in denying the lure of steam heat, and hardwood floors, and ceilings lowered to genial coziness. Yes, Peter Findlay had decided convictions about his home, as well as about the rules that should govern the conduct of a gentleman. Besides, his salary of one hundred and fifty dollars for taking charge of the note department of the Fidelity Bank did not permit of many extravagances—not for a man with a wife and two children; and an old-fashioned, two-storied, bay-windowed house, with fuchsias hugging the basement walls, that nobody in his right senses would think of buying, helped out considerably.

There were inconsistencies, of course, in the cautious economies of the Findlay family. There was the automobile, for instance. Peter Findlay had argued himself into this luxury on the score of needing fresh air. His wife had objected a bit wistfully, as if the advent of a car postponed indefinitely her hopes for a modern dwelling-place filled with vacuum cleaners, and fireless cookers, and electric toasters, and all such inanimate recruiters for women's clubs.

On this August morning, as Peter

Findlay backed his car as noiselessly as possible into the basement of his shabby home, the final argument that his wife had put forth in a hopeless battle against the car's purchase suddenly recurred.

"You might injure somebody," she had flashed out, in futile triumph. "And you know what that means. Damages and lawsuits and everything. You remember how much it cost Carrington when he ran down that old woman at Market and Third Streets."

"Carrington was a fool!" Findlay had snapped back. "Any man with sense who runs a car takes out a liability insurance policy."

That was what *he* had intended doing, until he inquired into the cost. Liability insurance was expensive, so Peter Findlay decided to take a chance.

"Why should I need liability insurance?" he had demanded of himself. "I'm not a joy-rider. I'm careful. There's nothing reckless or rattle-brained about me."

It was curious, he reflected, that these ideas of lawsuits and damages and lack of insurance had not occurred to him at the precise moment of the accident. If they had he would have been able to put his finger on the impulse that had urged flight. No, he had been moved by no mercenary impulse, he thanked Heaven, as he clambered out of the car and drew off his gloves. But he admitted that there was added reason for secrecy. Of course, he had not been in the least responsible for the accident, but courts and juries were notoriously unfriendly to defendants who owned cars and winged the common people with their driving. Besides, his wife did not know that her husband had neglected the safeguard of insurance. He might not be compelled to pay damages, but he might be called upon to defend a suit, and he did not relish the idea of admitting to his wife his penny-wise and pound-foolish economy. Somehow the legal possibilities back of the situation reduced the circumstance to an impersonal, documentary affair. The mishap seemed suddenly shorn of its primitiveness, its headlong terror, its tragic intensity. He stopped thinking of the accident in terms of passionate feeling.

"Well, if worst comes to worst," he

muttered, "they can't touch the house. It's always a safe thing to have the home in the wife's name."

Peter Findlay did not bother to take his keys from his pocket as he climbed up to the front door. He was quite sure that his wife's eagerness would catch the first sound of footfalls, and he looked forward to a suddenly opened door and a cry of relieved delight. But the expected did not happen. Even his fumbling at the lock brought no evidence of any stirring within. Newspaper and bread lay where they had been unceremoniously dropped upon the door-mat, and a bottle of milk stood in a corner just under the electric push-button. He picked up these three evidences of morning somnolence and gently closed the door. The house was silent. . . . Could it be possible that his wife had slept on through the night undisturbed by his curious absence? Or had she dropped off into an exhausted doze with the coming of daybreak? He set the bottle of milk and the bread and the tightly twisted newspaper upon a chair near the hat-rack and went up the thickly carpeted stairs to the second floor.

Long before he reached the landing he saw that the front bedroom door was open. This was unusual; he quickened his steps. He tramped heavily past the bathroom and came to the second surprise of the morning. His wife was not in their bedroom; indeed, the bed was not even rumpled. Peter Findlay was puzzled.

He crossed over to the massive marble-topped bureau and instinctively began to brush his hair. He was not exactly troubled, but he was unmistakably nonplussed. Then suddenly the truth dawned upon him. Gertrude had been lonely and unnerved and she had decided to snuggle in with one of the children.

The children occupied the two small sleeping-rooms at the back of the house. Dick, the boy, had the smaller room of the two, having chivalrously yielded the larger room to his sister when she had become old enough for the distinction of her own little corner in the Findlay household.

Having freshened up with a dash of

cold water upon his face, Peter Findlay tiptoed to these two bedrooms to confirm his hopes. There was not a soul in either place.

He went down-stairs, peering into the parlor, into the shaded dining-room, into the immaculate kitchen. A loaf of bread lay half cut upon the table; on the gas-range three saucepans testified to preparations for a meal, an abandoned apron clung limply to a chair. Findlay lifted the saucepan lids. Potatoes covered with water lay in one, carrots and string-beans filled the other two. He leaned back against the kitchen table, folding his arms. What did it all mean?

Gertrude and the two children gone! And they had left hurriedly, too, in the midst of preparations for the evening meal. Could it be possible that their going was connected in some vague way with the accident of yesterday? The thought flashed through Findlay's mind with the briefest of flights. *The accident of yesterday!* For the moment he had almost forgotten about it.

He roused himself from inactivity and went over the house again, peering into every room with a vague, futile hope that he would find them crouched in some corner in an endeavor to tease him into anxiety. When he finally decided that they were not to be found he sat down upon the stairs, resting his chin in an upturned hand. The fact that Gertrude and the two children were not at home was in itself not so disturbing; he could think of a dozen reasons for their being away. But he could not fathom the apparent unpreparedness of their departure. Something urgent must have pulled Gertrude so suddenly away from her household tasks. In the midst of cutting a loaf of bread she had been called to some stirring duty. But why the children? There were a half-dozen neighbors who would have been delighted to drop over and stay all night with the children. Then why—why—

He rose to his feet with a gesture of confused irritation.

Why the children? He kept repeating this phrase over and over again as he stood with one hand upon the newel-post, the other thrust deeply into his pocket. Why the children, unless—

Was it possible that little Grace— No, accidents rarely happened to girls—they were too cautious. But how about Dick? Suppose that Dick— Boys were notoriously careless, and, what was worse, even daring. Take the boy yesterday, for instance. It was ridiculous to think that any boy could have been so reckless! Fancy running head-on into a leisurely driven car! There was not the slightest reason for it. Of course, nothing of the kind had happened to Dick, yet he would give him a serious talking to later in the day. He didn't want his boy brought home dead or mangled. That was the worst of raising a family. Always the anxiety that perhaps—

And suddenly Peter Findlay thought for the first time of the father and mother of the boy that he had killed yesterday. Death was instantaneous!

The memory of the trite newspaper statement fell like a blow upon him; he sat down again. He tried to picture the situation reversed—*his* boy shattered and abandoned, brought home dead in the arms of some kindly stranger. Why hadn't he thought of this before? What was there about instinctive, primitive self-preservation that swamped so utterly all the finer impulses? Yesterday he had thought only of flight, cowardly, headlong flight. In the fraction of a second all the safeguards of acquired social obligation had been swept away—Peter Findlay might have been a stark and conscienceless savage, fleeing from the wrath of a rival tribe bent on a lustful revenge, for all the reasoning that lay back of his performance. But he had a feeling that the sway of reason in such matters was not the ultimate test of fineness. Did there not exist in men the instinctive impulse for generous action, the fine upstanding quality of gallantry, the will to be courageous, without calculation or according to formula and rule? Yes, there were such men, Peter Findlay told himself, but he did not belong in their ranks. Even if reason had urged him to turn back after the first mad impulse, he would have been no less the craven. Indeed, he would have been a despicable compromiser, a man returning in the guise of charity to do the service that a sense

of sheer expediency had forced upon him. It did not matter, in the final analysis, whether he had been snared by either the loaded or the empty pistol of Fate; the realization that the pistol had been empty, that his surrender had been futile and uncalled for, added to the irony, but it did not change the values.

This dead boy had parents—a father and a mother, a man and a woman, no doubt, very much in the circumstances of him and Gertrude. The father was away at his business at the time of the accident, the mother, of course, at home—at home getting the dinner, preparing her evening meal. He thought of Gertrude, on that very night, cutting the loaf of bread. He reconstructed the picture; there was something symbolic and fine about this maternal figure bending slightly over the homely, humdrum task. Then suddenly some startling word had come. He saw the harried face of the woman, the quick whipping off of her apron, the hasty preparations for departure. But it was the whipping-off of the kitchen apron that stood so clearly forth as a symbol of motherly alarm. How many times in his life had this quick shedding of the badge of housewifely service been the sure forerunner of disaster! How many times had he not seen his own mother answer the call to stirring service by the simple flinging aside of her blue gingham apron! And yet, not until now had the full force of so homely an act borne down on him. In thousands of homes at that moment as many aprons were being tossed aside to meet supreme tests. And upon the paved streets of the city ruthless chance waited patiently an opportunity to try out the souls of the unsuspecting. Peter Findlay had been standing upon the mountain-top of his egotism, straining toward a far horizon for the heroic things of life; and all this time the big issues were crouching close at hand, planning to spring at the throat of his self-esteem.

He went back into the kitchen. Yes, this kitchen might have been the very kitchen of the mother whom he, Peter Findlay, had robbed of her child. The carefully covered saucepans waiting for the lighted gas-flame, the half-cut loaf

upon the white table-top, the apron clinging limply to a chair—here were mute evidences of the ordinary channels of life dammed up by relentless circumstance.

He picked up the apron and held it at arm's-length. It seemed incredible that a blue gingham apron could be the symbol of anything dramatic in life. Peter Findlay let the apron slip from his fingers to the floor and covered his eyes. For in that moment he was blinded by a sudden realization. What if this apron *did* belong to the mother he had robbed? He stood in the center of the deserted kitchen clenching his hands, not daring to open his eyes to the truth. Yesterday he had killed a boy. *Anybody's boy? Somebody's boy? His boy? Had he killed his boy yesterday and ridden on, leaving tender services to strangers?* Oh no, of course it had not been Dick! It couldn't have been Dick! What did the newspaper report say? Surely there had been a name given. There must have been a name given. But he had been too interested in the phrase "Death was instantaneous," to pay any attention to less stirring details. Then he remembered. There had been no name. An *unknown* boy! That was what the newspaper had said—an unknown boy.

There was a horrible fascination about the idea—it knit the tragedy so closely together. Like a story—it was like a story. He repeated this phrase over and over. He tried to rally from the shock of his fears. He tried to tell himself that it was all incredible, preposterous, too precisely arranged to be real. But slowly, hopelessly, he succumbed to the inevitable. His boy was dead, killed by his own hand; but the tragedy lay deeper than the mere fact of death. If he had only come to this terrible trick of Fate with clean hands! If he had turned back! What answer could he make to Gertrude at that moment when she discovered that her husband had ridden away and left their child dead in the gutter? For that moment *would* come, he told himself. There was no shadow in the whole world that could hide the truth from the searching gaze of a mother's vindictive grief.

"But I didn't know it was our child!"

Aloud he rehearsed this cry of justification. But his words condemned him utterly. Already he felt himself shriveling before her accusing finger, withered utterly by her scorn.

He dragged up the stairs to his bedroom and flung himself prone upon the bed.

Peter Findlay lay for some time in a stupor of retrospection. With his face buried in a pillow and the yellow light of morning shut out completely, this daze was succeeded by distempered sleep. It was the sound of his own thick breathing that finally awakened him. He got up at once. The sun was beating into the front windows; the room was stifling. He did not have to grope for the key to his predicament; even while he slept realization had gripped him hard. But already reaction was setting in, and instinctively he began to think again in terms of custom and routine. It was nine o'clock, time to go down to the office. He wondered what he had better do. How was he to locate Gertrude? Would it be best to make inquiries about the neighborhood or endure the strain a little longer and await the natural developments? Should he go to the office or stay at home? At which place would Gertrude be likely to look for him? This boy that had been killed—Findlay stopped short, arrested by the fact that for the moment he had not identified this boy as his son. An *unknown* boy! He took courage. The accident had happened at five o'clock. Gertrude had left in the midst of preparations for dinner. If the boy was unknown to the ferrets of the daily press, how was it possible for Gertrude to be called away so promptly? It was *not* possible! Peter Findlay raised the window and let in the air. And as he did so he laughed. In an instant the main thread of a distempered fancy had answered the sharp pull of reason, and his elaborate pattern of fears was unraveled, destroyed. He had no cause for dismay. His wife had left for some good and sufficient reason that had no connection with the tragedy of yesterday. If he looked carefully he would no doubt find a note telling why she had gone. He felt, suddenly, a great



Drawn by Fanny Munsell

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

IF HE HAD ONLY COME TO THIS TERRIBLE TRICK OF FATE WITH CLEAN HANDS!

disgust at his hysteria. Of course everything was all right. Coincidences such as he had been conjuring up for his soul's torment never happened in real life. As to his wife's absence from home—this was a coincidence, but it was on the right side of the ledger. It relieved Peter Findlay of the necessity of thinking up any excuse for having stayed away all night.

He crossed to the bed and rumbled it up, tossing the pillows about in studied disorder. Then, having dressed with elaborate care, he went down-stairs. At the mirror that formed a part of the hat-rack he halted for a last pull at his neck-tie. It was then that he noticed the note from his wife, tacked conspicuously on the hat-rack frame, where normally he would have had not the slightest excuse for passing it by. Gertrude had counted on his halting there, as usual, to hang up his hat.

"My dear Peter," the note began, "mother is passing through quite unexpectedly on a flying trip to Portland. I have taken the children with me to the hotel. If you—"

Peter Findlay did not bother to read further. He opened the front door and let it slam with unusual vigor as he went down the front steps, whistling.

It was the sight of the children running to meet him, as he turned the corner on his way home that night, that routed Peter Findlay's uncertain complacency—there was something particularly buoyant about the up-flung body of his boy which added poignance to the feeling of swift delight that quickened him. Was he never to forget the soaring figure that had been struck down like a wounded pigeon in its flight?

Gertrude was busy in the kitchen, but she called gaily to her husband as the front door closed upon his home-coming. He shook the children off with a gentle movement and went up-stairs to his room. Behind a rush of business duties he had been safe from all the sharp proddings of remorse. Awaking from the terrible nightmare of his own child's possible death, he had felt the enormous relief and security of every man who shatters a hideous dream; but, vaguely, all day, in spite of his self-satisfaction,

he had not been able to quite rid himself of its spell. He had pricked the bubble, yet its moisture still floated on the wind of memory, shapeless but significant.

He threw aside his coat and sat beside the open window, groping for a cure to this curious distemper that was gripping him so relentlessly. When he had slammed the door upon his fears that morning he had thought the issue closed. *His* family was safe and well. He himself had come through a crisis materially unscathed. The sun had shone, the city had droned with the cheerful hum of early morning; it had seemed good to be alive. Even now he tried to tell himself that nothing was changed. Life was still the comfortable circumstance it had always been. There had been times when Peter Findlay longed for more stirring encounters than fell to his lot; but he was quite ready to admit his desire to choose the form which these tilts with fortune would take. He was learning that Fate gave no chance of either the game or the weapons; all it conceded was the will to meet the issue valiantly. Life to Peter Findlay was a more or less personal matter; he had not been given to looking beyond the immediate foreground which his own family made. But as he sat staring out into the slanting summer sunlight it came upon him that there were far-flung backgrounds as well. And this boy whom he had killed, even though not his boy, belonged and would always belong to some such indistinct but vital background that could never be quite blotted out. This mother and father, too—was it possible to touch the hem of their ash-strewn garments and come away with hands indifferent and clean? There were other children in the world, and other mothers and fathers, and other griefs. Peter Findlay had never shared any of these things. And vaguely he had a sense that his soul had grown sleek and over-confident from standing apart from the flux of life that moved about him.

He had failed in the crucial test; the only thing left was to attempt to purchase peace of mind. He had been trying all day to bribe his unrest with a thousand sophistries, but he realized

now that these covert compromises were making a ruthless blackmailer of his conscience. There was a definite price to be paid, and until he paid that price in full, openly, frankly, he would be the harried slave of his unworthy self. With this realization he came also upon the open road to victory. He would go to this mother and father and confess his fault. He would have the courage to admit defeat. He would be equal to the bitterness of the draught that would surely minister to his soul's sickness.

He rose and gently closed the window. The faint sound of the dinner-bell tinkled from the lower hall.

Peter Findlay went down-stairs.

At table Gertrude and the children were full of yesterday's adventure—for a visit to a fashionable hotel was an adventure to all three. At first Gertrude had planned to stay with her mother only for the dinner-hour, but it all had been such a lark, and the children had begged to spend the night, once the thing was suggested.

"We thought you might look us up," Gertrude explained, as she served the vegetables. "When you didn't come, I tried to get you on the telephone. I hope you weren't worried."

Peter Findlay made no reply. His mind was far away, picturing with a growing satisfaction that amounted almost to smugness the spectacle of himself in the rôle of spiritual prodigal. He longed to throw himself on the mourner's bench and beat his breast and cry aloud for all to see and hear. There was an elation in this hope of audible repentance that made it almost heroic. He was to be the central figure in this drama, and he was finding it hard to feel anything save a theatrical humility at the prospect. How would this father and mother receive his confession? Would they flame with resentment? Perhaps at first. But gradually he would win them by the very pathos of his appeal. "If it had not been for the thought of you—of facing you," he could hear himself explaining, "I should have turned back at once. But somehow—you see I am a father also—I could not bear to brave your grief."

He was recalled from this stirring fic-

tion by the sound of Dick's voice directed unmistakably at him. What was the boy talking about? An accident? Something about an accident and an automobile. He was staggering out of a mental fog when Gertrude said:

"It made us late to mother's, but I simply had to wait and see the thing through. Fancy, just a child! About Dick's age. They say he was killed instantly."

Peter Findlay strained at his napkin. "A case of reckless driving, I suppose," he felt rather than heard himself say.

Gertrude scraped some melted butter from the bottom of a dish and sprinkled it judiciously over the individual portions. "No, that's the curious part of it. Everybody who saw the accident agreed it was the child's fault. Nobody could understand why the man drove on. He had nothing to fear from doing the manly thing. If he were a young man—a boy—it might have been different. But they say that the man who drove this car was middle-aged. It's beyond me."

"I think I understand," Findlay found himself saying, with a curious boldness. "I fancy I might be tempted to do the same thing. It wouldn't matter so much, winging a grown-up—but a child. It takes courage to face the parents of a dead child—especially the mother."

He looked up challengingly at his wife. She was sitting back in her seat, and there was an enigmatical smile on her lips.

"Well," she answered, "if that's all that bothered him, he might just as well have been straight. The boy hasn't any parents!"

"Hasn't any parents? How do you know?"

"It says so in to-night's paper. He's an orphan—from—from one of the charitable institutions."

For the third time in twenty-four hours Peter Findlay felt the relief of a suddenly lifted burden. But the reaction was sharper than it had ever been—he was learning to be wary of these quick shifts of Fortune. Besides, in the last hour he had accustomed himself to the hope of these grief-stricken parents who were to absolve him from all

blame. So the boy was an orphan! As Peter Findlay pondered the pathos of this fact he found less and less satisfaction in the course he had pursued. At least he might have fathered the dead. God! how he had allowed circumstance to cheapen him! If he could but recall that brief moment in which fear had made an ignoble bargain with his manhood!

He looked about the table. The eyes that met his gaze were eyes of confidence in him. His wife, the children—by what magic had he contrived to place himself upon the pedestal raised by their affection? Well, at least one course lay open to him. He could still cauterize the wounds of disillusionment with a frank confession of his fault. His Scotch ancestry made him always scornful of spiritual supplications; it was hard to bend the knee of humility. It had seemed easy enough to cast himself upon the mercy of the shadowy figures his mind had conjured up for the last act of his theatrical adventure, but he knew now that a greater bitterness was in store for him. He must tell his wife!

He must tell his wife, for the simple reason that it was not necessary. A forced confession would have no moral value. It was the free-willed element in his determination that gave him the hope of regeneration. It gave him the hope also that Gertrude might understand and applaud. His very courage would win her. To tell all, just at the moment when he had successfully eluded every trap—there was something fine and stirring in the thought!

There came a sudden, sharp ring at the door-bell. Peter Findlay started.

"Dick, suppose you go," Gertrude suggested, as she passed her husband the well-filled bread-tray.

The boy scrambled up with alacrity.

"It was so stupid of that man," Gertrude went on, placidly, "to run away and leave that child to his fate. Because they'll get him, anyway. There must have been some one in the crowd who took his number. There always is."

Peter Findlay broke his bit of bread in two. "Did you ever try to get the number of a moving car?" he found himself sneering at his wife.

"Oh, nothing's impossible to an inquisitive person," she laughed back. "And the thing will leak out someway, you mark my words. There are too many long-nosed people in the world for that man to have a very comfortable time."

He heard the dining-room door open. Dick had come back.

The boy stood in the doorway, and his white face was reflected in the mirror above the mantel. "It's a policeman," he whispered; "he wants to see dad."

Peter Findlay closed his eyes.

"Well," Gertrude's voice struck out, gaily, "isn't that exciting! Come, Dick, don't look so scared! Nobody's going to carry your father off."

"I should say not," broke in Findlay, nervously. "Any one would think I was the man you were just talking about—who ran down the child."

He rose as he finished his remark, and in that moment he felt the ghastly chill of spiritual nakedness. The innate deceitfulness of these last words added a crowning futility to all the fine things that he had ever hoped for himself. Upon the threshold of expected triumph he had been stripped of every subterfuge and pretense. Even the luxury of a voluntary confession was to be denied him.

And yet, for all the stinging wind of disillusionment that harried his uncovered soul, Peter Findlay felt for the first time on terms of intimacy with himself. From this moment on the battle of life was to be something more than a tilt with the fantastic windmills of self-deceit. He knew his weakness and the odds against him, and he felt a curious desperate courage as he turned toward his wife's still smiling face.

"Yes, that poor man," she was saying; "somehow I can't help feeling sorry for him. Because, after all, his running away was so unnecessary. That's the tragic thing about it. It's just as if—as if—"

"As if he'd been snared with an empty pistol," Peter Findlay finished with a bitter laugh. "An *empty* pistol! . . . I can't think of anything in life more galling."

And with that he whipped open the door and went out.

On Admiralty Service

BY GEORGE HARDING



THE British Merchant Marine has been in the thick of it since the beginning. Tales of astounding operations of German raiders, weekly bulletins of submarine losses, and dry official reports of naval engagements with light forces of the enemy, betray its casualties. These various bulletins of the Admiralty cover the actual ships involved; the remainder of the vast fleet is lost in a sea of mystery. Once in a while, however, a tale comes to light revealing activities that are going on, day after day, in every quarter of the globe. One hears, for example, of the capture of a British merchantman in the South Atlantic, but hardly an echo is heard of the exploit of the British steamer that outwitted the same raider by navigating the uncharted passage of Nelson Strait, steaming where the pursuer refused to follow, and by display of daring seamanship eventually reaching Smyth's Channel and the safety of the territorial waters of the Straits of Magellan. Nor does the captain of the German raider talk of the times he ran from an armed British liner. One suspects, however, that such things happen.

In these days, going to sea is a way of speaking of a trade that runs the gantlet of enemy raiders, and fights for its own hulls and cargo in the submarine-infested war zone. It seems the object of the solicitude of the Seaman's Church Institute of New York is the welfare of the officers and seamen of this merchant trade. The institute has now a great sky-scraper—overlooking the Harbor at No. 25 South Street—and here are bedrooms for seven hundred officers and seamen, restaurants, baths, billiard-rooms, reading-rooms, auditorium and the like. There is on the lower floor a post-office and a banking department for transferring money to foreign ports, while on

the top floor is a navigation school to train American youths to officer the new fleet of the Shipping Board. The British Consular Shipping Office—where crews of British vessels are signed on for the voyage and paid off on its completion—is on the ground floor. There is an institute baggage-room, where thousands of sea-trunks are stored—there is, in short, every sort of help a seaman may receive in self-respect, all carried on under direction of Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield in behalf of the four hundred thousand seamen entering the port of New York in these war times. In consequence of this the lobbies of the institute are forever crowded with able-bodied seamen, chief gunners' mates of His Majesty's Navy, of the French, the Italian, and the Russian navies, and captains and mates of merchantmen—all of them shipmates, who have tasted something sharper than salt water. Each day many of them sail on a few hours' notice, lacking a scrap of knowledge of their port of destination until the sealed orders, delivered by the consul, are opened at sea; and there are wireless operators in the throng who do not even know the ship they sail on until a few minutes before its departure—this secrecy but part of the impenetrable veil thrown about shipping in the port of New York. The full tale of the doings of the Merchant Marine on Admiralty Service has never come to light, but fragments can be picked in places such as this where the men come and go. For fourteen years, now, not one of the apprentices on British merchantmen coming to New York has escaped the acquaintance and elder-brother ministrations of Mr. Howard O. Wood in charge of the institute's work on behalf of the three thousand cadets of the half deck arriving each year.

Mr. Wood's work has nothing in common with sanctimonious conversation—though church comes in at seemly times; it is rather a striving to establish these

well-bred English lads in helpful friendships, to provide good ports of call for their cruisers by land, to continue to them the fashioning influence of refinement. It concerns larks ashore, and the things of good report—justice, honor, decency. That the work has accomplished its object is proved by the remarkable place Mr. Wood has in the wide-spread affections of these youngsters—gained on first acquaintance with a desperately homesick apprentice, and continued through the passing years until now those of the early years are captains of the seven seas, doing their bit for England, wherever Admiralty orders take them. Their letters forever come to him in precisely the way that letters go home.

"What have they been doing?" I asked Mr. Wood.

"Why, junior mercantile officers are holy terrors as commanders of mine-sweepers," he replied; "and scientific seconds and thirds of Atlantic liners are gunnery officers and navigators on battle-cruisers and patrol-boats in the North Sea; and the mischievous apprentices of peace times are everywhere, in prison camps, in Mesopotamia, and in the submarine service. Here's a bundle of letters that will give you an idea much better than I can tell you."

The letters proved interesting reading for me. Coming from hundreds of both apprentices and captains, and covering many phases of war duties dating from 1915 up to the present time; they are remarkable for the ever-present way of viewing their desperate adventures and exploits as just a big sporting chance to be carried out according to the rules of the game. One of them relates the tale of a young apprentice who left his ship to serve with the Royal Flying Corps in France. It is an excellent example of their attitude. It seems the young aviator left his station at the front to fly to his home in England on forty-eight hours' leave of absence. On the return trip to France, half way across the Channel, he sighted two German aircraft and at once made for them, and after splendid maneuvering on his part he finally put both his opponents out of commission, causing them to fall into the sea. He continued on his way, unharmed, and

reported on time at headquarters. As far as the young aviator was concerned, the incident was closed, for the regulations do not require a report of personal conduct on leave of absence. He was fighting for England, not for himself. He simply returned to his air-patrol duties over the trenches. It seems, however, a patrol-boat in the Channel had witnessed the fight and picked up one of the Germans and reported the affair by wireless, so that word eventually reached the commander of his unit. On being questioned by the commander, he replied, "Oh yes, I thought I had time to take a pot shot at them and get back here before my leave was up."

Another letter presents their attitude in the face of disaster. Drenched to the skin, drifting about on a wild sea in a tossing life-boat, after his ship was torpedoed, the undismayed apprentice enlivened the drooping spirits of his companions to such an extent that he turned a crew of typical castaways into a crowd of cheerful Britons by striking up the ditty, "All dressed up and nowhere to go."

"Are we down-hearted?" hailed one boat to the other.

"Not a bit of it," came the answer. "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag."

There comes a time in every voyage of many captains, in these war times, when chance flings him into a position of tremendous peril. That adventure comes without a moment's warning; the enemy's challenge is suddenly given, and upon quick action depends the fate of an enormously valuable and desperately needed cargo. It comes from an enemy armed to the teeth for his deadly mission, while the cargo-carrier on Admiralty Service has at best but a makeshift means of defense. In that moment, being out of range of any assistance from the King's armed forces, with shells spouting about the ship or a torpedo shooting unseen through the water, when confidential and secret instructions of the Admiralty are as useless as the provisions of the Hague Convention, the captain pits his cunning against the enemy; and that fight, to many captains, means disaster, for many are overcome. Daring seamanship and

quick action postponed it for the young captain of the *Kenilworth*, but eventually he was caught unawares in a French port. It was a discouraging experience, coming after several desperately perilous voyages, carried out with distinguished success. In a letter from La Pallice, France, under date of February 14, 1917; he writes:

We loaded a cargo of ammunition; the ship was a veritable floating magazine when we left home. The cargo was valued at more than two million pounds. They gave me a gun and we set off for Russia, everything going merrily until one morning, when we were nearing our destination, a sub opened fire on us most unexpectedly. I brought the ship's stern to, zigzagged, and fought him for six hours. His range was ten thousand yards and ours about eight thousand. We could not reach him, and our one chance was to keep him off so he could not see how his shots were landing. We had a deck-load of high explosives, so one hit would have ended us in one nice big bang. Some of the crew got a bit panicky and rushed for the boats; another batch coming for the bridge cursed me out for not abandoning the ship at once. It was pretty hot for a time; a couple of shells passed between the bridge and the funnel while this was going on. At the point of the revolver I finally drove them away from the boats. What with explosives on deck, the submarine banging away, keeping the mutineers in hand and holding the ship on a zigzag course, I had my hands full for a long six hours. It was my first experience in command under fire, and I did not particularly like it, for one mistake on my part ends the game. But I managed to keep the submarine off and won out. Anyway, at Archangel they thought it pretty good work, and I have been recommended to both the British and Russian Governments for decorations, which I understand I shall receive in due course.

Now comes the return voyage, during which no mention is made of submarines, but this is likely due to the fact that the captain followed the edge of the floe ice. Captains never mention facts like that, nor do submarines that put their periscopes out of commission attempting to emerge under a cake of ice. At any rate, his letter continues:

While at Lerwick, Shetland Islands, on the way home, a very heavy gale came on in the night and one of our anchors broke and the ship dragged down on the rocks. We got her under way just before she struck, and,

although I completely lost my bearings while drifting, I took her up through the crowded narrow harbor filled with ships. Some were war-ships and the rest were merchantmen laden with valuable cargo of munitions. All of them lay without lights, and the waters of the harbor were being whipped to frenzy in the blackness by a viciously driving sleety rain. A good night to be safe at anchor, but not the sort of night to be adrift. I took the wheel myself and although you could not see the bow from the bridge, we slid by within a few inches of all of them. I did not even kiss one of the thirty or more ships, and finally felt my way into a safe berth at the top of the harbor. It was quite a job in the teeth of the gale.

The fact that a big five-or-six-thousand-ton tramp was wandering around in the darkness and gale, in absolute disregard of His Majesty's port regulations in time of war, created quite a stir on board the fleet of closely anchored men-of-war. There was no chance to give any explanation, and the harbor was a strange one. Both circumstances were equally awkward to the captain.

I was promptly hauled up, next morning, before a court of inquiry, on board the Flagship, seeking information of the occurrence [writes the captain], and much to my relief I was commended for my skill and seamanship in having saved not only my own ship, but also for having done no damages to any of His Majesty's ships in the harbor. They said it was the most remarkable feat ever done in Lerwick. I was recommended in dispatches to the Admiralty on account of that, too.

It is likely that some of H. M. S. cruisers had attempted the same trick on a pitch-dark night and learned something of the sense of feeling needed to successfully accomplish the feat.

Before we pick up the tale of the loss of the ship, here is a matter of good fortune attending a breakdown, that happened crossing from New York to an English port. Not long after passing some drifting life-boats—which were carefully avoided because hidden U-boats use them to attract unsuspecting ships—engine trouble of a serious nature developed requiring instant repairs, and the ship lay helpless, drifting all the while. Two other ships in the neighborhood fled at top speed, for the incident was suspicious and suggested that a

submarine was the cause. For two hours they spent an anxious time on the disabled steamer, both in the engine-room and on deck, where every one was on the alert for submarines. Eventually the engine was repaired and the ship proceeded on her way, and in less than an hour she picked up the astonished survivors of the two ships that passed on and fell victims to a submarine ten miles beyond. The ship reached port. However, there is an end to such luck. On a voyage from Salonika to a French port, the captain, left to his own devices, again dodged the enemy's submarines. That he was successful was due to the fact that he was continually on the bridge for eight days and nights and his gun crew equally alert. Obviously, he was quite ready to turn in when a French patrol escorted the ship to anchorage at the end of a long line of thirty or more ships.

I regret to say [writes the captain] that, to my great chagrin, two minutes after I pulled my boots off, a torpedo struck the ship and she sank in ten minutes.

A cunning submarine had followed the steamer from the open sea and bagged her in the change of watch from the captain to the French patrol.

A glimpse into the adventures of a six-thousand-ton tramp, known as the *Roman Prince* in Lloyd's Register of Shipping, but now hidden under the official phraseology H. M. Transport E-86, discloses the desperate character of Admiralty Service in the Gallipoli campaign. Under heavy fire from the enemy, the E-86 steamed from the transport base to the landing-place on that scraggly, sun-parched wilderness, where the Anzacs had desperate need of heavy artillery to hold their own against the well-supplied Turks. An officer, schooled in unloading freight into lighters on the South American coast, writes to Mr. Wood:

Six months ago we came up with troops, and because of a big boom were given the job of running heavy guns up to the Peninsula. Transports are unable to go up there, because of the submarines, and the nasty habit that the Turks have of shelling ships. We take the guns from the transports and run them up. While it is day and night work,

it is full of fun, for it is a case of never knowing when you will be bagged. We have been in the game five months solid, and "your humble" can claim to have landed all the heavy guns up there. So far we have been wonderfully lucky, though a few days ago we had a nasty smashup amidship. The Turks had our range nicely and plunked two or three in, making a rotten mess, before we could get out of range. Anzac is the rummiest place we go. The Turks' trenches are right close to the shore, and they amuse themselves trying to pick off men on the ships. They have been pretty smart at it, and bagged a lot on the destroyers that run the men over; but we were all very lucky, though they have been very thick over this deck, and have an unpleasant way of flip-flapping past your ear. I don't mind that, for you don't hear them till past, but those bloomin' shells are absolutely rotten. You can hear them coming, but you can't make sure if the rotten thing will drop near you, or near the man a bit away. Our captain was presented to Admiral Wemyss. He was thanked, and asked to convey the Admiral's thanks to the officers of E-86 in recognition of the work they were doing—bow-wow! I've had to unbutton my weskit since then.

Thirty-knot destroyers carried the troops over; E-86 lumbered along at twelve knots, dropped anchor, unloaded heavy artillery to lighters, and lumbered back, kept continuously at it for five months. Once and awhile she was smashed up amidships, but any personal display of courage on the part of the crew is modestly condoned:

"It's full of fun," they say, "never knowing when you will get bagged!"

Here is an episode in the day's work of the mine-sweepers at the Dardanelles. Mine-fields of the enemy accounted, with deadly results, for three English battle-ships and one French battle-ship during the bombardment of the forts. In attempting to clear the narrows of mines, and reduce the tremendous odds under which the allied fleet fought, the trawlers were compelled to steam into the very vortex of the unleashed passion of mine-fields, fourteen-inch guns, rapid-fire guns, land torpedo-tubes, and search-lights. This account, of one night's attempt at clearing mines, appears on record in a letter from a Royal Naval Reserve officer of the merchant service assigned to duty on H. M. S. *Majestic*, under date of April 7, 1915.

I have volunteered for minesweeping and now am in command of a large minesweeper. The other night we steamed right up the narrows with six search-lights on us, and every gun, big and little, pumping stuff into us. We had to go entirely unprotected. It was not possible to cover us. We turned at the narrows and swept down through the mine-field with nothing but huge fountains of water all around us and bursting shrapnel, to say nothing of Maxim rifles. Both banks seemed to be nothing but sheets of flame. A naval officer was in each trawler. None of us ever expected to get back; there were a lot of casualties, but not one of the trawlers was sunk. We were all hit, not personally, but the trawlers were full of holes, most of the shells passed right through without bursting. One went clean through my wheel-house, between the helmsman and myself. All we felt was a rush of wind. The shooting was very bad. I think they were afraid the fleet was behind us, and got a bit panicky. Of the original lot of trawlers sent out here, only three of us are left.

Notice it was the enemy, safely tucked away in the darkness on shore, out of reach of the fleet's guns, that became "panicky," not the crew on the hundred-ton Yarmouth trawlers, blinded in the glare of search-lights, and annoyed by shells that went clean through the hull. Here the record stops; doubtless the trawlers swept the mine-field as per instructions. At any rate, the writer continues:

The application has gone in, signed by my captain, for my other stripe—so I'm fairly lucky.

While the mine-sweepers were patched the fleet took advantage of their successful work and bombarded the fortifications. Then there was the desperately perilous work of landing parties to complete the destruction of fortifications silenced by the fleet. The "fairly lucky" one continues:

A day or two later a party of two hundred of us landed and suddenly found ourselves up against a concealed regiment. Our job was to demolish a fort that had been shelled, resulting in thirty-six guns blown up and completely silencing it. For twelve hours we did nothing but fire with our rifles and revolvers. It is rotten seeing men shot down all around one—a chap had his head blown off close to me by a piece of shell. The fleet covered us well by firing over our heads.

We killed a German general and six hundred Turks and brought off one lone prisoner.

The moment that every seaman anxiously awaits, doggedly enduring any service, however perilous, that will help to insure the issue, may come with the next tick of the clock. Three times the thrill has gone the rounds of every Admiralty ship in the North Sea waters. Twice that thrill has carried beyond the water of the North Sea into the uttermost parts of the globe. No matter how aggravating the results may be to the fleet at Wilhelmshaven, they failed to satisfy the crews on any of the more than four thousand ships, ranging from the patrol to Beatty's flagship, engaged on business of the Admiralty. The enviable position, in the sight of every man in that vast fleet, is on board the vessel in the thick of it. Some of the men of the merchant service have been in the fighting at Jutland, and again when the *Blücher* was sunk during the raid of the enemy's battle-cruisers in the North Sea. Members of the Royal Naval Reserve, trained in naval warfare, they left their ships of the Royal Mail, the P. & O. and Atlantic lines and were immediately assigned to the active fleet for service during the war. Here is a letter written after the sinking of the *Blücher*:

H. M. S. *Tiger*, February 11, 1915.

Yes, we were all mighty pleased to get a slap at the Sausages, as you call them, particularly as they were coming across to try another raid on our coast towns. We picked them up about daylight, on the Sunday. They at once turned about and made off. However, we had their heels and began to overhaul them slowly. We opened fire and began to hit them very quickly, although ten miles off. The weather was very clear, so they had not the same good luck as they had when we last chased them. I was on the disengaged side and filled in my time watching the shells explode alongside, and maybe a twelve-inch shell doesn't send up a column of spray. It was a wonderful sight to watch them drop around and alongside the *Lion*, which was the leading ship. We had a fair number ourselves, but the *Lion* got it hot, till finally a lucky shot potted her in the water-tight compartment and she had to drop out. Then we got to it. Shortly after this one of their Zeps came out to assist, but she only looked on from afar and was kept off by our light cruisers. I wish she



Drawn by George Harding

SAILING SHIPS ARE EASY PREY FOR SUBMARINES

had closed in so that we could have tried our anti-guns on her. Then I saw the *Blücher* a mass of flames and smoke, the other three ships steaming off. Two of them, the *Derflinger* and *Sedlitz*, were burning badly; if we could only have gone on for another hour we should have knocked out one, if not both of them, but we were close over to their mine-fields and submarine area. We closed to the *Blücher* and had a go at her with my guns. My gun crew was very glad, as they had seen nothing of the fight up till then. We gave it hot and heavy to the *B.* She was burning forward and aft at times, almost obscured by smoke, but the Germans stuck gamely, firing with one gun till the last. Our destroyers made a dash at her, but she was nearly done by that time. The *Arethusa* led them; it was a fine sight when they closed in, they looked like so many race-horses running for the winning-post. She struck, and our destroyers closed to rescue the survivors. She then turned over and sank. The Germans say she was like a furnace. They tried to cool her by opening up all the sea-cocks. Altogether they lost nearly 800 men. We feel we gave them something to think about. We lost nothing. One of their light cruisers was sunk. The *B.'s* said they did not think the *Sedlitz* would reach harbor, she was so badly shot up, but I expect she did as the weather was fine. However, they are both out of action for some time. We got off lightly considering the *Lion* and ourselves were really the only two ships engaged. If we had only had another hour, or even a half, we should have had one more. I wish their High Sea Fleet would come and give us a chance. Our big fleet are waiting anxiously for it—they have a monotonous time of it—they envy us greatly for many things. We all live in hope of the great show coming.

There are long periods of suspense after action, for ships on patrol duty, when only neutral shipping breaks the horizon. But never for an instant can the patrol relax its searching observations, for just beyond the sky-line lies an alert enemy. There are foggy gales to be lived through in the North Sea, with a restless, spumy sea; days of sweeping rain, black nights—stress for the ship, toil and worry for the crew. Nor is there safety in a glassy sea under a mid-day sun, for periscopes defy the sharpest eyes of ships' lookouts. Week after week is spent dodging all the perils of these days at sea, making no captures, but, as the crew puts it, "Always living in

hopes." An officer on H. M. T. No. 012 writes describing patrol duty:

You may be surprised to hear that this ship, H. M. T. No. 012, is the old *City of Edinburgh* with fourteen officers and a crew of one hundred and forty, and a couple of 4.7 guns on her fore-castle head and one on her stern, and a new wireless outfit, and very business-like in gray paint. It was a big surprise to me when I had my orders to join H. M. T. No. 012 and found, on inquiry at the Admiralty office at Glasgow, it was the ship I was just about to leave. It is very monotonous cruising around, waiting for them to come out. All the woodwork and wooden structures were torn down and thrown over the side—because of the fire risk—and they were going to put the piano over. However, some of us appealed very earnestly to the commander to let us keep it; and after much official consideration, we were allowed to do so. Everybody—captain included—is very glad that it was kept; without it, we would have been absolutely helpless in the way of amusement. We have a Ward Room paper, a weekly to which we all supply a little. Really you never saw such a thing in your life. It is full of the most personal remarks; but it is amusing, and everybody takes it in the spirit for which it is intended. It is not permitted to be sent out of the Ward Room (official dignity). Our 2nd has a rather large mouth, which some polite boulder attributed to the fact that when he was a kid, he fell down the cellar stairs and his mouth caught on a nail! The commander put the following in it:

"RESTAURANT-KEEPER: 'You're from Germany?'"

"CUSTOMER: 'I'm Hungary.'"

"RESTAURANT-KEEPER: 'I can't Servia.'"

Rotten! Isn't it? When naval officers are reduced to such positions that they have to amuse themselves with humor like the above—well—they are in very bad straits. We had a prehistoric-old-age-pension German-sausage for lunch the other day, but on the menu it was "Belgium Sausage." The minute the commander saw it he said: "What! More German spies?" And when he put his fork in it, the darn thing turned round and bit him. (Fact.) At the present time, even we have daily bridge parties, rag time concerts, etc. Twice we have been called to action in the middle of these and then gone back to complete them. Once a Zep came which a light cruiser went after. Really, it is great sport. Let 'em come—let 'em all come. The sooner the better. Oh, I forgot to say it was my right arm that was shot in the last engagement—right on the wrist-bone. If it had been on the funny-

bone I should absolutely have failed to see the humorous side of it. Personally I never felt better, and am in the best of spirits. Come what may—would not care a continental, for myself, suppose the ship was sunk to-morrow. It's for England. Well, dear old chap, the general signal has been sent around, "Coaling finished." We are off to take up our station again at—.

Say, the funniest things I've seen are the postcards they are selling ashore—pictures of the German fleet with bushes and trees growing all over them.

Do you suppose they have carried intensive farming that far? By Jove, I hope not!

The merchant marine has been ravaged by unseen warfare. The total loss of ten million tons since the beginning of the war has made the 1914 volume of Lloyd's Register of Shipping about as useless a reference in marine affairs as a list of the distinguished dead in Arlington would be to the War Department in carrying out the provisions of the draft. Ships may be overcome, but the spirit of the men who sail them is as mighty and unconquerable as the sea which breeds them. British captains are landed as prisoners in German ports by enemy submarines; life-boats are shelled and drowning men left to their fate; hospital ships, such as the *Asturias* and *Lanfranc*, with their cargo of wounded, are torpedoed; but none of these acts of an enemy who strikes on the sly, deeply, desperately, and runs away, drives them from the sea. Ruthlessness fails to inflict the terror intended on the breed, even when carried out as in the case of the *Belgian Prince*. When disaster comes they take to the life-boats and make the best of it. One quick-witted captain, soon after the German U-boats developed the habit of taking prisoners, made himself less conspicuous by sinking his braided coat and cap with the ship's papers and confiden-

tial Admiralty mail, and answered the U-boat commander's order for the captain to come aboard by ingeniously replying that the captain was lost in the wild scramble from the ship, and thus saved himself the fate of a German prison-camp. When U-boats operated on the surface, sometimes disguised as



JUNIOR MERCANTILE OFFICERS ARE HOLY TERRORS AS COMMANDERS OF MINE-SWEEPERS

fishing boats, the captain of the *Anglo-Californian* and wheelsman were killed by a shell; the mate took the damaged wheel and, lying flat on the bridge, kept the vessel on her course till she escaped.

On board a steamer anchored in New York Bay I talked with an apprentice, submarined on his last voyage across. It happened on a wild night and came near costing the crew their lives. I wondered how this eighteen-year-old youngster took it.

"A bit bad," he said. "The worst thing was we lost our mascot, Teddy, a big Himalayan bear; we'd had him aboard for eight years."

To another, a captain, I said: "I understand how high wages, a bonus, and a prepaid second-class passage home will take some men to sea. But how about the others? There must be some timid ones."

"Did you ever notice," he replied, "after a volcano has destroyed a South Sea village the natives go right back and rebuild it? Well, it must be the same way with sailors and the submarines."

Here is a letter the writer of which apparently takes the same view:

ASHORE, August 21, 1917.

I have just received your letter written on the 24th of February. It has chased me all over the French ports and has been shipwrecked and in the water some time. It has a French post-office notice on it, "accident in transit," and is as difficult to decipher as the Babylonian tablet of the flood. I feel wet myself, for I just arrived home, but unfortunately without the *Kioto*; the German Subs seem to be after me, for it is the second time in six weeks. . . . The torpedo just clipped our stern and blew it clean away—a

few men in it. She gave one h'ist and then went down like an anchor. I am joining another ship sometime this week. I have no idea of her name or where she is bound.

We were hit at four o'clock on a bitterly cold morning [writes a submarined officer]. Of course we all jumped out of our bunks. By the time I reached deck the ship was sinking at the part where she was broken in two, while her stem and stern were going up higher all the time. The slope of the deck became steeper and I rolled off into the water between the two halves and was drawn down in the whirlpool. When I came up the stem and stern were almost at right angles to the sea. I swam toward a life-boat and reached it and was taken into it.

A cheerful soul about to leave Alexandria for England writes:

So those squareheads are out torpedoing anything that comes along! Well, I've been forming plans. You see, we have an awful pile of empty beer-kegs on deck. Oh yes, they came aboard empty, anyway if they were full they would be empty before we get to home waters. I have formed an affection for one nice smelly cask; if they play any dirty tricks on us I am going to paddle ashore on my own private barrel. Devil of a joke at home, you know. Right after we sailed, the Zeps came over the North Sea



WE PICKED UP THE ASTONISHED VICTIMS OF THE U-BOAT



BROUGHT THE SHIP STERN TO, ZIGZAGGED, AND FOUGHT HIM OFF FOR SIX HOURS

and dropped bombs on Yarmouth. Well, they were bad shots, for both at the hospital and church they missed and only dropped near enough to blow the windows out. Well, you know we live near St. Peter's Church and the bombs they tried to drop on that blew all the windows out of our house, not one left—I'll bet they felt beastly uncomfortable sleeping with all the windows out. Eh, what! and February, too!

Naturally, captains obeying Admiralty instructions say little of any submarine the sea is well rid of—and dead men tell no tales. This letter concerns the fate of a submarine which sank a liner without warning, causing an exchange of notes between the American and German Governments:

You remember F. of the sailing-ship *Port Stanley* [writes a captain to Mr. Wood]; he was second mate with me afterwards. Well, he left us last November and joined the Navy as sub-Lieutenant. He was placed in command of six armed trawlers engaged in submarine hunting. Last April he was promoted to Lieutenant, and I had a letter from him telling me he had just sunk two German submarines, one of which was the submarine that sank the *Arabic*. This explains why the German Government could

not get the captain's statement before replying to Wilson's note.

We got it in the neck this time [writes another]. We just missed the *U-53* off Nan-tucket; we heard by wireless that she inquired from one of her victims where we were. I guess she knows now. A destroyer picked us up. They're men, those destroyer chaps, all right; one told me a thing or two about what happened to these U-boats and it sounded pretty good, I can tell you.

A captain engaged on Admiralty service, discussing the fate of the men of the *Belgian Prince*—left to drown when the submarine submerged—told me that the same week the *Belgian Prince* outrage occurred he was in an English naval base, where a German submarine was towed in, after being caught out at sea in a net. On opening it they found not only the German crew dead, but also six English captains, captured when their vessels were torpedoed.

"I wonder," he said, "if there is any new way left an Allied seaman can meet his fate."

Before the trade routes were purged of German raiders there were many

small encounters that, of course, never reached the light of official despatches. Here is an account of one early in the war:

BUENOS AIRES, Aug. 6, 1914.

There was a terrific hand-to-hand fight yesterday on the next wharf between the crews of the German *Cap Trafalgar* and the French *Lutetia*. They were armed with bottles instead of marlin spikes. Needless to say, there were plenty of heads on each side that needed patching up. The *Cap Trafalgar* was preparing to put to sea, and once there it is surmised she will mount guns, and play havoc with all the shipping leaving the River Plata. Several English captains have visited the British Consulate office and offered to ram the ship at her wharf. But their offers were politely declined, and to-day she put to sea.

Wireless plants up and down the coast of South America informed the raiders operating there of shipping departures, helping them enormously in capturing unsuspecting steamers. In the ports of the Indian Ocean the exploits of the *Emden*, embellished with German propaganda, were spread in the bazaars of India, and as a consequence P. & O. liners, unable to secure lascar crews, left Bombay undermanned, and passengers washing down decks and handling baggage. In the endeavor to secure even more intimate knowledge of British merchantmen, German sailors shipped as German-speaking Norwegians. This deception succeeding for a time, was uncovered and rendered impossible by the simple test of an interpreter of the English Home Office. He required the supposed impostors to repeat "Thirty-three thousand thieves thrust their thirty-three thousand thumbs into thirty-three thousand thistles." The real Germans could not pronounce the *th*, and once detected were quickly interned, where espionage was no longer possible.

Despite all this, English ships continued their voyages—while German shipping vanished from the seven seas. The German raiders, prowling about the trade routes, did little flirting with unknown shipping; captured merchantmen with prize crews aboard served as lookouts for them, and reported their observations by wireless, whereupon the cunning raiders put on full speed and overhauled the victim. Add the clever

disguises, such as collapsible funnels and masts, and guns hidden under dummy deck-houses, used by the raiders, and one has a fairly good idea of the odds confronting captains of merchantmen. Suspicious of the first blur of smoke on the horizon, starting with every flash in the wireless-room, they dogged the trade routes by day and doused running lights at night. Many succeeded in escaping the raiders, but fate decreed that other twelve-knot cargo-carriers were no match for twenty-five-knot cruisers. Here is a letter from an officer whose ship was captured and sunk. He was prisoner on the raider *Kronprinz Wilhelm* for a time and then was landed with other prisoners by a British vessel, released for the purpose by the raider.

On board R. M. S. P. *Alcantra*.

Don't get alarmed and think I have command of the above steamer. Oh, no such luck; instead I am on my way home at government expense. Of course you know the old *Indira* is no more. We had a rotten time, for it rather hurts a fellow to see a ship sunk that he has been in four years, for I'm a sailor born and love my ship. The *Kronprinz Wilhelm* got us. We were the last ship sunk in the South Atlantic so far as we can hear. Our ships are down there now, and the enemy keep away from the trade routes, and hang around in mid-Atlantic, short of coal—good-bye to them soon. We were kept twelve days aboard the cruiser and although they fed us all right, it was just rotten, for we didn't fancy having a limited space with a nasty lot of square-heads armed with swords to prevent us straying. Whenever they got alarmed (as they did a lot of times) and ran, we were just put below, and of course had she been cornered we would have gone down with her like rats in a trap. When the *Carmania* sank the *Cap Trafalgar*, she was only fifty miles off us; and the *Kronprinz* ran like hell that time to get out of the way. Imagine how we felt. I hope to join the navy when I get home and have a slap back at the rats; but they made us sign a parole and that I am afraid will give trouble as the government may not let us break it. We had to sign under compulsion and I don't see why it should not be broken. You know it would not have helped Old England any to have gone down on board the *Indira*. Breaking it only means getting shot if taken prisoner—I'm willing to take the risk.

Men rolled up from all the trades on all the coasts and outlandish ports of the world to do their bit—an amazing



Drawn by George Harding

OVERHAULING NEUTRAL SHIPPING AT SEA

company of youngsters volunteering for naval air service, of mates seeking command of motley trawlers, mixed with boatswains of old windjammers, and captains of every degree from river packets on the Yangtse Kiang, to pilgrim ships of Bombay. The *Guild Gazette* is filled with their appointments in the Royal Naval Reserve. They came in such numbers that the Board of Trade, alarmed at the vacancies, advised seamen of all grades to remain in the

in the port of departure. Others, tired of waiting, threw up the sea for good and joined the army. In the maze of letters and "On Active Service" cards coming to Mr. Wood, every service in the Admiralty and every army on land, that is in the thick of it, is represented. Here are some of them, picked at random:

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

I was nearly blown to pieces a few days ago; a shell burst in a dugout that I was leaning against. I was having a quiet smoke



A LIMITED SPACE, WITH A LOT OF ARMED SQUARE-HEADS TO PREVENT US STRAYING

merchant service; and the Admiralty ruled it would not take men out of a ship abroad—desiring as many British subjects as possible aboard merchant ships—but would consider applications only after arrival in the United Kingdom. Men in the China trade pleaded for release from their ships, and received it on condition they would return home in their usual capacity as officers and not as passengers. Officers full of hope started home. Vessels they were signed on were commandeered by the fleet in the Mediterranean, and eventually, after traveling twice around the globe *via* Suez and Panama, ended months later

at the time and was thrown thirty yards away in our trench. Needless to say I was glad it was our trench, not the German's, for we are not much further from theirs. When we were at Festubert occupying German trenches, they fumed us and shelled us for hours. It was terrible.

ANZAC, GALLIPOLI.

The things we see are worse than hell can ever be. Yet one gets callous to it all. Here's a little story that really happened a few days ago. A man was brought down to the hospital at Anzac. His face was an awful mess and the doctor said, "Well, how did you get this lot?"

The poor wretch started to grin and said: "Well, you see me and Bill was throwing

bombs over to the Turks and Bill lights a bomb fuse and it didn't appear to be burning right, so Bill 'e siz, 'I'll make you fizz, you 'eathen!' and starts to blow on it, when orf it went and blew off Bill's bloomin' head. Hee, hee, I didn't arf larf!"

H. M. T. Same Ship, SALONIKA.

We had some nurses aboard here to-day. They were driven out of Serbia and it is something awful what some of them have gone through. Sleeping at times in barns and old lofts, and occasionally on the roadside; living on the same rations as the Tommies—tinned beef and biscuits. Poor girls, we were so sorry for them we set them up, and they quite enjoyed a decent dinner aboard here.

H. M. S. *Tiger*, Nov. 27, '16.

Did you know I got a "mention" in the Jutland affair?

LA PALLICE, FRANCE.

He died very happy at being called out to do special duty. He rushed a dangerous bridge in an armored car at thirty-five miles an hour. I attended his naval funeral. We're all glad he was not taken prisoner.

I am now a motor-cyclist scout.

I failed in my exams for mate. I am color-blind so I joined the Artists' Rifles.

H. M. S. *Sirus*.

We are doing high seas policeman's work, overhauling and examining merchant ships. The most exciting time happened when I landed with a party of thirty-nine sailors and marched eighteen miles in a night and occupied a village. Galer of the *Ophir* is in Gibraltar with a prize crew in charge a Swedish steamer caught loading contraband cargo from German steamers sheltering in Teneriffe. Griggs is on the hospital ship *Rewa* with our home fleet as fourth. He may get a chance to cool the Kaiser's heated brow. Sanders of the R. N. R. has been awarded the V. C., without the nature of the exploit being published. He is a lieut. commander and only thirty.

LONDON.

You really ought to come over for a Zep raid; they are great fun, a most lovely sight in the ray of our search-light, just like the governor's silver-wrapped cigars. I have been in three or four raids already; it is fine sport firing at them with "antis." My youngest brother is in the R. F. Corps, "some birdman." So we both hunt Zeps.

Tribulations of a youngster:

PORT SAID, August, 1916.

Despite all the wonders I have seen since the war began, I would give it all for a frigid ice-cream soda. Don't laugh; think of this heat—the glass registers 110° and not much

different at night. Picture me brown as an Arab and working in only a singlet and overalls. You know the *Murillo* is a refrigerator ship. Refrigeration has a cool sound, but one has to wish to be a quarter of beef to really enjoy it. There is not even a refrigeration-room for ship's stores, just a little ice-chest on deck. We had only been out a week when the ship's fresh meat went bad.

From another youngster, arriving in Australia on a sailing-ship and anxious to get in the thick of it:

Here I am at the end of the passage and thumping glad to be there. I have come to the conclusion that to some with a very lofty idea of duty, taking a royal in during a rain squall, or scooping the dirt out of the chicken-coop may constitute a splendid situation in time of war, but to Sandy S— No, sir! Nor are that ginger-headed, walrus-faced old Welsh mate, or the weak-willed noodle of a second mate who delights in catching sharks and albatrosses, ship-mates for me. This is a spanking war with a chance to do something spanking.

I'm lucky and won the D. S. Cross and received it from the King at Buckingham Palace. I am not sure which was the worse ordeal. Do write one of your cheerful letters to mother. Bill is at the front in France, a sub-Lieutenant in the A. S. C., Jack is full Lieutenant in the Field Artillery and both have turned boon German-killers—two of my sisters are volunteer nurses, one in hospital for Belgian soldiers, other for British wounded—Mother, needless to state, is in an awful state.

GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR.

We are carting coal around to H. M. ships and have had no mail. In a paper I see a wireless from Berlin announcing the sinking of the British S. S. *Harpalyce* and twenty-eight lost; my brother was second officer. We passed each other at sea a year ago. It is terrible, I don't know how long before I will get news from home about him.

H. M. S. *Majestic*,
DARDANELLES, April 1915.

The *Queen Elizabeth* led us into action with her band playing "Everybody's Doing It."

H. M. S. *Agincourt*,
July 19, 1917.

Since the Jutland affair I've had no chance to use my turret on the Huns. I am just the same erratic warship chap. Rather fed up with bugles, pip saluting and saluting and stuck in the port, never seeing any land except our dreary base, which is miles away from civilization. Months on end we never see a soul except Naval people. Occasionally we get to the fishing village of

— but these are red-letter days in our lives. An evening ashore is absolutely unknown. Three of the *Glendon* crowd are here. Hodge is on the *Antrim* and Emwoldren is on the *Duncan*. Bayford is on submarine. He won D. S. C. at Gallipoli early in the war, so did Acheson of the *Indra Line*. Poor Dendreno, who joined the flying corps, was shot down on the French front. Wish I was on the destroyers; they are the only ones that see occasional Huns.

Here is the record of one family:

M. F. A. 103, O. T. *Uncas*,
September 22, 1916.

The *Uncas* became oiler No. 2 and we loaded our cargo of fuel oil in the East and ended up in a region where shot and shell wandered around. After getting rid of our precious cargo we turned around and came east again for another full load, and this time all the way home. The wife keeping watch during the hours I had to sleep, and glad I was to have her sharp eyes in the submarine area, for the chief officer was old and past his work. Arrived safely in the old country, the wife left me at Falmouth, and then away under sealed orders. Ten days or so before I could get word to Mrs. C.; of course silly women folk imagined subs had got me. We wandered down to River Tyne and dry-docked there; unfortunately the Chinese were restless so had to stay aboard with only two days' leave, first since outbreak of war. I reported to Admiralty, being an R. N. R. officer, but was told (as usual) to continue on my ship. I'd dearly loved to have been told to proceed to a Naval depot, for it is not all honey to be away on your lonesome, knowing that if attacked one mistake ends you. Now about my brothers. At the evacuation of Gallipoli one of them received orders to proceed with five hundred men to Anzac and destroy stores. He arrived there after the guns had been withdrawn and had a merry time. Turks—no opposition—shelled them night and day; however, the boy did his work and left Anzac with not very heavy casualties. After two days' rest, same job at Helles, if you please; bit thick, eh! Had a beastly time at Helles, a big gale came on and they could not work, only sit in the dugouts being shelled all the time. Finally finished the job and he brought away all but ten of his men. He was mentioned in orders of the day, congratulated and promoted. Next brother C. came home from India, joined up, won his commission, and is now in France. Before leaving he was married; how, is rather amusing—he wires his fiancée at ten to be ready that same

day at two. Bride goes to London for special license; finally my brother arrives, hot, dusty, breathless, five minutes late. After the event the two innocents find they have no notion of where to spend the six-day honeymoon. Imagine fifty excited relations of all ages, each propounding his or her own view on the subject and accompanying them to the station. Finally, amid much noise, the spot is selected for them, and they have to travel down in the crowded Guards van, C. trying his best to look dignified as becomes a Lieutenant in H. M.'s Army. Next brother left the sea, went to France as a private in Public Schools Batt., refused a commission before going out, saw service in trenches and was marched out and told his duty was to take a commission. Next brother is in the A. S. C. and saw the *Uncas* in harbor at Port Said, but could not get off to see me. None of us have seen each other since war began. Now if you are not fed up with me and my brothers, you ought to be. To finish up with, the dear old Mater and Pater sit at home, longing and yet dreading to see the post and newspapers come.

On every sea of the seven the men of Britain's Merchant Marine have carried out their appointed tasks. They have carried troops and munitions to far places, wherever campaigns are under way—to Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Salonika, German colonial Africa, and to France. They have been in the fighting on patrol duty, on trawlers bound submarine-hunting or mine-sweeping, and on ships doing a dozen unheard-of things. When the veil of mystery now spread over their comings and goings lifts, and their ships sail in New York Harbor, not in lead color, but with white deck-houses and house flags flying, and the *S. S. British Empire*—no longer H. M. Transport; then, in the companionship of the kind folks of the institute, untold deeds will come to light. Meanwhile their letters come to Mr. Wood; and other letters such as this:

He was killed in action. . . . It is very lonely for we women folks in England.

Certainly, when the question is asked in years to come, "What did you do in the Great War?" the answer need but be, "On Admiralty Service, if you please, sir!"

East of Eden

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD



I WAS with Twining when it happened. Nothing but that—actual presence on the spot—could give me the right to tell the tale; for, untypical as it is, irrelevant, unique, unexpected, to sit at home and imagine it would be merely morbid. Some people may think it morbid to relate it, in any case. To such I can only say that facts need no apology. The thing occurred. What is morbid is the comment of the people very far away who never understood. I was there; day by day, by his side, I saw him through it, and I can honorably assert that Twining was sincere to the core, honest to the bitter end. Though why chosen for his peculiar destiny, I have never been able to guess.

Since my day they have set a statue on the Kingsborough campus that is an adequate portrait of Roger Twining's type. I don't know what it calls itself, but it is a young athlete, half in a gown, half out of it, with a football under his arm and hockey shoes on his feet, with a Bible and tennis racquets heaped vaguely against him—a symbolic presentment, I take it, of young Kingsborough going forth to preach the Gospel to every creature. A very nice person, that statue, but too heterogeneously equipped. Twining, to the life; if he could once have got his Polynesians to play basket-ball, he could have gone on, I believe, to expound the Pauline epistles to them with fluent ease. For he was not a fool, and he was the best fellow in the world. Only, you see, by Twining's time at Kingsborough (he graduated a few years after I did) they had completely canalized religion between Y. M. C. A. embankments. No one cared about categorical imperatives any more—not even Tug Lambert when he was drunk. The statue is the expression of the Kingsborough spirit which

moulded Twining. For the very special trick life was going to play him, he was a little handicapped by all those implements of sport. They didn't fit his fate. Variety without complication—"muscular," all of it. And Roger Twining was to be an optimist caught by the Furies, a lad by no means Prometheus chained to the Promethean rock. If it weren't for the old Kingsborough clannishness, I should be tempted to say that he was the seat of a terrific tempest—and was himself only teapot size. But, then, I have always stuck to the categorical imperative; and, while it is an open question in my mind whether you can ever really convert a heathen, I am quite sure that you cannot convert him with basket-ball. In that I side with Aunt Miriam.

Twining himself felt something of it in those first discouraged days at his remote, incredible post, where, by mismanagement at home and the inopportune death on the high seas of the man who was to follow him at once, he was for a time in sole charge. (You will have made out, I hope, that he was a missionary.) As he put it to me petulantly one night on his big verandah, "If I could only have worked backward instead of forward, *unlearned* all the things a Christian child knows, acquired a totem instead of a diploma!" He was deep in Tylor and Frazer at the time, and beginning to see why the once famous Mission was moribund and the Catholics had it all their own way with the beautiful, dying race. He was coming to realize, and not without regret, that basket-ball can never take the place of good, soul-shaking ritual. Besides, the natives would not play basket-ball. They preferred to spear fish, and get drunk of an evening, and smile as no Christian has ever smiled.

Now let me get to work and abridge for you the preluding weeks.

Pure Kingsborough clannishness led

Twining, when he found me existing, tourist fashion, in the best hotel on the island, to ask me to come up to the Mission and pay him a visit. Pure Kingsborough clannishness made it possible for me to accept; for, though we had plenty of common acquaintance, we had never known each other, and missionaries are not my tippie. They are like ginger-ale, neither intoxicating nor refreshing. I had been in twenty minds about accepting, and finally I went up to see for myself. Having seen, I stayed. The scene got me. I was new to the South Seas.

I shall never forget how I found Twining, that first day, when I went to return his visits. He was sitting on a palm-wreathed eminence, gazing fixedly down a forty-five-degree slant of vegetation, at the huddle of roofs whence I had climbed to his hill. Behind him, the wooden buildings of his new compound gashed the dense, illimitable green of the jungle. In a year or two the compound would be assimilated to the landscape; it would be caressed, covered, crept over, by innumerable vegetable parasites. But now it was a raw wound in the beauty of the forest. The town lay a few hundred feet below. Beyond the roofs were docks of a sort, and enough corrugated iron to prove that this paradise existed commercially. Then the boats, the reef, and the ocean which took up the tale of infinity where the jungle left it off. Twining sat there on his volcanic headland, staring; and as I approached, a little pile of cocoanuts toppled over on his left foot as he jerked it nervously. The Chinese boy who had guided me to his retreat disappeared with the merest grunt of announcement. Twining nodded, then picked up a cocoanut and flung it petulantly down the slant of vegetation, in the direction of the town. It grazed the green tree-tops for a second or two, then dipped through the branches of a breadfruit and fell, no doubt, to earth somewhere.

"A perfectly good cocoanut wasted," I remarked, as I sat down beside him.

"I'd like to waste a few thousands," he groaned. "It would be a darned good thing for these dwellers in Eden if they had to rustle a little more for a living. On my word, I sometimes envy

Sherry Spencer over in China—rice-Christians and all. Sherry groans over the Oriental mind. Heavens! It's something you can get your teeth into, anyhow, even if it bites back. These folk aren't anything. They're a law unto themselves. No, they're not; they're just a set of privileges unto themselves. Nature cockers them as if they were worth it. . . . Man, you can't teach the Gospel to a bunch of people who don't want anything they haven't got. They don't even regret the good old days of long pig."

"Dying out, aren't they?"

"Oh yes, and they'll be Presbyterians when they're dead, I shouldn't wonder." And he kicked the ruins of the cocoanut-heap with a white-canvas toe.

That was Twining's state of mind when I first envisaged him and his situation. I did not reply; I leaned back and looked, taking my ease; for on this occasion I should have to decide whether or not to accept his invitation. He did not interrupt my contemplation, even by shying another cocoanut. I filled my eyes with the scene, my lungs with the air, my heart with all that uncomprehended exotic implication. The beauty was overpowering. Nothing that you could reasonably ask for was omitted from the landscape. Mountain, gorge, and valley were assembled in a hundred romantic contours; unseen torrents tinkled softly in my ears; the trees and flowers were those of an emperor's dream. A cool, sweet trade-wind ruffled all that gorgeousness into life. And for the last fillip, the thatched roofs below, constant hint that you were on the threshold of something you could never hope to understand. . . . Down in the town were officials, commercial travelers, beach-combers, men "from Sydney" (sinister appellation), natives in corduroy trousers—dramatic, full of plot for comic opera or a shilling shocker. But I would eschew drama; I would live for a time on the unspoiled heights.

Had I but known it, I was like a man with weak nerves refusing Stevenson and taking to Sophocles. But I did not know.

"I'll stay, thank you," I said at last, and waved my hand inclusively to suggest that it was to Nature I succumbed.



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

SHE WAS ARTLESS AND EXQUISITE AS A DRYAD

"Ripping, isn't it? I'm so glad you will," was Twining's rejoinder. His tone told me that he was glad, but the tribute to the scenery was merely conventional.

So I came up and stayed with Twining and his aunt Miriam at the Mission. I have, as well as I can, given you some inkling of Twining. You will know more about him later. I must not, I suppose, take time to expound Aunt Miriam, though I succumbed at once to her peculiarly American charm. It is enough here to define her externally—a woman of sixty-odd, with iron-gray hair, and a vast serenity which veiled her executive type. She was not Roger's aunt; she and her husband had adopted Roger, who was an orphan, and it was her late husband, "Uncle Ephraim" (he, too, in his time, a Kingsborough man), who had destined Roger to the "foreign field." Roger's vocation was not spontaneous, you see; it was a form of gratitude, an earnest of devotion; and that is important. Aunt Miriam was there to see that he did his job; but she was especially and chiefly there to help him through the months of his novitiate, to keep his house until he got a wife ("helpmeet" was often Aunt Miriam's word). Then she would go back to her sisters in Illinois, to whom she wrote long journal-letters. Aunt Miriam never went down the Mission hill to the town. She knitted endlessly, and made calico clothes for those native children whom the grim wolf with privy paw had not yet devoured. And she would sit for hours, her writing-pad on her lap, gazing at the summit of the volcanic headland where I had first found Roger and had made my earth-shaking decision. We had people to dinner now and then, and I explored passes and ravines and caves while Roger was busy below us with dark souls that matched the dark skins.

I stayed with them, as retrospectively it seems to me, an unconscionably long time. I was a loafer, with my hands in my pockets, and I had never seen anything I liked so much as this. I sketched a little; I dipped into Twining's folk-lore books; I bathed in cold mountain pools; I held Aunt Miriam's wool for her to wind. The place enchanted me in no metaphorical sense. I can never hope to reproduce for you the

unreality of that island and its beauty. It was out of the world as I conceived and knew the world; I hung, suspended in time, over the landscape of a dream. There was no past or future; no relation, no claim, no human plot. I might (as in childhood one dreams of doing) have been floating on cirrhus clouds or treading the Milky Way. That is why this story will never seem to me morbid.

From this fourth-dimensional world in which I moved and breathed I was awakened, after many weeks, by the entrance of the heroine. Even then I did not wake all at once, for the manner of her entrance was in keeping with the scene. We were dining that night, Roger and I, with the British consul, and we took a short cut through the jungle, instead of going round by road. The trail was well marked and well used, but even so, the wild guava clipped us close and we tripped over the offspring of the patriarchal bamboos. As we tore down the last slant, she rose—materialized, you might say—before our eyes: a white figure, rounding a huge palm-trunk and standing suddenly before us. She was laughing, under her wreath of orchids, and the juice of a half-eaten mango rippled lusciously over her right hand.

She made no pretence of not knowing us, or of introducing herself. She did not even say, "You are Mr. Twining and Mr. Malcolm, and I am Letitia Quayle, whom you are to meet at dinner." She merely greeted and joined us. Nor did she apologize for the mango (which is a fruit without social virtues), though she threw it away.

I did not know, just at first, how it affected Twining, for I was busy feeling the pleasant shock of it to the full. She was artless and exquisite as a dryad or as Virginia on the sands of Mauritius. She came forward as if she belonged to us, as if we all belonged together in some naïf legend. She did not break the dream. She was natural as the mango that she flung away to rot beneath the bamboos. Perhaps I can describe better the effect of her apparition if I say that my mind suddenly became a reminiscent welter of Atala, Typee, and the like—though she was fair as a lily.

It was I who made foolish talk until we turned into the consular garden.

Twining was dumb. Only as we climbed the steps of the verandah he turned to her and asked, "Do you ever wear blue?"

"Constantly." And the least shade of formality, of Europeanism, crept over her face.

"I thought so." He turned away and walked up to the consul.

My thoughts veered sharply to Aunt Miriam, above. Perhaps the "helpmeet" was nearer than she thought. Roger was pale, his dark eyes had recaptured their lost fervor, and an immortal curiosity sharpened his fine features. Mentally I withdrew on the spot. I devoted myself to that eminent scientist, Professor Quayle, fellow of every society that exists for the purpose of discovering the skeleton in the racial closet. It was worth while. He was eclectic, as the great scientists are; he knew a lot about anthropology, and could see the humor of a dinosaur. His talk was delightful; negligently challenged by our host, he became the Scheherazade of the Stone Age. Also he had been everywhere—scientists are the pampered children of our generation—and his metaphors were as good as his facts. If this be "shop," I thought, let me never hear anything else. Letitia had accompanied him to many places far from trade centres, and joined in with eager anecdotes. A curious education, I reflected, as I listened to her. She had never been to Paris or Rome, but she was intimate with sharks and fruit-eating bats, and the Falls of the Zambesi were to her a more familiar name than Niagara. Fair, very fair, her blond hair growing in a widow's peak; young with the very essence of youth; a child not of cosmopolis, but of the planet. I let my eyes dwell on her in sheer pleasure, this girl of strictly Saxon featuring, whose familiar allusions were to places, people, food, and customs that I had never heard of. The only drawback to my irresponsible delight (for, remember, I had withdrawn while yet there was time—had taken a great backward leap before I reached the threshold) was Roger's silence. Though I had never witnessed the phenomenon before, I knew what it was and what it meant: the stored experience of the race had

taught me this thing which I had never seen—as you would recognize an earthquake the first time you felt it. Love at first sight was its name; even before we reached the consular garden Roger had handed over the key. So much beauty lies buried for me in that South Sea isle to which I shall never return, and the most beautiful of all things in that isolated dream, I now feel, was the suddenness and completeness of Roger Twining's surrender to the miracle. They step through the pages of the great fairy-tales—the Dantes, the Romeos, the Siegfrieds—and we watch and listen, and are moved to tears, and go away disbelieving. But once in a thousand moons Life makes the incomparable gesture for herself; and I shall always thank God, in spite of everything, that I have seen love burst into complete flower in a single instant.

Letitia? Well, she was a woman; she had her part to play; and, that evening, after his hoarse question ("Do you ever wear blue?" How it rings, sinister in my ears, but sweet!) she played it. But he saw her first stepping out of the forest as Virginia. Letitia Quayle was complicated, yes. But what is more complicated than a flower? We prate of the simplicity of nature by way of disparaging the poor little nursery subtleties of civilization. We are great fools. Letitia Quayle was simple as a rose; and let the botanists say how simple that is. Now you see what I mean. She was idyllically natural—and very complex. She bloomed and glowed with perfect fitness at the heart of that tropic jungle; she surprised us no more than a butterfly. But—simple? I stick to my own theory.

In spite of her initial playing of the part, Letitia came to Roger Twining very naturally. Professor Quayle was due to stay for a month, investigating coral formations. Aunt Miriam lifted Letitia bodily from the hospitalities below and carried her up to the Mission headland. I do not know how else to put it, though of course Mrs. Twining never stirred from the compound. There seemed to be no formal invitations; simply, Aunt Miriam expected her, and she came. Roger and I would take her back, late in the evening, after dinner. Mrs. Twining had seen, as I had seen,

and she wanted to be sure. I do not think it occurred to her that Miss Quayle would refuse Roger. Nor did it occur to me, though never was courtship less like courtships at home. Roger showed less ardor than absorption; he went about the business of life as though Letitia were the air he breathed. He took her, you would say, calmly; but she was the basis of existence. When she was not there he seemed to suffer dumbly, like an animal. I could swear that for a fortnight he spoke no word to her; yet if he had been visibly on his knees, his attitude could not have been clearer. His Polynesians got drunk in peace, those days.

And Letitia? No girl in my world has ever treated a lover, declared or undeclared, as she treated Roger. She turned to him for everything. We picknicked in deep, vine-hung ravines above frigid and shadowed pools; and I have seen her, without coquetry, without affectation, bend her head forward to drink from a cup he held, or feed him a rose-apple with her own fingers. They clambered down exotic trails hand in hand, and stood together like children to gaze at a waterfall. Not a hint of passion; only that beautiful and calm clinging to each other. My constant presence did not embarrass them; if it was Arden, I was their faithful fool. Do you wonder that my dream was so long undisturbed, or that, in spite of all that came after, I look back upon it as the most beautiful thing in life—a thing (sometimes I desperately feel) that fate should never have dared to touch?

The wonder of it is, of course, that that fortnight could ever have been. Even I, completely obsessed with the notion that we were existing outside of history, knew that it could not last like this. A breath suffices to destroy so delicate a beauty. I knew the breath would come. Even in tales, it always does. We pay tribute forever to the Eumenides.

All those enchanted days Aunt Miriam said nothing. She left Letitia to Roger and to me—though Letitia spent many an hour by Aunt Miriam's side, and God knows what they talked of. That Aunt Miriam's was not the first disturbing breath, I know. Sixty years of self-control had made Aunt Miriam

a marvel of a woman. She was, in this case, the more of a marvel that she had no romance in her. I have been bitter, very bitter, about it all; but, strangely enough, never, in my most sky-defying moods, bitter against Aunt Miriam.

The disturbing breath came, as I knew it would and must; came when Roger Twining's cup spilled over and his passion declared itself. Disturbing, at first, only in the sense that the manner of perfection changed; that the tenderness quickened and flashed and kindled into a romance so poignant that my eyes smarted in beholding it. By what slow gradations or what swift transmutation, known only to their inmost selves, it came, I cannot say. Though two people were never more meetly chaperoned, they were sometimes alone; and I fancy that change could have become conscious only when they were together in solitude. They came back from the volcanic headland where I had first found Roger petulantly staring, hand in hand, and ranged themselves like decorous children before Aunt Miriam and me. The flaming sunset was behind them; the sudden twilight was already darkening the remoter corners of the verandah. Hand in hand, with soft, awe-struck voices, they told us that they were going to be married. It was the gentlest climax I have ever known, yet I felt as if something perfect had passed away. The marvel, as I have said before, was that the previous fortnight could ever have been. Roger Twining fell manfully in love at sight; nothing but the perfect concord of the two creatures could have kept him like a child with her just so long as she wanted to be a child. You pay for concord like that between man and woman—pay with sacrifices laid on the immemorial altar of sex. Love itself is a fever; and, as if that were not enough, the irrelevant world steps in to point out that marriage is a practical matter. With love announced, the world, the flesh, and the devil troop in. Small wonder that priests bolster marriage up with sacraments!

As luck would have it, Professor Quayle had gone, in a motor-boat, to cruise for a few days among outlying uninhabited islands and far reefs whence

he could gather polypi at will. Letitia was under the nominal chaperonage of the British consul's wife, but it had been arranged that she should spend a night or two at the Mission. To this Aunt Miriam now objected. Letitia must not be her guest, she told Roger, until Professor Quayle had sanctioned the betrothal. The flesh had come in, you see, already, and here was the world. The devil got his innings later. Roger affected to be shocked by the conventions—what true lover is not shocked by them?—but Aunt Miriam was adamant. Letitia succumbed dumbly, like a hurt child. It seemed wanton cruelty to part them. That Professor Quayle should refuse Roger was incredible. It was mere superstition, vain as any *tabu*. I took it upon myself to tell Mrs. Twining this; but she did not move a hair's-breadth from her position. Until Letitia's father could give his consent, she would not have Letitia under her roof as Roger's betrothed. She owed it to Professor Quayle. So we took Letitia down to the town again, instead of keeping her with us on the heights.

The prohibition was purely formal, as even Aunt Miriam admitted, and Letitia was at liberty to come each morning and "spend the day." So few of those days of probation there were—only three, all told, between the engagement and Professor Quayle's return. Yet, with their atmosphere of trial, of waiting, we seemed to be taking something indefinite, equivocal, painful, into our lungs with each breath we drew. Gone was the happy oxygen of the idyllic fortnight. Sometimes I gazed up at the low-hung stars and clenched my fists and vowed it shouldn't pass; that one instant should suffice for Quayle's consent, and that then Letitia and Roger should wander back hand in hand, for a time, to their Eden. I, their faithful fool, would stand guard between them and the world. Curiously, you see, I did not crave an immediate marriage for them; I craved, rather, a return of the uncapturable days. Nothing had ever been so beautiful as the fortnight of their idyll. Nothing—I set it down with an unflinching pen—ever has been. I stand committed to that.

They stuck—the dears!—more closely to Aunt Miriam during those days. The world and the flesh, as I was saying, had got in their work. They were not so happy as they had been, though love was in every sweet and modest gesture. I knew—don't ask me how—that they themselves (even as I, the spectator) were looking back rather than forward. Better, infinitely, marriage than this; but, oh, best of all, the unreal days forever past. Their ardor was the tenderest thing imaginable. Even Roger seemed only to want Letitia's hand to hold—quietly, peacefully, in our presence. It was not mawkish, for there was no ulterior suggestion in that simple, mutual caress. Friends, you would have said, if friends ever had just that hunger. But I knew better than that, for my room was next to Roger's, and I knew how he paced his wide porch, sleepless, through the night, and how he was never himself again until the morning when Letitia came stepping through the garden, bringing calm with her. They were bad, those three days of the professor's absence, but so cunningly arranged that each hour was tolerable, almost desirable compared with the one that followed it. In all that stillness and sweetness events progressed with catastrophic speed. It seemed as though an unseen hurricane drove us on, though the Trade never ceased its gentle rhythm.

It was the second evening, and the last savored hour before Letitia must descend to the hospitality of the consul's wife. Mrs. Twining stirred the scented air with some faint rebuke of Roger for neglect of duty. He answered, defending himself. Then Aunt Miriam turned to Letitia to make her peace.

"I don't see why you shouldn't go down to the school to-morrow, my dear. You can't know too soon about the work that you will share if you marry Roger."

"Oh, but I couldn't." The girl stopped, as if to find a tone even gentler than that first murmur of hers. "You see, I don't believe any of it."

Aunt Miriam gave no sign of what must have been to her a terrible shock. A strong woman, very. "You mean that you are not a Christian, Letitia?"

"A Christian? Oh no. I've never been to any church. Father has no re-

ligion, and of course I think as he does."

"You poor child!"

It must have been Letitia Quayle's beauty that wrung this groan from Mrs. Twining, for on matters of faith she was uncompromising. I felt sick.

"Did you know this, Roger?" His aunt turned to him.

"It never occurred to me to tell him," Letitia threw in. "Does it matter, Roger?"

Twining answered, slowly, heavily, "Not the least bit in the world, my dear."

"You see." The girl turned to Mrs. Twining. "He says it doesn't matter."

"But, Letitia"—Aunt Miriam faltered for an instant, then went on—"how could you, an atheist, marry a Christian missionary? A wife must be a helpmeet."

I breathed more easily now that the fatal word was out; it had not been pronounced before, and it was inevitable that some time it should be.

"I was brought up on all those books Roger has in there. I couldn't believe the Christian religion—though of course it is a very nice religion. I didn't know I should have to teach it. I knew Roger would have to, but I supposed I should just stay at home and love him." Then, with a stifled desperation (but all so gentle—*pianissimo*): "I haven't thought about marriage much. I've only thought about Roger. And—forgive me, Mrs. Twining—if Roger doesn't mind, need you? He is a missionary himself, you see. He must know best." Then she tried for mirth. "If Roger throws me over—why, then, we shan't have to bother with asking father, shall we? It will all be out of the way before he gets back."

Roger leaned over and grasped Letitia's hand. Mrs. Twining rose from her deep chair and paced the wide verandah once, twice, three times, the length of it. Then she stopped before the pair and spoke, and I knew she was trying not to sound harsh:

"Roger will convert you."

The two young things started. They had already had time to forget.

"Oh no, I shan't, Aunt Miriam. I don't want her different in any way."

I, of course, said nothing. The idyll was spoiling slowly before my eyes, at-

tacked first here, then there, by insidious, destructive agents. But the hero and heroine were perfect still. How long would it be before the poison ate in—reached the heart of the idyll, and them?

That night I had two sleepless housemates, I knew; I could hear Aunt Miriam walking about her room.

Mrs. Twining was a strong woman. She said nothing to me; she bade Roger good-bye when he went off to the school as naturally as if his religious integrity were not threatened. She greeted Letitia with a serenity that was almost sweetness. Only I, perhaps, knew how deep was her disturbance, for I caught her replacing *Primitive Paternity* on Roger's shelves with a little disgusted push. I did not know but that she might call on me to be devil's advocate; to expound to her how one might be non-Christian and yet not heathen. But apparently she was waiting for Quayle's return before making any move. Twining himself, that day, seemed untroubled. He had not yet awaked from his dream. Letitia, too, seemed unconscious. It was only Aunt Miriam and I who, under a sunny sky, put up helpless hands against the coming storm. I was not shocked, as she was, by Letitia's non-religiousness. It hit me in quite another place. Roger Twining was not any too enamoured of his profession, as I well knew; it might be that Letitia would ruin it utterly in his eyes. And if Uncle Ephraim (stout old son of Kingsborough) was a portentous ghost to me, who had never seen him, what must he be to Roger, bowed down under his burden of gratitude—and to Aunt Miriam, who had been flesh of his flesh and soul of his sturdy soul? Only three days before, I had walked in Arden with the untroubled pair. And already my fourth-dimensional world was receding into the original myth. The slow sun gave no sign; but the moon, past the full and rising later each evening, seemed to be marking off the stages of the legend. That very night we should sit in darkness, and we should escort Letitia home, each of us with a lantern in his hand. . . . Believe me, the moon is the real timekeeper; it is she who marks our human intervals.

It came very suddenly, that night, as we sat looking at the stars. By "it" I mean—oh, it is very hard to tell—the real irruption of the devil, perhaps. The world and the flesh, with their simultaneous utterance of the word "marriage," had had their turn, and they had not been able to shatter the dream. The devil came in, I suppose, with Letitia's paganism (if you can call it that); but that was only his formal entrance, his conventional cue. We were all breathing a little hard, but we were not without hope. There was a deep plot among us—the only time we four conspired together—to put off consideration of the problem, to pretend that there was no problem. Even Aunt Miriam, with a quiet hand on Letitia's knee, seemed to be waiting for it to solve—or dissolve itself. But the devil had made a good entrance. He was in fine form, I may say. None of us helped him, but he did not need our help.

Letitia, as if with a half-thought of explaining herself, of showing the decency of her impious upbringing, had given us a wandering narrative of her youth. Mrs. Quayle had died when Letitia was ten. Since then her life had been the interesting and curious thing I have earlier hinted at. Her stress was not, as it had first been, on the exotic side of that wandering life; rather, I thought, on the important things Professor Quayle had done, and the distinguished friends they had had in every part of the globe. But Letitia was not herself interested—she was incapable of "side"—and Aunt Miriam asked no eager questions. She had clasped Letitia's hand in hers, firmly, as if she would hold her bodily back from Heathenese. Roger had Letitia's other hand, and so they sat.

Then I was startled by Roger's voice, seeming to come from very far away, from the inmost recesses of the dream in which he walked:

"Do you ever wear blue, Letitia?"

It was the first question he had ever asked her. It brought back to me all the savor of that woodland miracle when we had met her, garlanded, in the forest, and Virginia had flung away her dripping mango unashamed.

"Often. Do you want me in a blue frock?"

"Yes."

"I'll put one on to-morrow. White is what I like best. But why?"

Her tone had changed, as it always changed when she spoke to Roger, and his when he spoke to her. They seemed to strike the same note; their voices mingled; it had nothing to do with the gamut they kept for the rest of the world.

"It's your widow's peak, I think. I used to play with a little girl who wore blue and had yellow hair in a widow's peak. I was very fond of her. What was her name, Aunty?"

Letitia laughed. "Yes, what was her name?"

Mrs. Twining seemed to rouse herself from deafness. "What is it, my dear?"

"The girl I used to play with, who had yellow hair and a widow's peak, and always wore blue?"

Aunt Miriam answered, slowly, "It must have been Mabel Cheyne, Roger."

"I remember Minnie Cheyne. She wasn't like that."

"Mabel was her little sister who died. You played with her in the very beginning. I am surprised that you remember her."

"I don't, very well. It must have been very far back, when I was tiny. I can't say I really remember Mabel, but I do remember the widow's peak and the blue dress. Did I go to her funeral?"

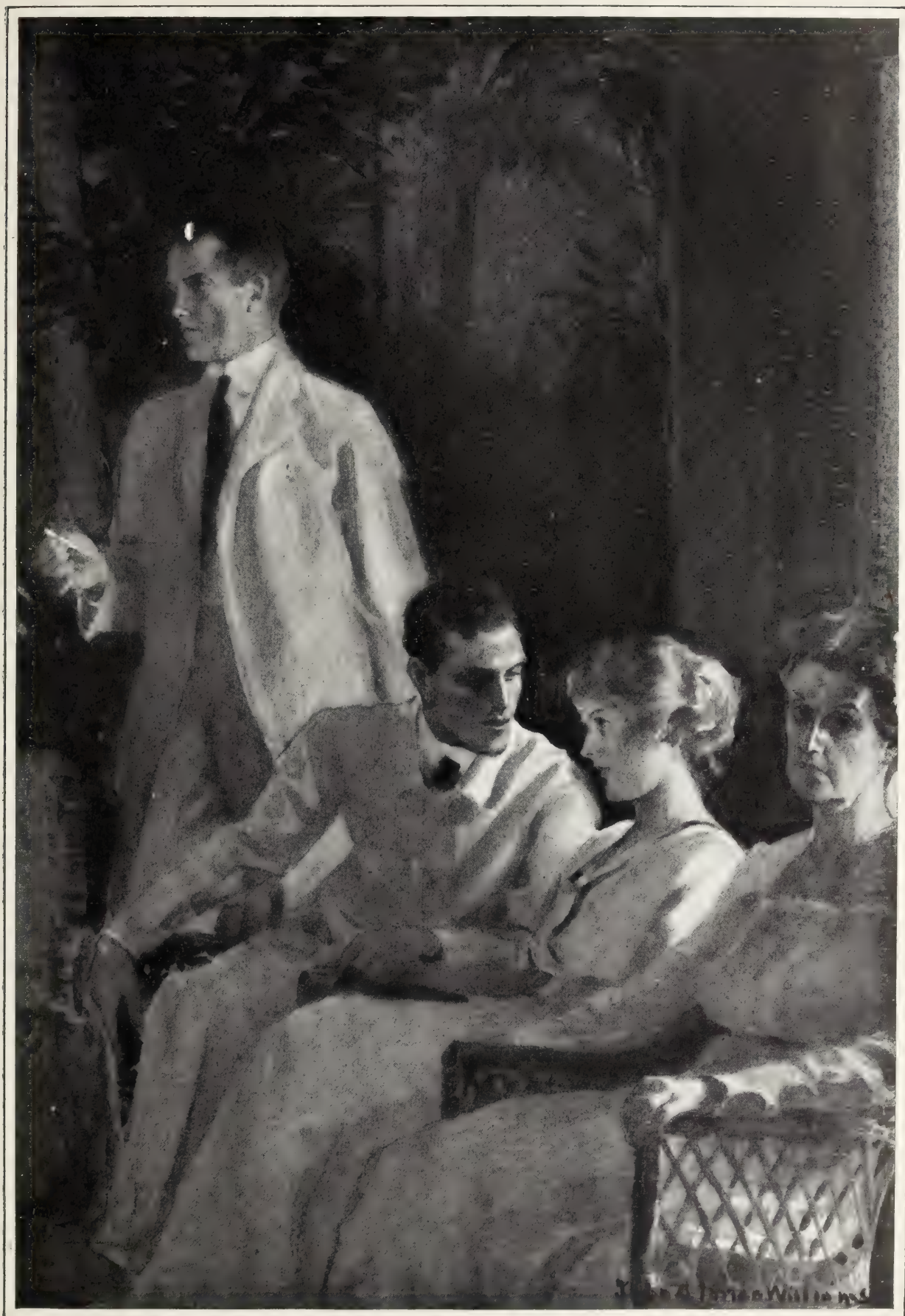
"Of course not!" Mrs. Twining's voice was sharp. "You were far too young to go to funerals. We went, of course. She was a pretty child, and, in your baby way, you were very fond of her. You soon got over it, of course."

"It is odd that I should remember. But you know I've always liked widow's peaks, uncannily, since Mabel—if that was her name. And she must have had blue dresses."

"And you want me to wear blue in memory of her?" Letitia was totally without coquetry, I knew, but I thought she would be amused. There was no amusement in her tone, however—only a blank meekness.

"I don't really care a bit. Only, somehow, blue fits with your hair. I seem to see it that way."

Mrs. Twining turned to her. "He used to play with Mabel every day—



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

"FOR ME, YOU ARE FOREVER AND FOREVER IN WHITE"

such babies they were. In some queer way, it made an impression." It was almost as if she were apologizing for Roger's vagaries.

"As if I cared a hang, dear!" His tone was the Letitia tone again, pure and full—the tone he kept for her. Then I heard it sunk to a whisper. "For me, you are forever and forever in white." I don't think Mrs. Twining heard. She had turned her head away from them.

Though we longed for the moon, she did not rise, and Letitia bravely made ready to go. A little breeze had sprung up from the forest, and the scent of ginger struggled with the frangipani in our nostrils. The stars were very clear. We were all loath, in our own way, I think, to let the moment go. Far down the tree-smothered slope to the east, a native voice rose through our silence, piercing it with melancholy song—some late farer from a feast, winding up a green trail to his village.

"Your father comes back to-morrow?" It was Aunt Miriam who asked it, her hands on the girl's shoulders.

"By ten in the morning, he said."

Aunt Miriam kissed her good-night. "I'll go down and see him, and fetch you back with me, if he'll let me."

"You? And why not I?" Roger broke in.

"You'll be busy, my dear, in the morning. Your work—your calling—your sacred task—must come first of all. Your people mustn't think you put even Letitia"—she kissed the girl—"before them. Of course you will see Professor Quayle—but I must see him, too. Your uncle would have wished it done in that way." There was no gainsaying her tone.

"Can't I bring father up to you?" Even Letitia knew that Mrs. Twining never left the Mission.

"My dear, I stand in my husband's place. I must go to him for Roger. And you children must start at once. It is late, I'm afraid. Good-night." She clasped the girl to her, then kissed Roger and went into the house.

I was privately amused that Mrs. Twining's conservatism should choose to take, in this instance, so European a form. The gesture didn't "go" with her, but her firmness did, and I saw

afresh how Roger was both supported and handicapped. Wonderful Aunt Miriam!

We stood, the three of us, looking at the stars for a moment before starting down the trail. A faint radiance in the east showed that the moon was on her way to us. How I wish we had waited for her—defied the world, the flesh, and the devil; prolonged that moment, and seen her rise! But we did not. We plunged into the forest on our downward path—I in front, like a link-boy; Letitia and Roger (the darlings!), hand in hand, behind me. My heart was very light over the little matter of creeds; they were so beautiful, those two, together. That, of course, was the devil getting well down to his part—my lightness of heart, I mean.

The next day was, as it were, the last; and I hardly know how to chronicle it for you. I will at least leave out every irrelevant thing, though it was packed, wilfully, with irrelevancies. The native boy who came running to Roger at dawn, because his father was dying; the snake I killed after breakfast in the garden; the sudden shower that came drenchingly down and delayed Mrs. Twining's expedition to the town—all those things were irrelevant, though they figured in the general irritation of our hearts. Personally, I could hardly wait for the old ex-chief to die, leaving Roger free, or until Aunt Miriam should return, leading Letitia as a bride. I could not read; it was too wet to stroll; I was of no use to any human being. The time seemed very long before Mrs. Twining came back from her unusual journey—gray as wood-ash, and without Letitia. Roger had not yet returned.

She faced me as I met her at the steps, then flung up her hands above her noble head, and passed by me without speaking. Inside the house I heard one low groan. I rushed to her, for I was frightened. "Take care of Roger. Keep him away from me," she said, in a voice that sounded rusty with age, and passed on to her own room. I heard the key turn.

When Roger did come back, an hour later, exhausted and eager, I could not help him. Letitia had not come. His aunt was locked in her own room, and a terrible silence brooded over the scene.

Even Loo seemed to be performing his tasks in a vacuum, for I had neither seen nor heard him.

Roger got admittance to Mrs. Twining's room, and I spent the longest half-hour I have ever lived, while I waited for him on the headland amid the cocoapalms, looking out to sea. I say "waited." I had no knowledge of whether he would come to me; but there I could be either reached or avoided, and even a madman would know that I was discreetly out of earshot of the house.

Finally Roger stood before me, in white from head to foot—even his face and his hands were white as the linen he wore. I held out my hand; he took it, and with sudden violence pulled me to my feet. The devil had got in his work.

"Has she told you?"

"Nothing." I was trembling—physically, I mean. But the young athlete before me stood like a rock.

"Will you go down at once and see Letitia?"

"For God's sake, go yourself!" I did not know what was the matter, but I felt sure that neither man nor woman, neither science nor creed, could withstand Roger Twining when he looked like that.

"She lied to me last night."

"Who? What?"

"Aunt Miriam. About Mabel Cheyne."

"Mabel Cheyne?" I had forgotten the name. I tried to pull my hand from his, to get far enough away from him to focus him, to define his aberration. But his hand was a trap for mine.

"There was no Mabel Cheyne."

"What of it?"

"Letitia is my sister."

I sank back so suddenly that, involuntarily, he let me go. There was nothing to add to that statement; no need to trace its birth and growth from Aunt Miriam's sudden fear, the night before, to the corroboration she had received that morning from Professor Quayle. No need to assemble the evidence; it had been assembled, put together, with tense accuracy, by two suffering, gray-haired people that morning.

Roger Twining had no great desire for speech, I could see. But a few more

words were wrung from him: "Letitia never knew until to-day that she was an orphan, that she had been adopted. I'm older. I remembered her, you see, without realizing. You must go to her and talk to her. I am going off to be alone." And he turned from me toward the forest. Just once he looked back: "Don't be afraid; I'll be back in a few hours. Not to lunch. I don't want any." He disappeared among the huge breadfruit-trees.

I didn't go to Letitia. I would in time, I thought, if Roger insisted; but not now, not until I had some notion of what to say. I felt, too, that I must not leave at once. I did not wish to go farther away from Roger, or farther away from Mrs. Twining. Each pulled me with invisible cords, as though I were their defender. When I could think of ten words I could say to Letitia Quayle without touching on a raw wound, I would go. Just then I could not stir.

All sense of time left me. In my retreat I was blind to the sun that might have told me how the hours were passing. Forward and back, forward and back, I went in my dreary mind, from one impossible course of action to another. All through those hours I grew at once more inert and more ashamed of my inertia. My will rose with great gasps to lift me from where I sat; then fell back paralyzed before this or that clear perception of my helplessness. It was the heat of early afternoon, penetrating my high palm roof, that drove me back at last to the house.

Luncheon lay on the table, untasted and undisturbed, hardened into a disgusting effigy of food. Mrs. Twining met me in another room. Her face was drawn and twisted, as though she had had a "stroke," but she spoke clearly:

"Where is Roger?"

I shrugged my shoulders vaguely. "Safe—off there, somewhere—alone."

"Go and find him."

This seemed to be just the urge I needed. I started off obediently. She must have divined that I knew, for as I left the porch she said, in a very low voice:

"I knew there was a little sister, though until to-day I never knew who

took her. But when Roger remembered, last night, I suddenly grew afraid. Just for an instant they looked alike. So I lied."

I walked slowly, hardly directing my footsteps, except that of course I went the way I had seen Roger go. My feet dragged; but by this time my brain was blessedly numb, and I was no longer afraid to present myself with my errand undone. I had lost the sense of faithlessness to duty.

I found him at last beside the musical waterfall, in the deep-shaded, vine-hung ravine. He had wandered back to that scene of passionate innocence, and now sat by the pool where, a few days before, I had seen her drink from the cup he held. He did not question me as I sat down beside him; in silence, in our respective ways, we pieced together the rent fragments of that most beautiful dream. We must both have been very tired, for Twining did not speak at all and I found my eyes drowsily closing to match that blessed anæsthesia of the spirit. - The only sounds I heard were the unchanging sounds of Nature, and the remembered voices of my two friends at play in Eden. I saw the green dazzle of leaves, the tender vividness of blossoms, and, now and then, moving as by right among those natural sweetnesses, the white figure of Letitia. I must almost have dreamed in earnest, for during a little space of time I recaptured the unrecapturable. It was as it had been, and we were happy, out of the world.

Finally Roger stirred violently, and I shook myself awake to see him standing, with that face of rock, beside me, staring. Just for a moment I thought it was a dream come true, for, though the things about me were sharp with reality, Letitia stood there before us in the flesh, and spoke—the same white Letitia who had come to us laughing from behind a palm-tree.

"I ran away," she said, very quietly. "Father doesn't know. I thought you would be here. So I came, straight."

She smiled at me—wonderful child!—and held out her hand to Roger. The blood came back into his face, but he did not take her hand. He folded his arms instead, and bent his dark eyes on the ground.

The girl shook her head very sadly, and smiled more sadly still. "May I sit down?" And she went to the rock where she had sat drinking from the cup he held.

If I had not been able to obey Roger's earlier command to go and talk to Letitia Quayle, I could still less talk to her there, before him. I turned, in silence, to go up the trail down which the white figure had just come.

"Don't go." She stopped me. "Roger and I don't mind. And I'd rather you would hear what I have to say. It's better so. Come, Roger, sit down."

She placed me, by her tone, where they had always tacitly placed me in the days now so diabolically reproduced. I was again their faithful fool. She did not touch him, but she beckoned him to sit near her. To my surprise, he sank down in the exact spot she pointed to. I drew off to a little distance, my heart near to breaking.

"Father means to take me away on the *Rarotonga* to-morrow," she said, "and of course he didn't think I'd want to see you again. But I had to say good-bye, didn't I?"

She tucked her feet up under her like a little girl, and, like a little girl, began plaiting the fronds of a fern. Roger still had not spoken. I did not wonder. How could he speak to a child like that of the dark things that lay between them? What words could he use? And as I looked once more, stealthily, at him, my pity gushed out afresh; for he, too, seemed unready for life, a beautiful young body with soul scarce budded. Yet if he had been the unformed lad I felt him, he would have stretched out his hand and taken hers—as of old.

"It is good-bye, Roger dear, I suppose." She had thrown off her hat, and now she bent her head so low over her frond-weaving that I could not see the little peak of hair. "And never again, until we are very old. . . ." Oh, how softly her words came, scarce audible above the waterfall! "I didn't know anything could hurt so. But we're hurt together. That's one thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's one thing." It was the first time he had spoken, but his voice struck the very note of hers. I turned my head away.

"You won't even take my hand, will you?" she went on, in her gentle, wondering tone.

He shook his head.

I got up softly, meaning to leave them—to lose myself, at least, just beyond in the trail. I could not endure to be there. A terrible altar was slowly being raised by that secret waterfall; terrible as the altar that legend said had once abided in that spot. It was not meant for me to see the rearing of that sacrificial stone.

But Letitia held me with a gesture of her little hand. "No, you must not go. We must not be alone. I ran away. . . . It wouldn't be fair."

"Then you must come with me." I knew only that this poignancy must not be prolonged.

"I will." And she got up, flinging her fronds away. "Good-bye, Roger." She did not hold out her hand. He stood five paces away from her, his leaden eyes still seeking the ground.

"Not just my hand—once?" she pleaded with him.

And again he shook his head.

"Because it *is* good-bye."

Nothing broke the silence.

Then suddenly she moved to his side—close to him, although she did not touch him. I heard her voice change utterly. I saw her face flush, and her eyes draw his unwilling eyes to her. "Because—listen, Roger—if you choose, I'll stay forever. I don't understand anything. I don't believe anything, and nothing they say makes any difference. I love you better than the whole world, or what you call God, or anything. No

one is real but you—the rest is just what people get out of books!"

She had flung her head back as she spoke, and I saw her face unforgettably there before me—changed as her voice was changed, the face of a woman hard beset, tragic with passion, beautiful with utter unconsciousness of self. The rite was being accomplished before me. I stood, rooted.

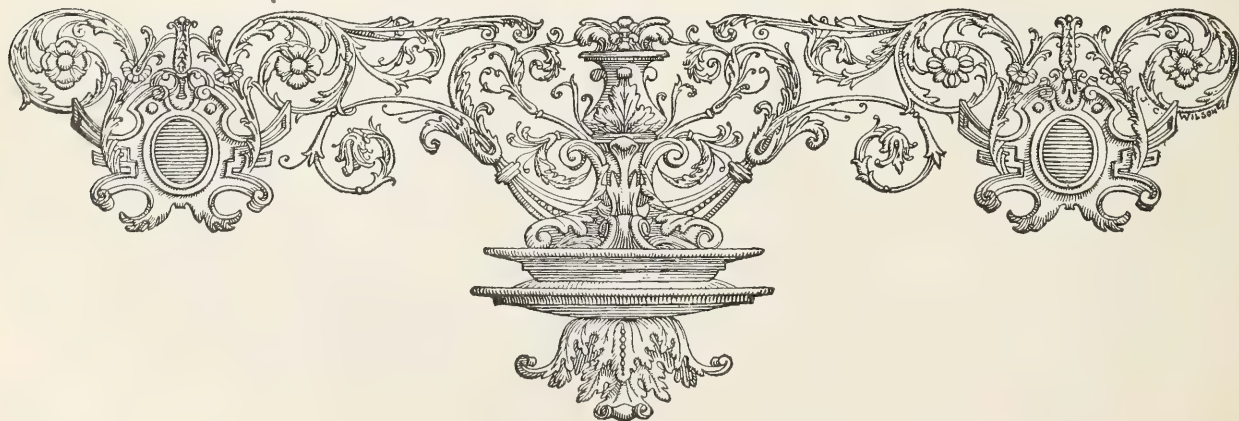
Then Roger Twining did a strange thing. He leaned to her and passed his shaking hand over her beautiful, ageless face as you would pass your hand over a mask. She closed her eyes to his touch, bending forward in complete docility. When he took his hand away, she opened her eyes and smiled up at him as she had smiled of old. The face that had leaped out at us as from an immemorial dark myth was gone, and there again stood the fresh apparition of the forest.

"Good-bye, Letitia. Malcolm will take you back. Good-bye, dear." And Roger grew young again before my eyes, a boy, biting his lips not to cry.

"Good-bye!" Her voice chimed in with his, and I led her away from the storied spot. Before the bushes closed over us I looked back once. Roger was lying face down on the ground, his shoulders heaving. Letitia's eyes inquired of mine.

"He's all right, dear," I soothed her. "I'll take care of him. It's just hell for a little. Don't look back. Don't do anything that would be cruel to him."

I spoke as to a child, and like a child she followed me unquestioningly, up the trail.



Within the Rim

BY HENRY JAMES

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ELIZABETH ASQUITH

IT has been suggested to me that I should explain how "Within the Rim" came to be written.

Those who knew Henry James, not as a name, but as a man, will approach this sketch less with the detached interest of critics than with the warm sympathy of friends, and to them these few details of its origin may be of interest. "Within the Rim" was one of the last things Henry James ever wrote, and one of the few things he wrote about the war.

In November, 1914, I organized a *matinée* which laid the financial foundations of the Arts Fund—a scheme started by Miss Constance Collier for the relief of artists in distress owing to the war.

We had naturally relied on dramatic and musical entertainments as our chief sources of income, but as all the four arts had benefited equally by our fund, we wished to give to painting and literature an opportunity of making their contributions through the medium of an album. I was lunching with Henry James in February, 1915, and he promised to write something for us. "It must be about the war," he said. "I can think of nothing else." Three weeks later he asked me to lunch with him again in order that he might read me what he had written.

I can see him now, sitting in front of the fire, his tongue caressing the words—conducting his verbal orchestration with his foot, as if by beating time he could force his complicated passages into a shape intelligible to the listener.



THE first sense of it all to me after the first shock and horror was that of a sudden leap back into life of the violence with which the American Civil War broke upon us, at the North, fifty-four years ago, when I had a consciousness of youth which perhaps equalled in vivacity my present consciousness of age. The illusion was complete, in its immediate rush; everything quite exactly matched in the two cases; the tension of the hours after the flag of the Union had

After it was over he brushed aside my thanks and began talking about the war and then the younger generation till gradually, under the spell of his conversation, lunch faded into tea and it was time for me to go. I asked for the precious manuscript, but he told me he would send it round by messenger, as I was certain to leave it in the taxi. I assured him that I would look after it and cherish it as if it were a child. So he confided it to my care.

Ultimately the Committee of the Arts Fund abandoned the idea of an album.

I told Henry James and asked him if he would like me to return him his manuscript, but he said, "It is yours, my dear child, to do what you will with."

The last time I saw him was in November, 1915, at a view of my sister's wedding-presents. I again asked him whether he really wanted me to keep "Within the Rim," and he assured me that he did. He then inquired what I would wear as a bridesmaid. "Orange," I told him. "I shall see you tomorrow as a flame," he said. Thirty-six hours later he had his stroke and I never saw him again.

Now that he is dead, I am publishing "Within the Rim" for the purpose for which he originally intended it.

It is his legacy to the literature of the war and to the English nation, for it shows him not only as a great artist, but as a great soldier fighting our battles.

ELIZABETH ASQUITH.

been fired upon in South Carolina living again, with a tragic strangeness of recurrence, in the interval during which the fate of Belgium hung in the scales and the possibilities of that of France looked this country harder in the face, one recognised, than any possibility, even that of the England of the Armada, even that of the long Napoleonic menace, could be imagined to have looked her. The analogy quickened and deepened with every elapsing hour; the drop of the balance under the invasion of Belgium reproduced with intensity the agitation of the New England air by

Mr. Lincoln's call to arms, and I went about for a short space as with the queer secret locked in my breast of at least already knowing how such occasions helped and what a big war was going to mean. That this was literally a light in the darkness, or that it materially helped the prospect to be considered, is perhaps more than I can say; but it at least added the strangest of savours, an inexpressible romantic thrill, to the harsh taste of the crisis: I found myself literally knowing "by experience" what immensities, what monstrosities, what revelations of what immeasurabilities, our affair would carry in its bosom—a knowledge that flattered me by its hint of immunity from illusion. The sudden new tang in the atmosphere, the flagrant difference, as one noted, in the look of everything, especially in that of people's faces, the expressions, the hushes, the clustered groups, the detached wonderers, and slow-paced public meditators, were so many impressions long before received and in which the stretch of more than half a century had still left a sharpness. So I took the case in and drew a vague comfort, I can scarce say why, from recognition; so, while recognition lasted, I found it come home to me that we, we of the ancient day, had known, had tremendously learnt, what the awful business is when it is "long," when it remains for months and months bitter and arid, void even of any great honour. In consequence of which, under the rapid rise of presumptions of difficulty, to whatever effect of dismay or of excitement, my possession of something like a standard of difficulty, and, as I might perhaps feel too, of success, became in its way a private luxury.

My point is, however, that upon this luxury I was allowed after all but ever so scantily to feed. I am unable to say when exactly it was that the rich analogy, the fine and sharp identity between the faded and the vivid case broke down, with the support obscurely derived from them; the moment anyhow came soon enough at which experience felt the ground give way and that one swung off into space, into history, into darkness, with every lamp extinguished and every abyss gaping. It ceased quite to matter for reassurance that the victory of the

North had been so delayed and yet so complete, that our struggle had worn upon the world of the time, and quite to exasperation, as could well be remembered, by its length; if the present complication should but begin to be as long as it was broad no term of comparison borrowed from the past would so much as begin to fit it. I might have found it humiliating, in fact however I found it of the most commanding interest, whether at certain hours of dire apprehension or at certain others of the finer probability, that the biggest like convulsion our generations had known was still but too clearly to be left far behind for exaltations and terrors, for effort and result, as a general exhibition of the perversity of nations and of the energy of man. Such at least was the turn the comparison took at a given moment in a remembering mind that had been steeped, so far as its restricted contact went but in the Northern story; I did, I confess, cling awhile to the fancy that what loomed perhaps for England, what already did so much more than loom for crucified Belgium, what was let loose in a torrent upon indestructible France, might correspond more or less with the pressure of the old terrible time as the fighting South had had to know it, and with the grim conditions under which she had at last given way. For the rest of the matter, as I say, the difference of aspect produced by the difference of intensity cut short very soon my vision of similitude. The intensity swallowed up everything; the rate and the scale and the speed, the unprecedented engines, the vast incalculable connections, the immediate presence, as it were, of France and Belgium, whom one could hear pant, through the summer air, in their effort and their alarm, these things, with the prodigious might of the enemy added, made me say, dropping into humility in a manner that resembled not a little a drop into still greater depths, "Oh no, that surely can't have been 'a patch' on this!" Which conclusion made accordingly for a new experience altogether, such as I gratefully embrace here an occasion not to leave unrecorded.

It was in the first place, after the strangest fashion, a sense of the extraor-

dinary way in which the most benign conditions of light and air, of sky and sea, the most beautiful English summer conceivable, mixed themselves with all the violence of action and passion, the other so hideous and piteous, so heroic and tragic facts, and flouted them as with the example of something far superior. Never were desperate doings so blandly lighted up as by the two unforgettable months that I was to spend so much of in looking over from the old rampart of a little high-perched Sussex town at the bright blue streak of the Channel, within a mile or two of us at its nearest point, the point to which it had receded after washing our rock-base in its earlier ages; and staring at the bright mystery beyond the rim of the furthest opaline reach. Just on the other side of that finest of horizon-lines history was raging at a pitch new under the sun; thinly masked by that shameless smile the Belgian horror grew; the curve of the globe toward these things was of the scantest, and yet the hither spaces of the purest, the interval representing only charm and calm and ease. One grew to feel that the nearer elements, those of land and water and sky at their loveliest, were making thus, day after day, a particular prodigious point, insisting in their manner on a sense and a wondrous story which it would be the restless watcher's fault if he didn't take in. Not that these were hints or arts against which he was in the least degree proof; they penetrated with every hour deeper into the soul, and, the contemplations I speak of aiding, irresistibly worked out an endless volume of references. It was all somehow the history of the hour addressing itself to the individual mind—or to that in any case of the person, at once so appalled and so beguiled, of whose response to the whole appeal I attempt this brief account. Roundabout him stretched the scene of his fondest frequentation as time had determined the habit; but it was as if every reason and every sentiment conducing to the connection had, under the shock of events, entered into solution with every other, so that the only thinkable approach to rest, that is to the recovery of an inward order, would be in restoring them each, or to

as many as would serve the purpose, some individual dignity and some form.

It came indeed largely of itself, my main help to the reparatory, the re-identifying process; came by this very chance that in the splendor of the season there was no mistaking the case or the plea. "This, as you can see better than ever before," the elements kept conspiring to say, "is the rare, the sole, the exquisite England whose weight now hangs in the balance and your appreciation of whose value, much as in the easy years you may have taken it for granted, seems exposed to some fresh and strange and strong determinant, something that breaks in like a character of high color in a play." Nothing could have thrilled me more, I recognize, than the threat of this irruption or than the dramatic pitch; yet a degree of pain attached to the ploughed-up state it implied—so that, with an elderly dread of a waste of emotion, I fear I almost pusillanimately asked myself why a sentiment from so far back recorded as lively should need to become any livelier, and in fact should hesitate to beg off from the higher diapason. I felt as the quiet dweller in a tenement so often feels when the question of "structural improvements" is thrust upon him; my house of the spirit, amid everything about me, had become more and more the inhabited, adjusted, familiar home, quite big enough and sound enough for the spirit's uses and with any intrinsic inconvenience corrected long since by that principle's having cultivated and formed, at whatever personal cost (since my spirit was essentially a person) the right habits, and so settled into the right attitude, for practical, for contented occupation. If, however, such was my vulgar apprehension, as I put it, the case was taken out of my hands by the fate that so often deals with these accidents, and I found myself before long building on additions and upper storeys, throwing out extensions and protrusions, indulging even, all recklessly, in gables and pinnacles and battlements—things that had presently transformed the unpretending place into I scarce know what to call it, a fortress of the faith, a palace of the soul, an extravagant, bristling, flag-flying structure

which had quite as much to do with the air as with the earth. And all this, when one came to return upon it in a considering or curious way, because to and fro one kept going on the old rampart, the town "look-out," to spend one's aching wonder again and again on the bright sky-line that at once held and mocked it. Just over that line were unutterable things, massacre and ravage and anguish, all but irresistible assault and cruelty, bewilderment and heroism all but overwhelmed; from the sense of which one had but to turn one's head to take in something unspeakably different and that yet produced, as by some extraordinary paradox, a pang almost as sharp.

It was of course by the imagination that this latter was quickened to an intensity thus akin to pain—but the imagination had doubtless at every turn, without exception, more to say to one's state of mind, and dealt more with the whole unfolding scene, than any other contributive force. Never in all my life, probably, had I been so glad to have opened betimes an account with this faculty and to be able to feel for the most part something to my credit there; so vivid I mean had to be one's prevision of the rate at which drafts on that source would require cashing. All of which is a manner of saying that in face of what during those horrible days seemed exactly over the way the old inviolate England, as to whom the fact that she *was* inviolate, in every valid sense of the term, had become, with long acquaintance, so common and dull, suddenly shone in a light never caught before and which was for the next weeks, all the magnificence of August and September, to reduce a thousand things to a sort of merciless distinctness. It was not so much that they leaped forth, these things, under the particular recognition, as that they multiplied without end and abounded, always in some association at least that caught the eye, all together overscoring the image as a whole or causing the old accepted synthesis to bristle with accents. The image as a whole, thus richly made up of them—or of the numberless testifying touches to the effect that we were not there on our

sea defense as the other, the harried, countries were behind such bulwarks as they could throw up—was the central fact of consciousness and the one to which every impression and every apprehension more or less promptly related themselves; it made of itself the company in which for the time the mind most naturally and yet most importunately lived. One walked of course in the shade of the ambiguous contrast—ambiguous because of the dark question of whether it was the liabilities of Belgium and France, to say nothing of their awful actualities, that made England's state so rare, or England's state that showed her tragic sisters for doubly outraged: the action of the matter was at least that of one's feeling in one's hand and weighing it there with the last tenderness, for fullest value, the golden key that unlocked every compartment of the English character.

Clearly this general mystery or mixture was to be laid open under stress of fortune as never yet—the unprecedentedness was above all what came over us again and again, armaments unknown to human experience looming all the while larger and larger; but whatever face or succession of faces the genius of the race should most turn up the main mark of them all would be in the difference that, taken together, couldn't fail to keep them more unlike the peoples off there beyond than any pair even of the most approved of these peoples are unlike each other. "Insularity!"—one had spent no small part of one's past time in mocking or in otherwise fingering the sense out of that word; yet here it was in the air wherever one looked and as stuffed with meaning as if nothing had ever worn away from it, as if its full force on the contrary amounted to inward congestion. What the term essentially signified was in the oddest way a question at once enormous and irrelevant; what it might *show* as signifying, what it was in the circumstances actively and most probably going to, seemed rather the true consideration, indicated with all the weight of the evidence scattered about. Just the fixed *look* of England under the August sky, what was this but the most vivid exhibition of character conceivable and

the face turned up, to repeat my expression, with a frankness that really left no further inquiry to be made? That appearance was of the exempt state, the record of the long safe centuries, in its happiest form, and even if any shade of happiness at such an hour might well seem a sign of profanity or perversity. To *that* there were all sorts of things to say, I could at once reflect, however; wouldn't it be the thing supremely in character that England should look most complacently herself, irradiating all her reasons for it, at the very crisis of the question of the true toughness, in other words the further duration, of her identity? I might observe, as for that matter I repeatedly and unspeakably did while the two months lasted, that she was pouring forth this identity, as atmosphere and aspect and picture, in the very measure and to the very top of her consciousness of how it hung in the balance. Thus one arrived, through the succession of shining days, at the finest sense of the case—the interesting truth that her consciously not being as her tragic sisters were in the great particular was virtually just her genius, and that the very straightest thing she could do would naturally be not to flinch at the dark hour from any profession of her genius. Looking myself more askance at the dark hour (politically speaking I mean) than I after my fashion figured her as doing in her mass, I found it of an extreme of quite an endless fascination to trace as many as possible of her felt idiosyncrasies back to her settled sea-confidence, and to see this now in turn account for so many other things, the smallest as well as the biggest, that, to give the fewest hints of illustration, the mere spread of the great trees, the mere gathers in the little bluey-white curtains of the cottage windows, the mere curl of the tinted smoke from the old chimneys matching that note, became a sort of exquisite evidence.

Exquisite evidence of a like general class, it was true, didn't on the other side of the Channel prevent the awful liability to the reach of attack—its having borne fruit and been corrected or averted again was in fact what half the foreign picture meant; but the foreign

genius was other, other at almost every point; it had always in the past and on the spot, one remembered, expressed things, confessed things, with a difference, and part of that difference was of course the difference of history, the fact of exemption, as I have called it, the fact that a blest inviolacy was almost exactly what had least flourished. France and Belgium, to refer only to them, became dear accordingly, in the light I speak of, because, having suffered and suffered, they were suffering yet again, while precisely the opposite process worked for the scene directly beneath my eyes. England was interesting, to put it mildly—which is but a shy evasion of putting it passionately—because she hadn't suffered, because there were passages of that sort she had publicly declined and defied; at the same time that one wouldn't have the case so simple as to set it down wholly to her luck. France and Belgium, for the past, confessed, to repeat my term; while England, so consistently harmonised, with all her long unbrokenness thick and rich upon her, seemed never to do that, nor to need it, in order to practice on a certain fine critical, not to mention a certain fine prejudiced, sensibility. It was the season of sensibility now, at any rate for just those days and just that poor place of yearning, of merely yearning, vigil; and I may add with all emphasis that never had I had occasion so to learn how far sensibility may go when once well wound up. It was saying little to say I did justice easiest at once and promptest to the most advertised proposal of the enemy, his rank intention of clapping down the spiked helmet, than which no form of headgear, by the way, had ever struck one as of a more graceless, a more tell-tale platitude, upon the priceless genius of France; far from new, after all, was that measure of the final death in him of the saving sense of proportion which only gross dementia can abolish. Those of my generation who could remember the detected and frustrated purpose of a renewed Germanic pounce upon the country which, all but bled to death in 1871, had become capable within five years of the most penetrating irony of revival ever recorded, were well aware

of how in that at once sinister and grotesque connection they had felt notified in time. It was the extension of the programme and its still more prodigious publication during the quarter of a century of interval, it was the announced application of the extinguisher to the quite other, the really so contrasted genius the expression of which surrounded me in the manner I have glanced at, it was the extraordinary fact of a declared non-sufferance any longer, on Germany's part, of either of the obnoxious national forms disfiguring her westward horizon, and even though by her own allowance they had nothing intellectually or socially in common save that they were objectionable and, as an incident, crushable—it was this, I say, that gave one furiously to think, or rather, while one thanked one's stars for the luxury, furiously and all but unutterably to feel.

The beauty and the interest, the now more than ever copious and welcome expression, of the aspects nearest me found their value in their being so resistingly, just to that very degree of eccentricity, with that very density of home-grownness, what they were; in the same way as the character of the sister-land lately joined in sisterhood showed for exquisite because so ingrained and incorrigible, so beautifully all her own and inimitable on other ground. If it would have been hard really to give the measure of one's dismay at the awful proposition of a world squeezed together in the huge Prussian fist and with the variety and spontaneity of its parts oozing in a steady trickle, like the sacred blood of sacrifice, between those hideous knuckly fingers, so, none the less, every reason with which our preference for a better condition and a nobler fate could possibly bristle kept battering at my heart, kept in fact pushing into it, after the fashion of a crowd of the alarmed faithful at the door of a church. The effect was literally, yes, as of the occasion of some great religious service, with prostrations and exaltations, the light of a thousand candles and the sound of soaring choirs—all of which figured one's individual inward state as determined by the menace. One could still note at the same

time, however, that this high pitch of private emotion was by itself far from meeting the case as the enemy presented it; what I wanted of course to do was to meet it with the last lucidity, the fullest support for particular defensive pleas or claims—and this even if what most underlay all such without exception came back to my actual vision, that and no more, of the general sense of the land. The vision was fed and fed to such a tune that in the quest for reasons, that is for the particulars of one's affection, the more detailed the better, the blades of grass, the outlines of leaves, the drift of clouds, the streaks of mortar between old bricks, not to speak of the call of child-voices muffled in the comforting air, became, as I have noted, with a hundred other like touches, casually felt, extraordinary admonitions and symbols, close links of a tangible chain. When once the question fairly hung there of the possibility, more showily set forth than it had up to then presumed to be, of a world without use for the tradition so embodied, an order substituting for this, by an unmannerly thrust, quite another and really, it would seem, quite a ridiculous, a crudely and clumsily improvised story, we might all have resembled together a group of children at their nurse's knee disconcerted by some tale that it isn't their habit to hear. We loved the old tale, or at least I did, exactly because I knew it; which leaves me keen to make the point, none the less, that my appreciation of the case for world-variety found the deeply and blessedly familiar perfectly consistent with it. This came of what I "read into" the familiar; and of what I did so read, of what I kept reading through that uplifted time, these remarks were to have attempted a record that has reached its limit sooner than I had hoped.

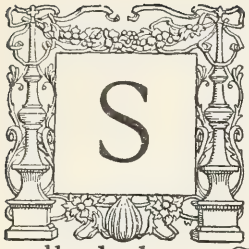
I was not then to the manner born, but my apprehension of what it was on the part of others to be so had been confirmed and enriched by the long years, and I gave myself up to the general, the native image I thus circled around as to the dearest and most precious of all native images. That verily became at the crisis an occupation sublime; which was not after all so much an earnest study or fond arrangement of the mixed

aspects as a positive, a fairly sensual bask in their light, too kindled and too rich not to pour out by its own force. The strength and the copious play of the appearances acting in this collective fashion carried everything before them; no dark discrimination, no stiff little reserve that one might ever have made, stood up in the diffused day for a moment. It was in the opposite way, the most opposite possible, that one's intelligence worked, all along the line; so that with the warmth of the mere sensation that "they" were about as good, above all when it came to the stress, as could well be expected of people, there was the acute interest of the successive points at which one recognised why. This last, the satisfaction of the deepened intelligence, turned, I may frankly say, to a prolonged revel—"they" being the people about me and every comfort I had ever had of them smiling its individual smile straight at me and conducting to an effect of candor that is beyond any close notation. They didn't know how good they were, and their candor had a peculiar loveability of unconsciousness; one had more imagination at their service in this cause than they had in almost any cause of their own; it was wonderful, it was beautiful, it was inscrutable, that they could make one feel this and yet not feel with it that it at all practically diminished them. Of course if a shade should come on occasion to fall across the picture that shade would perhaps be the question whether the most restless of the faculties mightn't on the whole too much fail them. It beautified life, I duly remembered, it promoted art, it inspired faith, it crowned conversation, but hadn't it—always again under stress—still finer appli-

cations than these, and mightn't it in a word, taking the right direction, peculiarly conduce to virtue? Wouldn't it indeed be indispensable to virtue of the highest strain? Never mind, at any rate—so my emotion replied; with it or without it we seemed to *be* taking the right direction; moreover the next-best thing to the imagination people may have, if they can, is the quantity of it they may set going in others, and which, imperfectly aware, they are just exposed to from such others and must make the best of: their advantage becoming simply that it works, for the connection, all in their favour. That of the associated outsider the order of whose feelings, for the occasion, I have doubtless not given a wholly lucid sketch of, cultivated its opportunity week after week at such a rate that, technical alien as he was, the privilege of the great partaking, of shared instincts and ideals, of a communion of race and tongue, temper and tradition, put on before all the blest appearances a splendor to which I hoped that so long as I might yet live my eyes would never grow dim. And the great intensity, the melting together of the spiritual sources so loosed in a really intoxicating draught, was when I shifted my watch from near east to far west and caught the enemy, who seemed ubiquitous, in the long-observed effort that most fastened on him the insolence of his dream and the depth of his delusion. There in the west were those of my own fond fellowship, the other, the ready and rallying partakers, and it was on the treasure of our whole unquenchable association that in the riot of his ignorance, this at least apparently armor-proof, he had laid his unholy hands.

Arpeggio Courts

BY ZONA GALE



SPRING winds, spring rains, in the air a fragrance of springs long past, unforgotten, young—say, a fragrance of super-springs! Arpeggio Shadd walked down Cook Street. Becker & Broom displayed in their window spring overcoats. Close to the glass leaned a colored print of a haberdasher's heaven—six Apollos, in garments creased and seamed and pressed by a law, if not moral, then infinitely compelling. With them, in bright relief, a heavenly maid, rose-pink, trim, trig, *chic*—and so on, down the lilting list. And one was handing her down white steps to a white boat, while a white swan drooped a languid eye. Arpeggio paused, studied this picture, sighed, sniffed the spring wind, entered Becker & Broom's, and bought a light spring overcoat.

"I'll wear it," he said. . . . "What? . . . No. Do the old one up and I'll tote it along. . . . What? . . . Shucks, no. No need to deliver 'way out to my place."

Wearing the new overcoat and carrying the goodly bulk of the old, he emerged upon the sidewalk. And there she was!

She had stepped from a car at the curb—a car not so new or so recently painted as to cry out a passionate prosperity, nor yet so dingy as to confess its owner's mute anxieties. It was a well-bred car, unsensational, perfectly groomed, inconspicuous until you looked, and then revealing itself conspicuously faultless. In a word, it was like the lady from its depths emerging.

"Isn't it Mr. Shadd?" she asked.

It was fortunate that it was Mr. Shadd, because if it had not been, Arpeggio would have claimed it.

"Sure," said he, blankly—but with a pleased, pleased blankness.

"Edith Granger," she said, and he was aware of a white glove.

Arpeggio brought his right hand about his bundle, so that the bundle lay at ease upon his chest. Then he remembered.

"Guess you'd better not shake," said he. "I been sharpenin' my lead-pencil. Your glove looks awful clean."

She did not laugh. A thousand blessings on the woman who does not necessarily laugh. Or do I mean unnecessarily?

"You're very thoughtful," she said, only. "And I hear you're town commissioner. Won't you come to see me some time? We're here for the summer."

Late that night Arpeggio was still awake, defining to himself what he might have said. What a doorway for grace, for ease, for the quick flush of pleasure, the eager, grateful, gracious flowing word! And how had he used that moment? He had answered the lady:

"Sure."

And what a lady! He visioned her as she had stood before him on Cook Street, beneath the early awnings of Becker & Broom. Oh, fair! He saw her moving in a bewilderment of exquisitely fitting broadcloth, of little imperious hat, of snowy glove. Her look, her bow, her air—what memories they made. And he was to go to see her. . . .

"Sure." He writhed.

"Goin' to wear your new overcoat for every day?" his mother inquired, mildly, next morning, as he was departing.

"I dun'no" as I mind if I *do*, seein' you name it, mother," he answered, in jocund vein.

She went to the door and looked after him and his new coat.

"Seemed like Arpeggio didn't act like himself," she thought. "I hope he ain't comin' down with somethin'."

The junior commissioner, it was true, did give signs that day of coming down

with something. It was not only that he was inattentive at the commissioners' daily meeting. He was often that. Stack Mayhew and Dodd Purcell, the other two commissioners, had to keep all tallies while Arpeggio merely scrutinized the general score. But now and again that morning, in his abstractions, Arpeggio smiled; and once or twice he shut his teeth and pointed his eyes as at some spasm of memory; and sometimes his lips moved, as if he were rehearsing speech.

"Hain't it? Hain't it? Hain't it?" Stack demanded of him, voice and irritation mounting.

"Hain't what?" Arpeggio rejoined, dreamily.

"Time — to — start — the sprinklin' cart!" Stack emitted. "What's the matter with you? Got the pip?"

"Who? Me?" said Arpeggio. "Shut up. I didn't know I was in the room. Say! Either of you fellows heard who's come home to the Grangers'?"

Dodd Purcell lifted his head and told, with the importance, masked as casualness, of the born gossip.

"Mis' T. M. Granger and her darter," said he. "They aim to pass the summer to home. Somebody had ought to get 'em for subscriptions to the band concerts."

"Yah!" said Stack. "I hear the darter's set on gettin' a public library for Banning doorin' the summer. We hain't no time to fool with libraries—not now."

"*Is she?*" said Arpeggio. "*Is she?*" And stroked his hair, which was trained straight back from brow to crown. "*Is she?*" said he, fatuously.

"The question is," said Stack, "who's goin' to run it, now Stover's bust his leg."

"I don't think," Arpeggio offered, mildly—"I don't think Miss Granger would like that. With or without legs, Stover's no man to run a library."

"For the love of mud!" Stack Mayhew thundered. "Run the sprinkler!"

"Oh yes. Mud. To be sure. Mud," said Arpeggio, and looked out the window.

This thought of a library gave Arpeggio a center for his vague, new energy. As a matter of course, he was passively interested. He had a vast reverence for

books, though he read but few. Occasionally he bought a book, but he rarely read even that. "I get 'em to have around," he said once, "but readin's a chore." Now, however, he became actively interested. What kind of a town was this not to have a library?

Three days later, at two in the afternoon, Arpeggio appeared at his home. His mother was not there, the house stood pleasantly open to the sun, his doves were pecking on the door-stone. Arpeggio carried a bundle which he opened on the dining-room table: A new light felt hat; a cravat, red on one side, black on the other; a little pin—the head of a deer, in gold. In his sloping-roofed bedroom, the open window filled with budding maple boughs, Arpeggio spent an hour in bathing and dressing. Some time after three he went forth. The day was warm, but he carried his light spring overcoat. Gloves he could not quite assume, but he had them in his pocket. "All the feel of 'em and none of the nuisance," he thought. He wore his cravat red side out.

Yes! Afternoon was the time to make this call. If he went in the evening, Miss Granger might believe that something was meant.

The house of the Grangers was a mid-Victorian brick. Or it was a Grant-and-Hayes brick? Why predicate all these American doings of the poor Victoria? It had finials galore; iron endowments tipped the ridge-pole; there was a cupola. The veranda, originally a name, had been widened and had become a place, with ways of willow and cretonne, of flower-boxes and little wind harps. It was like a beautiful modern jabot on the breast of an old belle. Arpeggio rang and trembled. Why in thunder had he come? Should he ring again, or thank Heaven and run away?

The door was opened by Something Pink. She was little and breathless, with that charming breathlessness which some women have in their leisure.

"How j' do?" she said.

"Is Miss Granger in?" Arpeggio put it earnestly. He was eagerness, tenseness, expectation incarnate. He was bright-eyed, he was ready. The next moment he had drooped to the lightly given blow:

"No, she hain't."

Incredible. Arpeggio stared. *Not in?* After all the trouble to which he had been to bathe and bedizen? In this utterly unforeseen catastrophe, what course was open to him? He gazed the length of the veranda and took his resolution.

"I'll wait," he said, and went down in a willow chair.

The Something Pink hesitated for a breath, then leaned her plump little body past the casement and examined Arpeggio. Not an agent. A real nice gentleman, though queer. Obviously a gentleman whose mind was made up. She considered the case. She was in the house alone. Well, then, leave him wait. She retired, closed and bolted the door. Safety for her and his own devices for him.

The day was sultry, a daring leap of May into the provinces of summer. Arpeggio, in his eagerness, had walked rapidly; he was very warm. He laid his overcoat on a swing, added his hat, slipped down in his chair to ruminate on the delights of library planning, and fell asleep. The drowsy air drew him deep along the paths he chose. In half an hour, That Which Was Pink, bethinking herself of him, tiptoed to the parlor window, peered through the lace curtains, and looked far down Arpeggio's throat. She drew herself up, her eyes snapped; she marched to the door, unbolted it with a noise, and confronted Arpeggio rousing. For who could be afraid of a gentleman asleep?

"Now, then," she said, crisply, "*I'd* like to know where you think you *are*?"

"Bless me!" said Arpeggio, vaguely, "bless me! Don't," he appealed to her, "tell me I was asleep." He colored grievously. "Has Miss Granger come in?"—his tone pleaded for a negative.

"Well, I should think she 'ain't. If she is, I dun'no' what *I'd* get."

What a universe! what a universe! So complex that a gentleman cannot even take a siesta without involving a lady whom he has never before seen. Arpeggio studied this lady.

"Are you the help?" he inquired, delicately.

"Help *yourself*!" She flashed it back. "I'm a trained one—from a agency."

For some unknown cause, Arpeggio brought out his rare, his beguiling smile, and smiled it, and continued to regard her.

"Perhaps," he said, "I'd better tell you who I am. I'm Shadd, one of the Banning commissioners. I called to see your mistress on the idear of a new town library."

That got her. A commissioner. That was something like a policeman. A new town library. That was something remote, glittering, beyond the ken of her. She was silent, and her look changed. Beneath that change Arpeggio throve. He became indulgent, saw what a pretty little thing she was—neat, flaxen, and oh, so pink—cheek and mouth and frock.

"What's *your* name?" he inquired.

"Mamie," she replied, respectfully, as one who might know what it is to say "sir."

"Mamie," said Arpeggio, and looked across the young green of the lawn, where shadows lay waving under the young green of the branches. A warm wind bore something that smells the way perfume ought to smell, and doesn't. "Mamie," said Arpeggio, "sit down. I want to talk to you."

She obeyed, all her indignant demeanor softened to passivity.

"Do you like to read?" Arpeggio wished to know.

Mamie stiffened. He wanted to do her good!

"When I do," she said, "I get a book and read it—on my own."

"Precisely," Arpeggio approved her. "But that book—where do you get it?"

Mamie was put to it. Where, in fact, did she get it?

"Off'n Miss Granger," she mumbled.

"Precisely," Arpeggio pursued. "And if Miss Granger had no books, you would have no book. That's what I come to see you about. This here town has got to have a library."

"That's what Miss Granger told her ma," said Mamie.

"Precisely," said Arpeggio for the third time, and smiled so enchantingly that Mamie smiled back. Then Arpeggio closed his sociological investigations and said, gently—and for no reason—unless it was the young greenness of May, "Mamie, where do you live?"



"I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOU THINK YOU ARE," SHE SAID, CRISPLY

Instantly her eyes welled, brimmed. Lo, she was one of those women whose eye can brim and never leak. Admirable creatures. For between that brimming and that leaking a man's heart can slip away, nor find the trail return.

"Champaign County," said Mamie—oh, wistful.

"Little lonely?" Arpeggio inquired.

She nodded, looking down.

"Farm, was it?" he divined.

It was a farm. Mamie told about it. The spring, the dairy, the herd, the orchard, the school-house dances, the bareback rides. She was, then, that frequent Middle West phenomenon—(it would seem so much more feminine to say phenomena!)—the daughter of a country landowner who has become such a devoted beast of burden that the yoke is an heirloom. And since to have graduated from eighth grade is acknowledged to fit young women for something

better than life on the hill farm, these find for themselves in the towns opportunities to "work out."

"Little homesick for the farm?" Arpeggio at length deduced. "I tell you what. How'd you like to go out and spend a day by yourself on some farm around? Sure. I can fix it. I'll speak to Miss Granger," added Arpeggio. Mamie palpitated. "Sure," Arpeggio sustained it.

More than an hour had passed in talk. Two hours had passed since Arpeggio's arrival. The sweet May day went on about its concerns of perfume and wisdom. Wagons went by, dogs trotted and barked, some one was beating a carpet. Over on the next street a band of strolling musicians, with May in their blood, throbbed and breathed in rhythms.

Arpeggio leaned back in his chair and rocked, and smiled at Mamie. "Gosh! this is nice," he observed.

The word brought her fluttering back from her absorbed contemplation of commissionerhood. She must go.

"Oh, set still," Arpeggio besought her. "I want you should tell me what books you'd like to *like* to read."

When the Angelus sounded on the rich air, Arpeggio reluctantly rose. "Well," he said, "you c'n tell Miss Granger I come. Yes, Shadd. Tell her I'll happen in again. And, Mamie—"

Yes? She was tiptoe, shining, and, oh, so pink!

"Don't you go and forget I'm goin' to send you out to the farm for a day!"

Was she likely to forget?

"Tell you what: If you want a little country, you go over some time and see my garden. I got a big garden—nice strawberry-bed in it. Nobody 'd be there. Just drop in on it if you want."

Oh, but she'd like that. Indeed she would. She bloomed anew at any thought for her.

"Good-by, Mamie!" He put out his hand.

She touched it, withdrew, fled.

Arpeggio strolled to the gate and up the golden road. "Wasted the hull afternoon," he thought—"and what of it?"

He stepped into the kitchen of his home just as his mother set hot johnny-cake on the table.

"Ma," he said, "I been to call on Miss Granger."

"That's nice," she observed, placidly—and in that instant christened her first grandchild. "What kind of a girl has she got to be?"

"Pretty," said Arpeggio, dreamily. "Little. Shy. Her upper lip smiles first. Her name's Mamie."

"I thought her name was Edith," said his mother, as one who now remembered that she was wrong.

"Nope," said Arpeggio. "Mamie."

After supper he lifted the bracket-lamp to an end of the dining-table, spread a newspaper, found the ink on the clock-shelf and the pen in a shaving-mug in the cupboard, brought sheets of paper and envelopes from under the big Bible, and set himself to write a letter.

MISS GRANGER, MY DEAR FRIEND [he said]:—Understanding that you have quite considerable of a library in your home, beg your leave to look through same for a much-

needed volume. It being all a person can do to live in a place when same does not yield a public library.

Hopeing this will not interfere with you, it being very necessary, I am, indeed,

A. SHADD, City Commissioner.

He walked down to the post-office, holding his letter and humming. This ought to start the subject of a library naturally. This would permit him to repeat his visit without it looking as if something was meant. Returning, he walked round by the Granger home. It was brightly lighted, and bore an air of pleasant preoccupation in a multitude of affairs—that air which effectually shuts out the casual passer from participation. What delicate things were they doing? What was *she* doing? Arpeggio recalled her smile, her white, white glove. She had a pleasing hand to shake. But he had not taken her hand! That hand was Mamie's. He passed the house and slipped within the May night, dreaming miscellaneous dreams.

When three days had passed without reply, Arpeggio took account of himself. What was the matter with him, anyway? Women! Women had no part in his life. He was forty-six. He was absorbed in that part of his commissionership which had to do with the people—not the mathematics of his town. He was intent on his doves and his strawberries. What had set him thinking about Edith Granger, anyway? He put on his old hat and went down to the office, business in his eye, his gait, his air. Women, indeed—and he a commissioner.

Stack Mayhew stood over the commissioners' table with a letter whose superscription he was frankly scrutinizing.

"Here's some female wants her taxes dawdled down to nothin'," Stack hazarded, and tossed the letter.

Arpeggio caught, divined, retired to a window and rapturously read: She had been in town for a few days. Certainly he was free to use the library whenever he wished. Perhaps they might talk of this matter of a town library?

A delicious interval of wistful waiting having brought him no confidence, Stack lost his hold. "That's it. Grin like a Cheshire cheese and keep your mouth shut," he grumbled.

"It can't be done, Stack. It's ag'in' nature," Arpeggio earnestly refuted this charge.

Two o'clock found Arpeggio on his way to the Grangers'—cravat red side out as before. As before, Mamie answered his summons and glowed softly. Oh yes, Miss Granger had said that he was to be shown straight to the library.

A pleasant room, with not enough books to put one in some helpless minority, he felt. Open windows, softly stirring muslin curtains, on the table a basket of colored work. Her work!

"All right, Mr. Shadd?" Mamie inquired.

Oh yes; all right. Oh, right indeed!

Left alone, Arpeggio wandered from shelf to shelf, breathing the air of the room, staring at the pictures. *Her* house. He had not asked for her. Arpeggio's conception of a house was a place whose inmates wander through all the rooms at any moment. That was the way his mother did. He remained in momentary expectation. A dozen times he started, turned to the door, let his smile die. Where was she? In half an hour the door did indeed open. It admitted a box of odorous polishing stuff and Mamie.

"Will I bother you if I do the andirons?" she asked, demurely.

"No, no," he said, and took down a book at random.

Mamie went on her knees before the empty fireplace. Over the top of his volume Arpeggio watched her and waited for Edith Granger.

The book which he had elected to consult proved to be *Savings and Saving Institutions*. That, he found, was its fascinating title. Arpeggio loathed figures, and his attention wandered. He devised ways in which to open and continue conversations regarding the founding of public libraries in

cities of the second class. What an opportunity for the expression of public spirit. What a benefit to the town to come. What a delicious little knot of hair above a delicately white neck. . . .



"DO YOU LIKE IT—THIS KIND OF A JOB?"

Arpeggio paused. The deduction did not seem direct, but it was absolute. He was staring at the symbols.

"Mamie," said Arpeggio, abruptly, "how about that day at the farm?"

The delicious knot of hair disappeared and her bright face was there. "Oh," she said, "*that* 'll be all right."

No reply at all. But the uses of a reply are not merely to reply.

"What's this you're doing?" he would know, and walked to the empty fireplace and stared down at the andirons winking under her deft hands.

"A-polishing 'em," she explained. She did not say why this process should be necessary at this moment. She only polished, absorbedly.

"So," said Arpeggio, musing, "you're a trained one, are you? Do you like it—this kind of a job?"

"Why, no sir!" She lifted a surprised face. "*Like* this? No, sir." (There came the "sir" at last, of which she had been capable all along.)

"What all do you want to do?" Arpeggio looked down at her, and there crossed his mind something of the infinite pathos and the infinite glory of all the little pink-and-white spots in the world *liking* to do something.

"I want to raise plants," said Mamie, "and see 'em grow."

"Bless me!" said Arpeggio.

Now there is a community of feeling between two who discover each other to love Japanese prints, to follow mountain-climbing, to collect old furniture, to believe in a better democracy, but these are as nothing compared to that well of feeling uncovered when two recognize in each other the natural lover of the soil. Arpeggio had never dreamed of this in a woman. To be sure, his mother potted among her flower-pots, but hers was no passion. Here was a passion.

"You must come and see my strawberry-bed," he said.

Mamie looked up, looked down, polished. The door opened and Arpeggio whirled. But there advanced no one whose look, whose bow, whose air made memories. A gray lady was this, gray of gown, of hair, of manner, who paused inquiringly before this tableau.

"Mrs. Granger," said Arpeggio, and his ease became exaggerated and bilowed about him as a cloak. "Mrs. Granger, I am Shadd, one of the town commissioners." And, as usual, he all but whispered that word "commissioners." "Your daughter says I can—"

"Ah, yes," said the lady. "She tells me that you, too, are interested in the possibilities of a library for Banning."

Arpeggio leaped within the opening. He was, he was. If only somebody would set it going. He couldn't set it going himself. He had set too many things going already. But if some disinterested party, now, was to circulate a petition, get signers, raise some money—why, then, he, Shadd, would tend to the commission end of it fair and plenty. Fair *and* plenty, he impressively repeated.

Mrs. Granger listened, nodded. She was a brisk little being, for all her grayness. As she listened, a dawn broke in her face—for hers was one of the faces of earth on which dawns *can* break, and these faces are not numerous. Not nearly so numerous, indeed, as the dawns which would break were there enough positive faces to act, so to say, as negatives. It was not that she was public-spirited, either. It was chiefly that she was brisk. Many brisk ladies pass for ladies of public spirit. With many brisk business men it is the same. Mrs. Granger listened exactly as she might have listened to a new recipe. To both she could respond—by reason of her briskness.

"I don't know," she said, "but that might be something that I could do. But," she added, "you must not let me interrupt you. Mamie, you might have taken some other time—"

"Not at all," said Arpeggio in general.

The lady took up the basket of colored work (not *her* work at all, then) and departed. Arpeggio stood blindly looking along the backs of books. Was it possible that he was not to see her?

It was the possible, the realized. He did not see her. He lingered shamelessly, fingering many leaves. And as he lingered, and fingered, he talked idly with Mamie, polishing. Ah, how she polished!

"When will you come to see my garden?" said he.

"Thursday's my day out," replied Mamie, with startling directness, and Arpeggio was surprised into saying:

"Then—this Thursday?"

Yes, this Thursday. That much was



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I JUST DO LOVE TO MAKE THINGS GROW"

settled. He resumed his waiting, gave it up, departed.

He went out into the idle afternoon, his consciousness in some odd disturbance. She had not come. Mrs. Granger would start the library ball rolling. Poor, pretty little thing! (Did he mean Mrs. Granger, would one hazard?)

"Ma," said Arpeggio that evening, as he buttered his waffles, "Mrs. Granger is going to help out on the library."

She christened her second grandchild and handed the brown-sugar syrup.

"You never saw anybody like to see things grow the way she says she does," Arpeggio pursued after a time.

Mrs. Shadd stirred her hot water and listened.

"She's coming over to see our strawberry-bed."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Shadd. "When?" Through her thought ran like lightning the best dishes, the embroidered centerpiece, the China tea.

"Thursday," said Arpeggio, dreamily. "This Thursday. Thursday," he added, "is her day out. I guess I could stand another four waffles, ma."

On Thursday she came to the Shadds' alone, as a matter of course. It occurred neither to her nor to Arpeggio that he should fetch her. In fact, she arrived before he did, and sat with Mrs. Shadd in the arbor. They got on famously. Mrs. Shadd, who was not quite clear who her guest was, regretted having got out her poplin.

"I needn't have been nervous," she reflected. "She's just folks. No gloves, even."

Arpeggio came home. There is nothing sweeter, nothing more fundamental than the delight with which a man shows the garden of his hand. In nothing else, save when a man or a woman exhibits a baby, is there such obvious co-ordination between the human being and great nature. Neither could have proceeded without the other. The race could not persist without this co-operation. There is, in a man's display of his garden, some reflection of that terrific minute of man's second sublime triumph, when at last he controlled his food. No more skulking in marsh or jungle or thicket. *He had it!* He could

make it grow. Something of that second sublime triumph is in the face of every man who says, "Come and see my garden." The first sublime triumph, when he reared himself erect, has entirely faded, save momentarily in a smile, while he watches his baby do it over again.

"Come and see my garden," said Arpeggio. (Poor little thing! He would try to give her a little pleasure, anyhow.)

And Mrs. Shadd, discreetly lingering to put on the kettle, watched the two through the pantry window. She noted Arpeggio's smile, his vivacity, his twist of shoulder, his bending of the head.

"Is it *that*?" she thought.

Out in the garden there was May, there were plum-blossoms, there was slanting four-o'clock sun. Little green shoots and sprouts and buds signaled their victories. The doves cooed as if they would never have everything said.

"Here'll be—" said Arpeggio, "and here'll be—and here—" It doesn't matter what. It never does matter what. Five minutes afterward the visitor would not be able to recite the position of a single herb. But the gardener still knows.

"Yes. Oh yes. Yes, I see," said Mamie, as a visitor should say.

Not much of a conversation, but not the only uses of a conversation are to converse.

"Nice, ain't it?" Arpeggio appealed, when they had been the slow rounds.

Oh, it was. There was no doubt about that. Mamie leaned against a plum-tree, looked up into the branches, saw gold sun threading that treasure of white against the blinding blue.

"It's spring, all right," she observed, from a full heart.

"You bet," said Arpeggio, and filled his eyes with looking.

This is the immemorial vernal lyric, and it does not much matter how it gets itself said.

"Oh, my!" said Mamie, "I just do love to make things grow."

"That's me," said Arpeggio.

Mrs. Shadd came down the path, her hands under her apron. "When you two are ready for tea—any time," she announced, elliptically.

Tea. Mamie bent her little finger in

all the elegance she knew, lifting it high from biscuit, glass, or teacup handle. She was tense, bit her lip, said "I should say" to everything, laughed a great deal, looked at Arpeggio not at all. Which sounds like a list of symptoms. As for Arpeggio, that shoulder of his continued its eloquent gesturing.

"My! this has just been elegant," said Mamie at parting.

"How about going to see that farm?" Arpeggio wanted to know.

"I have every third Sunday off," Mamie promptly imparted, "and next Sunday's the one."

"Suppose I look up a farm for then?" Arpeggio offered.

"You're awful good to take me," quoth Mamie. "I've been awful homesick. It *would* be so nice—" Her look was a completion.

Good to take her. Arpeggio paused at that, and turned it, Mamie having gone. When had he said that he was to take her? He had meant to send her, chivalrously. (Little homesick thing!) So she expected to be taken. Oh, very well. After all, why not?

On Saturday, at nine in the morning, he walked into the office, to find his two brother commissioners, like nature, in a state of flux.

"Listen at this," Stack accosted him, an arm waving. "A bloomin' lot o' women trappin' the streets of Banning, gettin' everybody all het up over a new town library. They're *at* it."

"So?" said Arpeggio, looking over the seed catalogues which constituted his mail. "A new one? What they goin' to do with the old library, Stack?"

"Don't you go bein' fi-cetious," said Mr. Mayhew, in warning. "Us commissioners and this hull town 'd be all right if it wasn't for this darned uplift."

Dodd Purcell carressed his nose with all five fingers. "It 'll get things awful upset to hev 'em plump down on us with a proposition of that kind now, with the treasury what it is. Turn it down, and the best people go ag'in' you. Make an appropriation, and the taxpayers raise Ebenezer."

"Gettin' your hymns and your swearin' mixed some, ain't you? Gosh! Look at them strawberries," said Arpeggio, brandishing a cover of blood-red fruit.

"Old hens, pussy-footin' around," Stack grumbled.

"Hold on," said Arpeggio. "That ain't zo-ology."

"Well," said Mr. Mayhew, "we want to leave it be known that we won't countenance no such goin'-ons, no matter how much they subscribe and petition and go buttin' in."

"Sure we do," agreed Mr. Purcell. "Squench the thing in the bud."

They looked expectantly at Arpeggio.

"Got to get me about fifty new strawberry plants," said Arpeggio, dreamily. "Any of you fellows know anything about these here nursery folks?"

It is noticeable that when in any community a proposal is inaugurated or championed by the best-looking automobile about, that proposal finds followers. Here is no cause for cynicism. How better could that automobile be occupied? In Banning there was the Granger automobile, and forthwith Merrills and Listers and Dents and Bards and Cordys fell in line, agreed to canvass the town, held little living-room meetings, buttonholed husbands, sent committees to interview business houses—just generally revolted against having no town library in Banning. Since the town was, there had been no town library there. These same families had gone about bookless. Now, the moment having struck, the library began to emerge from somewhere. Echoes of its emergence reached Arpeggio, echoes of the activities of Mrs. Granger. Arpeggio was bewildered. Here was something which he had used as a tool. His own purpose remained unaccomplished, and lo, here was the tool working on its own hook. For not once in those days did eye of his fall again on Miss Edith Granger.

And how wildly had his heart beat every time he passed her home. On the Sunday, for example, when he did his chivalrous part and took out, for a breath of her native country air, Miss Mamie Short. It was on that day that he discovered her name to be Short. He hired the little red cart and the fat black mare with which (though of this he was innocent) young Banning went forth to pay its visits to the girls on the hill farms about. At ten in the morning he

drove to the door of the Grangers' home and called for Mamie. On the back seat, in her poplin, sat Mrs. Shadd. "The ride 'll do ma good," Arpeggio had thought. He went boldly to the front door, no other course occurring to him. He hoped ardently that Miss Edith

& Broom's—had his eyes rejoiced in her. He had worshiped dumbly, distantly, wistfully ever. Even now it was not she who appeared at his ring. It was Mamie herself—Mamie, in a party hat with a gay blue feather. But to Arpeggio she looked exquisitely bedight.

"Well, Mamie!" said he, patronizingly. Some way, with his vehicle and his mother at the gate, he felt himself to be every inch the commissioner, bestowing bounties.

"Yes, sir," said Mamie, glowing. It was almost impossible to think of her as the haughty young person who, not a fortnight ago, had rebuked the sleeping Arpeggio.

They were off, down miles of May. The apple orchards were at the noon of their exquisite life. The air was an ecstasy of fragrance. That day the oriole had come, and from heights and nearnesses sounded that full-throated call, flashed that drop and dart of orange, that cry and gesture and vigor of abundant life. Life! That was it. Arpeggio flapped the reins and clucked. Mamie ah'd in very rapture. Mrs. Shadd broke into low humming. *May!*

Where were they going? Arpeggio knew a farm. He was not inordinately clear how to get there, and this made vagrant wanderings in many a secret road. Their drive was charmingly prolonged. It was past noon when they turned into the spacious yard, set round like a room with furniture of wagons and flowerbeds and troughs and farm machinery and bridal-apple trees and sleepy cats.

"Oh, *murder!*" said Mamie, rapturously.

She sat holding her elbows, rocking a bit, gazing about in utter happiness.

"Like it?" asked Arpeggio, complacently, as if he had turned it out with a wave of his hand. He was somewhat unnerved to see again that welling and brimming of her deep eyes. "Nice little thing," he said to himself, and held up his hand to help her down. She slipped from the seat trustingly and absently, like a child, gave him her full



"DO YOU THINK SO, MR. SHADD?"

Granger would chance to open the door. He should have liked her to know that he was doing this pleasant turn to this homesick little maid of hers. And then—he should so like to see this elusive idol. Not once—never once since her brief and glorious dawning before Becker

weight, stood where he set her, like a kitten.

"Oh, murder *me!*" she said, beneath her breath.

They took their basket up in the orchard. Arpeggio had his mother's arm; Mamie ran ahead, genuinely forgetful of all. Under a low blossoming tree they spread what they had brought. And there is no more need to enumerate what they had brought than to count the blossoms on the tree.

When she had eaten, Mamie climbed that tree like a squirrel, and sat in the branches; ran far down through the lanes of trees as if she would clasp them all; buried her face in a dozen friendly boughs. She was like no other. Arpeggio watched her, marveling. As he knew the genus "young lady," she appeared in parlors in silk waists, with neat, freshly combed hair, and talked about actual happenings. Or she danced, went walking, played croquet. Once all these had been for him transcended by a ravishing creature, of elegance of manner, who had descended from a car and outstretched to him a white glove. But this child, with her soul shining through her face, tumbling and sporting and quivering and kindling—who had ever seen anything like this?

Arpeggio was profoundly stirred. He walked about among the trees, examined the bark, picked off a web or two, chewed grass, and finally overtook Mamie, where she ran.

"You like the country, don't you?" he observed.

"I just do. I could die in the country."

"Oh, don't do that."

"I hope I don't."

"My, but you must miss the country."

"Don't I, though? Ain't this grand?"

Arpeggio looked down in her pink-and-white face, against the pink-and-white branches.

"How'd you like to live in the country?" he heard himself say.

She colored, swiftly, burningly, beautifully, and met his eyes full. And she was eloquently silent.

"I kind of would," he said, weakly, and leaped in the air to catch at a bough, tantalizingly high. "Wonder where

mother is?" questioned Arpeggio, and trotted away through the trees to find out. He felt rather out of breath and uncertain. "I must pay attention," he admonished himself.

He wandered off to a lonely spot and set himself deliberately to dream of Edith Granger. She was like a queen—that was it. She was like a queen. How he would love to see her in her home. Was he never to see her in her home? He imagined her coming down these bright aisles of bloom, in her perfect broadcloth, her imperious little hat, her white, white gloves. . . . Something, though, was the matter with this. He suspended his imaginings. In those same bright aisles he saw some one framed, some one racing, hatless, laughing, waving a buxom arm at him as she ran over the fresh grass, shaking back her hair. It was not in this way that Edith Granger would visit an orchard in spring. But it was a very good way!

His mother came wandering by and stood beside him. "Heard anything about the library lately?" she wanted to know, a bit wistfully.

"No," said Arpeggio. "Mother, I wish 't you'd get yourself a blue calico like Mamie's. What? Ain't it calico? Well, anyhow, I'd kind of like to see it around the house."

They drove home in the long May twilight, and as they reached the Grangers' gate Mamie leaned and put both her warm, firm hands on Arpeggio's, over the lines.

"You done the grandest thing ever," she said—hands and lips and eyes, and was out before he could alight.

Arpeggio lifted his hat with the careful deliberation which this ceremony demanded, turned to nod his good-night, looked after Mamie, and swept with his glance that magic house. No one on the veranda, no one at a window. . . . Edith Granger, Edith Granger, where did she keep herself? He drove away and thought about those rooms wherein she moved. He thought about the kitchen.

"She'll have to get supper now," he thought. "I wonder what sort of a meal she gets up?"

But what had this to do with Edith Granger?

Two days later a telephone message came to Mr. Dodd Purcell, senior member of the Banning commission. Might Mrs. Granger and a committee of women wait upon the commissioners? Yes, they meant now. If they were in session. They were in session. The rattled Mr. Purcell had granted an audience and had hung up the receiver before he knew what had happened to him.

"For the love of mud!" said Stack Mayhew, "why didn't you say we was all full up? Or goin' out in the country? Or none of us wasn't here?"

"Yes, why didn't I? Why didn't I?" repeated Mr. Purcell, moodily. "Why didn't you answer it your smart-Alec self? My brains ain't oozin' down my forehead on tap, same as some."

"You bet they ain't," said Stack. "They're spongin' out the inside o' your head. That's what they're for. Dum it! I wish 't I was dead."

"Same here," said Dodd, energetically, enigmatically.

They all produced pocket combs. They all wiped their shoes with their handkerchiefs. They each carried out a cuspidor and hid it in the back entry. And the ladies were upon them.

Arpeggio, facing the door as they entered, felt a kind of faintness. Mrs. Granger was leading. In the background was a dull assortment of Bards and Cordys. Blooming between these and her mother came Edith Granger.

She was in some exquisitely colored cotton which Arpeggio would have called calico. A wide hat shaded her face, half hid her treasure of bright hair. She was white-gloved, and at once, behind her mother, she advanced to the commissioners and put out her hand. So did the other women. And each commissioner, rubbing his hand first on his coat, shook hands.

Stack Mayhew was distinctly the beau of the occasion. He it was who remembered to bring forward chairs while Dodd stood idle, and Arpeggio stared adoringly at Edith Granger.

Brisk, capable, poised, Mrs. Granger introduced the matter. As they were aware, Banning was sadly, shamefully in need of a library. The point, since she was speaking to gentlemen of education, needed no exposition. They would as-

sume that the matter in hand might be treated directly, and this Mrs. Granger would ask should be done by her daughter, whose project originally the library had been.

Arpeggio turned full his gaze upon his adorata. Oh, beautiful! His soul summoned him. He earnestly hoped that the moment would last forever. She laid on the table a parasol of lace, a bag of golden meshes, a mere flake of cambric, a flower that she carried.

"Gentlemen [she was speaking], what we have to propose we hope will meet with your favor. We can assure you it has met with the favor of those whose co-operation we have secured. . . ."

Here Arpeggio lost the thread. He lost it in the flood of the sense of another world in which this lady moved. It was not alone the exquisite daintiness, the cut and fall of fabric (so different from those of Mrs. Shadd). It was not alone the bright assurance of her. Nor yet was it this alien and disconcerting speech of her, so varied, in its lightest value of intonation, from that which Arpeggio knew. Again, it was not the soft hand with its single glittering jewel, exposed when she drew off a glove to bring forth a paper which she spread before them; nor was it even the little silver glass which she lifted to her eyes. What was it? All these it may have been. In any case, it seemed to Arpeggio that he looked at her up immeasurable galleries of space. She was other—in another world. He worshiped helplessly at the feet of that bright perfection. And as he worshiped, farther and farther did the lady seem to withdraw—or was it that he fell through the deep distance, and might—he saw it now—never dare to dream of mounting to her side?

"Don't *you* think so, Mr. Shadd?" at length he heard her say.

He leaned forward, staring at her. "What was that?" he said, stupidly.

Stack, the beau, glared at him. "Sure he thinks so," said Stack, and both he and Arpeggio colored when the ladies laughed. A check lay on the table before them. It was a check for a thousand dollars. This was the amount which the women had collected and themselves given, and it was to be expended by the

commissioners and a committee of the women to assemble the nucleus of a library. And the hope was, they made clear, that there would be an appropriation from the city to house that library. They waited for no reply. They rose, bade the men, with their thanks, a good morning, and turned to the door. But first Miss Granger paused by Mr. Shadd, seated comfortably in his chair.

"Did you find what you wanted in our library? Yes? I was so sorry to have been engaged that day, when you came. Won't you come again?"

"Sure," said Arpeggio, graciously. She was beyond the threshold before it occurred to him to scramble to his feet. Stack, the beau, was showing them out.

Stack, the beau, came back from the door, and he was rubbing his hands. "Nice, sensible lot of ladies," said he. "Up and down sort. No nonsense. Real ladies, each and every one. And this is what I call puttin' up a proposition." He fondled the check.

Mr. Purcell was caressing his nose with his five fingers. "Do you know," said he, "sometimes I think some ladies does some things as good as some men could."

Their look consulted Arpeggio. He had sunk back in his chair, and was staring at nothing at all. At their "How about it?" he gave no sign.

"Everything's different from what I supposed," he said, heavily. He went and gazed out the window. So she had been in the house that day when he had waited for her in the library! But *had* he waited for her?

For the first time he perceived that it was not for her that he had waited.

They were to hold a mass meeting in the town hall to discuss the public

library. Stack and Dodd and Arpeggio were to sit on the platform. Miss Edith Granger was to preside.

As Mr. Arpeggio Shadd left his home on the evening of the meeting and walked down the long, quiet street, golden in the slanting, after-supper light, he was aware that the faint sweetness of the spring was merging into the green depths of June. June always stirred him. June was no mere promise. It was as if something had come to pass.

His house was on the edge of town, and where the road forked—part to know what it was to be a street, and the rest to keep on forever as a country highway—he divined a figure idling.

"Mamie!" he said.

She did him the exquisite deference of a smile, a flush, a fluttering of the hands.

"Where you goin' to?" he demanded.

Oh, she was on her way to the meeting. Miss Granger had been afraid that there might not be many out. But first she, Mamie, had just had to run away—and smell the country.

"I'm glad you run this way," said Arpeggio.

Mamie, looking guilty, covered it with a laugh. She had to run some way, didn't she? Was he going to the meeting?

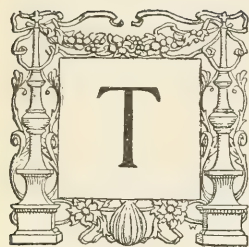
Yes, he was going. Or was he going? He looked up at the soft masses of the trees in the westering light, green giving back gold in the slant sun. He looked along the country highway and he sighed. Mamie was silent. He looked at her. A catbird sang out from the thicket and mysteriously this seemed to decide him.

"Mamie," he said, "let's not go to that meeting."



Why Old Songs Live

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE



HERE has been much talk of late of poetry and the technique of it. Of course, in every age, there has always been such talk by men who were not poets. The poets themselves, in every age, have gone on practising their "mystery," knowing scarcely at all how it was done, and leaving it to the pedants to explain their masterpieces. They knew this much, at all events, that, whatever effects they were able to produce, while accountable up to a certain point, maybe, beyond that, at the moment when what we can only call "magic" steps in, were not for the reason to explain. It has been known to certain select spirits for some time that the reason explains nothing, never can explain anything and never has. But latterly this somewhat aristocratic opinion has become democratically diffused, and it will soon be a commonplace that man is not, as had been previously supposed, a reasonable being. There is nothing whatsoever that he takes instinctive delight in, from Chopin to a dog-fight, that can be "explained" by the analysis of reason; for all man's honest pleasures are those which reason repudiates as either ridiculous or gross. Happily, there is something absurd in humanity which baffles, and will always baffle, the denatured professional mind.

Now, while the pleasure we receive from poetry and all the arts is essentially mysterious, yet we can, at all events, make a show of explaining why we care for

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a
date. . . .

or for:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

or, once more, for:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love. . . .

We know, anyhow, that great poets have written these familiar immortalities, and that to praise them is necessary to persons claiming the possession of intelligence. On the other hand, it is much less easy to justify our taste for such lines as these, which are certainly no less immortal, and have attained a still wider popular currency:

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And with them ran away.

Now, unless one is a very superior person, one must, I think, admit that these lines give one a high degree of satisfaction. We love to say them over; we have probably known them all our lives, and are more than likely to carry them from the cradle, where we first heard them, to the grave, where it may be that we shall still remember them. They have that lasting quality which belongs to great poetry, they haunt one, they satisfy certain needs; yet, of course, the wildest paradoxer could hardly claim that they are great poetry. Sublimity, beauty, magic, pathos, are among the terms which we employ to explain our pleasure in great poetry, but these terms are obviously inapplicable to "The Queen of Hearts," which, in fact, possesses perhaps but one quality, besides its attractive jingle, that of being sheer nonsense. But, in allowing it that, how much, indeed, do we allow it? For perhaps man's delight in beauty is less strange than his mysterious love of nonsense—nonsense in all its forms, but



Painting by Marion Powers

"POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON"

particularly, perhaps, in his love of nonsensical verses. The greatest poets have indulged in the making of them—such an “occult, withdrawn” poet as Rossetti, for example, was addicted to “limericks”—though they have seldom approached in success the achievements of such unknown masters as those who, in a mystery of authorship great as that of the Homeric poems, gave us “Mother Goose,” and our other nursery rhymes.

The charm of nonsensical rima-roles, preposterous rhymings, marvelously meaningless words of strange shapes and sounds, is one of the first to captivate us in our earliest infancy. Why should the tiniest mite of a newborn being break out into convulsions of baby laughter, pathetically revealing its yet toothless gums, because its “Nu-Nu” chants over its cradle:

*Ainsi font, font, font,
Les petites marionnettes,
Ainsi font, font, font,
Trois p'tits tours
Et puis s'en vont.*

or:

*A Paris, à Paris
Sur un petit cheval gris—
Au pas!
Au pas!
Au trot!
Au trot!
Au galop!
Au galop!*

or, once more—for here, as elsewhere, the French are irresistible masters:

*Il était une bergère,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Il était une bergère,
Qui gardait ses moutons,
Ron, ron,
Qui gardait ses moutons.*

American babies, no less than French, have been brought up on these and other such darling French nonsense. They have shaken their little sides over them, just as if they understood what they were laughing at—which is precisely what, even as they have grown up and loved them still, they have never understood. The human love of nonsense is a divine mystery. We have often heard pessimists declare that we come into the world weeping. It is truer, I think, to say that we come into it laughing. For laughter in a baby seems to be its first

conscious apprehension of something outside its small needs and pains. It may cry merely because a pin is sticking into it, but it laughs because already it sees something that makes it laugh, it knows not why, something that catches its eye or ear and seems irresistibly funny to it. There is nothing more mysterious than a baby's sense of humor. It frequently loses it as it grows up, together with the other trailing clouds of glory, but most babies are born with it. To satisfy it nursery rhymes were invented, and to satisfy the same instinct in grown people “The Hunting of the Snark,” that incomparable classic, came into being, and Calverly and Gilbert and Lear stood on their heads, so to speak, and performed such verbal antics before high heaven as must have made the very angels laugh. When the Owl and the Pussy-Cat, having “dined on mince and slices of quince,” “hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,” “dance by the light of the moon,” there is something which, as Stevenson was fond of saying, delights the great heart of man. But, of course, with these modern artists of nonsense there is usually a deliberate attempt at the grotesque and the absurd. We know why we are laughing, but with the old-fashioned rhymes of which I am chiefly thinking, we laugh—or, for that matter, cry, perhaps—without having any reason to give. The old immemorial catches are just picturesquely meaningless, and jingle quaintly, and that is enough. One would like to ask that denatured professional mind the reason of the immortality of these lines:

Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And we'll all have tea;

and these:

Cross-Patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin,
Take a cup and drink it up,
And let your neighbors in;

and again these:

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed
the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew a white seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and
cream.

One reason, doubtless, most of us can give—and I can think of none so good—is that our mothers said them to us as they danced us up and down upon their knees. To this it may be reasonably objected that mothers are unreasonable beings; but is not that their charm, as it is the charm of these indescribable snatches? Not only our mothers, but their great-grandmothers' grandmothers dandled our distinguished swaddled ancestors to the very same rigmaroles. There must be some sense, if not reason, in anything associated with the antiquity of cradles and the maternal breast and soft, crooning voice over the mystery of the dawning foolishness soon to be man.

Addison, with that humanity and common sense which keeps the *Spectator* so alive and near to us across two centuries, speaking of popular poetry, has this very satisfactory passage:

When I traveled I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come down from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed: for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved of by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of the nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. . . . An ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance.

"Not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation" is a phrase which deserves especial emphasis as going near the mark of so much literary depreciation. Aside from the cult of the "old ballad" or "folk-song," no few youthful literary persons turn up their noses at, one admits, the frequently crude and uncouth verse which gives the average non-literary man a pleasure which rather merits analysis than derision; and the fact of a poet being popular is sufficient to condemn him. So you seldom hear Longfellow spoken of by critics of poetry, though he was really an excellent poet; and the fact that Tennyson could be popular as well as write "The Lotus Eaters" and "Lucretius" is a mill-stone round the neck of his fame.

Actually, nowever, while it is well that man should love good poetry, it is much more interesting that he should love bad poetry—as he does with an inexhaustible appetite. That he should love verse in any form, or of any quality, is the really curious thing. Why should your housemaid's "young man" break through the trammels of prose when he writes her love-letters, and blossom into sentimental rhyme, as any one who has caught glimpses into the love literature of the proletariat knows is rather usual than exceptional. And the number of "hard-headed" business men who cut out jingles from the newspapers every day and hide them in their pocket-books is an eloquent witness to the ineradicable love of rhyming in the really human being.

But to return to "Polly, put the kettle on," and the other rhymes quoted with it, may one not apply to these "sampler" rhymes—for they belong to the sampler period—the opinion of the great "Mr. Spectator," extending to them also the benefit of the theorem that "it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved of by a multitude . . . which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man."

"What is the 'peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man' that has so long mysteriously resided in 'Polly, put the kettle on,' 'Cross-Patch, draw the latch,' and 'Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine'?"

"Aye, marry, tell me that," as the First Grave-digger said, "or confess thyself."

At first sight, one has to admit that the proposition is something of a poser. One may feel the fascination of these old things, and be prepared to hold to them, from the standpoint of instinct; to believe in them, so to say, by faith; but, as with so many other precious things for which we have no other credentials than faith, so, at the first challenge, it is not easy to give reasons for our opinion that, after all, the attachment to them of so many generations is not so absurd as it may seem.

The reason I adduced above, that we have all heard them at our mothers' knee, while a good reason so far as it



Painting by Marion Powers

"CURLY LOCKS, CURLY LOCKS, WILT THOU BE MINE?"

goes, and for us, and for an uncertain number of preceding generations, can only be allowed as secondary, associative; for there was once a time when these rhymes were new, and were chanted to babes for the first time. The first baby must have taken to them so that he handed down his liking to all later generations of babies; and there must have been something in them, according to Addison, for him to take such a fancy for. Then, as he grew up, apparently he still liked them, doubtless also with that associative value with his mother, and handed on his liking to later generations of grown-up babies. And so it has gone on. Yet this could hardly have happened had there not been something in the rhymes that had a "peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man."

The verses, of course, have other associative values than the maternal or the nursery values. They have, as I said, the charm of "samplers," a charm which is another of the mysteries, and which, I venture to think, is not entirely association. They have the charm of quaint, Old-World costumes, dances, furniture, instruments, manners, and so forth—matters which again have a provable essential value over their association with *le temps jadis*. The charm of past time is so great for some of us that it easily obscures the judgment; so much so, indeed, that the horse-hair sofas we once despised, and even the pre-Morris wall-papers, are on the way to seem beautiful to us—which, I am afraid, is another way of saying that age is also on the way.

"Polly, put the kettle on," for example, belongs to the great Tea Period—the days when people read Cowper, and tea was referred to as "Old Hyson." It is the bacchanal of "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." It is the "Back and side go bare, go bare" of the reckless tea-drinker, when "the Great Lexicographer" drank his numberless cups at a sitting, as other men drank their three bottles. It is the dithyrambic of the old maid and her select circle of "prunes-and-prisms" gallants. It is the "naughty" song of the Queen Anne and Victorian domesticities. Just as certain sterilized natures in our own period

mincingly make believe to be "naughty" over the unbridled excesses of Grape Juice, so people who read Cowper drank tea in the same wild spirit. Note the orgiastic ictus on the word "all"—"we'll *all* have tea!" All restraints shall be thrown to the winds. All that binds us to society—the obligations, the decencies, the respectabilities—shall go. We have worn the chains too long. For once we will be free. For once we will have our fling. "Polly"—note the sudden accent in the creative imperative of one who has come to a desperate, *laissez-aller* decision, henceforth his past, and his burned boats behind him—"Polly"—an end to this endless striving to control one's impulses, an end to the sham of pretending to be better than we are—"On with the dance, Let joy be unconfined"—"Polly, put the kettle on"—"and"—turning to the rest of the company, as though to say that now they can all be their unregenerate selves—"we'll *all* have tea."

As the rage of the sheep is said to be terrible, so the "dissipations" of the innocent, or the neutral-tinted, have something pathetic about them. One wonders why they should want, or trouble, to appear what they are not; just as I wondered, on my one frightened excursion into a vegetarian restaurant, why the dishes were not called by their vegetable names instead of by some name suggesting that "animal food" against which the whole institution was a protest. Why call palpable cabbage roast duck, which it doesn't in the least resemble, when good cabbage is good enough? So with tea—why those airs of pretending that it was something "worse" than it was, something the drinking of which together was like the sharing of a guilty secret?

Sometimes, indeed, in circles—still, I must add, highly and even pompously respectable—where the blood of the company ran a little redder, that "something worse" was often present, either openly on the tray, or hidden discreetly behind the silver "equipage." There were no spoken words, but only a gentle furtive smile and movement of the lips, and when your tea was handed to you, you discovered it to be what sailors call a "royal." The custom of drinking rum

in your tea still prevails in Russia; it did, at least till before the revolution, and I am not too old to have forgotten its stately observance on Madison Avenue.

But "Polly, put the kettle on" has something in it better than these, perhaps, minor suggestions. It has in it the song of the tea-kettle on the hob, which has only one match for coziness in the world of indoor quiet comfortable things, the purring of a cat on the hearth. The very word "coziness" suggests what used to be an indispensable adjunct of the tea-tray—that "cozy," a quilted, padded device, usually of flowered satin, which was placed like a soft extinguisher over the teapot to keep it warm—an heretical practice, as I remember, according to the greatest experts, being really bad for the tea, coddling "tannin" and other deleterious properties of the great Chinese herb. In my time old ladies used to make presents to each other of elaborately embroidered tea-cozies, but now, I am afraid, tea-cozies are only to be found in antique shops, or carefully protected against moth and thief in the glass cases of those museums which, receiving in return so little gratitude from us, keep safe for age's memories things dear in youth, but dearer with the years.

Hinc illæ lacrimæ! Seriously, there are few things fuller of the sense of tears in mortal things to some memories than an old tea-cozy. It concentrates a world of quiet recollections, full of a peace and a security, a sense of home that seems at the moment to have passed from the earth—if, indeed, the earth desires it any more. It suggests that tranquil hour of the day when you were allowed to come into the drawing-room, and, seated on a hassock at your mother's feet, lean your head in the mighty protecting covert of her rustling silk skirts, while overhead, Polly having brought the kettle in, she dispensed tea, cream—"lemon" was later—and "how many lumps?" to gentlemen with gray mustaches and very courtly manners, and pretty, gossipy ladies who, you may be sure, were far from being as old as you then thought them. On the whole, I think that, within its degree, no more completely satisfactory hour has been invented for human beings, so quietly exhilarating,

so innocent without being stupid, so absolutely agreeable with Horace's "golden mean," than the kind, old-fashioned hour when Polly put the kettle on and we all had tea.

I cannot, of course, be at all sure that "Polly, put the kettle on" means anything like this to others than myself, but I believe that it will mean something of the kind to no few; and it must always be remembered that in the case even of greater poems opinion is by no means unanimous.

For "Curly Locks" I am prepared to make out a different, and, as poetry, maybe, a stronger plea. We are often told, and I think there can be little doubt of it, that the weakness of modern poetry compared with that of the ancients, the poetry of Greece and Rome, let us say, is that modern poetry is so little objective, so occupied with abstractions and reflections rather than with things concrete and shaped and colored. The greatness of Homer is in his concreteness. He works, so to speak, like a dramatic sculptor in words. He realized that men loved shields with clearly embossed carvings, swords splendidly true and bright, and houses of gold and marble. He has but to name a strong or lovely object to set it before us, and it does the work of his poem with little or no help from descriptive adjectives. For Homer, as for Keats, a thing of beauty was a poem in itself. Keats, by the way, was perhaps the only concrete poet of our time. Yet there is a poem of Christina Rossetti which I propose to quote in illustration of what I consider the excellence of "Curly Locks." "A Birthday" is, of course, very well known, though I quote it partly that it should be better known, and partly that the reader should have it before him:

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;



Painting by Marion Powers

"CROSS-PATCH, DRAW THE LATCH
SIT BY THE FIRE AND SPIN"

Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
 Because the birthday of my life
 Is come, my love is come to me.

Now the force of this poem is only secondarily in its emotional quality. The really remarkable thing to note about it is that every line, except the last two lines of each stanza, making the emotional application, contains a beautiful natural object, carved and gilded, as it were, in words. Out of Keats's "Eve of Saint Agnes," there is no such example in English of words used in decorative bas-relief with at once such richness of color, such concrete contour, and with such an evocation of feeling from the whole collocation of lovely things.

You will say, naturally, that it is a far cry from these lofty illustrations to "Curly Locks," but—is it? Of course, "Curly Locks" is not a great poem like "A Birthday" or "The Eve of St. Agnes"; but I would claim for it, in a humble degree, an excellence in kind, and maintain that it, and many other examples of popular verse, survive on account of their employment of objects in themselves beautiful, dramatic, or in some way humanly attractive.

It is surely unnecessary to labor the point of all that is done in the evocation of a girl's beauty in the two words "Curly Locks." "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair," the hair of Melisande, that glory of a woman's hair to which even St. Paul was not blind, all manner of "love-locks" and "perilous hair," from all time to all eternity, is hinted at in those two words. Also they draw the comely rest of "Curly Locks" in an instant alluring picture. We have all dreamed of "Curly Locks." That is much to do in two words, but it is done constantly in popular poetry.

Then, in the next line, how swiftly the drama between the lot of "Curly Locks" and the lot offered her by her lover is indicated. If there are two things human beings hate doing, they are washing

dishes and feeding swine. Certainly one cannot imagine a harder lot for a beautiful girl—"with such hair, too." But mark the swift contrast of opportunity offered by her lover. She "shall sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam"—the eternal dream of silken idleness—she shall be a fine lady seated at her window, languidly drawing her needle through her embroidered linen, as the swine-feeding and dish-washing world goes by; and she shall do what heretofore only her masters and mistresses ever dreamed of doing, she shall "feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream." The symbolic use of the words "strawberries and cream" is well enough understood by advertising restaurateurs. Few collocations of words express so much of average human felicity. Without having herded swine or washed dishes, it ought to be easy to any natural person to understand the power of the climax in these four simple, popular, despised, and immortal lines. And "strawberries and cream" recall me to the tarts which the Queen of Hearts made all on a summer day. Anything picturesque to eat is always useful in popular poetry, and even Keats, "him even," made wonderful use, as we know, in his high artistic sphere, of that "strawberries-and-cream" motive, when, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," Porphyro brought to the sleeping Madeline:

 . . . a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and
 gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
 From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

This is only Keats's way of saying, "And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream," and there are some of us who would prefer the offer of the lover of "Curly Locks"—plain "strawberries, sugar, and cream."

A Midwinter-Night's Dream

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY



DOROTHY had no fault to find with her life at all. How could she find fault? Wasn't she doing just what she had been preparing to do? Wasn't she gloriously independent—the mistress of just the charming little bachelor apartment that she had planned to have, possessed of more girl friends than she could make after-office engagements with, earning the largest salary of any of the girls in her class, healthy and happy and busy with perfectly delightful work? Jack Penfield called this having her own way, but she knew it was just doing the thing she could do best. And that was what her class in the final class-meeting had solemnly agreed was what every woman should choose to do. And if one had no real taste for domesticity why should one attempt it?

As will be seen from this, Dorothy had few childish weaknesses left.

"If I *have* one," she said to herself, pursuing some train of thought that the sight of Christmas trees stacked up against the window of a florist started in her, "it is for dressing dolls."

Trains of thought can sometimes carry one farther than trains of cars. Perhaps this one was speeded up by a glimpse of a little child mother on the Fifth Avenue bus hugging a befrilled and staring bisque daughter—by that and the thought of other children whose legs were too thin and whose faces were too pale and eyes too full of forbidden hopes—little mothers who probably had no befrilled bisque daughters.

For all these reasons Dorothy found herself alone in her apartment on Christmas Eve after a rigorous course of rejected invitations, her home people disappointed—but that was, in a measure, a relief, because in her home town somebody lay in wait who was as insistent as the thought of doll-less little girls at Christmas-time.

On the table in front of Dorothy was a wonderful assortment of articles and a suit-case to pack them in. There was a particularly engaging variety of doll with short-bobbed, golden-brown hair that could be combed and "laundered," as the clerk at the shop had assured her. The doll had an eager, rosy little face and brown eyes; her knees were pink and dimpled, and she wore socks and stub-toed patent-leather slippers.

A tiny trunk, which was on the table, too, held as elaborate a wardrobe as Dorothy had been able to assemble by sewing herself, or coaxing her friends into making or by buying in the shops during the five days since her plan had occurred to her. It was a wardrobe in which pink predominated, because pink was more becoming to Penelope than blue. There were two play-dresses, a Sunday dress, a party dress, a velvet coat trimmed with narrow fur and with a muff to match, hats, underwear—very up-to-date and profusely trimmed with pink-ribbon bows—in short, there was the most complete wardrobe that any doll ever went visiting with, and all made with buttons and buttonholes or hooks and eyes or snappers so they could be put on and taken off as many times as their mother desired, even during that rapturous first day of possession when the usual commercially made outfits simply melt away at the fastenings under the constant strain.

But Penelope and her trousseau, although the most glorious of the objects on the table, was not all. Either Dorothy had some embryo militant suffragist in view, greedy in appropriation of the rights and privileges of both sexes, or else some moderately large-sized family was destined to receive the gifts, for there were enough toys with a masculine flavor and books that could be enjoyed by either boys or girls to make the assortment a sort of accordion Christmas, warranted to expand or contract according to the domestic tune.



Drawn by Denman Fink

Engraved by S. G. Putnam

SHE SAT SECURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HER REALIZED DREAM

Briskly Dorothy packed the toys into the suit-case with much daintily efficient manipulation of tissue-paper. Then she put on a small, closely fitting—but becoming—hat, turned an extravagantly high fur collar up about her ears, caught up her muff in one hand and the suit-case in the other, and went down to the street level and out into the bright cold air.

Snowflakes had been tapping busily against her panes for the last hour, but she had been too busy to think about it. Although it was barely five o'clock, the thickly falling snow had stippled the familiar narrow defile into a blurred mystery where every window twinkled of illimitable human life within.

For all of Dorothy's Christmas-Carol-Arabian - Midwinter - Night's - Dream mood she was a modernized—as well as an enormously beautified—Scrooge, for her Christmas-Eve pilgrimage was directed, not by a Christmas Angel or Vision of Past or Future Christmases, but by a list in her smart hand-bag secured from a badgered charity-worker, and by prosaic connections between Subway and "L" and cross-town transportation. Therefore it was dusk before she reached the first address on her list, the home of a Mrs. McGregor, solemnly guaranteed by the fatigued charity-worker to be authentically needy, with three children of proper Christmas-present age, one of them a girl who was ideally fitted to be the mother of Penelope.

The tenement entrance hall was fairly clean, but its bareness was depressing; and the stale and unwholesome odors of cooking, never-ending and never aired, that loaded the air were the very breath of wretchedness.

When the door of the flat opened Dorothy had a moment of surprise. The woman who stood there was a comfortable-looking person. She had a flushed look of excitement on her face, and she waited absent-mindedly and a little impatiently for Dorothy to announce her errand. Her obvious satisfaction with circumstances was a bit disconcerting to her caller; that was not what Dorothy had been led to expect at Christmas-time from a poor widow with three children to support on the wages of a charwoman.

"Mrs. McGregor is utterly discouraged," the charity-worker's note had said. Some tactful instinct made Dorothy hesitate to disclose her errand. In her indecision she brought out the list.

"Won't you come inside where the light is better?" urged the woman, smiling cheerily. "That is, if you don't mind things being a bit upset. The children are excited over Christmas."

Wondering, Dorothy followed her in. At first she saw nothing but the tiny candles on a little Christmas tree; and it was the aromatic deliciousness of pine she breathed that seemed to awaken very much the same kind of pleasant madness as anything she could dream of her own childhood.

About the foot of the tree two boys were prancing and darting and twisting in what would have been a fearful spasm in an adult, but was undoubtedly expressive of joy in the youngsters. The floor was a perilous network of miniature railway tracks, relay-stations, round-house, switches; wheels that turned, mills that poured wheat into buckets; footballs, baseball bats, sleds—nothing so delirious had Dorothy seen since her eleventh-hour dive into the last department-store, and the youngsters there were pale, anemic understudies to these sons of piteous poverty.

The one calm spot in the room, and the one comfortable chair, were occupied by two figures that made Dorothy rub her eyes with a sense of having stepped into some impossible sentimental Dickensy story. For a red-faced man, bluff but unmistakably prosperous, held a little girl upon his knee. His weather-beaten face was all aglow with complacent satisfaction—and with something more tender when his eyes rested on the child. And well he might so look at her, for the little girl was so incredible a realization of all that poets and romancers have dreamed about childhood that Dorothy almost doubted if she could be real. She was not the red-cheeked, sturdy child that child-culture specialists write about. It was a dainty little maiden with a cloud of pale, spun-gold hair that made the kind of little frock it flowed over a negligible factor in the picture; her blue eyes were wells of childish mystery; a

faint, delicious, wild-rose pink was in her cheeks; and her arms so firmly clasped an enormous overdressed doll that no one present, surely, would have ventured to unlock them. And that whole sweet little presence shone, even while the flush of excitement lingered, with deep, placid, unutterable joy.

How to explain the scene? Dorothy tore her eyes from the child long enough to confront the smiling woman. Puzzled as she was, she yet knew enough to realize that she couldn't offer her gifts here. She held her list up to get a better light. They must not guess her errand. The merciful guile that rises automatically in all loving souls showed her the way out:

"Oh—there must be some mistake. You are not Mrs. O'Hara?" She substituted the next name on her list. She was thinking: "What does this mean? This prodigal, sumptuous Christmas! And who is that red-faced man? They said she was a widow. Has—?"

"No, I'm Mrs. McGregor. And this is my brother. He has come back, and I hadn't heard from him for years and thought him dead long ago." Mrs. McGregor simply couldn't restrain the chanting of her good fortune. It was bursting from her. And then, people always told Dorothy things. "And he has made his fortune mining in Alaska—and he's going to take care of us—" She was weeping.

Dorothy blinked. Of all the stale, impossible Christmas romances—a returned rich brother at Christmas-time—and his fortune made in mining, in Alaska—a plot about twenty years superannuated. She turned her skeptical eyes upon the woman.

But the blessed ease and comfort, the release from hourly anxiety, that had wiped out every line but those expressing happiness from Mrs. McGregor's face were *real*. Dorothy couldn't challenge them. This thing *had* happened. Nothing remained but to be glad with them.

And that no face was more admirably adapted to do than Dorothy's. And what her face couldn't express her voice could with the tremor that broke its gladness into something more warmly human. Mrs. McGregor, with the rather self-satisfied uncle who returned to play his

Christmas-romance rôle of making everything comfortable with the sister whom he had forgotten in the scramble of gold-getting, found that his contentment was touched with something rarer in the glow of her sympathy. Even the little princess on the red-faced uncle's knee felt something sweet pierce through to that rapt place where she sat secure in the possession of her realized dream, and she descended from her throne, the huge, be-frilled doll still pressed to her, to offer a confiding little hand to the unexpected guest. The boys—who expects anything but noise of boys at Christmas-time, anyway?—only paused long enough to shout some unintelligible boast about the speed of the train they were operating.

Yet when Dorothy found herself outside, the door shut on all that happiness, the unopened suit-case in her hand, there was one moment when she wasn't happy. She had an absurd sense of rebuff, of not being wanted.

"I would have loved to have had it Penelope that the little darling looked that way about. Penelope is really much prettier even if she isn't so overwhelmingly expensive." Almost as soon as she thought this she was able to laugh at herself for feeling so much like a jealous mother. "Now which will be the next place?"

While she had been in the house it had grown quite dark. Dorothy's smartly shod little feet crunched gaily against the crisp snow or plowed through some feathery softness that had escaped trampling; the snow pricked at her cheeks until they blazed and clung to her brown lashes until she had to wink fast to see.

After a detour to a little up-town restaurant for something to eat, she found herself near the third address on her list. "Wrench" was the name. She read again the brief note. Mrs. Wrench, it seemed, was afflicted with a drunken husband. There were children; there had been illness. "Be careful," the charity-worker had added. "Proud. Good stock."

This tenement was a shade worse than the other. When the door was opened, to Dorothy's surprise, it was a man and not a woman who stood there. He had a thin, nervous, ascetic face, and when

she asked for Mrs. Wrench he conducted her inside with perfect courtesy.

There were no children in the room that opened out of the tiny entry, although there were traces of their recent presence. It was a crowded little place, as Dorothy had expected it to be, evidently the general living-room, kitchen, dining-room, with the inevitable cot to show that it was a bedroom, too, although there was a nondescript dark covering over it. But the fact that the bed was so disguised and that an old bureau, doing duty as a sideboard, had been turned so as to screen the coal-oil stove and the sink, revealed a desire to maintain some of the forms of decent living that reminded Dorothy again of the charity-worker's laconic statement, "Good stock."

A woman's figure straightened at her approach. In one hand she held a tack-hammer; in the other a child's long black stocking dangled. And then Dorothy saw that on one side of the room was a cheap wooden mantelshelf above a stovepipe hole that showed that once a stove had been there. From the shelf three black stockings of assorted sizes hung. The woman had been interrupted in the act of tacking up the fourth.

There was no other hint of Christmas in the room but that and the little branch of holly on top of the shelf. But so magical is the power of association that all the joys of past Christmases streamed from those lank, knobby, distorted lengths with their illogical bulges and lanknesses just where no human leg could possibly bulge or so stretch loose lengths of cotton. From one of the stockings smiled the vacuous countenance of a little doll. With a glad impulse Dorothy's hand went to the lock of her suit-case.

"That pathetic cheap little toy with its poor little mat of yellow jute for hair! How overjoyed that child will be when she sees Penelope!" she thought, exultantly. "And think of her when she sees all the clothes!"

"Won't you sit down?" The sound of the man's voice reminded her of his presence. She looked at him with a vague sense that a gentleman didn't fit into the picture. There was pride in the woman's eyes as she watched him pull

forward a broken chair for the guest with a sort of automatic courtesy.

"This is my husband," she said, and her voice throbbed as if with pride and joy that cannot yet trust itself. "He—he has just recovered from an illness. He has been—back at work just a few days."

Then all at once the man's face went red, and Dorothy understood what the scene meant, what renewed stirring of happiness in the heart of this sad little Mrs. Wrench, what piteous hope of regeneration of that "drunken husband" of whom the charity-worker had made a note. The hope might last for a day or for a lifetime—God grant it might be for a lifetime!

"And with the first glimmer of it—poor souls! oh, poor souls!—they have stolen out, with what they could save from a day's wages perhaps, their first thought to make Christmas for their children. It's a sign to them, a pledge to him—those poor little toys, the bit of candy. It would be an insult to give them these things I have brought. It would turn this ritual of theirs into a mockery if I let them know some one had brought them charity. I can't even let them see my things—that poor little girl can never see Penelope— But couldn't I—? No, it might throw that poor harried man back into the pit if his one poor endeavor were spoiled. I might have done such frightful harm."

There was again the need of an explanation. It makes no difference what affectionate invention Dorothy contrived, but it had taken so long to go through this experience and it consumed so much time to reach the third and last address on her list that a glance at her wrist showed her it was nearly ten o'clock.

She was not kept waiting. As if she were expected the door was opened immediately. A blare of light and heat came out at her that was almost overpowering.

The basement room might once have been the servants' hall of a pretentious old residence. There was an old-fashioned base-burner stove in red-hot activity. A mob of nondescript humanity seemed to be in furious possession. The mob soon resolved itself into a number of



ALL THE JOYS OF PAST CHRISTMASES STREAMED FROM THE LANK, DISTORTED STOCKINGS

hilarious persons ranged on either side of an extraordinary, bumpy, uneven structure that ran the length of the room. It was evidently formed by assembling tables of various sizes, barrels, boxes, and uniting them by the simple expedient of spreading sheet table-covers, coverlids — anything white — over them. Large women were bouncing in and out of the room carrying plates and platters; children were scattered over the place, under feet, in corners, spinning tops, nursing dolls, pitching ball, all screaming at the top of their lungs and all smeared from head to feet with candy in which red alternated with rich streaks of chocolate.

A trifle overpowered, but inured by this time to extraordinary incidents, Dorothy halted.

"Mrs. O'Hara?" she asked, weakly.

The largest of the red-faced women surrendered the bowl of rich brown gravy she was carrying and placed herself before the girl.

"Is it Nora O'Hara ye're askin' for? It's that same I am and phwat can I do for yez?" Her jovial voice was as rich as the fragrance of roasted turkey that pervaded the place.

Again instinct warned Dorothy to be cautious. The charity-worker had assured her that this was a most pitiable case—a widow with five children all living in two basement rooms, none of the children old enough to work, all of them underfed, almost starving, without fuel for a week at a time, subsisting with difficulty on the woman's earnings as a laundress.

"Won't ye come in and sit down at th' table? It's afther entertaining a few frinds I am at dinner, and nobody shall go away hungry from my table to-night. 'Tis welcome ye ar-r-re as flowers in May avin if I niver laid my two eyes on yez before. It's two turkeys they've sint me in th' day instid of the wan that the Charity usually sinds, and all the trimmin's—"

This was a little disconcerting, and Dorothy asked, primly:

"But couldn't you have put one turkey by for future use? I'm—I'm sure if I had two turkeys I should feel that I must live on them for a whole week." The instant she had said it she hated herself for a prig and a cad. But Mrs. O'Hara was able to defend herself against the most case-hardened moralist.

"It's not me nature to begrudge a bit of food to me frinds," the lady said, loftily. "And it's worth a dale to anny wan that's hospitaybel to be able to dischar-r-rge y'r social obligayshuns. We're put on this earth to enj'y oursilves we ar-r-re, avin if sometimes it's not able to do it we ar-r-re. Avin if a turkey's sint by the Charity it's mighty good atin'. Whin we have turkey is th' toime to enj'y it and have others do th' same. There's times enough we must go without."

"Don't the children like turkey, too?" Dorothy asked, hastily, trying not to show how thoroughly she agreed with these unorthodox sentiments.

"Whin they can have candy? Not much. Th' Charity didn't f'rgit th' candy this year, and they sint toys, too. 'Tis some new person they must have there. It's little th' childer care f'r turkey whin they can have all the candy they want. And thin, that laves that much more f'r thim that doesn't howld so much by th' candy by rayson av their teeth. What ar-r-re we given good things for if it's not to make people happy? And av the candy makes the childer sick, there's always medicine to be had at th' dispensary." She pulled one of the children to her and pushed the tangled hair out of her eyes. "Is it happy ye ar-r-re th' blissid Christmas Day, mavourneen? There's not wan other blissid thing in the wor-r-rld mother wants as much."

The half-hour—half-past ten it was—struck from one of the down-town churches near by as Dorothy found herself outside. To the hospitable Mrs. O'Hara it had not occurred to wonder why the visitor should have been there at all. All at once Dorothy stopped short with a sudden sense of her predicament.

"I couldn't have given Penelope to them, now could I?" she asked herself.

"They would have smeared her all up—and they wouldn't have appreciated her; and her clothes would have been all torn—and then, they had too much, anyway. But it's half-past ten and what am I going to do?"

It would be forlorn to have to start out on another pilgrimage on Christmas Day—and, anyway, toys ought to be by the fireside for the early morning riot. She was surprised by her own shiver of disappointment and loneliness.

"There is no place for me. No one needs me or Penelope. Every one has his own to do things for. But I'm not necessary to any one."

She would have to decide what she would do next on the Subway. But almost as soon as she was seated in the car she jumped up with a start. She mustn't let the train carry her too far up-town.

Some time later she found herself, in growing confusion, halting to look at some toys in a window of a little shop not far from Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. A mellow-toned church-bell was chiming eleven. Her feet had begun to ache with the cold. She was more forlorn than she ever remembered having been. In the shelter of the shop window she wiped her eyes and whimpered a moment to herself. Suddenly she put her handkerchief back in her hand-bag with a jerk. A man was trying the shop door. The brilliant lights within the store had evidently deceived him. He turned away impatiently.

Something in his evident disappointment made a bond with him in Dorothy's heart. She would not have spoken to him, but he was a middle-aged man with respectability stamped all over him—not exactly a gentleman, perhaps, but—Somehow the swiftly falling snow seemed to curtain them off from the rest of the world and signify he was the person to be asked.

"Do you know any poor little girl who hasn't any one to give her Christmas presents?" Dorothy had spoken before she knew she was going to, and she felt foolish the moment she had said the words. But surely if any one would know this man would. She had never seen a more fatherly looking person—a plain, simple man and so respectable.

The man had turned a violently surprised face to her. "A—poor little girl and something in the way of toys did I hunderstand you to mention, Miss?" It was evident her words had aroused some very extraordinary interest in him.

"Yes, I have some toys—but the ones I expected to give them to already—I couldn't give them. And it's almost midnight, and I can't bear to have

take them to 'er, if you desire. Is your name hand address in the bag, Miss?" He had one hand on the suit-case. "Hi'll take care that it is returned to you the first thing in the morning."

Dorothy kept her hand on the bag. It was not through distrust, although it does seem extraordinary that she should have been so confiding. It was rather because she was bitterly disappointed.



PENELOPE, FREED OF HER PAPER WRAPPING, SMILED ROSILY

Penelope—" Dorothy was nearer tears than she had realized.

"'Penelope'? I thought I heard the word 'toys,' Miss, if I may make so free?" The man's tone was ingratiating.

"Oh, she's a doll—a *lovely* doll with clothes, lots of them, that can be taken off and put on—buttons, you know, and hooks—snappers, too—"

A gleam of sheer covetousness lit up the respectable man's eyes. But covetousness struggled with caution. With a furtive glance around he said, hurriedly:

"I think I might know of a little girl such as you speak of. There—there happen to be no toys for 'er, Miss, although—" He checked himself. "Hi'll

The evening had been so woefully disappointing—although it was nice, of course, for the others. It seemed that she, alone of all the world, was to be solitary on Christmas Eve. Even Penelope—if Penelope was to be taken from her she must see the home to which she went.

"If—if I could go with you and see—" she faltered.

The man drew back with a haughty stare of astonishment. But the trouble in Dorothy's face was disarming. He surveyed her dubiously.

"Oh, Hi don't believe that could be arranged at hall, Miss," he scolded her.

"I'm sorry, but—" Dorothy got pos-

session of her suit-case and turned away.

"Oh, Hi say, Miss, Hi'll do hanythink you say. Hi'll take you to 'er 'ome—the little girl's. But you must come right away now. Hit's very late—Hi don't know what they'll think. This never 'appened before—" He groaned as he led the way.

Surprisingly near the business hurly-burly, after the manner in which little islands and promontories of dignified family life in our great cities resist the devouring tide of labor, the man stopped before a rather grim stone building.

"I didn't know anything but private houses were on this block," Dorothy commented to herself. "One of the converted flat buildings, I suppose. It must be the janitor's child."

The man produced a latch-key and let them in. The hushed and tranquil splendor of the place immediately warned Dorothy that this was no flat building, but a gentleman's house—and the house of a gentleman of great wealth and exquisite taste.

For a moment this soothed her inexpressibly. Her nerves, worn a little raw by the events of the night, relaxed pleasantly under the spell of beauty so considered and so restrained. The soft pile of the Persian rugs was soothing to her tired feet, the pleasant warmth sent a returning glow through all her chilled body.

This was only a momentary respite, however. Almost instantly the peculiar conduct of the man who had brought her there alarmed her. He motioned her to seat herself in one of the tall old cathedral chairs near the door, opened a rear door and listened, pushed a portière cautiously aside and listened; stole, cat-like, up the deeply cushioned stair-treads to a landing and—judging by his immobility—listened there. Down he crept again—his feet seemed velvet-shod—opened a door behind a heavy portière on the left, and, with a warning gesture to Dorothy, vanished.

Alone in this strange place, all the folly of her impulsive act overwhelmed the girl in a flood of regret and fear. Why had she been so rash, so inconceivably rash? What did she know of this man whom she had accompanied into an

apparently empty house? He might be—anything. All of the tales of crime and violence—of the disappearance of young girls—horrors untold—streamed through her mind. She ran to the door, tried it, shook it. She couldn't open it and she could see no latch. She searched frantically, her breath coming faster and faster. A slight noise behind her made her turn. The man stood there.

"Oh, did Hi leave the door hopen, Miss? There *is* a bad current there," he murmured, deferentially. "Are you quite sure you are hentirely comfortable now, Miss?" Respectability enveloped him as a garment. What was he doing in this place—knowing it intimately? Was he a burglar? But why should a burglar bring a witness to his burglary along? And what could he want with Penelope? The expression on his face was a queer one—hesitation mingled with relief.

"I—I think I'd better—" she had begun, her hand still on the knob, when, all at once, the hall was filled with people. They must have followed him through the door behind the portière. Five figures she counted, all women, and all with the same expression of indecision and relief. It was all so strange and dream-like that she could hardly believe it true.

"*Mais — Monsieur Weelyam*, what weel they say? I 'ave fear, *vraiment* I 'ave fear, *moi!*" the youngest and prettiest of the women was saying, with a strong French accent that was very pretty. The hands that she was clasping and unclasping nervously were smooth and slender.

"But if we don't—what will 'appen when they come 'ome? Hi ask you that, Mademoiselle? What will Master do then?" demanded the man who had brought Dorothy there.

Apparently this was unanswerable. Dorothy heard murmurs where the other women huddled together:

"Fer sure—what will they do when they find out?—But 'twas niver my place, I'll say if 'twas my last hour. It was Mr. William or Maddym'selle should have attended to it.—That don't make no difference, we'll all lose our places—" All this mingled so Dorothy couldn't indentify the various voices.



BOTH GIRLS BENT FORWARD TO SEE WHAT THE CHILD CHERISHED

"And probably what this person has may be some common cheap things that we never could explain. They would never forgive us—never!" This was from an elegant, rustling, elderly person in black taffeta.

Then a stout, red-faced woman spoke:

"An' how can ye tell that she's not one of thim femayle reporters that's used this chance to get into the house? The Sunday papers had a story wanst about how they'd do annythin' to get in."

"And do you think she placed 'erself at that store just on the chance Hi'd be there at that hour? Think another time, Mrs. Mulligan." The respectable person disposed of the other's suspicions in an authoritative manner.

"Might I see what is there in your

suit-case?" Mademoiselle's anxious courtesy could not drive the suspicion out of her voice.

Without question Dorothy opened the bag. In this extraordinary situation there seemed to be nothing but to do as she was told. She had the same drugged passivity that one has in dreams. "Mr. William" and the women crowded around her. As soon as Penelope was freed of her paper wrappings and smiled rosiely at them Mademoiselle emotionally clasped her hands.

"*Qu'elle est mignonne!*" she cried. "What a beautiful of a leettle *poupée!*"

"She'll do," sighed Mr. William, with an intonation of profound relief.

When the trunk was opened the elegant elderly person said, "The highest in the land would think that outfit a credit

to them;" and, "Ye couldn't foind a foiner trussoo if ye hunted the stores over," said the red-faced one, heartily.

Dorothy still waited, wide-eyed, to catch some clue to the mystery. Mr. William cleared his throat.

"Hit's this way, Miss—if Hi tell you, you must promise you'll never breathe a word. Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright"—he spoke the name augustly—"are not at 'ome. Directions were sent—although there seems to have been a misunderstanding—for Miss 'Elen's Christmas presents. Hi supposed, of course, that Mademoiselle—Miss 'Elen's governess—would hattend to it—"

"*Mais non, Monsieur Weelyam,*" Mademoiselle interrupted, shrilly. "It was *assurément* for you to make all the arrangements. Is it not the work of the butlaire?"

Mr. William turned very red. "Hi always 'old to such-like matters being attended to by women," he announced, with true British doggedness.

In an instant there was babel again, voices shriller and louder. Dorothy was becoming more and more indignant.

"You mean to say," she said, hotly, "that a child was left all alone by her parents at Christmas-time, and that every one of you in this great rich house forgot her? How cruel! How terribly cruel! I've been in the homes of dreadfully poor people this evening, and no matter how poor they were for that one day they tried to make the children happy. That's why I'm here, because I couldn't find any forgotten child. Oh, poor little lonely child! Poor child—"

Her voice trembled. Her eyes were big and bright with the quick tears. The contending group stirred uneasily.

"She has right," said Mademoiselle, contritely. "And it is I who am to blame." She made a dramatic gesture of contempt of herself.

"Hi 'ave been with them ever since little Miss 'Elen was born." Evidently Mr. William had suffered a change of heart. "Hit was worse for me."

"Oh, what's the difference?" Dorothy was a little impatient. "Where shall we put the things?"

Solemnly, at the head of the motley procession, the dignified butler led the way. Through heavy curtains they

journeyed, over dim, luxurious spaces, until they came to a little intimate room, book-lined, warm-curtained, smelling of fragrant leather and of the dying wood fire—beyond question a room where people really lived, shut safely away from the rest of the world by heavy doors as well as by draperies. Here he turned the light higher.

"This is where the Wainwright Christmas celebration has always been," he announced, his voice pompous now that he was again on the familiar ground of established things.

Dorothy looked around speculatively.

"Haven't you some greens—something that we can use for a Christmas tree?"

They were again a prey to consternation. While they were still huddled together, exchanging disheartened glances or looking accusingly at Mr. William and Mademoiselle, Dorothy's eyes lighted on an orange-tree growing in a big green pot by a window. She pounced on it.

"The very thing!" she cried, joyously. "Surely you have some Christmas-tree ornaments left from last year?"

This was the occasion for the stately housekeeper. "Indeed we have, Miss. It won't take a minute to get them. I always make a point of having everything where I could put my hand on it in the dark." She sailed out of the room.

Half an hour afterward the scene was very different. Mr. William had put fresh logs on the fire and prodded it and puffed at it with the bellows until it blazed royally. "Better keep it up the rest of the night so the room will be warm when the little dear comes in here," the housekeeper had suggested. A long white-silk stocking had been hung from the wonderfully carved Italian-walnut mantelpiece. In a big arm-chair sat Penelope, dangling her note and the key to her finery from a chubby hand, chubby pink knees straight before her, queening it in the seat of honor that was hers by right.

The top and the ball and the books and other toys were piled around her, and the trunk was at her feet. Moreover, the servants, scurrying to their rooms, had hunted among their own things, and not one of them but had found something pretty or grotesque to

tuck in the stocking and give just the dear, delightful knobbiness that should greet every child on Christmas morning. The orange-tree, shapely and glossy green, was a mass of glint and color, with the array of tiny jewel-like colored electric-light bulbs all alight to test the connection. Nuts and raisins and apples and oranges had been found on the side-board in the dining-room, of course, and Dorothy's boxes of candy filled in every vacant chink in the stocking and cornucopias and little gilt baskets on the tree as well. When all was ready the place was transformed. It was not only Christmasy—it was *Christmas*.

And the place wasn't half as much changed as the people. Under that radiant spell of Dorothy's, their selfish fears for their positions, their selfish indifference of class to those who paid them wages—antagonism, perhaps—had gone away before real love for a lonely little girl who, now that they had forgotten how great an heiress she was, crept every minute more tenderly into their thoughts. Their talk was full of her—how sweet she was, how gentle; how she hated to give trouble; how courteously she always spoke of them. They were not a bit like a household of servants tardily performing a neglected duty. They were much more like a group of fatuous uncles and aunts, with one stately and one red-faced grandmother. And it seemed as if no little mother could have glowed with a more tender passion than did Dorothy.

At last everything was finished. With a happy sigh Dorothy stretched out her arms and realized that she was tired. There was a pause for a moment while she adored the tree. Then she said, eagerly:

"Oh—could I— Would it be possible—for me to *see* her just one minute before I go?"

"See Miss 'Elen?" Nothing could have exceeded the horror in Mr. William's voice. He had become again the conservative superior menial, oppressed with the weight of maintaining the dignity of his household. Awful suspicions assailed him. There were those kidnapping cases—you never could tell to what lengths those people might go. He hesitated.

But Mademoiselle's heart made her wiser. "You will come with me, Mademoiselle," she said, softly. "It is I that assume the—what you call *heem*?—the responsibility." And Dorothy followed silently.

No room, it seemed, that had had the whole love of a real father and mother lavished on it could have been a more tender nest for a well-beloved. Somehow this thought of the neglect of these extravagantly rich people would not let Dorothy alone; the thought of it rankled in her. The light from the street made a faint, silvery radiance as it filtered through delicate hangings to a bed that was as exquisitely decked as if it had been a shrine. The radiance revealed plainly, and yet with the transforming touch of poetry, the child who lay there, cheek and hand cuddling the soft pillow, the tumbled dark hair pushed away from the placid forehead, dark lashes resting lightly against flushed, soft cheeks.

Something was clutched tight in the other little hand, clutched tight under her chin. With an irresistible impulse Dorothy bent forward and straightened the little fingers. Relaxed in sleep they let their treasure fall from them. Both girls bent forward eagerly. To see what it was that the child cherished had become the most important research in the world. It was a little battered image of some factory's idea of Santa Claus, such as flourishes during the holiday season in every humble home of the nation—a little red-faced Santa, cuddling his hands inside his cotton-batting-bordered sleeves and hugging a tiny tree in his arms.

Mademoiselle suddenly began to sob. "Oh, *merci, merci!* dear Mees. I cannot bear to think—what it would have been to-morrow if you had not come. Thank you that you save me from seeing that!" She raised Dorothy's hand to her lips.

Roused slightly by the sound of a voice, the child stirred, drowsily slipped a lax arm around the neck of Dorothy bending over her, murmured, "Mama," and drifted off into a sounder sleep.

"See how she herself have thank you; she think it is her mother."

Dorothy cringed a little at the facile Gallic expression of emotion. The touch

had stirred something so deep that to know it was there was like pain.

The tall clock in the hall chanted "One" in a round, mellow tone as she came down the stairs. The little group of Wainwright servitors pressed forward to thank her, with real heartiness. She had quite a little ovation before she went out of the door. Mr. William, like the respectable family retainer he was, insisted on accompanying her. It was a short distance in actual city blocks that lay between the big house and her own apartment. But the girl had the sense of being a very Rip Van Winkle; to have experienced so much one must have been away for many years.

With all her happiness one thing rankled.

"How *could* they?" She voiced it at last, turning to Mr. William. "How could people, for their own selfish pleasure, leave their child alone at Christmas-time? They were the only ones—and they have so much more. It is terrible to think they could do it."

"Oh no, Miss. You mustn't think that for a minute. Hi didn't make you hunderstand. Nobody could love a child more. My mistress was called away suddenly not three days ago. Hit was thought her mother was dying. The hold lady made a quick recovery, hand my master hand mistress were motoring 'ome in a 'urry to make ready for Miss 'Elen's Christmas. We 'ad a wire, this hafternoon at three, Miss, that there 'ad been a haccident, the motor 'ad skidded in the snow—Hi never did 'old as much by motors as by 'osses, Miss—hand Mrs. Wainwright's harm hand shoulder were badly injured—they 'adn't 'ad the X-ray yet so they couldn't tell whether hany bones were broken. The doctor 'ad forbidden them to move 'er and Master 'ad to stay with 'er, of course. Hand we were to see about Miss 'Elen's Christmas. Hand somehow, with everythink to worrit me, I clean forgot it. 'Leave her alone,' you said, 'for their hown pleasure'? Hit's little pleasure the poor young things 'as 'ad—if Hi may make so bold. Hi know they are habout 'eartbroken. Hit was because they idolized Miss 'Elen so, in a manner of saying, Miss,

that Hi was afraid Hi would lose my position when they found out Hi 'ad forgotten."

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad! I just couldn't bear to think of it. That's the one thing needed to make it all perfect. No child in all the world has been forgotten."

Mr. William nodded. They were at the door of her apartment-house. It took much ringing to bring the sleepy janitor to the door. It was a tribute to William's shining respectability that the man's glance, as he opened the door, was merely grumpy, not suspicious.

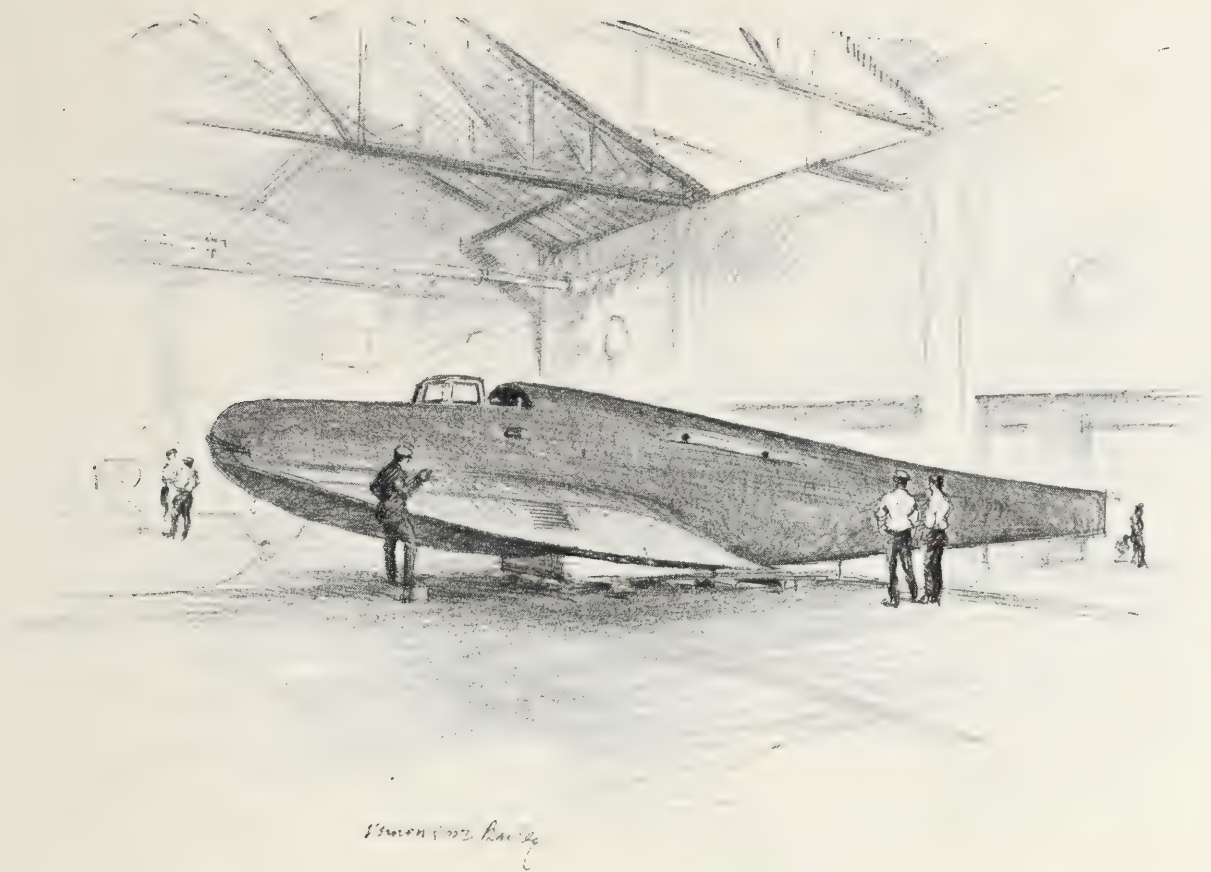
After Mr. William said good-by he lingered awkwardly for a moment. He seemed to have left off his livery of impersonality.

"Thank you, Miss. Thank you," he said at length. "You ought to be 'appy to know you 'ave saved a child from a sore 'eart."

"Dear little child—" Dorothy spoke dreamily.

"Hit's never Miss 'Elen—although she would not 'ave 'ad the 'appy 'eart she will when she wakes if hit 'adn't been for you. My own little girl Hi was thinking of, if Hi may make so bold as to speak of 'er. When Hi found that shop was closed Hi 'ad about made up my mind Hi'd 'ave to slip 'ome and take the little things we 'ad got ready for hour little Hemma—I was that afraid of what the Master and Mistress would do. Hand, in a manner of speaking, that would 'ave gone pretty 'ard with my missus and me—hand 'arder than Hi like to think with little Hemma."

It was half-past one by her own little clock on her own book-shelf, but there was to be no sleep that night for Dorothy. She spent the rest of the night looking up time-tables and packing. To go to sleep would have disturbed the dream. The dream, already far more real than any of the actual scenes she had been drifting through all the strange, wonderful, illuminating night, was of fireside warmth in a comfortably homely room and of a man's supremely contented face. And through the dream ran, like a golden thread, the sensation of the drowsy caress of a little arm.



A GIANT FLYING BOAT

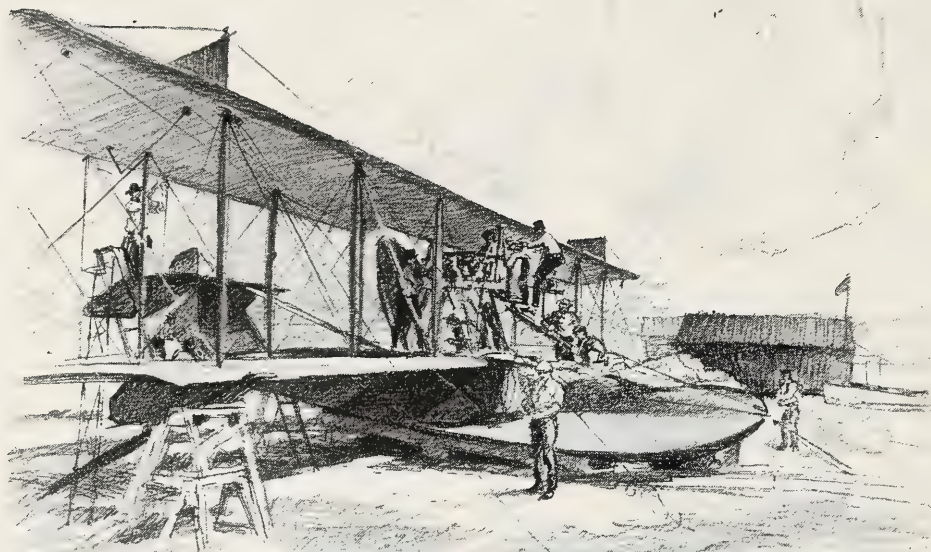
The hull of a machine built for the United States Navy, forty-three feet long and carrying six or seven persons. The wings have a span of ninety-three feet. A machine-gun base is provided in front of the conning-tower, this latter affording protection to the pilot from heavy seas and rough weather.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

A Series of Drawings By

VERNON HOWE BAILEY

Some of the new types of air and sea planes with which the United States is preparing to join forces with the Allies to win the unquestioned supremacy of the air

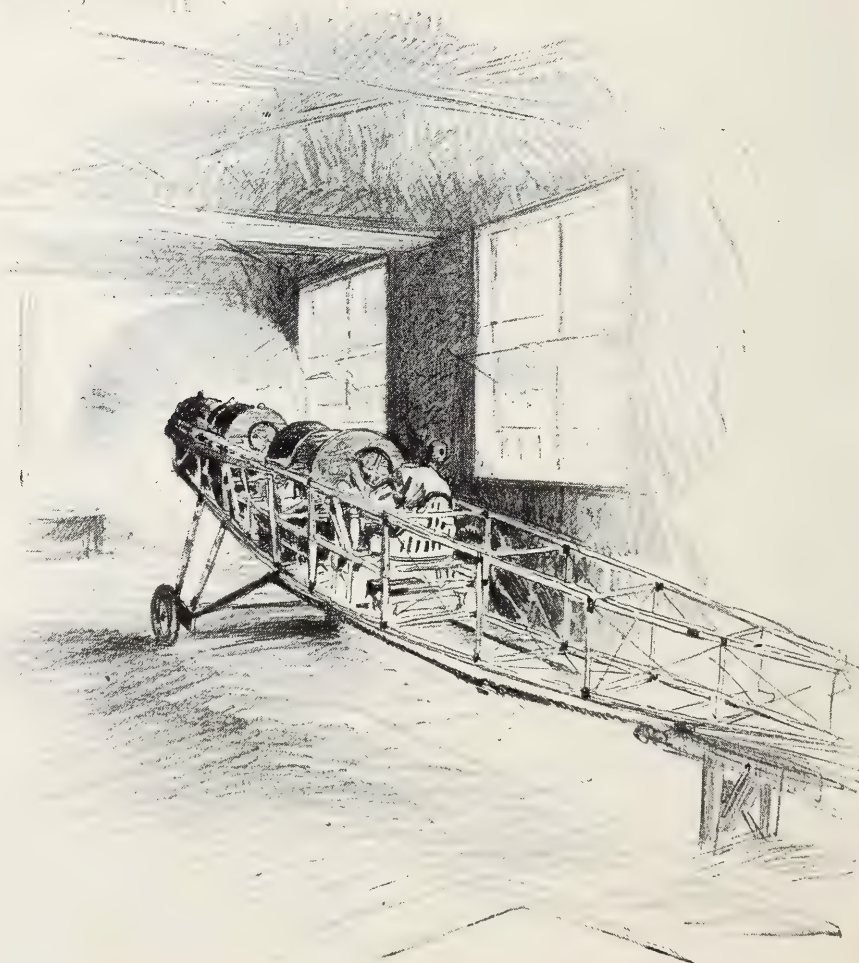


TUNING UP A SUB-MARINE-HUNTER

A new type of sea-plane designed for coast defense, carrying two passengers. The hull is capable of breasting heavy seas

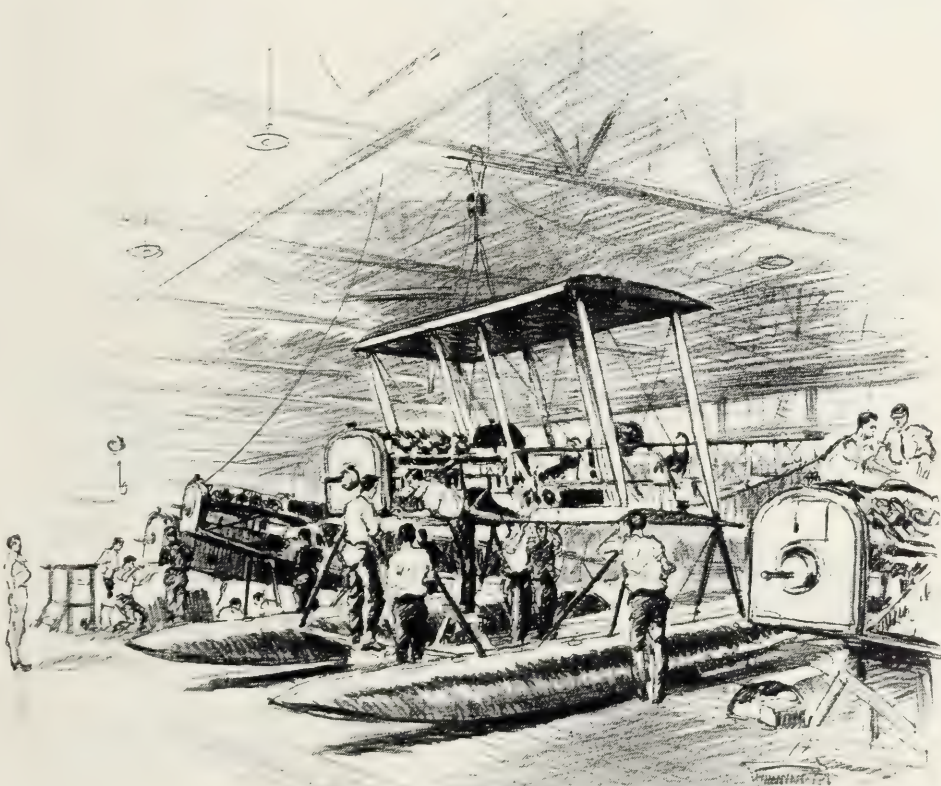
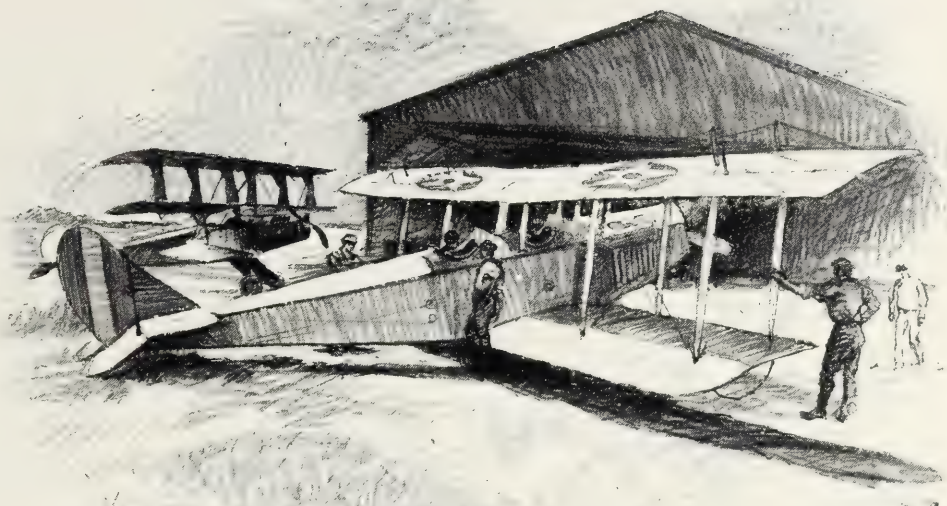
THE FINAL SHOP-TEST

Except for the planes and fuselage covering, the machine is completely assembled. The propeller, making 1400 revolutions a minute, develops a pull against the fastenings from which the speed can be determined



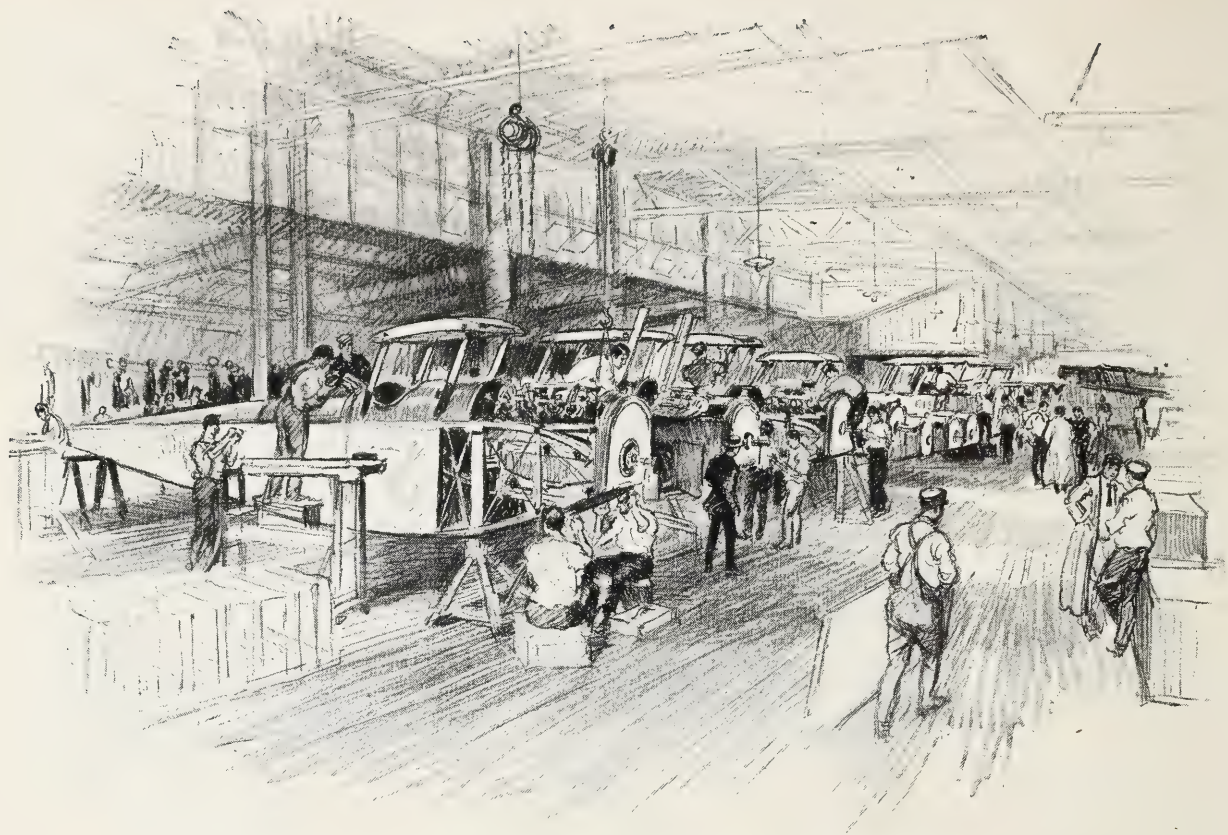
THE RETURN FROM A PRACTICE-FLIGHT

A Military Tractor Biplane, adopted by the United States Government for training purposes. It carries two passengers tandem, and the dual control enables the student to follow each of the instructor's operations



BUILDING A HYDRO- AEROPLANE

Designed especially for scouting by the United States Navy. Battleships and cruisers are now being equipped to carry three or four of these planes which can rise from a moving vessel



THE ASSEMBLING-ROOM OF AN AEROPLANE FACTORY



INSPECTION DAY AT A GOVERNMENT AVIATION FIELD



AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN DRILL

As a means of protection against hostile air-craft 3-inch guns have been specially designed and mounted on our battle-ships—in the case of the older ships on the main derrick, as here shown. The newest super-dread-naughts are equipped with four anti-aircraft guns, two of them surmounting the stern turrets



AN AMERICAN BATTLE PLANE

Drawn from sketches made by Mr. Glenn Curtiss. This monster plane is to be equipped with twin motors, mounting two guns—fore and aft, and carrying a crew of two gunners and pilot. Such a machine is intended for offensive operations and the protection of scouting aeroplanes from hostile attack

The Woman at Seven Brothers

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



TELL you, sir, I was innocent. I didn't know any more about the world at twenty-two than some do at twelve. My uncle and aunt in Duxbury brought me up strict; I studied hard in high school, I worked hard after hours, and I went to church twice on Sundays, and I can't see it's right to put me in a place like this, with crazy people. Oh yes, I know they're crazy—you can't tell *me*. As for what they said in court about finding her with her husband, that's the Inspector's lie, sir, because he's down on me, and wants to make it look like my fault.

No, sir, I can't say as I thought she was handsome—not at first. For one thing, her lips were too thin and white, and her color was bad. I'll tell you a fact, sir; that first day I came off to the Light I was sitting on my cot in the store-room (that's where the assistant keeper sleeps at the Seven Brothers), as lonesome as I could be, away from home for the first time and the water all around me, and, even though it was a calm day, pounding enough on the ledge to send a kind of a *woom-woom-woom* whining up through all that solid rock of the tower. And when old Fedderson poked his head down from the living-room with the sunshine above making a kind of bright frame around his hair and whiskers, to give me a cheery, "Make yourself to home, son!" I remember I said to myself: "*He's* all right. I'll get along with *him*. But his wife's enough to sour milk." That was queer, because she was so much under him in age—'long about twenty-eight or so, and him nearer fifty. But that's what I said, sir.

Of course that feeling wore off, same as any feeling will wear off sooner or later in a place like the Seven Brothers. Cooped up in a place like that you come to know folks so well that you forget what they *do* look like. There was a

long time I never noticed her, any more than you'd notice the cat. We used to sit of an evening around the table, as if you were Fedderson there, and me here, and her somewhere back there, in the rocker, knitting. Fedderson would be working on his Jacob's-ladder, and I'd be reading. He'd been working on that Jacob's-ladder a year, I guess, and every time the Inspector came off with the tender he was so astonished to see how good that ladder was that the old man would go to work and make it better. That's all he lived for.

If I was reading, as I say, I daren't take my eyes off the book, or Fedderson had me. And then he'd begin—what the Inspector said about him. How surprised the member of the board had been, that time, to see everything so clean about the light. What the Inspector had said about Fedderson's being stuck here in a second-class light—best keeper on the coast. And so on and so on, till either he or I had to go aloft and have a look at the wicks.

He'd been there twenty-three years, all told, and he'd got used to the feeling that he was kept down unfair—so used to it, I guess, that he fed on it, and told himself how folks ashore would talk when he was dead and gone—best keeper on the coast—kept down unfair. Not that he said that to me. No, he was far too loyal and humble and respectful, doing his duty without complaint, as anybody could see.

And all that time, night after night, hardly ever a word out of the woman. As I remember it, she seemed more like a piece of furniture than anything else—not even a very good cook, nor over and above tidy. One day, when he and I were trimming the lamp, he passed the remark that his *first* wife used to dust the lens and take a pride in it. Not that he said a word against Anna, though. He never said a word against any living mortal; he was too upright.

I don't know how it came about; or, rather, I *do* know, but it was so sudden, and so far away from my thoughts, that it shocked me, like the world turned over. It was at prayers. That night I remember Fedderson was uncommon long-winded. We'd had a batch of newspapers out by the tender, and at such times the old man always made a long watch of it, getting the world straightened out. For one thing, the United States minister to Turkey was dead. Well, from him and his soul, Fedderson got on to Turkey and the Methodist college there, and from that to heathen in general. He rambled on and on, like the surf on the ledge, *woom-woom-woom*, never coming to an end.

You know how you'll be at prayers sometimes. My mind strayed. I counted the canes in the chair-seat where I was kneeling; I plaited a corner of the table-cloth between my fingers for a spell, and by and by my eyes went wandering up the back of the chair.

The woman, sir, was looking at me. Her chair was back to mine, close, and both our heads were down in the shadow under the edge of the table, with Fedderson clear over on the other side by the stove. And there were her two eyes hunting mine between the spindles in the shadow. You won't believe me, sir, but I tell you I felt like jumping to my feet and running out of the room—it was so queer.

I don't know what her husband was praying about after that. His voice didn't mean anything, no more than the seas on the ledge away down there. I went to work to count the canes in the seat again, but all my eyes were in the top of my head. It got so I couldn't stand it. We were at the Lord's prayer, saying it sing-song together, when I had to look up again. And there her two eyes were, between the spindles, hunting mine. Just then all of us were saying, "Forgive us our trespasses—" I thought of it afterward.

When we got up she was turned the other way, but I couldn't help seeing her cheeks were red. It was terrible. I wondered if Fedderson would notice, though I might have known he wouldn't—not him. He was in too much of a hurry to get at his Jacob's-ladder, and

then he had to tell me for the tenth time what the Inspector 'd said that day about getting him another light—Kingdom Come, maybe, he said.

I made some excuse or other and got away. Once in the store-room, I sat down on my cot and stayed there a long time, feeling queerer than anything. I read a chapter in the Bible, I don't know why. After I'd got my boots off I sat with them in my hands for as much as an hour, I guess, staring at the oil-tank and its lopsided shadow on the wall. I tell you, sir, I was shocked. I was only twenty-two, remember, and I was shocked and horrified.

And when I did turn in, finally, I didn't sleep at all well. Two or three times I came to, sitting straight up in bed. Once I got up and opened the outer door to have a look. The water was like glass, dim, without a breath of wind, and the moon just going down. Over on the black shore I made out two lights in a village, like a pair of eyes watching. Lonely? My, yes! Lonely and nervous. I had a horror of her, sir. The dinghy-boat hung on its davits just there in front of the door, and for a minute I had an awful hankering to climb into it, lower away, and row off, no matter where. It sounds foolish.

Well, it seemed foolish next morning, with the sun shining and everything as usual—Fedderson sucking his pen and wagging his head over his eternal "log," and his wife down in the rocker with her head in the newspaper, and her breakfast work still waiting. I guess that jarred it out of me more than anything else—sight of her slouched down there, with her stringy, yellow hair and her dusty apron and the pale back of her neck, reading the Society Notes. *Society Notes!* Think of it! For the first time since I came to Seven Brothers I wanted to laugh.

I guess I did laugh when I went aloft to clean the lamp and found everything so free and breezy, gulls flying high and little white-caps making under a westerly. It was like feeling a big load dropped off your shoulders. Fedderson came up with his dust-rag and cocked his head at me.

"What's the matter, Ray?" said he.

"Nothing," said I. And then I



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

Engraved by H. Leinroth

READING THE SOCIETY NOTES, AND HER BREAKFAST WORK STILL WAITING

couldn't help it. "Seems kind of out of place for society notes," said I, "out here at Seven Brothers."

He was the other side of the lens, and when he looked at me he had a thousand eyes, all sober. For a minute I thought he was going on dusting, but then he came out and sat down on a sill.

"Sometimes," said he, "I get to thinking it may be a mite dull for her out here. She's pretty young, Ray. Not much more'n a girl, hardly."

"Not much more'n a *girl!*" It gave me a turn, sir, as though I'd seen my aunt in short dresses.

"It's a good home for her, though," he went on, slow. "I've seen a lot worse ashore, Ray. Of course if I could get a shore light—"

"Kingdom Come's a shore light."

He looked at me out of his deep-set eyes, and then he turned them around the light-room, where he'd been so long.

"No," said he, wagging his head. "It ain't for such as me."

I never saw so humble a man.

"But look here," he went on, more cheerful. "As I was telling her just now, a month from yesterday's our fourth anniversary, and I'm going to take her ashore for the day and give her a holiday—new hat and everything. A girl wants a mite of excitement now and then, Ray."

There it was again, that "girl." It gave me the fidgets, sir. I had to do something about it. It's close quarters in a light for last names, and I'd taken to calling him Uncle Matt soon after I came. Now, when I was at table that noon, I spoke over to where she was standing by the stove, getting him another help of chowder.

"I guess I'll have some, too, *Aunt Anna*," said I, matter of fact.

She never said a word nor gave a sign—just stood there kind of round-shouldered, dipping the chowder. And that night at prayers I hitched my chair around the table, with its back the other way.

You get awful lazy in a light-house, some ways. No matter how much tinkering you've got, there's still a lot of time, and there's such a thing as too much reading. The changes in weather get monotonous, too, by and by; the

light burns the same on a thick night as it does on a fair one. Of course there's the ships, north-bound, south-bound—wind-jammers, freighters, passenger-boats full of people. In the watches at night you can see their lights go by, and wonder what they are, how they're laden, where they'll fetch up, and all. I used to do that almost every evening when it was my first watch, sitting out on the walk-around up there with my legs hanging over the edge and my chin propped on the railing—lazy. The Boston boat was the prettiest to see, with her three tiers of port-holes lit, like a string of pearls wrapped round and round a woman's neck—well away, too, for the ledge must have made a couple of hundred fathoms off the Light, like a white dog-tooth of a breaker, even on the darkest night.

Well, I was lolling there one night, as I say, watching the Boston boat go by, not thinking of anything special, when I heard the door on the other side of the tower open and footsteps coming around to me.

By and by I nodded toward the boat and passed the remark that she was fetching in uncommon close to-night. No answer. I made nothing of that, for oftentimes Fedderson wouldn't answer, and after I'd watched the lights crawling on through the dark a spell, just to make conversation I said I guessed there'd be a bit of weather before long.

"I've noticed," said I, "when there's weather coming on, and the wind in the northeast, you can hear the orchestra playing aboard of her just over there. I make it out now. Do you?"

"Yes. Oh—yes! *I hear it all right!*"

You can imagine I started. It wasn't him, but *her*. And there was something in the way she said that speech, sir—something—well—unnatural. Like a hungry animal snapping at a person's hand.

I turned and looked at her sidewise. She was standing by the railing, leaning a little outward, the top of her from the waist picked out bright by the lens behind her. I didn't know what in the world to say, and yet I had a feeling I ought not to sit there mum.

"I wonder," said I, "what that captain's thinking of, fetching in so handy

to-night. It's no way. I tell you, if 'twasn't for this light, she'd go to work and pile up on the ledge some thick night—"

She turned at that and stared straight into the lens. I didn't like the look of her face. Somehow, with its edges cut hard all around and its two eyes closed down to slits, like a cat's, it made a kind of mask.

"And then," I went on, uneasy enough—"and then where'd all their music be of a sudden, and their goings-on and their singing—"

"And dancing!" She clipped me off so quick it took my breath.

"D-d-dancing?" said I.

"That's dance-music," said she. She was looking at the boat again.

"How do you know?" I felt I had to keep on talking.

Well, sir—she laughed. I looked at her. She had on a shawl of some stuff or other that shined in the light; she had it pulled tight around her with her two hands in front at her breast, and I saw her shoulders swaying in tune.

"How do I *know*?" she cried. Then she laughed again, the same kind of a laugh. It was queer, sir, to see her, and to hear her. She turned, as quick as that, and leaned toward me. "Don't you know how to dance, Ray?" said she.

"N-no," I managed, and I was going to say "*Aunt Anna*," but the thing choked in my throat. I tell you she was looking square at me all the time with her two eyes and moving with the music as if she didn't know it. By Heavens, sir, it came over me of a sudden that she wasn't so bad looking, after all. I guess I must have sounded like a fool.

"You—you see," said I, "she's cleared the rip there now, and the music's gone. You—you—hear?"

"Yes," said she, turning back slow. "That's where it stops every night—night after night—it stops just there—at the rip."

When she spoke again her voice was different. I never heard the like of it, thin and taut as a thread. It made me shiver, sir.

"I hate 'em!" That's what she said. "I hate 'em all. I'd like to see 'em dead. I'd love to see 'em torn apart on the rocks, night after night. I could bathe

my hands in their blood, night after night."

And do you know, sir, I saw it with my own eyes, her hands moving in each other above the rail. But it was her voice, though. I didn't know what to do, or what to say, so I poked my head through the railing and looked down at the water. I don't think I'm a coward, sir, but it was like a cold—ice-cold—hand, taking hold of my beating heart.

When I looked up finally, she was gone. By and by I went in and had a look at the lamp, hardly knowing what I was about. Then, seeing by my watch it was time for the old man to come on duty, I started to go below. In the Seven Brothers, you understand, the stair goes down in a spiral through a well against the south wall, and first there's the door to the keeper's room, and then you come to another, and that's the living-room, and then down to the store-room. And at night, if you don't carry a lantern, it's as black as the pit.

Well, down I went, sliding my hand along the rail, and as usual I stopped to give a rap on the keeper's door, in case he was taking a nap after supper. Sometimes he did.

I stood there, blind as a bat, with my mind still up on the walk-around. There was no answer to my knock. I hadn't expected any. Just from habit, and with my right foot already hanging down for the next step, I reached out to give the door one more tap for luck.

Do you know, sir, my hand didn't fetch up on anything. The door had been there a second before, and now the door wasn't there. My hand just went on going through the dark, on and on, and I didn't seem to have sense or power enough to stop it. There didn't seem any air in the well to breathe, and my ears were drumming to the surf—that's how scared I was. And then my hand touched the flesh of a face, and something in the dark said, "Oh!" no louder than a sigh.

Next thing I know, sir, I was down in the living-room, warm and yellow-lit, with Fedderson cocking his head at me across the table, where he was at that eternal Jacob's-ladder of his.

"What's the matter, Ray?" said he. "Lord's sake, Ray!"

"Nothing," said I. Then I think I told him I was sick. That night I wrote a letter to A. L. Peters, the grain-dealer in Duxbury, asking for a job—even though it wouldn't go ashore for a couple of weeks, just the writing of it made me feel better.

It's hard to tell you how those two weeks went by. I don't know why, but I felt like hiding in a corner all the time. I had to come to meals. But I didn't look at her, though, not once, unless it was by accident. Fedderson thought I was still ailing and nagged me to death with advice and so on. One thing I took care not to do, I can tell you, and that was to knock on his door till I'd made certain he wasn't below in the living-room—though I was tempted to.

Yes, sir; that's a queer thing, and I wouldn't tell you if I hadn't set out to give you the truth. Night after night, stopping there on the landing in that black pit, the air gone out of my lungs and the surf drumming in my ears and sweat standing cold on my neck—and one hand lifting up in the air—God forgive me, sir! Maybe I did wrong not to look at her more, drooping about her work in her gingham apron, with her hair stringing.

When the Inspector came off with the tender, that time, I told him I was through. That's when he took the dislike to me, I guess, for he looked at me kind of sneering and said, soft as I was, I'd have to put up with it till next relief. And then, said he, there'd be a whole house-cleaning at Seven Brothers, because he'd gotten Fedderson the berth at Kingdom Come. And with that he slapped the old man on the back.

I wish you could have seen Fedderson, sir. He sat down on my cot as if his knees had given 'way. Happy? You'd think he'd be happy, with all his dreams come true. Yes, he was happy, beaming all over—for a minute. Then, sir, he began to shrivel up. It was like seeing a man cut down in his prime before your eyes. He began to wag his head.

"No," said he. "No, no; it's not for such as me. I'm good enough for Seven Brothers, and that's all, Mr. Bayliss. That's all."

And for all the Inspector could say, that's what he stuck to. He'd figured

himself a martyr so many years, nursed that injustice like a mother with her first-born, sir; and now in his old age, so to speak, they weren't to rob him of it. Fedderson was going to wear out his life in a second-class light, and folks would talk—that was his idea. I heard him hailing down as the tender was casting off:

"See you to-morrow, Mr. Bayliss. Yep. Coming ashore with the wife for a spree. Anniversary. Yep."

But he didn't sound much like a spree. They *had* robbed him, partly, after all. I wondered what *she* thought about it. I didn't know till night. She didn't show up to supper, which Fedderson and I got ourselves—had a headache, he said. It was my early watch. I went and lit up and came back to read a spell. He was finishing off the Jacob's-ladder, and thoughtful, like a man that's lost a treasure. Once or twice I caught him looking about the room on the sly. It was pathetic, sir.

Going up the second time, I stepped out on the walk-around to have a look at things. She was there on the seaward side, wrapped in that silky thing. A fair sea was running across the ledge and it was coming on a little thick—not too thick. Off to the right the Boston boat was blowing, *whroom-whroom!* creeping up on us, quarter-speed. There was another fellow behind her, and a fisherman's conch farther off-shore.

I don't know why, but I stopped beside her and leaned on the rail. She didn't appear to notice me, one way or another. We stood and we stood, listening to the whistles, and the longer we stood the more it got on my nerves, her not noticing me. I suppose she'd been too much on my mind lately. I began to be put out. I scraped my feet. I coughed. By and by I said out loud:

"Look here, I guess I better get out the fog-horn and give those fellows a toot."

"Why?" said she, without moving her head—calm as that.

"*Why?*" It gave me a turn, sir. For a minute I stared at her. "Why? Because if she don't pick up this light before very many minutes she'll be too close in to wear—tide'll have her on the rocks—that's why!"

I couldn't see her face; but I could see one of her silk shoulders lift a little, like a shrug. And there I kept on staring at her, a dumb one, sure enough. I know what brought me to was hearing the Boston boat's three sharp toots as she picked up the light—mad as anything—and swung her helm a-port. I turned away from her, sweat stringing down my face, and walked around to the door. It was just as well, too, for the feed-pipe was plugged in the lamp and the wicks were popping. She'd have been out in another five minutes, sir.

When I'd finished, I saw that woman standing in the doorway. Her eyes were bright. I had a horror of her, sir, a living horror.

"If only the light had been out," said she, low and sweet.

"God forgive you," said I. "You don't know what you're saying."

She went down the stair into the well, winding out of sight, and as long as I could see her, her eyes were watching mine. When I went, myself, after a few minutes, she was waiting for me on that first landing, standing still in the dark. She took hold of my hand, though I tried to get it away.

"Good-by," said she in my ear.

"Good-by?" said I. I didn't understand.

"You heard what he said to-day—about Kingdom Come? Be it so—on his own head. I'll never come back here. Once I set foot ashore—I've got friends in Brightonboro, Ray."

I got away from her and started on down. But I stopped. "Brightonboro?" I whispered back. "Why do you tell *me*?" My throat was raw to the words, like a sore.

"So you'd know," said she.

Well, sir, I saw them off next morning, down that new Jacob's-ladder into the dinghy-boat, her in a dress of blue velvet and him in his best cutaway and derby—rowing away, smaller and smaller, the two of them. And then I went back and sat on my cot, leaving the door open and the ladder still hanging down the wall, along with the boat falls.

I don't know whether it was relief, or what. I suppose I must have been worked up even more than I'd thought those past weeks, for now it was all over

I was like a rag. I got down on my knees, sir, and prayed to God for the salvation of my soul, and when I got up and climbed to the living-room it was half-past twelve by the clock. There was rain on the windows and the sea was running blue-black under the sun. I'd sat there all that time not knowing there was a squall.

It was funny; the glass stood high, but those black squalls kept coming and going all afternoon, while I was at work up in the light-room. And I worked hard, to keep myself busy. First thing I knew it was five, and no sign of the boat yet. It began to get dim and kind of purplish-gray over the land. The sun was down. I lit up, made everything snug, and got out the night-glasses to have another look for that boat. He'd said he intended to get back before five. No sign. And then, standing there, it came over me that of course he wouldn't be coming off—he'd be hunting *her*, poor old fool. It looked like I had to stand two men's watches that night.

Never mind. I felt like myself again, even if I hadn't had any dinner or supper. Pride came to me that night on the walk-around, watching the boats go by—little boats, big boats, the Boston boat with all her pearls and her dance-music. They couldn't see me; they didn't know who I was; but to the last of them, they depended on *me*. They say a man must be born again. Well, I was born again. I breathed deep in the wind.

Dawn broke hard and red as a dying coal. I put out the light and started to go below. Born again; yes, sir. I felt so good I whistled in the well, and when I came to that first door on the stair I reached out in the dark to give it a rap for luck. And then, sir, the hair prickled all over my scalp, when I found my hand just going on and on through the air, the same as it had gone once before, and all of a sudden I wanted to yell, because I thought I was going to touch flesh. It's funny what their just forgetting to close their door did to me, isn't it?

Well, I reached for the latch and pulled it to with a bang and ran down as if a ghost was after me. I got up some coffee and bread and bacon for breakfast. I drank the coffee. But somehow

I couldn't eat, all along of that open door. The light in the room was blood. I got to thinking. I thought how she'd talked about those men, women and children on the rocks, and how she'd made to bathe her hands over the rail. I almost jumped out of my chair then; it seemed for a wink she was there beside the stove, watching me with that queer half-smile—really, I seemed to see her for a flash across the red table-cloth in the red light of dawn.

"Look here!" said I to myself, sharp enough; and then I gave myself a good laugh and went below. There I took a look out of the door, which was still open, with the ladder hanging down. I made sure to see the poor old fool come pulling around the point before very long now.

My boots were hurting a little, and, taking them off, I lay down on the cot to rest, and somehow I went to sleep. I had horrible dreams. I saw her again standing in that blood-red kitchen, and she seemed to be washing her hands, and the surf on the ledge was whining up the tower, louder and louder all the time, and what it whined was, "Night after night—night after night." What woke me was cold water in my face.

The store-room was in gloom. That scared me at first; I thought night had come, and remembered the light. But then I saw the gloom was of a storm. The floor was shining wet, and the water in my face was spray, flung up through the open door. When I ran to close it it almost made me dizzy to see the gray-and-white breakers marching past. The land was gone; the sky shut down heavy overhead; there was a piece of wreckage on the back of a swell, and the Jacob's-ladder was carried clean away. How that sea had picked up so quick I can't think. I looked at my watch and it wasn't four in the afternoon yet.

When I closed the door, sir, it was almost dark in the store-room. I'd never been in the Light before in a gale of wind. I wondered why I was shivering so, till I found it was the floor below me shivering, and the walls and stair. Horrible crunchings and grindings ran away up the tower, and now and then there was a great thud somewhere, like a cannon-shot in a cave. I tell you, sir,

I was alone, and I was in a mortal fright for a minute or so. And yet I had to get myself together. There was the light up there not tended to, and an early dark coming on and a heavy night and all, and I had to go. And I had to pass that door.

You'll say it's foolish, sir, and maybe it *was* foolish. Maybe it was because I hadn't eaten. But I began thinking of that door up there the minute I set foot on the stair, and all the way up through that howling dark well I dreaded to pass it. I told myself I wouldn't stop. I didn't stop. I felt the landing underfoot and I went on, four steps, five—and then I couldn't. I turned and went back. I put out my hand and it went on into nothing. That door, sir, was open again.

I left it be; I went on up to the light-room and set to work. It was Bedlam there, sir, screeching Bedlam, but I took no notice. I kept my eyes down. I trimmed those seven wicks, sir, as neat as ever they were trimmed; I polished the brass till it shone, and I dusted the lens. It wasn't till that was done that I let myself look back to see who it was standing there, half out of sight in the well. It was her, sir.

"Where'd you come from?" I asked. I remember my voice was sharp.

"Up Jacob's-ladder," said she, and hers was like the syrup of flowers.

I shook my head. I was savage, sir. "The ladder's carried away."

"I cast it off," said she, with a smile.

"Then," said I, "you must have come while I was asleep." Another thought came on me, heavy as a ton of lead. "And where's *he*?" said I. "Where's the boat?"

"He's drowned," said she, as easy as that. "And I let the boat go adrift. You wouldn't hear me when I called."

"But look here," said I. "If you came through the store-room, why didn't you wake me up? Tell me that?" It sounds foolish enough, me standing like a lawyer in court, trying to prove she *couldn't* be there.

She didn't answer for a moment. I guess she sighed, though I couldn't hear for the gale, and her eyes grew soft, sir, so soft.

"I couldn't," said she. "You looked so peaceful—dear one."

My cheeks and neck went hot, sir, as if a warm iron was laid on them. I didn't know what to say. I began to stammer, "What do you mean—" but she was going back down the stair, out of sight. My God! sir, and I used not to think she was good-looking!

I started to follow her. I wanted to know what she meant. Then I said to myself, "If I don't go—if I wait here—she'll come back." And I went to the weather side and stood looking out of the window. Not that there was much to see. It was growing dark, and the Seven Brothers looked like the mane of a running horse, a great, vast, white horse running into the wind. The air was a-welter with it. I caught one peep of a fisherman, lying down flat trying to weather the ledge, and I said, "God help them all to-night," and then I went hot at sound of that "God."

I was right about her, though. She was back again. I wanted her to speak first, before I turned, but she wouldn't. I didn't hear her go out; I didn't know what she was up to till I saw her coming outside on the walk-around, drenched wet already. I pounded on the glass for her to come in and not be a fool; if she heard she gave no sign of it.

There she stood, and there I stood watching her. Lord, sir—was it just that I'd never had eyes to see? Or are there women who bloom? Her clothes were shining on her, like a carving, and her hair was let down like a golden curtain tossing and streaming in the gale, and there she stood with her lips half open, drinking, and her eyes half-closed, gazing straight away over the Seven Brothers, and her shoulders swaying, as if in tune with the wind and water and all the ruin. And when I looked at her hands over the rail, sir, they were moving in each other as if they bathed, and then I remembered, sir.

A cold horror took me. I knew now why she had come back again. She wasn't a woman—she was a devil. I turned my back on her. I said to myself: "It's time to light up. You've got to light up"—like that, over and over, out loud. My hand was shivering so I could hardly find a match; and when I scratched it, it only flared a second and then went out in the back draught from

the open door. She was standing in the doorway, looking at me. It's queer, sir, but I felt like a child caught in mischief.

"I—I—was going to light up," I managed to say, finally.

"Why?" said she. No, I can't say it as she did.

"*Why?*" said I. "*My God!*"

She came nearer, laughing, as if with pity, low, you know. "Your God? And who is your God? What is God? What is anything on a night like this?"

I drew back from her. All I could say anything about was the light.

"Why not the dark?" said she. "Dark is softer than light—tenderer—dearer than light. From the dark up here, away up here in the wind and storm, we can watch the ships go by, you and I. And you love me so. You've loved me so long, Ray."

"I never have!" I struck out at her. "I don't! I don't!"

Her voice was lower than ever, but there was the same laughing pity in it. "Oh yes, you have." And she was near me again.

"I have?" I yelled. "I'll show you! I'll show you if I have!"

I got another match, sir, and scratched it on the brass. I gave it to the first wick, the little wick that's inside all the others. It bloomed like a yellow flower. "*I have?*" I yelled, and gave it to the next.

Then there was a shadow, and I saw she was leaning beside me, her two elbows on the brass, her two arms stretched out above the wicks, her bare forearms and wrists and hands. I gave a gasp:

"Take care! You'll burn them! For God's sake—"

She didn't move or speak. The match burned my fingers and went out, and all I could do was stare at those arms of hers, helpless. I'd never noticed her arms before. They were rounded and graceful and covered with a soft down, like a breath of gold. Then I heard her speaking, close to my ear.

"Pretty arms," she said. "Pretty arms!"

I turned. Her eyes were fixed on mine. They seemed heavy, as if with sleep, and yet between their lids they were two wells, deep and deep, and as if



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"POOR BOY, YOU LOVE ME SO—DON'T YOU?"

they held all the things I'd ever thought or dreamed in them. I looked away from them, at her lips. Her lips were red as poppies, heavy with redness. They moved, and I heard them speaking:

"Poor boy, you love me so, and you want to kiss me—don't you?"

"No," said I. But I couldn't turn around. I looked at her hair. I'd always thought it was stringy hair. Some hair curls naturally with damp, they say, and perhaps that was it, for there were pearls of wet on it, and it was thick and shimmering around her face, making soft shadows by the temples. There was green in it, queer strands of green like braids.

"What is it?" said I.

"Nothing but weed," said she, with that slow, sleepy smile.

Somehow or other I felt calmer than I had any time. "Look here," said I. "I'm going to light this lamp." I took out a match, scratched it, and touched the third wick. The flame ran around, bigger than the other two together. But still her arms hung there. I bit my lip. "By God, I will!" said I to myself, and I lit the fourth.

It was fierce, sir, fierce! And yet those arms never trembled. I had to look around at her. Her eyes were still looking into mine, so deep and deep, and her red lips were still smiling with that queer sleepy droop; the only thing was that tears were raining down her cheeks—big, glowing, round, jewel tears. It wasn't human, sir. It was like a dream.

"Pretty arms," she sighed, and then, as if those words had broken something in her heart, there came a great sob bursting from her lips. To hear it drove me mad. I reached to drag her away, but she was too quick, sir; she cringed from me and slipped out from between my hands. It was like she faded away, sir, and went down in a bundle, nursing her poor arms and mourning over them with those terrible, broken sobs.

The sound of them took the manhood out of me—you'd have been the same, sir. I knelt down beside her on the floor and covered my face.

"Please," I moaned. "Please! Please!" That's all I could say. I wanted her to forgive me. I reached out a hand, blind, for forgiveness, and I couldn't find her anywhere. I had hurt

her so, and she was afraid of me, of *me*, sir, who loved her so deep it drove me crazy.

I could see her down the stair, though it was dim and my eyes were filled with tears. I stumbled after her, crying, "Please! Please!" The little wicks I'd lit were blowing in the wind from the door and smoking the glass beside them black. One went out. I pleaded with them, the same as I would plead with a human being. I said I'd be back in a second. I promised. And I went on down the stair, crying like a baby because I'd hurt her, and she was afraid of me—of *me*, sir.

She had gone into her room. The door was closed against me and I could hear her sobbing beyond it, broken-hearted. My heart was broken, too. I beat on the door with my palms. I begged her to forgive me. I told her I loved her. And all the answer was that sobbing in the dark.

And then I lifted the latch and went in, groping, pleading. "Dearest—please! Because I love you!"

I heard her speak down near the floor. There wasn't any anger in her voice; nothing but sadness and despair.

"No," said she. "You don't love me, Ray. You never have."

"I do! I have!"

"No, no," said she, as if she was tired out.

"Where are you?" I was groping for her. I thought, and lit a match. She had got to the door and was standing there as if ready to fly. I went toward her, and she made me stop. She took my breath away. "I hurt your arms," said I, in a dream.

"No," said she, hardly moving her lips. She held them out to the match's light for me to look, and there was never a scar on them—not even that soft, golden down was singed, sir. "You can't hurt my body," said she, sad as anything. "Only my heart, Ray; my poor heart."

I tell you again, she took my breath away. I lit another match. "How can you be so beautiful?" I wondered.

She answered in riddles—but oh, the sadness of her, sir.

"Because," said she, "I've always so wanted to be."

"How come your eyes so heavy?" said I.

"Because I've seen so many things I never dreamed of," said she.

"How come your hair so thick?"

"It's the seaweed makes it thick," said she, smiling queer, queer.

"How come seaweed there?"

"Out of the bottom of the sea."

She talked in riddles, but it was like poetry to hear her, or a song.

"How come your lips so red?" said I.

"Because they've wanted so long to be kissed."

Fire was on me, sir. I reached out to catch her, but she was gone, out of the door and down the stair. I followed, stumbling. I must have tripped on the turn, for I remember going through the air and fetching up with a crash, and I didn't know anything for a spell—how long I can't say. When I came to, she was there, somewhere, bending over me, crooning, "My love—my love—" under her breath, like a song.

But then when I got up, she was not where my arms went; she was down the stair again, just ahead of me. I followed her. I was tottering and dizzy and full of pain. I tried to catch up with her in the dark of the store-room, but she was too quick for me, sir, always a little too quick for me. Oh, she was cruel to me, sir. I kept bumping against things, hurting myself still worse, and it was cold and wet and a horrible noise all the while, sir; and then, sir, I found the door was open, and a sea had parted the hinges.

I don't know how it all went, sir. I'd tell you if I could, but it's all so blurred—sometimes it seems more like a dream. I couldn't find her any more; I couldn't hear her; I went all over, everywhere. Once, I remember, I found myself hanging out of that door between the davits, looking down into those big black seas and crying like a baby. It's all riddles and blur. I can't seem to tell you much, sir. It was all—all—I don't know.

I was talking to somebody else—not her. It was the Inspector. I hardly knew it was the Inspector. His face was as gray as a blanket, and his eyes were bloodshot, and his lips were twisted. His left wrist hung down, awkward. It was broken coming aboard the Light in that sea. Yes, we were in the living-

room. Yes, sir, it was daylight—gray daylight. I tell you, sir, the man looked crazy to me. He was waving his good arm toward the weather windows, and what he was saying, over and over, was this:

"*Look what you done, damn you! Look what you done!*"

And what I was saying was this:

"*I've lost her!*"

I didn't pay any attention to him, nor him to me. By and by he did, though. He stopped his talking all of a sudden, and his eyes looked like the devil's eyes. He put them up close to mine. He grabbed my arm with his good hand, and I cried, I was so weak.

"Johnson," said he, "is that it? By the living God—if you got a woman out here, Johnson!"

"No," said I. "I've lost her."

"What do you mean—lost her?"

"It was dark," said I—and it's funny how my head was clearing up—"and the door was open—the store-room door—and I was after her—and I guess she stumbled, maybe—and I lost her."

"Johnson," said he, "what do you mean? You sound crazy—downright crazy. Who?"

"Her," said I. "Fedderson's wife."

"*Who?*"

"Her," said I. And with that he gave my arm another jerk.

"Listen," said he, like a tiger. "Don't try that on me. It won't do any good—that kind of lies—not where *you're* going to. Fedderson and his wife, too—the both of 'em's drowned deader 'n a door-nail."

"I know," said I, nodding my head. I was so calm it made him wild.

"You're crazy! Crazy as a loon, Johnson!" And he was chewing his lip red. "I know, because it was me that found the old man laying on Back Water Flats yesterday morning—*me!* And she'd been with him in the boat, too, because he had a piece of her jacket tore off, tangled in his arm."

"I know," said I, nodding again, like that.

"You know *what*, you *crazy, murdering fool?*" Those were his words to me, sir.

"I know," said I, "what I know."

"And *I* know," said he, "what *I* know."

And there you are, sir. He's Inspector. I'm—nobody."

A Rocky Mountain Game Trail

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



VARIOUS animals have their individual trails, which they follow with considerable regularity, and some animals have communal highways from point to point. Last winter I found a fox's burrow far up a steep Berkshire hillside, and leading from it a narrow trail trodden about six or eight inches into the deep snow like a tiny ditch, which wound down through the thick laurel to a pasture edge above a farm where many chickens were kept. Since the last snow, at any rate, the fox had made every trip to and from his nest via this trail. In an alder and young pine thicket not a mile away I found a well-packed rabbit highroad with innumerable smaller cross streets. This street system was quite evidently used by at least a score of the animals. Deer have often their individual trails, and so have the otter. In the old days the buffalo followed beaten tracks from one pasturage to another. Even the migrating birds have charted the air. To the person who loves the wilds, and who especially enjoys practising self-forgetfulness in the wilderness, attempting to recreate the forest scene as it must appear to the eye of the unstartled animal, or as it might appear to man's eye could he render himself invisible and odorless, any game trail is a challenge to the imagination; some of us, indeed, find in this challenge sufficient excitement without being driven to up gun and after.

There are few more interesting game trails in the United States to-day than those in the high Rockies, generally far above timber-line and sometimes threading dizzy spines of rock along the Great Divide, remote and almost inaccessible. Naturally, they are coming to be most trodden in our National Parks, where the game is protected now and at least holding its own in numbers. It was my

good fortune recently to find and to follow several such game trails along the knife-blade ridge of "the backbone of the world" in Glacier National Park, at altitudes varying from seventy-five hundred to almost ten thousand feet. Above the timber, above the glaciers, but never above some patch of moss or tiny garden of alpine flowers, with the vast, tumbled world spread out below, the goats and sheep traverse their windy highways. They are the permanent residents of the peaks. Sometimes a deer may come, when the trail is easy of access; a Rocky Mountain white-tailed deer circled curiously around our camp for an hour one evening only five hundred feet below the Divide at Swift Current Pass. No doubt an occasional mountain lion or coyote may prowl along, looking for a chance to fells a juicy kid or lamb. The whistling marmot, first cousin to our Eastern woodchuck, may not infrequently waddle over the path if it is not too lofty; and silver foxes traverse it. But the hoofs of the sheep and goats are the feet which have powdered the rock and scanty soil into a visible trail. It is their highway; and if you follow it far enough you will always see why. It ends at the jumping-off place. Not infrequently it begins there, also. Nothing without wings can follow a mountain sheep or goat when he comes to trail's end.

One, at least, of the game trails we visited is comparatively easy of access. It lies along the ridge of the Divide just south of Swift Current Pass. The Pass itself is a depression in the Divide, seven thousand one hundred and seventy-six feet above sea-level. It is reached by an extremely steep but excellent Government trail, and over it come hundreds of tourists in the summer, which possibly accounts for the fact that during the entire July day we spent on this game trail we saw neither goat nor sheep. The big game may seek a less populous

neighborhood while the tourist season is on. The Pass itself is a grassy meadow almost, but not quite, above timber. It affords shelter for considerable groves of stunted fir, from four to eight feet high, and for a vast colony of ground-squirrels (Columbia River ground-squirrel, *Citellus columbianus*). In size and appearance they more nearly resemble a fat gray squirrel than any other rodent familiar in the East, though their fur is spotted rufous and green on the back; but they live in burrows in the ground, like prairie-dogs and gophers. Coming into an open glade in the Pass ahead of the pack-train, I counted twenty-three of these little creatures scurrying about in all directions or sitting up on their haunches and scolding at me, before they had become so mixed up that further counting was impossible. When a ground-squirrel is surprised by your presence he usually sits up on his hind quarters and clasps his forepaws against his whitish belly, as if he had a bad pain. Then he presses himself hard, his mouth opens, and, exactly like one of those mechanical toys you squeeze in the middle, out of his insides comes a shrill, almost birdlike *cheep*. Then, as often as not, he pops down into his hole. If you stand still and wait a moment, you will see his head emerge, either from the hole where he went in or from one not far away (for he seems to dig considerable subway systems), and his pretty, sharp, little squirrel eyes will peer cautiously and eagerly around the scene.

In such a spot as Swift Current Pass, however, where tourist travel is frequent and lunches are eaten almost every day in summer, these small animals become extremely fearless. You may lay a sandwich down beside you only to find it disappearing when you turn around. At one of our two-day camps I secured a photograph of a squirrel sitting up in the middle of a cold soup-kettle, and by the second day several of the little creatures would climb up on our knees and eat scraps from our hands. In such a frequented place the greedy old fellows are so fat they look like miniature woodchucks.

Directly south of the Swift Current Pass meadow rises a pyramid of tumbled rock and shale, about six hundred feet in

height. Timber ceases abruptly a few feet up its steep slope. You are in the sub-Arctic world characteristic of so many million acres of the upper reaches of our great Rocky Mountain chain. But the end of timber does not mean the end of life. Wherever the least little hollow has caught a soil deposit some wild flower or bunch of grass or bit of moss has taken root. From plants almost microscopic—not over half an inch high—to masses of low heather and gorgeous bouquets of pink moss campion, the gardens range, a surprise awaiting you on the lee side of every boulder, or even on the tops of them. As we climbed this slope we startled a ptarmigan hen and six little chicks, that went scuttling off through the shale behind their mother. The ptarmigan is the largest bird which lives the year through near or above the timber-line. It is somewhat smaller than a ruffed grouse, or partridge, and it changes its color with the seasons like a varying hare. In winter it is white, and consequently inconspicuous on the snow; in summer, a brownish gray, so much like the rocks it runs between that it speedily becomes invisible as it scampers away from you. Protective coloration, too, seems to characterize the marmots of this upland world. To be sure, we saw a pair of them running over a snow-field three thousand feet below at the base of a cliff, as we were starting out for the day, and they were conspicuous enough. But up on the heights the mountain woodchuck crawls out on a rock to sun himself and looks a part of it. Much of the marmot's head, breast, and shoulders is dirty white, but he has a black muzzle and chin and dark eyes. From the shoulders he shades off into earthy brown, varying sometimes toward black. I pursued one of them around a rock with my camera, and finally got two pictures of him, one as he was peeping out at me around the side of the boulder, one as he was lifting up nearly his whole body over the top. Both pictures were taken with a small iris (in that rarefied atmosphere rapid photography of great definition is possible), and made clean, brilliant prints, yet I have to point out to people looking at them which is the rock and which the marmot. After



Drawn by Walter King Stone

A PYRAMID OF TUMBLED ROCK AND SHALE



WHERE NATURE FAVORS THE HUNTED INSTEAD OF THE HUNTER

chasing this particular fellow with my camera, I resumed the ascent of the slope, and joined the rest of the party on a ledge fifty feet above. Looking back, I saw him curled up on top of the rock once more, apparently asleep in the sun. I tossed down a small stone which struck close to him. He got up, looked directly at me with a comical expression which seemed to say, "For goodness' sake, can't you leave me alone?" turned over, and lay down again! After that I respected his privacy.

The ledge we were now standing upon was almost at the summit of the pyramid. Directly in front of us remained but thirty or forty feet more of climbing,

but it was almost perpendicular. To our left the land suddenly fell away in a great precipice, perhaps a thousand feet in depth. To the right, however, it was easy to work around the summit cone. But, as the cone was climbable, we ascended it by an inclined crevice. From this eminence we could look south-eastward at last along the spine of the Continental Divide, which lay but a short distance below us. The Divide here is scarcely wider than an ordinary room, and both sides fall away with startling abruptness. On the east, the precipices drop only a little way to the upsurging ice and snow waves of Swift Current Glacier, which in turn, on the far end of its shelf, plunges off into space. But the western wall of the Divide is a clean drop of more than a thousand feet. The Divide thus forms a bridge between the summit where we stood and the rising shoulder of Grinnell Mountain nearly two miles away. It is a marvelous setting for an outdoor performance of "*Die Walküre*." All the length of this bridge, straight along the center, ran the game trail, a little path a foot or so wide, as plain as the path a farmer makes between the kitchen door and the well. To reach it from our perch, it was necessary to drop down precipitous rocks for a hundred feet or more. Nothing but a goat or sheep could possibly reach it by circling the east side of the summit, along the wall of the precipice. It could only be reached with any ease

by skirting the summit to the west, and traversing a shale slide in plain view. For the entire length of the trail, of course, there was no shelter whatever. It was a knife-blade against the sky. But, by the same token, an animal upon it commanded a clear vision of all the approaches, and, indeed, of the valleys far below on both sides, not to mention a wilderness of other valleys and snow-clad peaks. Should any enemy be detected approaching, the goats or sheep had only to trot as far as the shoulder of Grinnell Mountain. There, to the left, they could turn out on the broken ledges where they could speedily conceal themselves; or, if they chose, they could keep straight on along the Divide, dropping down a five-hundred-foot precipice to the head wall above Grinnell Glacier, follow a dim game trail along that wall, and scramble up the mansard roof of Gould Mountain, at the farther end. We followed their trail hopefully a long distance; but either they were on other ranges that day or they saw us before we could see them (not at all impossible) and took themselves off. At any rate, no glimpse either of goats or sheep rewarded us. Our reward was a thrilling tramp over a rock bridge spanning two yawning holes, with nothing alive above us except a bald eagle which sailed out from the peak of Gould on silent pinions and with wings motionless as an airplane dropped gradually across the cañon to the timber-line. Be-

low us, however, was the wilderness of flowered upland meadows, dazzling snow-fields, writhing glaciers, green lakes, and towering precipices. It is small wonder that the mountain sheep rears the proudest head of any animal alive.

We saw both our first goats and our first sheep at Iceberg Lake. This lake lies at the base of a vast precipice which curls around the green water and the glacier spilling into it, forming almost a semicircle. It is one of the wildest and most impressive cliff walls in Glacier Park, especially as its summit for several miles is broken into castles and battlements which cut superbly against the sky. This cliff has been climbed,



AN INACCESSIBLE WORLD OF PRECIPICES AND EVERLASTING SNOW

and one of the men who accomplished the feat was with our party. Unfortunately, we had just then neither the time nor the equipment to make the attempt again, but he pointed out to me, as nearly as he could remember it, the route he followed up the forbidding wall.

"I watched the goats for a day or two," he said, "and then started up from a point to which I had seen them descend. As I suspected, they had a regular trail up the cliff, though in places you wished almightily that you were a goat yourself, to follow 'em. As nearly as I can recall, the trail came out on the summit about at that depression—"

I was following his finger, which

pointed to a V between two summit battlements, close above several small patches of snow, when suddenly we both saw that these snow patches were in motion.

"Hello!" he cried, "the goats are coming down now!"

They were, indeed; and for an hour or more we watched them, till our necks ached. The Rocky Mountain goat (*Oreamnos montanus*) in reality is not a goat at all, but a distant relative of the antelope. Its nearest kin is said to be the alpine chamois. But it undoubtedly looks like a goat, as much as it looks like anything. It might have been the original of the famous story, "There ain't no

such animal!" Its body is about four feet long, and it stands three feet high at the shoulders. Its long hair is snow white, and it not only wears a beard, but an apron and a full set of pantalets. The mountain goat is said to be stupid and rather slow, but it is wise enough to dwell forever far above timber, amid the glaciers and the precipices, and after you have watched a few goats on a morning's stroll, you are not surprised at the statement of old mountain hunters who say that its chief enemies are the eagles. (Of course the high-power rifle is excepted. That accursed invention is outside of nature, as, in our opinion, are most of the people who use it.)

The flock of goats we were watching were at first almost indistinguishable, so high were they on



THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT IS A RELATIVE OF THE ALPINE CHAMOIS



THE MOUNTAIN WOODCHUCK CRAWLS OUT ON A HEIGHT TO SUN HIMSELF

the cliff, and resembled merely white flecks of snow in motion. From where we stood—probably half a mile out from the base of the wall, and three thousand feet at least below—there did not appear to be anything whatever for the goats to walk on, but of course there was a ledge, and no doubt verdure upon the ledge, for now and then a goat stopped, evidently to browse. Travers-

ing the ledges in a series of switchbacks, the goats finally descended far enough to give us a clearer view. There were twelve adult animals, but only two kids, which appeared very frisky. One billy was leading the way, and for the most part taking things easy. But once or twice he would reach a spot where agility was called for, and then he would appear to slide over a ledge headfore-

most, landing several times his own length below. The rest would follow, in single-file. Enos R. Mills, a keen observer of Rocky Mountain life, has vividly described in one of his books the descent of a startled goat from a ledge where he had cornered the animal. It went over headforemost, and in its headlong descent kicked against the cliff side with all four hoofs, till it worked itself some distance to the left and landed on a little shelf over twenty feet below, with all four feet bunched, its shoulders almost coming up through its skin with the impact. Naturally, no animal could return by such a route, but the places they will scale sometimes surprise even the old hunters. This particular herd we were watching descended nearly the entire height of the cliff, to a big snow-field which swept up along

the shale pile at the bottom like a wave dashing against a headland. At this point they all walked out on the snow and remained there several minutes. It was a warm July day, and they were evidently hot and thirsty.

When they were ready to return, the old billy again led the procession, but the two kids were having altogether too good a time; they didn't wish to return. They were gamboling and running races on the snow (which, by the way, was inclined at an angle of at least fifty degrees) like a pair of puppies. An adult goat had to go after them and drive them into line. Then the procession started up the cliff once more. We were curious to see if they followed the same route as on the descent. With the exception of one or two spots, they did.

At the points where, on the descent, they had jumped straight down, they now on the return made a switchback detour to the right or left. Otherwise, so far as we could detect from below, they kept to a perfectly definite path. Human trails up steep places also have frequently just such short cuts for the descent. The flock did not go all the way to the summit. They stopped where we had first seen them, evidently on a shelf a hundred feet (or perhaps more) below the ridge peak. Here they scattered somewhat, and several of them quite disappeared, either behind projections or into caves. It was evidently a familiar feeding-ground of theirs, and perhaps the two kids had been born in that lofty cradle. Comparatively secure against any attack from above, save that of an eagle, they could look out from their dizzy pasturage over the entire universe below, and all along the vast semicircle of precipice. It is thus, say



AN EAGLE BEARING OFF A JUICY KID OR LAMB



THE TRAIL ENDS AT THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE

the hunters, that they most frequently come upon the goats—standing on a cliff ledge looking out and downward, rather than up, for signs of danger.

One old-time hunter who camped with us several days had accumulated much evidence against both the bald-head and golden eagles as foes of the sheep and goats. Especially in the spring, he said, when the lambs or kids are young, he

had found their carcasses, killed by eagles, and usually, he affirmed, only the brains devoured. Once he had been a close witness, from a rock cornice overhanging the cliff, of a battle between a mother goat and a bald-head. The mother stood on a narrow shelf with her head down and out, the kid behind her, sometimes under her, while the eagle attacked, with a great flurry of wings,



A MARVELOUS SETTING FOR AN OUTDOOR PERFORMANCE OF *DIE WALKÜRE*

beaten back again and again by the frantic mother's horns, till finally he got one claw into the kid's fur, pulled it from the ledge, got both talons into its back, and flew away. The load was so heavy that the bird could not rise, but by hard flying he could come near enough to maintaining a level to reach what was evidently his nest part way up the opposite wall of the cañon. In the nature of things, few men ever have the opportunity of witnessing such a battle. The combatants are too far aloft, in an inaccessible world of precipices and everlasting snow. I saw many eagles and many goats and sheep through the Park, but never once an eagle with his prey in his talons, to say nothing of the wild battle for its possession.

The same day that we watched the goats descend Castle Rocks above Iceberg Lake, and only an hour or two later, we saw two sheep, a ram and a ewe, at the base of the cliff. They must, of course, have spotted us long before we saw them, but as they are no longer shot at in the Park (except by occasional poaching Indians), they do not entirely fear

man if he keeps his distance. As the frozen lake and a great mixed incline of ice and shale intervened between us and them, they calmly pursued their course, seeking, like the goats, a snow-field, and evidently eating the snow. Then we started across the lake to get a nearer view. We never got it. They didn't go up the cliff. They simply trotted back along the top of the shale heap, leaped lightly upon a narrow ledge of the cliff itself, and disappeared around a three-thousand-foot-high buttress. To follow them was hopeless, for by the time we could have worked around to see beyond this buttress they in all likelihood would be five miles away, perhaps even over the Divide. They move much more rapidly than the goats, and also descend lower. On nearer inspection, we found they had crossed the shale pile by a plainly discernible trail which, when the snow melted more, would probably be seen to lead down from the precipice to the meadow grass on the lake shore. In early April, when the snow is still deep on the heights, they now descend in

flocks of over a hundred to the open grazing around the rangers' cabins. During the last year or two in Glacier Park one of the rangers has secured many photographs of such flocks from a distance of only a few rods, so that the rams are plainly shown, rearing their splendid heads and looking at the camera with the same attitude and expression of intelligence a fine dog assumes when his curiosity is roused.

The *Ovis cervina*, the most common variety of the mountain sheep, is generally called a bighorn by the hunters. It is about six inches longer than the goat, four inches taller, and in every way a handsome beast save in color. The sheep is a grayish brown, though in winter he becomes much lighter. Since he was first discovered by the white man he has been the object of incessant pursuit, as, indeed, he was before the white man came, for, though the Indians cared nothing for the male head as a trophy, they welcomed the excellent meat. The goat has no food value, but the mountain sheep is the best of mutton. When the white man came he, too, was not at all averse to fresh mutton, and he had only to see one old ram put up a startled head with its two splendid horns, fourteen inches in circumference at the base and curving for fifty inches in a complete spiral circle, to realize that here was a trophy worth any effort to secure. Not only must the game be stalked at great altitudes, representing arduous and often extremely dangerous climbing, where every natural feature favors the game rather than the hunter, but the animal must be shot in some place where he will not fall and be mangled. When you consider that a pursued sheep or goat makes for the edge of a precipice, and if possible seeks to escape along its ledges, you can grasp some of the difficulties of the chase, and some of the associations for the hunter clustered in that lordly head which finally adorns his home. Many hunters, of course, were, and are, merely professionals, for a good ram's head brings fifty dollars at the least. The wonder is that so many sheep have survived, not so few. They have survived, of course, by virtue of their rock-climbing prowess, their ability to live on the scant alpine

growths far above timber, and to travel almost like flies on inaccessible ledges. They are a beautiful and heroic breed, so much so that it seems incredible that they can be sheep at all!

We had packed some distance into the northern wilderness of the Park, where as yet tourist travel does not penetrate, before we came upon evidences of the grizzly bears. These evidences were numerous shallow holes in the earth where the bears had been digging for mice and ground-squirrels. The sight set the old hunter in the party off on a series of bear stories around the camp-fire that evening, to the accompaniment of a coyote's bark as the beast prowled through the scrub balsam not far from camp. The grizzly was once, of course, the monarch of the Western ranges. Nothing disputed his title till man came with the rifle. Of man the grizzly now has a most intelligent fear, except in places where he is protected and fed. Fierce and formidable fighter that he is, he doesn't fight man unless he is driven to it, but with the keenness of his tribe (the bear is one of the most intelligent of beasts) he avoids danger so far as possible, and has developed much cleverness at it. The testimony of all Western hunters agrees on the great caution a grizzly uses before crossing an open or approaching a dead horse or cow put out for bait, frequently charging all the bushes around to drive out possible foes in ambush as a preliminary to feeding. That the *Felis cougar*, or mountain lion, is a real foe of the bears our hunter denied. The mountain cat is a coward. Once, he said, he had put out a dead horse for bear bait, and watched from a tree two lions feeding on the carcass. A grizzly (called a silver-tip by the hunters) approached, shouldered in between the lions, and began to feed also. As one fat grizzly can take up considerable room, the lions resented this third party at the feast, and drew off snarling. Then one of them came back and evidently clawed the intruder or bit it. The bear, which had one forepaw employed, swung with the other, caught the lion a tremendous blow, and knocked him fifty feet down the slope. Then Mr. Silver-tip resumed his repast as if nothing had happened. He did not even look around

to see how far the lion fell or what he was going to do when he got up. Evidently the bear felt quite sure of his position. He was justified in this confidence, for the lion rose and with his mate sulked snarling off into the timber. The man who told this story has been a mountain hunter from boyhood, and he is, furthermore, an uncommonly sharp observer whose knowledge has been more than once employed by the Federal Government. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of his tale, which seems to bear out the statements of other hunters that the grizzly is supreme in his own world, even contemptuously so.

It had been easy enough to see a grizzly back at Lake McDonald, where at least one comes every night, together with half a dozen black bears, to feed on the garbage deposited in the deep cedar-forest behind the hotel. But there seemed little prospect of meeting one out in the open, on his natural range. However, early one morning at the head of Mineral Creek Cañon, one of our pack-horses was discovered to be missing, and two of us started after him over Flattop Mountain, suspecting that he had followed the trail northward and presently picking up his tracks. We had gone about a mile through low pine and balsam, growing in upland meadows amid white snow-fields and nodding dog-tooth violet bells, when suddenly the horses began to dance and rear, snorting with fright. Between shouting at my nag, hauling on the bridle, and keeping my never-too-certain seat, I had a tantalizingly brief glimpse of the cinnamon-gray hulk of a grizzly dropping on all-fours from an upright attitude facing us, half hidden behind a low tree, and lumbering off into the scrub at an extraordinarily rapid pace. We were quite unarmed, but he was taking no chances. Neither did our trembling horses wish to take any. We had to beat them on, to the pursuit of our lost animal, which we found cropping grass a few hundred yards up the trail. No doubt it was this horse the bear had scented, and was following to see if it were riderless.

It was at this same camp on Flattop that a porcupine one night ate the entire sleeve from a sweater which one of

our party had carelessly left dangling under his tent-flap. He also consumed part of a halter rope which had slipped from the limb where it was suspended, and he was finally engaged in making way with an ax-handle when the camp cook, an early riser, discovered him, and used what remained of the ax as a weapon of execution. The porcupines are a pest because of their perverted taste. From the articles they eat around a camp, it seems probable that they are seeking salt. They will eat anything which has touched the skin either of men or horses, and so, apparently, become faintly saline from perspiration. At least we could find no other way to account for their odd appetite. Certainly an ax-handle, a halter rope, and a woolen sweater sleeve can hardly be termed nourishing, even by a Harlem goat.

It was from this same camp, too, that we made the ascent of Kipp's Peak, with the aid of a rope, and discovered several faint game trails leading over the upper shale to a well-marked path along the spine of the Divide. Though from below the shale looked quite naked, we found all the way to the summit innumerable tiny and beautiful gardens, little masses of bright bloom and green foliage on which the peak-dwellers feed. On the east side of the Divide at this point is a stupendous hole in the earth, and rising from its farther edge the bare precipices of Mount Merritt. The difficulty here is not to find a precipice, but to avoid it. The Divide to the south is another bridge to Valhalla, and we followed the game trail over it toward the next peak. (Wotan, by the way, would be an excellent name for an old billy-goat.) There was so much snow that it was difficult, with the naked eye, to make out whether a distant white spot was a goat or a small drift. Finally, however, we felt sure certain drifts were moving, so we hurried toward them. At the peak ahead, the Divide swung eastward like a peninsula, and the goats—four of them—were moving around that sky-flung promontory. They did not seem to be going rapidly; perhaps they had not spied us. Presently they disappeared, and when we had rounded the projection which hid them we saw them

not far off, standing on the brink and gazing down into the green meadow at the bottom of the cañon. Then they saw us. Without running, but at a rapid walk, almost a trot, they hurried along the trail a short distance and went head-foremost over the rim. When we reached the spot we could see the ledge they had followed down till they had put an overhang between themselves and us. Where they were by that time no one could say. Further pursuit was hopeless. But we had had a capital illustration of how they escape their foes.

The bird life on these lofty game trails is not conspicuous. Above the last timber you see very few birds of any sort, except the eagles aeroplaning through space. Now and then a ptarmigan, a white-crowned sparrow, a junco, a rosy finch, or perhaps a robin enlivens the naked solitude, or a Clark's nutcracker caws. But for the most part the Easterner finds the high places comparatively birdless. Actually, perhaps, there are many birds of many sorts, especially the rosy finches, but the spaces are so great, the birds so tiny, that only when they come close do you notice them. However, as soon as you drop back into timber, especially into the upland meadows or "parks," and out of the summit wind, the familiar bird sounds become audible, mingling with the soft tinkle of the little ice-water brooks. The hermit-thrushes sang for us by Gunsight Lake, and the white-crowned sparrows, too. In the East there are at best but a couple of weeks in May when we can hear this sparrow on his way to Labrador. But in the high Rockies he remains. His song is totally unlike that of his near relative, the white-throat or

"Peabody" bird. He doesn't sing in triplets, and one or two notes are double toned. It is a clear, unhurried, sweet song, with extremely pleasing intervals. But the most conspicuous bird of the high places is Clark's nutcracker (or Clark's crow, as he is sometimes called). In size he is about half-way between a crow and a robin, and in color a striking and extremely handsome blend of black and white. Standing on the edge of a precipice near timber-line, and looking down into the tree-tops below, you will often see a pair of these birds exploding, as it were, into the air, like fragments blown up from the woods below, and swirling toward some fir-tree near your side, their striking plumage outlined against the blue wall of an opposite precipice. We found a nest of young birds, in late July, in the top of an evergreen far up a steep slope toward timber-line. The parents were busily gathering food, and the entire family cawing energetically, so that we were aware of them a long way off.

But how different their outlook from that the Eastern crow looks down upon! These birds would learn to fly over a three-thousand-foot hole in the earth. The mountain woodchuck suns himself on a rock amid stupendousness. The goats and sheep dwell where the earth is up-ended, where all nature is longitudinal, where lie the eternal snows. Almost any bird or any wild creature is of interest, a study of his ways fascinating. But on the Rocky Mountain game trails to study his ways is to climb into a new world of primal magnificence, where half the thrill of the hunt is the air in your lungs and the feast of bigness underneath your eyes. There is nothing else quite like it on this continent.



The Real Front

BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

[CAPTAIN CHUTE, of the First Canadian Division, has participated in some of the most spirited fighting of the war—notably at Ypres during the first gas-attack, at Neuve Chapelle, Loos, St. Eloi, and the Somme. In this last engagement he suffered concussion of the brain and was discharged as medically unfit for further service. Captain Chute had previously had a varied experience as a war correspondent, in the Balkans, with the Turkish and Greek armies, and in Mexico with General Funston. His articles on the present war are among the most brilliant first-hand descriptions that have been written.—THE EDITOR.]



I was at that hour of the night when the darkness was deepest and the sentries were keenest. I had been up in the front line for "Stand to." Never did that front line seem to be wrapped in peace more profound. Naught could be seen but the inky blackness, broken momentarily by the flight of a star-shell which silhouetted a grim line of figures with fixed bayonets waiting on the parapet. Darkness returned, and in the utter gloom I groped my way and shivered, not from the chill night winds, but from those apprehensive, high-tensed nerves that, like a wireless coherer, seemed to catch the far-off waves of something stirring in the night.

In the flash of the star-shell I had seen the glint of the bayonets, and a momentary adumbration of that living wall that stands between our country and the foe. What if that living wall should break? In the vastness of the night it seemed so frail and so all-encompassed.

I climbed up on the parapet, between two sentries; both were peering intently through the gloom.

"All quiet on the front to-night?" I inquired.

"All quiet for the moment, sir," came the answer.

Like one on the shore of a soundless sea, I gazed into the void of No Man's Land. Again those preternatural nerves, taut as a violin string, seemed to catch the premonitions of a coming storm.

"Keep a sharp lookout," I whispered to the sentry. "It may be superstition

on my part, but I feel certain that hell's going to pop to-night."

"I think you're right, sir," said the sentry. "It feels a bit queer to me just now."

For some time I lingered in the fire-trench, but the unbroken calm remained. Glancing at my wrist-watch, I saw that the hour of the dawn was approaching, and I wended my way down the communicating trench into the supports where my dugout was situated.

I was forward observing officer for the artillery, whose duty it was to keep the guns in touch with the front line. My signalers and linemen were all asleep, except the man on duty, who sat under a candle-light with the 'phone strapped to his ears, his fingers on the telegraph-key.

"Any message from the battery?" I inquired.

"No, sir. No word," came the reply.

Outside the soft wind was crooning a slumber-song. I stretched myself and was preparing for the luxury of sleep, when there came a wail like a lost soul through the night. It ended with a shriek and a sickening thud, and with a roar our dugout was shaken as though by an earthquake. We were old-timers, the telephonist and I.

"That's a Minnie!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir; and rather close, too," ventured the cold-blooded signaler.

I jumped out into the trench and listened. The air was thick with the voice of Minnie. Now if there was anything I loathed, it was a Minnie's strafe. Minnie is short for Minniewhuffer, which is a hundred-pound trench-mortar, used by the Boches. In a lecture at a school

behind the lines I once heard an officer refer to the Minnie as a "great bluffer." "But she has a great moral effect," he continued.

The despicable Minnie has more terror-arousing qualities than any other form of ordnance with which I am acquainted. The disgusting part of it is that it is so primitive. Silent Lizzies, which are heard after they have passed, are worthy of respect because of their speed; but to be killed by a Minnie seemed as ignominious as being run over by a hearse. Primitive as Minnie is, we must give her her due; she can give one the worst attack of "wind up," which is trench vernacular for fear, of anything I know. One at a time in the air is not bad—you can at least make a bid at dodging—but when the air is a-hum with half a score of Minnies at once, to dodge one means to run amuck into another.

Where a Minnie lands there will straightway be a hole big enough for a farm-house cellar. One does not care to share his standing room with Minnie. Those who go into partnership with this bomb are lucky if they leave behind a piece of an ear and a shin-bone.

While I contemplated hell popping in the front line, the telephonist exclaimed, "Adjutant wants you at battalion headquarters, sir."

A minute's run down the trench brought me to battalion headquarters. It was a great, deep dugout with an excessive overhead protection toward which telephone wires converged from all parts of the trench. Inside the Colonel sat at a telephone, making frantic inquiries of Company Commanders as to demoralizing conditions in the front line.

"Do you want some retaliation?" I inquired of the Adjutant.

"No; we will not give them any heavy stuff. I think that our trench-mortars and Stokes guns can handle 'em, but I want you to go up front and get a line on some of Fritz's trench-mortars."

"Thanks," said I. "There's no place I'd sooner not be than in the front line when Minnies are coming over. But if we can only get the satisfaction of pounding a few of these mean things to smithereens with an honest, God-fearing field-gun, I'll be happy."

Like a rat I began to dodge my way

up the communicating trench. Once a bomb landed just outside the trench. I was bowled over by the concussion and covered with dirt, but on picking myself up found no harm done, and proceeded. A little farther on I encountered several successive craters and met a figure retreating hastily.

"Beat it out of here. Quick! Fritz's got a dead line on this communicating trench!" he exclaimed.

I leaped to follow his advice. "Rat Alley" being out of use, there remained another way up front for me through "Petticoat Lane." Groping my way along "Petticoat Lane," I arrived in the fire-trench which at that time was the real front.

One might visit the fire-trench many times and yet never see the real front. The real front is the battle front, which comes and goes. Like Vesuvius, it may burst into eruption, and then for long remain the crater of a dead volcano. Now and again one meets with a war correspondent who has been "at the front." But being at the front on a quiet day is quite different from being at the front in midst of battle. To have been in Pompeii as it lay in the peace and calm of its ruins is one thing. To have been in the fateful city on the night that the living lava swept its streets is quite another experience. And so it is with the real front.

As a war correspondent, I visited the Chatalja lines in 1913. I remember with what a thrill I gazed from the St. George's redoubt toward the Bulgarian trenches, preening myself that I was gazing upon a true battle-line. But I might as well have been in Chickapee Falls for all the stir of battle that was there that day.

I returned to Constantinople elated with the idea that I had been at the front. My first experience in the trenches in France was equally uneventful, and with immense satisfaction I returned to our billets behind Béthune, quite certain that I did not dislike war.

"Why, there's nothing to dread in the war game," I announced, grandly, on our first night out. "I've been at the front in the Balkans, and now in France, and I surprise myself at how little of a coward I really am."

That was before I had ever seen the real front. One day that quiescent volcano on which I had been dwelling suddenly burst into eruption. Out of the trembling earth and the belching fire and smoke I found that I still was human. My tongue went dry and my knees knocked together, and I found that the real front was a place of mortal terror. My young friend Bobby Kerr sat beside me on the fire step, struggling to keep up a nonchalant appearance. Despite his efforts, a pallor crept across his face, precursor of that chill hand of death that even then was reaching out to find him.

"It was only a little strafe," I heard a seasoned sergeant say later. But that "little strafe" gave me a glimpse of the real front, which I often saw thereafter, and which I always dreaded and always hated. That night when the rations came up I saw the limp, fair-haired body of Bobby Kerr placed on the trolley that brought up the rations. A friend whom I loved was gone, and the iron of the real front had entered into my soul.

As I rushed out of "Petticoat Lane" into the bay of the fire-trench that night, I caught a glimpse of the real front. Illuminated by the incessant flight of star-shells, I saw the men, like hunted beasts, moving up and down in frantic efforts to escape the Minnie-whuffer bombs. A tall subaltern stood at the end of the bay directing his men. They were all outside, as there was no protection in the dugout from Minnie.

"For God's sake, string out there, men, and don't bunch together!" yelled the officer. But his order was too late. Into the midst of a panic-stricken human mass lobbed one of the hundred-pound bombs. I closed my eyes on the horrible scene that ensued. Out of all that mass only three remained alive, and, groaning and mangled, they were hurried down the trench by the stretcher-bearers.

Back at the guns, through the long perspective, we could look upon the front line with its leaping lightning as an alluring and thrilling sight. But up there in the fire-trench that night the glory of war was gone. The air was filled with the eternal note of oncoming bombs. In the inky darkness one knew not which way to turn. If he prepared

to jump to avoid one Minnie, in stark terror he heard another coming. Everything tended to produce a panic in the soul. Blind and insensate were the forces against us; brain and skill were of no avail.

Standing on the fire sill I found Captain Rush, the Company Commander, peering eagerly across the parapet. I climbed beside him, but he seemed too preoccupied at first to notice me.

"Have you got a line on something?" I inquired.

"Why, you're the Gunner Officer!" he exclaimed. "You're just in time. I'll point you out the most cursed target that you'll ever have the happiness of shooting at. I've got a line on a trench-mortar battery over there."

As he spoke, I caught the flash from the direction in which he pointed. I was engrossed in taking a bearing of the direction of the flash with a magnetic compass, when the bomb came lobbing just over our heads. Instinctively I ducked, and as I did so, in the glare of a Very light I saw a Highlander stand forth behind me. Flashed upon the screen of my mind for a moment, the picture of that Highlander remains for all time. In the explosion of the bomb he was blotted out, and where he stood there was a gaping crater gouged up from the earth. When the smoke and fire had cleared away I rushed to the spot to render needed succor, but the last trace of the Highlander was gone forever. Next day, prompted by a special curiosity, I descended into that gaping hole in the earth and ransacked the spot, but a strip of plaid from a kiltie, and a red ribbon worn on the tartan sock, were all that I could find. Ptolemies and Rameses, the Egyptian Pharaohs, lived thousands of years ago, and their physical semblances still remain. But the Highlander, in the twinkling of an eye, passed from the seen to the unseen, and by the diabolic power of Minnie his every vestige was scattered to the elements. Small wonder that we have a mortal fear of Minnie-whuffers.

I climbed on the sill of the fire-trench again near Captain Rush, feeling nauseated by the incident of the Highlander. Beside me I heard Rush call down his curse on the Minnie, and his wrath en-

kindled mine, and I almost prayed for another flash to disclose the position of the trench-mortar. A long, fruitless wait followed, with no more telltale flashes in the expected direction.

Up the trench a short distance the parapet had been smashed in in several places, and Fritz kept raining his bombs on that one spot.

"I must take a look at the hell Fritz is raising up the way," I said to Captain Rush. "So long, Cap!"

"Cheeroh, old top!" he answered. And I left him at his post of observation. A few moments later I saw him carried out of the trench, his leg and hip smashed to pulp, and the next night in the clearing station at Poperinghe he "went west" without ever having regained consciousness.

Dawn breaking over the war-saddened landscape found the Minnie strafe developing into a general engagement. Bombardier Mackinley, a trusty signalman, stood beside me with a telephone which he had attached to wires communicating with our dugout in the rear, and from there to the guns. It required the constant attention of two linemen to keep up communications, as the wires were being constantly broken by shell fire.

Just as the dawn was breaking, the Boche turned his artillery upon us with sudden and intense fire. Our parapet, already crumpled in in several places, was now being smashed to pieces, and great geysers from exploding shells shot up from the trenches. A dugout near by was smashed in like a house of cards. That dugout was the company headquarters of the front line. "The Cap'n's in there, boys!" a sergeant exclaimed, aghast, and, forgetting all thought of self, he rushed to exhume the Company Commander.

The bombardment increased until one wondered that any living being remained in our front line. This was undoubtedly the prelude to a Boche attack. At any moment, now, the barrage might lift and we should see Fritz coming over. The time had come for that cry which the front line sends down only in direst extremity. Picking up the telegraph-key I ticked away in a frenzy: dot, dot, dot—dash, dash, dash—dot, dot, dot. Again

and again I repeated the signal, which was the S.O.S., the cry for help from the front line. Bombardier Mackinley, hearing the signal, produced an S.O.S. rocket from his pocket, and fired it from a pistol. A long trail of blue and crimson light shot up into the sky.

My first task was done. I saw Bombardier Mackinley hastily fixing a bayonet to the end of a rifle. The Bombardier expected his last minute soon, and he intended to sell his life dearly. For a moment of awful suspense I waited, gazing through the twilight mists of No Man's Land. Across the waste country Fritz's front parapet could just be discerned in the uncertain morning light. Suddenly the enemy barrage lifted and over the top of the enemy parapet appeared a dim mass of leaping figures.

"They're coming, Mackinley!" I shouted, and instantaneously I heard the first whir in answer to our S.O.S.; one battery was in action, and, one after another, the others joined in. Before five minutes had elapsed nearly a thousand guns had taken up the note in answer to our cry for help. The air above our heads was humming to the constant whir of shells as they passed across toward the enemy's parapet.

That living wall of Germans advancing to the attack was caught fairly and unawares in the midst of No Man's Land. Down they went like so much standing corn, and a wounded handful only were able to drag themselves back into the safety of their trenches.

For nearly an hour our guns continued to bombard the enemy's front line, while they replied in kind on our trenches. An artillery duel like this may be good sport for the gunners, but it's a living hell for the poor boys in the trenches. Like so many rats they are herded together, crouching under the storm, and praying that it may soon pass. To be in the front line when the infantry is under a bombardment is to understand why the infantry deserves the greatest glory of this war. Beyond the cavalry and artillery and all other arms of the service, theirs is the major price of sacrifice, both in attack and in defense.

An hour after the dawn the enemy were thoroughly sick of the hell which they had started. For some time their

guns were silent. Our batteries continued slow fire for the sake of having the last word, and then, one by one, they ceased, until only a faint whirring here and there remained of that tremendous symphony that answered the S.O.S.

A message from battalion headquarters brought the assurance that the situation was completely in hand. This message was transmitted to the battery in the rear. Soon a calm as profound as a Sabbath day reigned on both sides. Our front line was smashed in several places. In one spot where the enemy fire had concentrated the parapet was razed for a distance of ten yards. But, looking across through my periscope, I was rejoiced to see that Fritz's parapet had suffered far worse than ours.

Out in No Man's Land the ground was gray with the bodies of dead Germans who had been mowed down by our machine-guns and artillery. In a strong redoubt just opposite broken beams, twisted rails, and sheets of corrugated iron bore witness to the effectiveness of our howitzer fire. The registration on this spot had been perfect. In the words of Bombardier Mackinley, "We put that happy home on the blink for fair."

Stretcher-bearers were now busy carrying back the wounded to the first-aid dressing station situated in support trenches. Here they would lie all day until, under cover of darkness, they would be placed on trolleys drawn by horses two miles back to where the field ambulance would pick them up and run them to the clearing station.

The dead lay in the trenches all day. At night they would be buried by working parties of pioneers. As I left the fire-trench it had changed again from the real front to a place of rustic peace. True, the shell holes abounded, but there was no sound of strife. It was a summer morning; high up in the blue an aeroplane was humming to the sun. Along the side of communicating trenches the green grass was growing. Here and there tall daisies waved their heads, and buttercups and crimson poppies smiled out of the broken earth.

At our dugout I found that two of the linemen engaged in mending wires had been wounded. They had gone to the dressing station and the others were

busy preparing breakfast. The regular routine of the trenches had begun again, and, despite the hell of an hour before, life had resumed the calm and normal round of a village at home.

The springing of a mine is one of the most deadly and insidious forms of attack in this present war. It is a fruitful cause of "nerves" to all those who are engaged in it. Working down into the earth in total darkness, often right under the enemy position, never knowing at what moment discovery may come, and death from bombing or, worse still, from being buried alive, it is no wonder that those who are mining or countermining are subject to attacks of nerves.

I knew an officer who, while in the infantry, was noted for his *sang-froid*. He had been in the Yukon gold rush, and later through a troublous career in Mexico. One of his men, referring to him, said, "Cap'n's been at the fightin' game so long that he thinks they can't make a bullet to hit him."

After he had been with a mining company for a month this devil-may-care adventurer was as shaky as an old woman. "It's that workin' down in the dark and waitin' for the foe that you can never see that gets a chap," he said.

Just before a mine goes up, if a premonition has been given, the feeling of suspense in the front line is like that on board a doomed ship. The order is given to abandon the trench, and in a panic every man rushes for safety in the rear. But not every man can leave. Sentries must still man the parapet; they remain at the post of duty till death. The chaps who did the Birkenhead drill, or the sentry who stood to his post in Pompeii, have nothing on the sentry on the front line, who stands by his post of duty while the mine is being sprung under his feet.

On one occasion we were abandoning a trench where the explosion of a mine was imminent; it was pitch dark, and the night was perfectly quiet, when there came the dread premonition of a mine. The order was given for all except the sentries to retire, and in a panic of fear I rushed to the communicating trench.

There flashed before me the momentary picture of a sentry at his post of duty, standing on the rim of the fire-

trench with fixed bayonet, firm and imperturbable, gazing into the gloom of No Man's Land. Under his feet were the rockings of an earthquake that soon should engulf him. But though the earth were removed his duty remained, and he as a soldier stood firm. A few minutes later, with a reverberating roar, he went up with the mine. The momentary and flashing glimpse of that gallant sentry remains for me my most heroic, soul-enkindling memory of two years of war.

Sometimes in the springing of a mine no warning whatever is given. With a roar that is heard for a hundred miles or more the bowels of the earth burst forth and whole regiments are swept away. Human beings and trenches alike are tossed as from a giant geyser in a soaring flood of fire and smoke and débris.

I saw a mine like this sprung without warning on the Third Canadian Division. My division, the First Canadians, was holding trenches just in front of Hill 60, at Ypres. The Third Division was on our left. It was about eight o'clock on a beautiful June morning; a profound peace was reigning, when, without the slightest warning, there came a deep roar such as I had never heard before, and the trenches to our left were literally swept hundreds of feet into the air. In this awful mine perished Major-General Mercer, C.B., and the flower of the Third Canadian Division. So out of peace profound, by the springing of a mine, the worst aspect of the real front may suddenly reveal itself.

The front-line trench is the Street of Adventure. No matter how quiet the day or night, there is always an air of imminency and expectancy. On this front line Street of Adventure one meets the truest men of his time. There there is a real democracy and a real brotherhood. The mere fact that each is there demands respect from the other.

Among my priceless memories of the real front is that of Junior Headquarters' Mess in the line. Among ourselves we often referred to this mess as the "Finest Club in the World," and its young members have perhaps made a good bid for the title.

The Headquarters' Mess includes the

Colonel, Adjutant, Medical Officer, and Chaplain, if he is forward. They mess at battalion headquarters, which is a becomingly staid place.

The Junior Headquarters' Mess includes the Scout Officer, Machine-gun Officer, Bombing Officer, Trench-mortar Officer, Intelligence Officer, and Forward Observing Officer. Membership in this, the "Finest Club in the World," is not apt to be of long duration, as its members frequently "go west." During the period of their active membership they represent many of the stars on the stage of the world war. Of course the generals' names are splashed across the bill-boards, but we who have really been there know that these mere boys are the leading actors on the stage. Generals may direct the scenery, but it is for the junior officers to carry out the drama. Hence the saying, "This is a subalterns' war."

In a consequential club, not long ago, I was toted around by a friend who pointed out to me "men of real importance in the world to-day." Let me point out to you in the dugout of the Suicide Club several young men of real importance on the real front.

It is about the hour of two in the morning, or 2 ack emma, as we say it in the trenches, ack emma standing for A.M. The group are gathered around a table of rough boards on which several gutted candles are burning. The dugout is deep and full of shadow, but the light around the table shows a group with ruddy faces and sparkling eyes. The Intelligence Officer, known as "Brains," has received a box of cigars from home, and, true to the communistic instinct of the front line, he has turned them over to the crowd.

"This is a little bit of orl right," said Walker, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Scout Officer. He was the most boyish of them all. It seemed like a joke to see such a stripling smoking such a big cigar.

"Go easy on that cheroot, cherub, or another mother's darling will be missing," jeered Sammy Lindsay, the Machine-gun Officer. Walker's answer was to half close his bright blue eyes and to send a cloud of smoke-rings curling up into the shadows. A half-hour before, this unsophisticated youth with

never a care in the world was on the other side of No Man's Land, with his ear against the German parapet, listening to the Fritzes talking in their own trenches. On his breast Walker wore the ribbon of the D.S.O. and of the Military Cross. He was one of the pioneers of raiding, an originator of a new departure in trench warfare.

Walker's battalion was known as the "Kings of No Man's Land," and to watch the nonchalance with which this fair-haired lad and his scouts disappeared over the parapet on a dark night was to understand the meaning of the phrase. Out in the dread country between the trenches they held undisputed sway. Walker was only a boy in appearance, yet into his life already he had crowded the thrilling experience of many men.

Sammy Lindsay, the Machine-gun Officer, who was always twitting Walker about his youth, was not quite a month older than the Scout Officer. These two juveniles were often referred to as the "Heavenly Twins." Sammy was the coolest, nerviest chap that I ever met in France. He has long since "gone west," winning in his passing the Victoria Cross. But his memory is bright with all old-timers. New-comers, hearing of his exploits to-day, regard them as apocryphal legends.

The Intelligence Officer, known as "Brains," is supposed to be the *vade mecum* of all knowledge in the front line.

If any information is required the answer invariably is, "Ask Brains." The Trench-mortar Officer and the Bombing Officer hold two very unwholesome jobs, which, strange to relate, are much sought after. As Nibbs Mackay of the bombers cheerfully observed, "Our chances of sprouting daisies are always of the best." The most sought-after positions at the front are not the safe and easy places, but the tasks of greatest danger. When one man will apply for the post as Inspector of Supplies at the base a hundred will volunteer for the bombers or the trench-mortars.

An air of suppressed merriment pervades the dugout of the Suicide Club, and there is always a bubbling over into laughter. A crowd of irrepressibles in the dormitory of a boys' school is the nearest approach to this group in the Junior Headquarters' Mess, only the dormitory does not possess such a uniform exuberance of spirit.

A man at the front who starts out to take it seriously will be in the mad-house in less than a month. But the light-hearted ones, escaping Minnies and Lizzies, may go on indefinitely. The successful soldier of the trenches never loses an opportunity for happiness. He often develops into a more care-free, merry lad than he was at school ten years before. This light heart in the midst of danger and tribulation is our last invincible defense.

Love's Island

(FROM THE JAPANESE OF DOKU-HO)

BY IAN OLIVER

A N island in an inland sea;
 "Too small for me!" I sadly cried.
 And then espied
 A lark that rose into the sky.
 Whereat I changed my plaintive cry:
 "If lark there be
 Then field there is.
 If field there be
 Then man there is.
 If man there be
 Then Love there is.
 Then large enough, indeed, for me
 Thou little island in the sea!"

Beautiful as the Morning

BY ELOISE ROBINSON



IN spite of those historical words once uttered by our old colonial father, people aren't created free and equal. That's just like a man's way of reasoning. How can people be equal when some of them are made with waving locks and ensnaring features, and others have straight hair and long noses? No, those who are beautiful have a great advantage over everybody else and ought not to have so much credit for being good, because they don't have to spend time worrying about their personal appearances, and can put more thought on growing into upright women.

If I had been beautiful I should not have ruined my sister's wedding. It was going to be in St. Martin's church at high noon, which only means twelve o'clock. I began to take a vital interest in the proceedings only a few days before it was to happen. Let it not be thought from this that I am hard-hearted. I did not feel that I was going to lose my dear sister. She was only going as far away as the other end of our lawn, where father had built her a darling little twelve-room cottage with a swimming-pool and an organ. She was plenty near enough to run in and tell mother what was the proper way for me to be reared.

As I say, my real enthusiasm began the day Janet Mallory, one of Elizabeth's bridesmaids, was stricken down with an immortal illness. She caught the mumps. As Elizabeth said, it really was an inconsiderate thing for her to do. Janet knew perfectly well that Elizabeth couldn't get along with only seven bridesmaids and a maid of honor and a ring bearer and a flower girl. Janet had known for weeks that she was to be in the wedding, and then, at the last moment, they said she was a fright. I could not blame Elizabeth for

being mad. The worst of it was that there was no one who could take her place. Janet was small, and the only other small girl Elizabeth knew was to be Janet's partner. That is, small *dark* girl. All the bridesmaids and even the little flower girl and ring bearer were to be dark, to make a greater contrast to fair-haired Elizabeth, bursting like a lily from her stem in pure white. I did have to hand it to Elizabeth for making an artistic setting for herself. However, Janet Mallory had gone and spoiled it all.

"There is only one thing I can think of," said mother to Elizabeth, who was walking about in an awful old faded tea-gown because everything good was packed. "I hesitate to mention that, but—" Here mother dropped her voice so that I could not hear what she said. From this I knew that she was talking about me, and though I made myself appear very much interested in the horse stamping on top of the eleventh mantel clock that had come as a present for Elizabeth, this was a deception, as I was listening to hear every word I could.

"What!" Elizabeth ejaculated, giving me a hard, scrutinizing look which I pretended not to see.

"She is dark," mother whispered, a little louder, "and I believe Janet's dress would just fit her."

"But mother!" And Elizabeth made some earnest but inaudible remarks which I could guess were not complimentary to me.

"Yes, I know." Mother sighed. "And, of course, she is young. I hate to seem to push her. But, after all, she is your sister, and I believe people would understand."

"She isn't so bad looking," Elizabeth admitted, reluctant as people always are to say anything pleasant about a member of the family. "Of course she hasn't Janet's brilliant complexion, and her

hair is fearfully straight, to say nothing of her nose."

I knew what she was thinking about my nose. It is my greatest misfortune, next to being the youngest in the family. Grandmother Vane says my nose is exactly like hers, and that when I am older it will be a great mark of beauty. However, this is no comfort to me now, even if true. When I am twenty-five or thirty I shan't care how I look. What I need is to be beautiful now. If Elizabeth would ever lend me a little of her rouge I could make my complexion better, but this she will not do. I have tried red drops, but the effect is not the same.

"We might try Janet's dress on her and see," suggested mother.

"If only she wouldn't do something to spoil the wedding!" Elizabeth is one of the most pessimistic girls I ever knew.

"She won't, surely. You have three more rehearsals, dear, and Barbara will be so pleased to take part that she will be on her best behavior. No one can be sweeter than Barbara when she wants to."

"Well," Elizabeth sighed, despondently, "let's try the dress. I suppose it's the only thing we can do."

This is how it was decided that I should be one of the bridesmaids in my sister's wedding. Not a very cordial invitation, to be sure, but I did not mind. You simply can't expect cordiality from your own family. And the dress was a dream—all gold gauze and tulle and showers of tiny pink rosebuds. We were to carry gold French baskets of pink roses and wear big hats that tied under one ear, and the slippers had those adorable Louis heels that I am never allowed to wear. Mother and Elizabeth had to admit that the bridesmaid's dress was becoming to me, though afterward mother tried to take away the effect of their approval, so that I should not be too vain, by telling me to remember that a wedding was a solemn moment and not to do anything foolish. She did not need to remind me of that, for I was already reminded every time I looked at Mr. P. M. Vising, who was taking the part of the groom. If I had been in Elizabeth's place I should have felt positively melancholy. It was bad

enough to think of having to receive him as a brother into the bosom of the family and associate with him at family reunions on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

After all that had been said about my personal appearance, it seemed like the finger of Providence (though now I know it must have been the Evil One) when I saw that very evening in the paper, on Francesca Villette's beauty page, the announcement of two scientific preparations—new discoveries, both of them. One was the description of a girl who had had straight, faded, brittle, dull, scraggy hair which *in one night* had become thick, glossy, and *naturally curly* by the use of a wonderful elicksir called Liquid Golderine, and sold at all drug-stores for fifty cents. All you had to do was, on going to bed, moisten a toothbrush with Golderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. Then the next morning you would have a head of hair that would be the despair of all your friends. And the curl wouldn't wash out, either. Having had experience, I can conscientiously say that all this is true, but deceiving. The other piece was about Aurora Complexion Renewer. It said:

BRING OUT THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR FACE!

Why not be fair to look upon? Beneath that soiled, faded, aged complexion is one beautiful as the morning. To-night, on going to bed, apply Aurora Complexion Renewer. While you sleep it will absorb the devitalized skin, revealing the beautiful, fresh, dewey white loveliness underneath. It stimulates the fine muscular fibres of the skin so that the cheeks are flushed with a delicate, dawn-like tint, radiant in its loveliness.

Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness.

Have you tried it?

In \$.25 and \$.50 jars.

Well, I hadn't tried it, but I was going to. You could tell that it was a scientific preparation put up by a learned man, or he wouldn't have known all about devitalized skins and muscular fibres. And then, it said it was refined women who used it. When Elizabeth saw me



MOTHER AND ELIZABETH HAD TO ADMIT THE BRIDESMAID'S DRESS WAS BECOMING

looking like the dawn she would be wild with jealousy, and have no more to say about Janet Mallory's brilliant complexion. Of course, it was a great misfortune that I could not make any alterations in my nose. I could only hope that people would be so dazzled by my complexion and my hair that they wouldn't notice my nasal member so much. The only hindrance was that my whole financial assests amounted to twenty-seven cents—a quarter left from my allowance and two cents which I remembered seeing in Dad's collar-button box. It seemed unlikely that I could get either mother or Elizabeth to lend me the additional seventy-three cents which I would need to buy the Golderine and the Aurora Complexion Renewer. Though I hate to tell it of my own family, I have to confess that both mother and Elizabeth are stingy. Neither of them will ever lend me a cent without first going into all the details of what I want it for and everything. Then, unless it's something I need at school or to help the poor Belgians they will never lend it, anyway. So I borrowed the seventy-three cents of our cook. She did not seem awfully

keen about lending it to me, either; but I promised her faithfully to repay it on the very day I had my next allowance, and if I forgot I told her to charge it to mother. You would think any mother certainly ought to be willing to pay seventy-three cents to have her child made beautiful as the morning with naturally curly hair.

After I thought things were all settled, and I had bought the preparations and had told the girls at school that I was to be a bridesmaid, Providence stepped in and spoiled things by bringing Aunt Katharine and Anne Louise from Cleveland for the wedding. The last time I had seen Anne Louise she had been a skinny little thing, all eyes and legs, who didn't care for men. I knew, from hearing her quoted as an example to me, that her grades were always a's, and she was a prominent member of the Sunday-school, having been converted in her early youth. You can imagine what such a character ought to look like. So when they came I had one of the shocks of my long lifetime. In the three or four years I hadn't seen her Anne Louise had grown to be the most stunning girl I had ever met. Her

mother let her wear her dresses longer than mine, too, which was awfully bad taste for a child of her age, and terribly mortifying to me. And, besides, she had a silk umbrella with a silver handle and her initials on it, and a green leather hand-bag. When I saw that hand-bag I felt my immortal soul almost bursting. It had a long silver chain with a ring to go over your wrist, and it was lined with lavender brocade silk. There were little pockets with a powder-puff and a nail-file and a mirror, and I don't know what else, besides a purse with four whole dollars and eighty-six cents in it. And in one of the side pockets Anne Louise had her long green return ticket. "Mother can trust me with it," she told me, that first day, "because I'm so careful. In some ways I'm more careful than mother is herself." And the snippy little thing looked at me superfluously, even though I am eleven entire months and two days older. I suppose I made a mistake to tell her about the toilet preparations, but I simply had to keep my self-respect some way. She really was impressed, I could see that, though she tried not to show it, after I'd let her see the pieces from the paper, and the bottles, which really did look terribly grown-up, especially the Aurora Complexion Renewer, which was a fascinating green color, and in the cutest dumpy little cut-glass bottle. I could tell from Anne Louise's expression that she was afraid, too, that they would make me more beautiful than she was, and I hoped they would. In fact, I could see that I wasn't going to like her character at all. It wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't had to room with her. You know how it is to have these sweet Christian characters around you all the time. It nearly drives you frantic. The rest of our family didn't seem to feel as I did about her, and kept mentioning her sweet manners. Elizabeth was crazy about her from the start. The first evening she took her up-stairs and showed her her trousseau, letting Anne Louise unfold the lingerie and try on the negligées that I had never been allowed to touch for fear I might ruin them. But the worst blow was when I came home from school one day at noon, heard voices in Elizabeth's

room, and went to investigate. There, in front of the pier-glass, was Anne Louise with one of the gold bridesmaids' dresses on, and Elizabeth and mother and Aunt Katherine all sitting around and admiring her. "Oh, Barbara!" Anne Louise called to me, as I stopped in the doorway, "isn't it simply splendid? I'm going to be in the wedding!"

"Why, who has the mumps now?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, nobody, silly!" said Anne Louise.

"Then how— Is Elizabeth going to have another couple?"

"Of course not, Barbara!" Elizabeth spoke up. She knelt down on the floor and began pulling at the hem of the gold gauze dress and did not look at me.

"Then—" I stopped, questioningly.

"Well, you see, Barbara," Anne Louise took it upon herself to answer, "I'm darker than you are, and better-looking," she was going to say, but changed it to, "that is, my hair is curly and I'm just the right size, and I've had experience, because I've been a flower girl twice before—and so everybody thought I'd better take your place."

"And not let me be in the wedding? Or wear the gold gauze dress?" I stammered, looking at mother.

"Now, for goodness sake, Barbara, don't make a fuss," Elizabeth broke in, pulling the hem of the gold gauze dress very hard. "It's all decided."

"Do you mean I'm not going to *be in the wedding*?" I demanded of mother again, ignoring Elizabeth.

"Not this time, dear," mother answered, soothingly. As if there ever would be *another* time unless Elizabeth became a Mormon! "Elizabeth thinks it would be better for Anne Louise to—"

But I did not wait for her to finish. "It's my only opportunity of ever wearing high-heeled pumps!" I choked, and then with a dignified step I went from the room. I acted as if I did not care, but any one who has ever been in the same position can imagine how my fondest hopes and prayers were blighted. I went into my own room and shut the door. What I did there was my own private business. I wasn't going to let that little Anne Louise see me cry.

After a few minutes mother came and

tapped on the door. "Luncheon, Barbie, dear child," she said. She used the tone of voice that she doesn't very often use to me, and that always makes me want to cry harder, but with a heroic effort I controlled myself and said in cold accents:

"I don't care for any luncheon today."

Strangely enough mother didn't urge me or try to get in, as I expected her to do. But I heard Elizabeth say:

"I suppose now she'll make a scene!"

"Well, Elizabeth," mother replied, "you know my opinion, though, of course, you will do as you choose. It seems to me quite too bad to drop the child out now simply to make a place for Anne Louise. You know how Barbara's been looking forward to this."

These words made me think there was some good in mother, after all, but they had no influence on Elizabeth's hard nature.

"Good gracious!" she burst out. "Mother, you know I've got to consider the general effect. Anne Louise is a

perfect *dream* and you know Barbara isn't anything to look at."

I heard no more as they went on down the hall, leaving me in despair. It is a bitter lot to have your own sister make maligning statements about your looks, even if you haven't curly hair and a gorgeous complexion. When it was time to go to school I sneaked down the back stairs and out the back door. I felt that it would not be wise in me to encounter Anne Louise—I might do something unladylike to her.

At his steps I met Jimmy St. John Jones. "For cat's sake, Barbara," he greeted me, "what's the matter with you? You're all red and lumpy looking."

"I suppose that makes me all the uglier," I retorted bitterly. Jimmy hasn't a bit of tact. He isn't a regular suitor, or I should not be allowed to go with him, but only a boy I have known all my life.

"What's eating you, anyway?" he insisted.

In spite of his misusing the English



"I'M DARKER THAN YOU ARE, AND I'VE BEEN A FLOWER GIRL BEFORE"

language, which we all ought to respect, I knew Jimmy well enough to see that he meant these words in kindness and sympathy, and I told him all my trouble, not forgetting to dwell upon Anne Louise's obnoxious character. Jimmy is—at least, he was—my most bosom man friend in a brotherly way, and I could confide anything to him. We were both raised on the same kind of baby food, and our families both have the despised bean for dinner every Saturday, and the same ideas about keeping Jimmy and me "children" as long as possible. You can easily see what a sacred bond there was between us. He was simply furious to think of the insults which had been heaped upon me. He offered to go over and give Elizabeth a piece of his mind; but I said no, it would do no good. Elizabeth was so calloused to all proper feeling that nothing would have any influence on her.

"Then," said Jimmy, "couldn't you stretch a string across the floor and make your cousin trip and sprain her ankle or something?"

"You don't know Anne Louise." I looked at him dismally. "That would probably work with me, because my mind would be on higher things, but Anne Louise would never trip. She'd see the string first. She's that kind."

"Well, give her some castor-oil on the sly. If you give her enough it'll make her awfully sick. A fellow at one of our initiations—"

But I told Jimmy that wouldn't do, either. The trouble was, you couldn't get her to take it without arousing her suspicions. Castor-oil is so obtrusive. She'd never drink it in her cocoa.

But Jimmy would not give up. He walked all the way to school with me, suggesting one thing after another, such as putting molasses and feathers in Anne Louise's hair. "I'll tell you what," he offered, finally, "let's kidnap her. I'll help you."

"Kidnap her? How?"

"Lock her up," explained Jimmy, "until the wedding is over."

"You can't put her in our garage," I told him, firmly. "I once locked some one in there, and the results were too painful. Anne Louise would surely be

discovered. She would kick the door and scream."

But Jimmy said he did not intend to lock her in the garage. He had a much more exciting scheme than that. Some of the boys had built a club-house in a tree out in the woods, and we'd take Anne Louise there the afternoon before the wedding and keep her until all was over. We planned that Jimmy was to ask us to go riding in his car and take us out Grandin road, then he'd say he wanted to show us his club-house; we'd lure Anne Louise out there and lock her up. Jimmy said no one could possibly hear her scream, even if she wasn't gagged; it was miles away from any human habitation. But I told him I would prefer to have her gagged, and would take along my woolen scarf, which I hated anyway, for that purpose. It would be tragical indeed if she should come rushing in just as I was walking up to the altar. Jimmy said he would leave some water and a few crackers there—enough for her to sustain life on.

Well, I oughtn't to have trusted Jimmy. I know that now, having learned by experience what I was at that time too young and innocent to know about the darker side of life. Man is a weak, fickle creature, and easily led astray by designing woman. But at the time the plan seemed all right, and I did not dream that Jimmy, who had been true to me in many an emergency, would go back on me now. We arranged it that he was to call for us early in the afternoon before the wedding. I now remember with bitterness how, on parting, I wrang Jimmy's hand and with tears of gratitude told him he was a true friend to me.

This was how it came about that Anne Louise and I were ready to go out with Jimmy the next afternoon. I am a truthful woman, and I have to admit that Anne Louise looked dear, and alluring to both the masculine and feminine eye, though dressed entirely out of taste for a child of her age. She had on a dark-red dress—men are always attracted by red—with beaded pockets and a sweet red hat and a long, tan coat, the kind mother would not let me have. From her wrist dangled carelessly and elegantly the green leather



OUTSIDE THE MOVIES I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYBODY SEIZED WITH LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

bag with all the little mirrors and powder-puffs and the purse with four dollars and eighty-six cents and the long green ticket. Needless to say, I wore only a blue sailor suit, for when have I been known to dress otherwise?

It has always been well known that Jimmy St. John Jones was my special friend. He did not care for women, only me, in a merely brotherly way, and otherwise was a woman-hater and a confirmed old bachelor at seventeen. Knowing this, you can see how I was utterly unprepared for what happened. I know now that these woman-haters, once they are started, are the worst of all. Outside of the movies I have never seen anybody seized with love at first sight before, but I now saw this happen to Jimmy. When I introduced Anne Louise he conducted himself in all respects like one of our leading screen favorites, even to the start of ecstasy and the wildly rolling eye. He gulped. He then stared at Anne Louise again and gulped a second time as if in great distress. The only words he addressed to me were these, in a hoarse whisper:

"Gee! Barbie, your cousin is some little peach!"

I am almost sure Anne Louise was meant to hear this, and she did. It was at that moment that I began to think I had been deceived in Anne Louise. Never again will I trust a girl who claims not to like the boys.

I lingered behind a little on the way out to the car, trying to catch Jimmy's eye, but it was so firmly fixed on Anne Louise that to have had any effect I should have needed to be a regular crowbar. Jimmy's car is the kind that has only one real seat; but a kind of projection behind that can be sat upon. It had sort of run in my mind all along that Anne Louise was to sit behind, so that if necessary Jimmy and I could say a few private words about the carrying out of our scheme. But this was not to be. The first thing I knew Jimmy was helping Anne Louise into the front, carefully holding her elbow as if she were really grown-up. Did he then help me in by the elbow? No, he did not. He simply left me to scramble up by myself, while he started to get into the front seat by Anne Louise. But I pulled him by the sleeve.

"Is everything all right?" I asked him, in a low tone.

He looked at me as blankly as if I were talking in some foreign language. "What do you mean?"

"Why, our plans. What we're going for. Is the club-house ready and have you got the key and everything?"

"Oh! I guess so." He looked past me at Anne Louise and then climbed into the car, adding, carelessly, "Hurry up if you're coming."

If I was coming! But I said nothing and got up behind, where I sat in lonely state beside the gasoline-tank, looking at Jimmy and my cousin through the back window. I must say I had a pleasant ride. Besides having nothing to lean against, and being bounced fearfully every time the car went over a rut or anything, I was forced to endure the awful experience of seeing my best man friend fall a victim to the wiles of another, and she a woman who would ruin his life. But this was not the worst. I soon saw Jimmy turn out the new boulevard, which didn't lead anywhere near the woods where the boys' club-house was.

"Jimmy!" I leaned over and shouted in his ear, "Aren't you going out Madison Road?"

"Plenty of time!" Jimmy called back, over his shoulder.

But when we kept going and going in the exact opposite direction from the woods I began to be nervous.

"Jimmy!" I said again. "I thought you were going to take Anne Louise and me out to your club-house?"

And if you will believe it, that perfidious boy turned around, gave me a mean, significant look, and said: "You thought wrong, then. We're going out to Winton Place."

For a moment I was stunned with surprise. Then I managed to inquire, "Do you mean you're going back on your promise?"

"What promise?" asked Jimmy, not looking around any more.

"You know very well what promise!" I leaned over and grasped him by the shoulder. "Are you going back on me, Jimmy Jones?" (It always makes Jimmy mad to have any one leave the St. John out of his name.)

With an angry shake Jimmy dislodged my hand, "Let go of me, will

you, Barbara Vane? I can't drive with a girl hanging around my neck."

These were cruel and untruthful words, because Jimmy knows I am not the clinging-vine type of girl, though Anne Louise is. But I sank back in my seat and said no more. I saw that all was over. Anybody with any intuition at all could see that Jimmy had changed his mind. I looked at Anne Louise and I saw her looking at Jimmy in a way than which Theda Bara could not do any better. I wondered why I had never noticed before that Anne Louise was a typical vampire. Her hair was coal black and her eyes were the kind that look innocent, but hide a great deal. I really felt sorry for Jimmy. I realized that he is a right good-looking boy in spite of his freckles and his nose, which is not manly. But I couldn't waste much thought on him, because he had brought it all on himself, and besides spoiled my chances of marching in my sister's wedding parade.

What happened next was not to my credit. It was due to a wise but unscrupulous Providence, because I would never have thought to plan it out. All I did was to be a humble instrument in the hand of Heaven. I said we were going out Winton Place, which is only a railroad junction with lumber-mills and a few stores and no place for young girls to be unchaperoned, even if one of them is a vampire. I don't believe Jimmy had ever been there before, and I'd been only once myself, when we'd taken the train there. Jimmy stopped the car before a fly-speckled drug-store and helped Anne Louise out with such politeness verging on adoration as to make me doubt that it was the same boy I had always known. It was only after they'd started toward the door that he appeared to remember me.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "We're going to have a sundae. Do you want to come along?"

Any woman can realize what a stab these words gave me, because up to this moment I had been the receptacle of all of Jimmy's sundaes. But I pretended not to notice these discourtesies. I looked the drug-store over with a calm eye, and then remarked:

"If you don't mind I don't believe

I'll go in. It looks—dirty—there to me. And the air in these cheap places is always so bad, don't you think?"

I was glad to see, as he turned away, that Jimmy's ears were red with mortification. It was the only drop of comfort I had, as I sat out there with my tongue aching for a cooling sundae and my heart bursting with righteous indignation over how I had been deceived, and nothing to look at but a cocoa cola sign and a man watering a horse out of a tin bucket. It was at this moment that my eye caught sight of the little round tin cap on the gasoline-can. To many a gasoline-tank and a man watering a horse would have seemed to have no connection, but it is well known among my friends and family that I am subject to sudden inspirations. At that, I didn't realize what far-fetched results it might cause when I beckoned to the man watering his horse and asked him politely if he would put a bucket of water in the gasoline-tank. He was an ignorant man, driving only a horse, as I have said, and he thought the water was needed for the engine. I believe I may have given him that impression myself, of course not saying so directly and thus telling a lie. As I say, at the time I thought only that it would make Jimmy a lot of trouble and maybe, if he wasn't bright enough to find out what the matter was, Anne Louise would have to walk all the way back home and be later for dinner and the last rehearsal of Elizabeth's wedding. They were going through the whole thing, only instead of saying, "I pronounce you man and wife," the minister was going to say, "I *will* pronounce you man and wife," thus saving Elizabeth from being under the marriage yoke for one more day. Naturally, I should have to walk and be late, too, but Anne Louise was of a temperament to care more for those things than I was, who have become calloused from being scolded for tardiness nearly every meal. Besides, her shoes were tight and would probably hurt her; she would then whine, thus disillusionizing Jimmy, because he hates a quitter. Little did I think the depths of infatuation into which that misguided man had fallen—and he a mere boy. When they

had come out of the drug-store and Jimmy had started the car, and it had gone half a block, sneezing and choking, and then stopped, and Jimmy had not been able to make it go, or even suspected what was the matter, I drew a long and hypocritical sigh and said I supposed we should have to walk home. Jimmy glared at me.

"That's all very well for you," he said, madly, being hot and disgusted as well as greasy from working over the engine; "but you needn't think I'm going to let Miss Abbey walk all that distance!"

It was not hearing myself spoken of so disrespectfully which wrang my heart so much as to hear him call Anne Louise, who was eleven months and two days younger than I, *Miss Abbey*. In all our years of acquaintance he had never spoken of me as Miss Vane, but only as Barbara.

"Well," I retorted, "we can't sit here all night. We ought to be home now. Mother will be furious if we're late for dinner, and Anne Louise has to practise for the wedding."

"Oh yes, I must get back, Big Boy!" Anne Louise looked at Jimmy with a trustful air which seemed to ensnare him still faster, from the idolizing look on his face.

"Don't you worry, little Black Beauty; I'll take care of you," he cooed.

I gave Jimmy a look which he should have understood, having explained to me many times that he was a woman-hater and a confirmed old bachelor.

"I'd like to know how you're going to take care of your little *Black Beauty*," I remarked, coldly. "I told you not to bring us out here."

Jimmy waxed a fiery red from baffled rage, because he did not know, either. He could not hire another automobile, because he had told me the day before he only had fifty cents of his allowance left, and he had spent twenty cents in the drug-store. He would have become really angry if a whistle had not just then sounded.

"We're going home on the train," he replied, stiffly, and helped Anne Louise out of the car.

There seemed to be no cause to argue against this, so after Jimmy had gone back to the drug-store and telephoned

to the garage to have some one come after his car, we went to the station and Jimmy bought three tickets, leaving practically no resources in his pockets. The ticket man told us the train came at 5:03.

The only part I had in the following tragical dinnewma was to ask Jimmy to let me keep my own ticket.

"What do you want it for?" he demanded, crossly.

"Why, this train will probably be crowded, and three can't sit together, anyhow. I'd rather you took care of Anne Louise. Maybe I'll have to sit a good ways from you," I told him, innocently. When he heard this Jimmy gave me the ticket with only a sniff to show he thought I was silly, but really pleased to think of getting rid of me so easily. Little did he know the real reason I wanted my ticket, though it was his own fault that he didn't. If he and Anne Louise hadn't been so encroached in each other they would both have heard what the man at the ticket window said to a woman who asked about the train.

"Yes, ma'am, the local comes in on the back track to-night. We're leaving the front track open for the Cleveland flyer. The flyer's late; it'll get in only a minute before the local. You'd better not make a mistake, lady; they won't let you off before Columbus." Then he laughed, for the last remark was meant to be a pleasantry. However, as he spoke, a thought came into my mind. It came there because I saw Anne Louise's green bag hanging on her arm. I knew that inside it was her return ticket to Cleveland. It occurred to me that maybe Providence was working things around to rid me of Anne Louise, after all. If it was, far be it from me to stop Providence. And if Jimmy was removed, too, why, after the way he'd acted, I wasn't going to worry. Even if he had no ticket and no money, Anne Louise had four dollars and eighty-six cents and he could borrow. So when the flyer pulled in I rose and, remarking, "Here's the train," walked out of the door. Jimmy followed, tenderly helping Anne Louise along, though she is an able-bodied woman. It was really too easy. In

their strange infatuation Anne Louise and Jimmy never noticed that I merely walked through the car and got off at the other end, which shows how the human heart can be made a fool of, and we ought never to let passion sway our actions. After the flyer started I went round and got on the local.

Thinking it over on my way home, I decided to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, but not the whole truth, such as hidden motives, which would be misunderstood, to mother and Aunt Katharine. I knew I should have to give some explanation—our family is so fussy. So when at last I reached my abode during this mortal life, I went up-stairs where mother and Aunt Katharine were helping Elizabeth try on her going-away suit.

"Aunt Katharine," I began, "I have some bad news for you."

All three of them turned to me in surprise.

"I hope you will be brave and bear up under it," I went on, looking at her pityingly, because, of course, she wasn't to blame for my cousin and Jimmy, except by having an offspring like Anne Louise.

"What on earth!" gasped Aunt Katharine.

"It will be a great blow to you," I added.

"For mercy sake what is the matter, Barbara," mother demanded.

"Anne Louise—" I began, but was interrupted by a terror-stricken word from Aunt Katharine.

"What has happened to Anne Louise? Is she hurt—dead? Oh, that automobile!"

"Calm yourself, Aunt Katharine," I returned. "Anne Louise is alive and well. But it looks as if she has eloped." Any one following this story will note that I did not say she actually *had* eloped. I said it *looked* as if she had. And to an unprejudiced observer it did.

Mother and Aunt Katharine and Elizabeth looked at me with open mouths and pop eyes. Then mother regained her usual cool manner. "Barbara Vane, what are you talking about? Explain yourself—explain yourself fully."

"I'm afraid so," I repeated; "with

Jimmy St. John Jones. At least, they got on the train together for Cleveland."

Elizabeth began to laugh. "How perfectly idiotic you are, my dear child," she said, patronizingly.

"My dear sister," I returned to her with dignity, "I may not be as bright as *you* are"—this was, as any one acquainted with our family could tell, sarcasm, for I am a great deal brighter—"but I am not yet ready for the asylum and I do not care for your insinuates. You may not believe me now, but time will prove my words."

After this there was a great noise of

Aunt Katharine made a pitiful spectacle of herself. She has never learned self-control, which we ought all to do in our youth. Dad telegraphed to Uncle George to meet the young couple at the station in Cleveland, but Aunt Katharine insisted on taking the nine-o'clock train home herself. She kept saying that she didn't see *how* such a thing—I told her I was not surprised after what I had seen of Anne Louise's character, though, of course, I did not say to her own mother that Anne Louise was a vampire.

When things had somewhat calmed



I FELT LIKE OUR FATHER ABRAHAM OFFERING UP ISAAC

voices, no one believing I spoke the unvarnished truth. But when I had told all, how Jimmy and Anne Louise had put me in the back seat, neglecting to converse with me because they were so much otherwise occupied, and how they had gone to Winton Place in spite of my trying to make them turn around, and about the car's breaking down, and about their getting on the Cleveland train, and all their loving words and actions, and after mother had called up Mrs. St. John Jones, who had admitted that Jimmy was not at home, and the garage man had said he had gone out after the car at Jimmy's request, and Aunt Katharine knew Anne Louise had her ticket and four dollars and eighty-six cents in cash; why, they began to believe me in spite of not wishing to.

down, and Aunt Katharine had left in the trail of her beloved offspring, accompanied to the station by father, Elizabeth's thoughts began to turn, as I had hoped they would, to her wedding procession.

"The idea," she said, "of Anne Louise doing such a thing just at this time! Horrid little creature! She's done all she could to ruin my wedding. She knew I was counting on her for my bridesmaid. Now I suppose there is nothing to do but to have Barbara."

But I looked Elizabeth quietly in the eye. "I don't think I care to be in your wedding," I told her.

"You don't care to!" When Elizabeth is astonished she looks just like a fish. "Well, I never! I thought you were crazy about it?"

"No," I said, "I'm not. I'm too ugly. My hair is straight and my nose is too long, and I haven't any complexion." I spoke bitingly, but Elizabeth did not see the sarcasm.

"I don't see what difference that makes. You're the only one left. I've got to have you. You know as well as I do that I can't have an uneven number of bridesmaids."

"Still, I don't think I'll be in it."

"Mother!" It was a comfort to me, after the way she had acted, to hear the note of anguish in Elizabeth's voice. "Do you hear what that child says?"

For the first and only time in her life mother did not turn against me and side with Elizabeth. "You'll have to settle it yourself, my dear," she said, wearily. "You know what I told you when you decided to have Anne Louise in Barbara's place. I can't blame the child."

I gave my sister a triumphant look. Of course I had no intention of not being in the wedding, but I didn't tell Elizabeth so, and to secure my services I made her promise me a vanity box with real rouge in it and a pink crêpe-de-Chine nightgown she'd worn only once. I guess she regretted she'd ever said anything about my frizzy mahogany.

It was with a feeling of calm satisfaction that I went up to my room early that evening to make myself beautiful as the morning. Any one of the female gender who believes it is woman's first duty to look her best will realize what a severe blow I had when, on looking in my bottom drawer, I found that my wonderful toilet preparations were completely and entirely gone. Not even a cork was left. I took everything out of the drawer, and even looked under the paper at the bottom. Some one must have taken them, and it wasn't a mouse, because there were no crumbs left. I suspected Delphine right away. She's always snooping around my room "tidying up," but I know very well it's really to see if I've borrowed anything from Kit or Elizabeth. As I couldn't find my bottles in her room, I supposed she'd taken them to mother, and I searched through mother's room surreptitiously, also through Kit's and Elizabeth's, but I was not rewarded. I found not even

a trace of anything that had once been there and used up. I did not dare ask any one where they were, for there would be unpleasant inquiries and I should not have been allowed to use them, even if found, on account of being too young.

It was while I was making a last desperate search through Kit's stocking-bag that I heard sounds which gave me even a more tragical feeling floating up from below. I knew right away what it was. No one in our family, thank goodness! has such a sickeningly sweet voice as that I heard. It was my cousin Anne Louise. After thinking her safely borne farther from me every instant, it gave me a terrible wrench. As her voice kept running on and on, I suppose she was telling how she and Jimmy took the wrong train, and all, but I did not care to know about it. It was enough and too much for me to hear, over the banisters, that the engine had broken down this side of Columbus, and she and Jimmy had taken the chance of getting off and coming back on Anne Louise's four dollars and eighty-six cents. I think it is the Bible, but it may be Luke McLuke, which says that Providence takes care of the feeble-minded and children, which is why Anne Louise got back. I felt, after everything, that I could not endure to see her, so when finally she had come up-stairs, and all the time she was clinking things around in the dressing-room for ever so long, I pretended to be in a deep sleep. Really I was thinking rapid thoughts to myself. I saw that all chance of my being in the wedding was again ruined, this time forever, as fickle Elizabeth would change back to Anne Louise. But I made up my mind that she wasn't going to be in it, either. The human heart cannot endure forever. There was just one way to stop her. That was a way my whole soul rebelled against, being to have the gold gauze dress disappear. But bad as it would be never to see the lovely thing again, it would be worse to have Anne Louise go parading up the aisle in it and then take it home to Cleveland to aid her in being more of a vampire than she already was. At first I did not know how I was going to manage to



THEY HAD OPENED THE BOX, AND THE DRESS—WAS NOT THERE !

do away with it, though. If I cut it up and mother found the pieces she would suspect me at once, because I am always suspected of causing all misfortunes. I could not burn it in the furnace, which wasn't going, and there was no place I could hide it and not have it discovered. I thought I had found a brilliant plan when I thought of the box which my sister and some of her friends had been packing in our basement for the wounded soldiers. I had heard Kit tell Conrad he must surely nail it up early in the morning, as the expressman was coming for it at six-thirty. Alas! I did not know what Providence had in store, or I should have trusted him, and not decided to steal down in the dead of night and add the gold-gauze dress to the collection of bed-socks and knitted mufflers (some of them having dropped stitches.) But I couldn't do anything until Anne Louise was asleep, and it seemed to me she would never come out of the dressing-room. I heard her brushing at her hair and rattling for ages, and when she finally turned out the light and came to bed she kept fussing around as if she

weren't very comfortable. But at last she fell into uneasy slumbers and I sneaked out of the room. The gold-gauze dress was hanging in the hall closet; I found it and made my way to the basement, which was spookey and took much bravery to go into. I found the box; with a sad and breaking heart I kissed the gold gauze dress and folded it away between two layers of canton-flannel pajamas. No one will ever know it, but I felt like our Father Abraham offering up Isaac.

I will now skip the remaining hours of the night until the next morning at eight o'clock, when I was awakened by an ear-piercing and long cry from Anne Louise. She was standing at the foot of my bed, crying childishly. At least, I supposed it was Anne Louise, because it had on her kimona. But she was no longer beautiful, or even fit for society in any way. Her face had grown fleshy and very red in the night, and it had a green, pasty substance sticking over it in splotches. And instead of beautiful waving ringlets she had hair of a stiff, bushy variety, which any one could see no comb invented would go through.

"You horrid, horrid girl!" she was shrieking, "just see what you've done!"

I stared at her in astonishment.

"You've ruined me!" she kept repeating.

Before I could ask her what I had to do with it, mother opened the door. "What is—" she began, but, giving one look at Anne Louise, she retired into silence.

"Barbara said it would make me beautiful as the morning," my cousin wailed. "I know she did it on purpose!"

At her words a great illumination dawned on me. I got out of bed and went into the dressing-room. It was as I thought. On the washstand were the two empty bottles which had once held Aurora Complexion Renewer and Liquid Golderine. I don't see why I had not thought of looking into Anne Louise's bag the night before. I ought naturally to have suspected one who was both a Christian Character and a Vampire. I might have charged her with being a thief, or even had her put in jail, but, looking at her, I could not help feeling that she had done a great deal for me. Any one could see that she was ruined for the wedding. Even Elizabeth recognized it.

"Well, Barbara," she said, crisply, "don't waste any more time. You'd better begin to dress right away."

Anne Louise gave a low moan, and a thrill of triumph shot through me. "If you lend me your face powder—" I began. What stopped me was the awful thought of how the gold-gauze dress was mashed between two layers of canton-flannel pajamas and long e'er this on its way to the wounded soldiers. Without a word I slithered from the room. Elizabeth thought I had gone to perform my absolutions, but I had not. I went and sat on the back stairs, which is comparatively private and endeared to me by being the place where in my youth I read Elsie Dinsmore and other immoral books unknown to my parents. I needed quiet to think.

The only plan I could invent was to send Sarah Delle Sherwin, who had long vowed eternal friendship to me, down to the express office to rescue the dress. So I called her up and told her that now

was the time to prove that her prostrations of affection were real. I must say she did not seem quite so cordial as I had expected. She said her mother did not allow her to go to rough places like express offices, and that, anyway, she did not know where it was, nor what to say when she got there. But after I had hinted to her that unless she was able in some way to overcome these difficulties and help me, I would not be able to save her any wedding-cake or salted almonds, for which she has a special infinity, she agreed to go. I then called up the express office.

"This is Mrs. Kesley Vane speaking," I told the man who answered. (This was not a lie, but only an anachronism.) "I sent off an express package this morning which had in it by mistake the dress my daughter was going to wear to her sister's wedding to-day. Unless I can recover it all is lost. If I send my daughter down for it, can you open the box and let her take the dress out?"

The man at the other end of the wire at first did not seem to think that this could be done. He said it was "irregular." But after I had misrepresented to him that he could add onto our bill any amount which his trouble was worth, he became more gentlemanly and told me to send my daughter right down.

The next hour was a terrible one for me. I felt myself aging in spite of the fact that Delphine was very nice about shampooing my hair with mother's special shampoo mixture, and Elizabeth let me use her nail polishes and cold creams. I was all ready for the icing (speaking poetically and meaning by that, my dress), when Sarah Delle returned and said that they had opened the box and that the dress was not there. They had taken everything out of the box and looked inside all the pajamas, but no. She said the man appeared to be angered, and used some strong words when she was obliged to hurry away to tell me, and so leave the pajamas, socks, *et setterah*, scattered over the floor for him to pick up. Heavens! It was an awful moment. I felt that the end had come and I abandoned myself to tearless despair.

It was while thus engaged, after Sarah Delle had gone, reminding me on her

way out of the almonds, that there was a knock at my door.

"Come in," I said, dully.

It was mother. But I did not really see her at first, for, dangling from a hanger in her hand was—oh, blessed sight!—the gold-gauze dress. I could not speak, but only stare.

"Here is your dress, Barbara," mother said. "You're all ready for it, aren't you? How nice you look!" There was a peculiar expression in her voice and in her eye that made me think she knew all and was not angry.

"Oh, mother darling!" I cried, throwing my arms around her neck. "Where, where did you find it?"

"Be careful," said mother; "don't muss my hair. Yes, I took the dress out of the box. You didn't know I heard you last night and followed you into the cellar. It really was very naughty of you, Barbara."

"Oh, I know it was, now!" I burst out. "I—"

"However," mother went on, "we'll say no more about it. I have not mentioned it. I'll send Delphine to button you up." She started for the door and opened it half-way. Then she closed it again and turned to me. "When your Aunt Katharine and I were girls," she added, reminiscently, "she was very much like Anne Louise."

A Song For Winter

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

SPEAK not of snow and cold and rime
 Now they prevail.
 Would you have joy in winter-time,
 Think of the pale
 New green that comes, of blossoming lilacs think,
 Larkspur, and borders of the fringed pink.
 And sing, if winter grants you heart to sing,
 Of summer and of spring.

Would you secure some happiness
 In frosty hours,
 Trust to the eye external less
 Than to the powers
 Of inward sight that even now may show
 Opaline seas, blue hilltops, and the glow
 Of daybreak on the glades where thrushes sing
 In summer and in spring.

Gaze not on fettered lake and brook
 And sullen skies,
 But in your happy memory look
 Where beauty lies
 As once it was, as it shall be again
 When sunshine floods the fields of blowing grain,
 And sing, as must who would in winter sing,
 Of summer and of spring.



W. D. HOWELLS

THE Christmas season is a time which borders so fast upon eternity in men's thoughts that they willingly invite the supernatural into their nerves, and welcome such forms of the weird as haunt the realms of verse, though they do not refuse them if they approach from the borders of every-day prose. Perhaps they are even gladder of them from that quarter, as being of greater novelty, of more unexpectedness. Now is the time, or once it was, that young people, of whatever age, like to crouch on the rug before the fire and tell one another stories which they have read, and which, if they have read them in prose, are easier to tell, than those they have read in verse, because they do not ask to be repeated quite in the words of the original, and no matter how inexact, are more like what happens to people one knows. Yet they are not of the finest quality of weirdness; they bring a shudder, but not the swift light shiver which is to a shudder what a chill is to a cold, or a thrill is to goose-flesh. The things in verse are shorter, and perhaps there is some one on the hearth before the fire who knows them by heart, and can recite them entire to the surrounding breathlessness. Or some one may jump up from the rug and catch from the shelf a book that the hand knows how to find in the dark, and then crouch down and slowly read the piece by the flicker of the firelight. It may be a bit from Coleridge, or the Rossettis, brother or sister, or Emily Dickinson, or Keats in some rarer moments, or now and then Scott, or Poe almost anywhere, or William Blake, or Ebenezer Jones (in that wonderful thing about "when the world begins burning up," and the first little soft flames in the woodland show like "crocus in the shade"), or Leigh Hunt by fortunate chance, or not very frequently Tennyson. But if there happens to be one of the company who

knows of the best and sheerest bit of weirdness in the world, he will read "The Listeners" from the still recent volume of Walter de la Mare, or, if he has not the book, then from Mr. Braithwaite's *Critical Anthology of the Poetic Year for 1916*, where it is reprinted in full. We are almost minded to reprint it in full here, it so lures us from line to line, but we will only give the beginning:

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the
grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveler's head:
And he smote upon the door a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.

We need not go on, for, as a partner of the inspiration, the reader knows what follows:

But no one descended to the Traveler;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners,
That dwelt in the lone house, then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the
dark stair,
That goes down into the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveler's call.

Without another line, another word, the rest imparts itself in the vibration of the rhythm, and we know as well as if we let the poet tell us:

And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark
turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky.
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.

The very breathing of the earth is felt in the irregular movement of the verse, and the stars and the leaves tremble in it together. It is the supernatural power of all poetry and it is peculiarly the gift of this poet, who takes our souls with the mere movement of those irregular poetic feet of his, as they suddenly stop and sometimes stiffen with a spondaic grace.

Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the
still house

From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

There! We have given the whole poem, when we honestly had not meant to; though perhaps it has given itself in spite of us, divining that with less we should not pay our debt to the poet or the reader, for each seems to have a claim upon us. The weird does not willingly lend itself to comment, far less to interpretation. It is witchcraft or witchery, which you please, but it is of an aerial, twilight beauty that no alien words can give again to eye or ear, at least no words of even the willingest criticism. All one can do is to wonder in vain how the poet came by his gift, and how he contrives to impart its divine rapture again, for it is rapture such as no gaiety of song can give. Certain characteristics are obvious here, as that it has the simple regular grace of poetry when it begins to find itself in the old balladry, that its light dancing step, wilfully in or out of time, is of a loveliness conscious art never has; though when you have said this you have to ask yourself whether it is not an effect of the most conscious art. Mr. de la Mare is master of it, and there are numbers of other things in his two books, *The Listeners* (named so after that masterpiece) and *Peacock Pie*, which recalls that masterpiece by a touch here and there, but is never quite it or nearly it. No one else seems able to summon the Weird from its mystic hiding-place—and he not often—in the volume mostly playing with childish things, though the Eery, the Phantom, the Quaint come often enough when he asks them in *Peacock Pie*.

Perhaps we are trying to distinguish where there are no differences, and we wish Mr. Braithwaite had made this new-old poetry of Mr. de la Mare's the text of larger discourse than he has done. He is a critic very much to our mind, and is the most intelligent historian of contemporary poetry we can think of. His knowledge of the field which he has explored before this includes an *Anthology of Elizabethan Verse* which may well rank near the *Oxford Book of Verse*, and has done singular justice to a longish period of our *Magazine Verse* in his anthologies of it for the years 1814-15-16. He is a critic of natural and instructed taste, and of generous feeling that is even rarer than good taste. We are not so sure that the dialogue form of *The Poetic Year* is as fortunate as something more direct would have been; time and strength are spent upon the task of characterizing the several speakers which we should have liked given to the subjects in hand; but the result is still an admirable piece of criticism where the changing light is usefully thrown from the several minds supposed various. The best of it is that it is always the light of Mr. Braithwaite's own mind upon the matter in hand. What appears from the matter is the prevailing subjectivity of the stuff considered. The poets deal with themselves, their feelings, their feelings about their feelings, and seldom with their feelings about the feelings of their creations. There is almost no story-telling, but there is analysis of the writers' emotions no end. Or, if that is saying it rather in excess, what we mean is that there is apparently nothing for the writers to have so much emotion about. The result is now, somewhat as it was in Goethe's latest time, just a hundred years ago, when the young German poets did not evolve camels from their inner consciousness, but dealt with their consciousness as something that camels might be evolved from if they got down to business, which they apparently never did.

We hope this is not saying or hinting that there is not a great deal of beauty in the new poetry, both in Mr. Braithwaite's appreciative purveyance and in

the volumes which have failed to fall under his friendly eye and kindly hand. There is abundance of beauty, a whole bargain-counter iridescence of it, and since the new poetry has mainly stopped stumping along on the prose feet of free verse, there is a rich harmony of gramophonic records. Quite seriously, there is much more beauty in the new poetry than there was in the old, or, if not that, then in the middle-aged, such as the new poets tried giving an uneager world in the decades from 1850 to 1900. They had always the great ones with them then, and they sang as like and looked as like Tennyson and Browning and Longfellow as they could, but not to an effect of as much beauty as we could have wished. Such of them as survive that period, and as we could easily count upon the fingers of one hand, not to say thumbs, might well inspire the hope that Mr. Braithwaite will yet make an anthology of the last half of the nineteenth century.

To be sure, one of the best poets of the period has already done this; we have Edmund Clarence Stedman's excellent anthology; and nothing of Mr. Braithwaite's could be gentler or wiser, though it might cast the light of the newer day upon the work of that time, and this would be valuable. We should, for instance, be glad, if no more, to have him speak in his very intelligent, very sympathetic, fashion of the *Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard*, whom his latest publisher or editor now calls "the Poet of the South Seas," but who may be more fully described as one of the most pleasing writers, one of the most original writers, of the Bret-Harte and Mark-Twain era of California literature. He will always be best known to the average forgetter of the time by the entirely charming volume of *South Sea Idyls*, which are not only the best Californian prose of their period, but are of the best prose then anywhere written—light, easy, touching, whimsical, pictorial essays and sketches. The best praise of the poems in this volume is the attribution of the like qualities to them, but it cannot honestly be given in the same heaping measure. The poems are such as would have made him an almost first-rate reputation, say, in the later eighteen-sixties

or earlier seventies, but cannot win it for him in these more difficult nineteen-sixteens or seventeens. More delightful than either his prose or his verse was the man himself, who is gone from the sight but not from the love of any that ever knew him. One such recalls a first belated meeting with him, after a long missing of him, which left only a fleeting photograph of him behind, and remembers saying, with this in mind, "Stoddard, I thought you were young and flowing," and Stoddard's answering, with a deep sigh of humorous sense, "I used to flow." It was all he said, but it was just the word, as every word he used about himself was apt to be. He was so greatly and constantly beloved of hospitality that, as he complained once, he was being perpetually passed round on a plate, and there were none of his hosts who did not wish to add some special garniture to the dish.

It seems rather in his praise than otherwise that he wrote a largely illegible, beautiful-looking hand, and if you had any particular trouble with a given word, you found that it was misspelled. These traits seem to have been, besides his utter loveliness, what commended him for private secretary to the great, the good, the wise Mark Twain, when once they were in England together, and formed the humorist's defense against the public that flocked upon him for his personal acquaintance after their public appreciation of him as a lecturer. Few could get by the Delphic responses which Stoddard made to the prayers for interviews, and if any came upon apparent invitation it could be orally explained that what they had taken for consent was refusal spelled the wrong way. It is a pity not to give the facts in such words as Mark Twain's own, but few could ever have done this, and none now; and when asked for his recollections Stoddard himself was vague and doubtful.

He had a precious diction of his own, and a use of phrase which passed all others. Once when he had not been heard from for rather a long time, he wrote, explaining, "I have been very sick, poor thing," and that was all one could ask, so full of gentle and fitting pathos. Whoever knew him adjusted

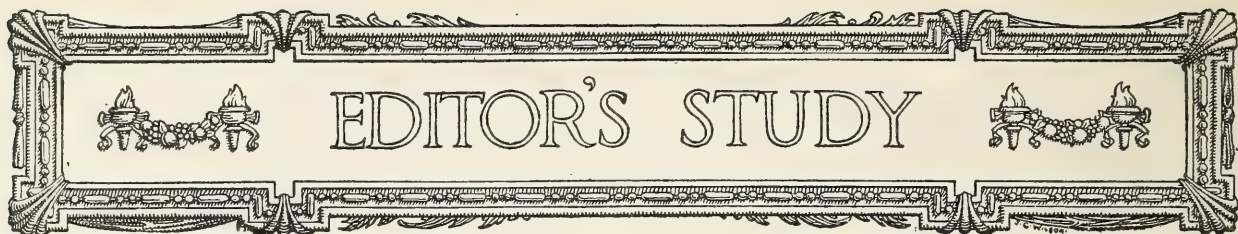
himself willingly to the conditions of his whimsical humor, and when Stoddard became a convert to the Catholic Church, and took up his abode in a religious house of that faith, in his supposed quality of instructor in literature, he heard the Plain Chant sung so much that one day he desperately asked, "Do you suppose the Plain Chant will be heard in hell?" and being answered, with fit abhorrence, "Oh no, no!" he declared, "Then I wish to go to hell." Perhaps this was not altogether true; it was Stoddard's version of something like the fact, which possibly never occurred at all, and was merely an expression of his extreme weariness of the Plain Chant. It was hard to take Stoddard's conversion seriously, though envelopes of his letters often bore the initials S. O. J. in the lower left-hand corner, which interpreted themselves better than the words they stood for would if these had been written out. None who knew, which is to say loved, him could regret his conversion, and his most Protestant friends might rejoice with the Mother Church in his finding a home with her.

His life had been mostly orphaned, and sometimes it was very hard, when, far from being passed around on a lordly dish, he remained on platters otherwise scraped bare. If the reader will turn to the *South Sea Idyls* and read "A Prodigal in Tahiti," he will learn how privation may be cheerfully, even gaily, borne, and yet be of very hungry reality; it is a wonderful bit in the telling. But while he abode in that kind religious house where he heard the Plain Chant so much too often he was safe from all else, and one might well have wished him to continue there.

But we did not certainly know; all knowledges of him were uncertain, even those which he imparted himself; such enchanting things had happened to him, however, that you wished to believe them all. What might not have really happened to a man who, going for a week-end at the house of a Californian couple, was met by the host chasing the hostess round the house with a revolver?

He had an album full of photographs and autographs of his varied acquaintance which he lectured upon with a pointing finger in such terms as, "This lady, if you please, poisoned her husband," or "These verses were written by the poet the night before he was hanged." He had a wild imagination as well as a kindly, and he let you believe what you chose.

He was long scandalized by a picture on the cover of a pirated London edition of the *South Sea Idyls*, where the artist in his illustration of "Chumming with a Savage," had grossly misrepresented the nature of the harmless story. But at last fate intervened so unexpectedly that a great New York house brought out a new edition worthy of the beautiful literature. The author was unspeakably rejoiced and he flowed in the richest gratitude to the friend who offered to write an introduction to it. He computed that this introduction would help the book sell hundreds of thousands of copies, and that he should then owe his friend at least a million dollars. But he did not mind that; he rejoiced in it, though he easily assented to his friend's suggestion of quittance, if the flies which he proudly caught in the trap on his table should be liberated at the close of each day. He was then in the hospitable keeping of the loving people who renewed his halcyon experience of being passed round on a plate, without any of its grievances. Later one heard that his health had failed—his health which ought always to have been good; and presently there came word that Stoddard could not walk about save on the arm of a friend. Then this sad picture faded from thought, and then, after whatever lapse of time, again came word that Stoddard, whom that gentle family had always had in its keeping, had gone with him to California, where he died, and where now the volume of verse, which merits greater praise than we have given it, has been edited by one of the faithful Californian friends who have remained true to his tradition—by Miss Ina Coolbrith, a memorable poet of a most memorable time.



HENRY MILLS ALDEN

NO editor is infallible. Fifty years of experience at his job, following presumably half that time's experience at living and learning, make him only comparatively an adept. All along he is living and learning. The expertness which gives him merely facility of judgment and organization is sure to be in his way. He must, as far as possible, preserve that freshness of sensibility and faculty incident to new beginning—the sense of difficulty.

In some degree this sense is imposed upon him by the rivalry in his field of work, new competitors constantly arising and challenging him to renewed effort. The generous emulation, dividing the field, strengthens and enriches the whole kingdom of literature as, since the beginning of periodical publications, the interests and aims of these have been identical with those of book-publishing enterprises. The general purpose in both forms of literature is the same.

Editor, author, and publisher serve that general purpose. The first person in this trinity is the author. When the editor reflects upon the history of the publishing business in all civilized countries since the invention of the printing-press, he is not put to shame by the charge that he is subordinate to the interests of that business. His excellence is graded by the degree of his competence for that service. The publishing business, like every other form of enterprise, is competitive, but the well-known record of representative publishers sufficiently establishes the fact that in the main it has been conducted not merely with a view to material success, but with a sense of responsibility to the highest aims of our modern civilization.

Originally the eminent publisher was himself the editor, as Blackwood was, trained by education and practical experience for adequate selective judgment

and initiative. Hence the French term for publisher was *editeur*. When the business became more complex and to his other undertakings the publisher added that of periodical publication, while he employed editors and professional readers, the developed genius of the publishing house determined the aims and scope of these complementary publications and the selection of their conductors. The original Harpers were wont to confess that in the issue of their Magazine and Weekly they had mainly in view making them tenders to their business—an assertion they might well have made with just pride, seeing what that business had become in the educational field and in the currents of popular thought and feeling.

It would be interesting to follow the course of editorial associations with publishers from the time that Samuel Johnson in his early manhood collaborated with Edward Cave—his first literary employment—on *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It would make a volume, and a very significant one—its list of editors and editorial readers being a roll-call of nearly all the distinguished writers of the period.

After all, the most important factor in the literary world of books and periodicals is the audience—apparently the silent and passive partner of the whole concern, but really its postulant, limiting and controlling Destiny.

From the slightest acquaintance with the publishing business it is evident that the books or periodicals issued by different houses are as distinctive in character almost as the types of separate individualities. Each house has its own principle of selection. Its editors and advisory readers accept and are controlled by that principle, however liberal the scope of their personal dilections—so that their verdict often reads, "Good,

but not ours." Publishers themselves may read with zest books they would not choose to publish and magazines quite different from their own. A book manuscript or a periodical contribution, declined by one publisher, may be eagerly accepted by another. But what is to be said of an offering which runs the whole gantlet without a single welcome?

In the case of a book, where a considerable risk is incurred by the publisher, the universal rejection may be due simply to reasonable caution. *The Broad Highway*, Jeffrey Farnol's first novel, was turned down by several American publishers to whom it was first offered and who perhaps showed excessive timidity, chiefly because it was wholly English in its atmosphere and local color and, besides, reflected past rather than contemporary conditions. It was afterward accepted by the first English publisher to whom it was submitted, and for the very reasons that interfered with its acceptance in this country. It achieved a remarkable success and was talked and written about so extensively that there was no longer a doubt in the minds of American publishers concerning it.

We see, then, how much the audience and what is proper to it has to do with an author's fortunes; also how a notable success in a single venture inspires the confidence of publishers and awakens public expectations. Two generations of broader and deeper culture in America have expanded the scope of authorship, increased the assurance of publishers for bolder enterprise, and quickened the general appreciation of true genius. Criticism rests upon a sounder basis and, even in the daily press, is more catholic and helpful. Notwithstanding the ever more advanced specialization of literature in books and periodicals, the traditions determining literary tastes and assimilations have grown more flexible. Readers that were formerly crystallized in separate groups have lost that rigid classification, blending or overlapping. Those who once confined themselves to a favorite magazine now read several. Every good new magazine helps every other good one already in the field, and each old one seeks a new investiture. The lines of demarcation between pub-

lishing houses, though still marking heredity in distinctive features, tend to relax.

As the audience with every new generation comes to have a wider range of tastes and interests and is more eager for the satisfaction of its intellectual and esthetic needs, with a better understanding of these, publishers are stimulated to more progressive policies and the chances for a more vigorous and prosperous literature are increased. The oldest of the established publishing houses have constituencies made up of three co-existing generations, and while the youngest of these has advanced far beyond the conventional limitations that, to some extent, constrained the parents and, to a greater, the grandparents, yet it retains whatever was of essential value in tradition, and each generation has shown to its elders a new and clearer valuation of their own standards.

A constituency thus held together is not only an interesting social study, but of great value to a publisher, and worthy of his cherishing—an easy and natural accommodation, since he and his audience have grown up and been developed on the same lines of progress. The association has a stronger bond if he is both a book and magazine publisher. It is in the latter relation especially that we wish now to consider him and his public. The publisher is bound to his magazine constituency by a more specific pledge than to the buyers of his books, each purchaser making his choice of any particular book according to his individual judgment, while the contents of a magazine are selected not by the reader, but for him; the principle of selection being determined by the publisher's or his editors' supposed knowledge of the desires and tastes of their audience.

The judgment based upon this knowledge may not be in all cases infallible, but, presumably, it is likely to be better than that of any outside critic, who judges what, in his individual opinion or conviction, an audience ought to want, and what the publisher ought, if possible, to supply. Up to a certain point the publisher agrees with the critic, feeling the obligation which the latter imputes to him as a responsibility

also imposed upon him by his magazine readers, who expect of him and of his advisers independent initiative of judgment on their behalf; but if he goes beyond that point, to a full acceptance of the critic's individual conviction, he would soon not have a magazine to publish. It is an obvious fallacy that his advisory council should resolve itself into a committee for the award of prizes to writers of superior technical excellence, irrespective of any consideration as to fitness, moral influence, or satisfactory appeal to the sensibilities of readers.

Critics have found fault with the "prudish moral standards" of magazines confessedly of the family type, especially in their selection of fiction. But the outcry against the severer censorship of library committees has been louder. Moreover, what editors reject on this score is unknown to the public and does not, as in the case of library exclusion, serve to advertise morally objectionable fiction and thus stimulate the appetite of degenerate readers—that which is intended as a warning to some becoming a temptation to others. There was no reasonable objection to the serial publication in a magazine of Du Maurier's *Trilby*, which, though not demoralizing to any reader, was as frankly unmoral as Nature herself and, besides being the creation of a superb genius, was most alluringly attractive. Yet we confess that a quarter of a century earlier it would not have been so tolerantly received by the readers of this Magazine; nor would Hardy's *Jude, the Obscure*, which, as serially published, was indeed subjected to some modifications by its author.

The last mentioned novel had a tragic conclusion, necessary to the realism of its art. In this much-discussed question as to the admissibility of unhappy endings the decision must rest upon their justification by logical necessity or by essential significance. A century ago no such justification was demanded. In the days of Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe, and in that later period of American fiction to which Poe and Charles Brockden Brown belonged, readers not only tolerated but had an abnormal appetite for

stories grim in their whole texture as well as in their endings. The prelude to the revival of Romanticism was veritably a Reign of Terror in fiction. There came a reaction in Victorian sentimentalism, which had its reflection in American novels and magazine stories before the final reversion to Realism.

Tragedy, when it is quick and vitally significant, thus maintaining its primary virtues and serving the offices of the normal purgation of human emotion ascribed to it by Aristotle, will never be excluded from fiction.

But sometimes imaginative creators who have justly won distinction in fiction of a wholesome character will write and offer to magazines short stories reverting to an older type which editors keenly alive to their intrinsic literary values, do not feel justified in preferring to others more satisfactory to their readers.

A collection of such stories has recently been published, entitled *The Grim Thirteen*, edited by Frederick Stuar Greene, with an introduction by Edward J. O'Brien, so well known for his critical appreciation of contemporary short-story writers. These stories are gathered together for book publication, each representing the creative work of a successful short-story writer, and with no intention to reflect upon the editors who reluctantly declined them and whose regret is softened by the fact that these stories have in this way come into their own. Such a collection is more important than an anthology of best stories published in any given year. It is the one rational solution of an inevitable difficulty. For this sort of fiction, typically so well represented by the editor's own story, "The Black Pool," which he has modestly given the last place in the volume, belongs rather to book than to magazine literature.

While it is true, as Mr. O'Brien says, that an author should express himself not accommodating his work to an audience from a commercial motive, yet the expression even of the most powerful writer may easily miss a mark not even aimed at; and there are other than commercial aims. The prosperity of genius is in its appeal.

The Trouble With Martha

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

IN the morning Mrs. Freem was always a little wan and worn, but the boarders at The Roses forgave that.

"No wonder, poor dear!" Mrs. Garner told Mrs. Littlepage. "She is always up when we retire, giving those little extra touches that make The Roses so charming to the refined. She is so refined herself. Her one thought is our comfort."

As a matter of fact, it was not to give "those little extra touches" that Mrs. Freem postponed until so late her bed-going. It was not until the guests were in their rooms that she dared go to Martha's room in the attic, and she was obliged to go there every night. It was to confer with the preposterously fat negro cook that Mrs. Freem remained up.

The Roses was one of those delightful small institutions, half hotel and half boarding-house, that sit so charmingly in their white-and-green spotlessness on one of the tree-bordered streets of Asbury Park. A staff of ten, including Martha, sufficed for the comfort of the guests, and ever since the place had been reopened under new management—meaning Mrs. Freem's management—The Roses had been crowded. In her neat summer gowns, with her colorless, wan face and thin, white hands, Mrs. Freem was an ideal hostess for her paying guests. She was "tone" without obtrusiveness.

"I do hope she can make it pay," Mrs. Garner had said. "One feels, if I may say so, under such good auspices in The Roses with Mrs. Freem."

So Mrs. Garner had written all her friends and The Roses had become a bit of a rage with them because of Mrs. Freem and her "tone," but, it must be said, in spite of Martha.

"My dear Mrs. Freem," Mrs.

Garner had said, "you know how I love The Roses, and that it is almost a cult with me, but don't you think the table might be improved the least bit? Not quantity, my dear Mrs. Freem, but the cuisine? If you were to secure another cook?"

Mrs. Freem seemed worried by this. She fingered the delicate cameo at her throat nervously and said, "Ah—ah—" twice. She turned quite pale and then colored. "Martha—" she said. "Martha— I will speak to Martha. I—I—"

"I know how hard it is to get good cooks, dear Mrs. Freem," said Mrs. Garner, graciously. "I am sure, if you speak to Martha—"

Late that night Mrs. Freem climbed to Martha's attic room. Martha was awaiting her, her huge form filling a creaking wicker



"ONE FEELS UNDER SUCH GOOD AUSPICES"



DEY AIN' GWINE TO BE NO CHANGE IN DE COOKIN'

rocking-chair. Martha spoke first. She spoke as soon as Mrs. Freem entered the room.

"Look yere!" she said. "Jus' 'bout once mo' is all I's gwine tell you to have dat no-'count Mike Hennesy rake dat dribeway de fust thing ebery mo'nin'. Little mo' an' dis place gwine look lak one o' dem tumble-down shanties up yonder at Long Branch. Yunnerstan' dat? Dis de secon' time I 'minded you 'bout dat dribeway, an' I don' want to have to speak 'bout it no mo' times. Yunnerstan' dat? An' to-morrow I want you to speak to dat Lizzie girl 'bout how she waitin' on Mis' Garner's table, an' ef she can't do no better you gwine hand her her pay an' let her go. Yunnerstan' dat? Now, here's what we gwine hab fo' meals to-morrow. You gwine tell Mistah Higgins ef he can't let you hab better soft crabs you gwine buy elsewhere. Now, what you want to ask me?"

"There's a telegram from a Mrs. Remsen asking for two rooms on the fourteenth," said Mrs. Freem.

"All right! Mis' Cousins an' her gal is gwine away on de fo'teenth. Mis' Remsen, she's a frien' of Mis' Garner, so to-morrow you telegraph her she can come. What else?"

"Mrs. Garner says," said Mrs. Freem, meekly, "the cooking is not just what it should be."

"Huh!" said Martha. "Well, dey ain' gwine be no change in de cookin'. I'm cook-

in' all de ways I knows how, an' de beste I knows how. What else?"

"Nothing else," said Mrs. Freem.

"Well, you tell Mis' Garner," said Martha, "how as you gave me Hail Columbia an' yo reckon de cookin' gwine be a lot better from now on. Say you jawed me until I was blubberin' like a chile. Yunnerstan' dat? De go to bed. I's done work out."

Mrs. Freem duly reported to Mrs. Garner that she had taken Martha most severely to task and that the faithful old creature had promised, with tears in her eyes, to do better.

"I trust she may," said Mrs. Garner, graciously. "You know, dear Mrs. Freem, have the success of The Roses close to my heart."

This kindly reply greatly relieved Mrs. Freem, for her position was a difficult one. Martha Washington Smith, having gained during her many years' experience as cook the idea that Asbury Park boarding-houses were a source of wealth, had leased The Roses for five years, but had had sense enough to know she could not draw the really profitable custom if it were known that The Roses was leased and run by a negress. As she said when she hired Mrs. Freem:

"You's gwine be de boss. Yunnerstan' dat? You's gwine swell aroun' an' order everybody 'roun'. You gwine order me 'roun', too, lak I was a no-'count nigger cook. You gwine git reg'lar wages to be owner of de whole place, but I ain' gwine ha-

no nonsense. You ain't gwine run nuffin'. No, ma'm! I gwine pay de bills, an' I gwine say what's what, an' ebery night you gwine come up to my room an' git your orders. Yunnerstan' dat? Well, don' you fergit it, noway!"

It cannot be said that the cookery improved, as Mrs. Freem had promised it would, but perhaps Mrs. Garner imagined it was better. There were no more complaints made to dear Mrs. Freem until two weeks later, when Mrs. Remsen appeared with her daughter and her niece. Like Mrs. Garner, Mrs. Remsen was a lady of large bust and great fastidiousness, and she spoke to Mrs. Garner (as being more intimate with Mrs. Freem) on a matter that seemed to her to need immediate attention. Poor Mrs. Freem appeared before Martha with fear and trembling.

"I'm very sorry to have to bring such a message, Mrs. Smith," she said, "and I would not do so except that Mrs. Remsen and Mrs. Garner were most outspoken about it."

Martha glowered. "What dem ol' hens ruckeshin' erbout now?" she demanded.

"Why, the tennis-court," faltered Mrs. Freem. "The tennis-court seems to be where the players have a full view of the back porch. They say—Mrs. Remsen says—it is, well, disgusting to see a—"

"Go on! Gimme de words she spoke!"

"She says it is disgusting to see a fat old creature sprawled out on the back porch in filthy garments," said Mrs. Freem, hurrying over the horrid words. "She says her Milly is so sensitive. It—it sickens her, she says. She—she practically orders me to order you to keep off the back porch."

"Huh!" exclaimed Martha, angrily. "An' what you say to dat? I ask you, what did you say to dat, huh?"

"Why, I told her," said poor Mrs. Freem, "that I was sorry. I told her I always wished The Roses to be a place of charm and cheer to its guests, and I said I would speak to you."

"You did! You said you would speak to me! Nice way dat was to speak to high quality ladies what ask a reques'! You go on dat way, Mis' Freem, an' fus' thing you know I gwine hire another owner fo' dis boardin'-house. You ain' got no mo' sense dan a rabbit. When quality ladies lak Mis' Garner an' Mis' Remsen ask a reques' lak dat hereafter you gwine say: 'Yassam, I gwine 'tend to dat right away. Ef dat greasy ol' nigger set on dat back porch once mo' I gwine break her neck. I ain' gwine hab no nigger trash disgus' my lady boarders. No, ma'm! Dat what you gwine say. Yunnerstan' dat?"

"Yes, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Freem, in



SHE DID THE BEST SHE COULD WITH
THE COOKING

her subdued tone. "I understand. I only thought, as you were the owner—"

"Nebber you min' erbout no owner!" snapped Martha. "I'll 'tend to de owner business!"

With this understanding in mind Mrs. Freem found her task easier. When Mrs. Garner complained of her morning coffee Mrs. Freem declared she would send her cook packing the moment she could engage a new one.

"I would discharge her to-day, Mrs. Garner, but I cannot leave my guests foodless. I shall speak to her most severely and warn her that if the coffee is once more what it should not be I shall deduct one half her month's wages."

Martha received the tale of Mrs. Garner's complaint in a more philosophical humor than might have been expected.

"All right!" she said. "I ain' gwine rile mahself all up lak I done at first. Them wimmins gwine complain an' complain, 'cause dey ain' got nuffin' to do but sit 'roun' an' knit an' complain. Yunnerstan' how to meet up wid de complainin' now, an' dat's de great point. I's cookin' de bestes' I knows how an' I can't do no more. When de quality ladies kick up a rumpus you lam-baste me good an' plenty. Dey got t' feel satisfied, so dey don't up an' quit De Roses, an' dat all I care 'bout."

To do Martha justice, she did the best she could with the cooking. If it had been possible she would have given up the kitchen

altogether, but it was necessary for her to be on the spot to manage the boarding-house, as any owner should look after his property, and she was too grossly fat to undertake any work outside the kitchen. The Roses was proving more profitable than she had hoped, and this was mainly because of Mrs. Garner, who had induced so many of her friends to locate there.

Late one night, after an unusually hot and trying day, Mrs. Freem climbed the stairs and tapped on Martha's door. When she entered the room Martha saw at once, by Mrs. Freem's worried eyes, that something was wrong.

"Huh! What now?" she asked.

Mrs. Freem fingered her cameo and looked at Martha hopelessly. "It—they—" she faltered.

"What now, huh?" demanded Martha. "I's waitin', an' I's tired. What now?"

"They"—hesitated Mrs. Freem—"they—Mrs. Garner and Mrs. Remsen—they got all the boarders together—"

"I's waitin'," Martha reminded her.

"They had a meeting, all of them," said poor Mrs. Freem, "and Mrs. Garner and Mrs. Remsen came to me. They expressed the highest regard for me; they said they appreciated the kind of boarding-house I was trying to make of The Roses, and recognized that I was a most unusual person in such a position; they said they considered me more as a friend than as a paid hostess, and were willing to put up with many small inconveniences to remain with me, but—"

"I's listenin'!" said Martha, sternly.

"But they had all joined together and come to one final conclusion," said poor Mrs.

Freem. "They said this was their ultimatum—they cannot stand the cooking. They cannot stand the thought of such an untidy cook in the kitchen. Unless I discharge you immediately they will all leave The Roses to-morrow."

"Huh!" snorted Martha, angrily. "Huh!" she said, thoughtfully. She put her fat hands on her knees and looked at nothing and said, "Huh!" slowly and softly.

"Mis' Freem," she said, presently, "I gotta go! I can't resk no business what is coinin' money fo' me hand ober fist. You got to run dis boa'din'-house de bestes' you kin widout me, an' I's gwine raise you' pay two dollar a week to pay fo' de 'sponsibility. Y'unnerstan' dat?"

"Yes, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Freem.

"All right!" said Martha. "Dat all's settled. You gwine fire me. But—" she said, with sudden anger; "but I's de owner ob dis place, an' dey ain't no hired help gwine fire Martha Smif excep' dey's de all-firedest row whut ever was! No, ma'm! If I got to be fired lak a cook, I's gwine ack lak a cook! I's entitle' to dat much consolation."

The next noon the diners at The Roses were shocked and startled to hear Martha Smith's voice rising to shrieks and screams in the kitchen, followed by the crash of crockery. Poor Mrs. Freem came from the encounter in a state of almost utter collapse, and an hour later, Martha—gorgeously arrayed and contemptuous—rode by her own boarding-house in an open taxicab.

Every day, until cold weather ended the season, she rode by, her nose in the air. It was quite a consolation.

A Small Boy's Prayer

BY LUCIA O. BELL

DEAR God, I thought that I would pray
About the things I never say
When father, nurse, and mother dear
All stand around so close to hear.

I first would like to ask your care
Of woolly dog and Teddy-bear.
They sleep with me 'most ev'ry night;
They're very nice, they never fight.

And then my goat, he's not so good;
He doesn't do the things he should.
But still he loves You in his way,
Though I can't teach him how to pray.

And, if You please, I would be glad
If mother did not look so sad
When I climb trees and tear my clothes
In places where it mostly shows.

Some flowers, too, I meant to say
I pulled up by the roots to-day;
Perhaps if You would send some rain
It might help them to grow again.

The little bird I found to-day,
Please make it strong to fly away.
But, most of all, I wish You would
Help me to *like* to be real good.

The Terror of the Press

A NEWSPAPER correspondent was paying a visit to a former school friend whose eldest son was just at the ungainly age which consists chiefly of large hands and feet held together by an intense self-consciousness and bounded on every side by embarrassment. When the bedtime hour was called the son and heir obediently betook himself off with only a "Good night" in place of the customary kiss to his mother. When questioned by her the next morning as to the unexpected neglect, the reply was:

"Well, mother, you know I wanted to, but I was afraid Miss M—— might put it in the paper. You know it would be so easy for her to say, 'While spending the week-end at the country house of a friend I was greatly impressed by the very nice way Mrs. So-and-so's little boy kissed his mother good night.' You see I wouldn't mind so much, but all the boys would know at once who she meant and they would never let up on it."

He was forgiven.

A New Word to Her

ELLEN was a strong, fine-looking young Irishwoman and thought herself possessed of more than average ability. Taking advantage of the scarcity of labor of all sorts, she decided to accept a position as a clerk in one of the local stores.

One morning she was called before the manager to explain why she was performing a certain part of the duties assigned to her in a careless manner.

"Miss Finnegan," said the manager, "for the past two weeks your work has been very perfunctory. We cannot—"

"Mr. Miller," interrupted the young woman, "I've been working here four months now, and although I've tried my best, that's the first bit of praise I have received since I've been here."



BELLE: "The acoustic properties of this opera-house are so wretched! I don't believe the performer can hear a word that we are saying about him"

Adding Insult to Injury

THE driver of a Ford car rushed headlong out of a cross-street, striking a trolley car squarely amidships.

With blustering authority the conductor got off his car to investigate and collect evidence for his official report.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Don't you know you can't run under my car with your top up?"

An Advantage

DOROTHY (who is six) has a playmate younger than herself whose parents are Christian Scientists. One day she said:

"Mother, do you know that it is better to be a Christian Scientist than anything else?"

Mother asked "Why?" and Dorothy said:

"Well, Julia has 'splained it to me; if you get cross with another little girl, and knock her down, if you are a Christian Scientist you won't have to apologize to her, because it won't hurt her any."



WIFE OF BREWER: "*It says here there are two thousand cases of mumps in the city*"

BREWER (absently): "*How many in a case?*"

A Fable

ONCE there were two men and a lady who decided to go fishing. They took a boat and rowed quite a distance out to sea, and as the fish were not biting very well, the lady was trailing her hand in the water. Suddenly she pulled her hand into the boat and cried, "Oh, I have lost my diamond ring!"

The water was too deep for a person to dive and get the ring, so, although the lady felt very bad about it, nothing could be done. Just before they started toward the shore one of the men hooked an exceedingly big fish.

That night they had some of that fish for dinner. All of a sudden the lady who had lost the diamond ring bit on something hard, and what do you think it was? It was a fish bone.

Her Reason

"IF you could only have one wish, what would it be?" she asked, coyly.

"It would be that—that— Oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be!" he sighed.

"Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?"

having those old guardian angels watch me the minute I get to sleep!"

A Paradox

"FOR the life of me I can't understand how the railroad company managed to smash up your furniture so badly," said the janitor.

"H'm! What I can't understand is how their cars stood it while my stuff was being knocked around so roughly."



"Gracious! That clock must be slow. I'm sure I've practised longer than that"

Useless

MRS. CROSSLEY was enjoying a shopping tour and was critically examining various articles on the counter of the dry-goods emporium.

"What is this thing used for?" she finally asked.

"I really don't know," answered the clerk. "I think it is intended for a Christmas present."

Another "Safety First"

TWO "colored gentlemen" were on their way down to the recruiting office and discussing which branch of the service they would join.

Sam was for the cavalry—so he could ride—but the other said:

"Ah reckon ah ain't gwine join no horse army. When ah's 'treatin' from them Germans ah don't want no horse holdin' me back."

A Useless Question

IMAGINATIVE YOUNG WOMAN: "If you had a million dollars what would you do the first year?"

HONEST YOUNG MAN: "I wouldn't live that long."



"Waiter, for once you brought me soup that is nice and hot"
 "Yes, sir; it scalded my thumbs something terrible, sir"

Not Needed

THE welfare worker glanced around apprehensively as she entered the humble dwelling.

"Are you not afraid to live here? I do not see any fire-escape."

"Law, no, miss. I don't need one," returned the satisfied slum-dweller. "Whenever the cops come up after me I make my getaway over the roof."



AFFECTED LADY: "I think I shall rest. I am really dawnsed out"
 OLD GENT (hard of hearing): "Not so darned stout, just nice and plump, I should say"



The Spy

A Winter Afternoon

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

THAT'S Grampa—stompin' off his feet
 Outside my Gramma's kitchen door,
 So's he won't twack no wet, white snow
 In on my Gramma's nice clean floor.
 My Grampa's arms are full of wood,
 An' w'en he frows a armful down,
 Th' middle of his hat has got
 A little high white mountain crown!

My Gramma's kitchen smells *so* good
 Of things her oven—it can bake.
 (I wonder w'en it will get "done,"
 Th' cunning little "taster" cake!).
 My Grampa takes right off his hat
 To "rest a spell," 'n'en he sits down.
 Now Grampa's hat—why, it has got
 A little river 'round th' crown!

I wish my Grampa'd let it be
 So's I can have some fun an' play,
 But Grampa knocked it out th' door—
 He threw th' river all away!
 My Grampa's had *two* 'lasses cakes,
 An' w'en he said, "They taste like more!"

He put his hat back on again
 An' went right out th' kitchen door.

'N'en I ran fast—out after him,
 'Cause *I* can reach th' latch, you see,
 But Gramma—she ran faster yet
 'Cause Mr. Croup he will get me.
 My Grampa he must come straight back
 An' play wif me, 'cause we have fun,
 But Gramma says I "must be good"
 An' wait till Grampa's "chores" are done.

An 'n'en my Gramma talks to me
 (A Gramma talks th' nicest way)
 'Bout Grampas an' big Rover-dogs,
They're made to wade in snow that way!
 But Grammas, yes, an' little boys
 Till they get *big*, and stronger, too,
 They must stay in an' 'muse theirse'fs
 When winter is, an' blizzards, too.

An' 'n'en we have th' bestest time—
 We 'most forgot, Gramma an' me
 To go an' put th' kettle on—
 Why, Grampa'll be in for his tea!



Painting by Gerald Leake

Illustration for "Solitaire"

HE SAT ACROSS THE TABLE FROM A DARK-VISAGED BALKAN OFFICER

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A Writer's Recollections

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART I



O we all become garrulous and confidential as we approach the gates of old age? Is it that we instinctively feel, and cannot help asserting, our one advantage over the younger generation, which has so many over us?—the one advantage of *time*!

After all, it is not disputable that we have lived longer than they. When they talk of past poets, or politicians, or novelists, whom the young still deign to remember, of whom for once their estimate agrees with ours, we can sometimes put in a quiet—"I saw him"—or "I talked with him"—which for the moment wins the conversational race. And as we elders fall back before the brilliance and glitter of the New Age, advancing "like an army with banners," this mere prerogative of years becomes in itself a precious possession. After all, we cannot divest ourselves of it, if we would. It is better to make friends with it—to turn it into a kind of *panache*—to wear it with an air, since wear it we must.

For me, the first point that stands out in the landscape of the past is the arrival of a little girl of five, in the year 1856, at a gray stone house in a Westmorland valley, where fourteen years earlier, the children of Arnold of Rugby, the "Doctor" of *Tom Brown's School-days*, had waited on an afternoon in June

to greet their father expected from the South, only to hear, as the summer day died away, that two hours' sharp illness, that very morning, had taken him from them. Of what preceded my arrival as a black-haired, dark-eyed child, with my father, mother, and two brothers, at Fox How, the holiday house among the mountains which the famous headmaster had built for himself in 1833, I have but little recollection. I see dimly another house in wide fields, where dwarf lilies grew, and I know that it was a house in Tasmania, where at the time of my birth my father, Thomas Arnold, the Doctor's second son, was organizing education in the young colony. I can just recall too, the deck of a ship which to my childish feet seemed vast—but the *William Brown* was a sailing ship of only 400 tons!—in which we made the voyage home in 1856. Three months and a half we took about it, going round the Horn in bitter weather, much run over by rats at night, and expected to take our baths by day in two huge barrels full of sea water on the deck, into which we children were plunged shivering by our nurse, two or three times a week. My father and mother, their three children, and some small cousins, who were going to England under my mother's care, were the only passengers.

I can remember too being lifted—weak and miserable with toothache—in my father's arms to catch the first sight

of English shores as we neared the mouth of the Thames; and then the dismal inn by the docks where we first took shelter. The dreary room where we children slept the first night, its dingy ugliness and its barred windows, still come back to me as a vision of horror. Next day, like angels of rescue, came an aunt and uncle, who took us away to other and cheerful quarters, and presently saw us off to Westmorland. The aunt was my godmother, Doctor Arnold's eldest daughter—then the young wife of William Edward Forster, a Quaker manufacturer, who afterwards became the well-known Education Minister of 1870, and was Chief Secretary for Ireland in the terrible years 1880-82.

To my mother and her children, Fox How and its inmates represented much that was new and strange. My mother was the granddaughter of one of the first Governors of Tasmania, Governor Sorell, who was probably of French descent; and she had been brought up in the colony, except for a brief schooling at Brussels. Of her personal beauty in youth we children heard much, as we grew up, from her old Tasmanian friends and kinsfolk who would occasionally drift across us; and I see, as though I had been there, a scene often described to me—my mother playing Hermione in the "Winter's Tale," at Government House when Sir William Denison was Governor—a vision, lovely and motionless, on her pedestal, till at the words "Music! awake her! Strike!" she kindled into life.

My father was the second son of Doctor Arnold of Rugby, and the younger brother—by only eleven months—of Matthew Arnold. On that morning of June 12, 1842, when the Headmaster who in fourteen years' rule at Rugby had made himself so conspicuous a place, not merely in the public school world, but in English life generally, arose, in the words of his poet son—to tread—

In the summer morning, the road—
Of death, at a call unforeseen—
Sudden—

—my father, a boy of eighteen, was in the house, and witnessed the fatal attack of *angina pectoris* which, in two hours, cut short a memorable career, and

left those who till then, under a great man's shelter and keeping, had—

Rested as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak. . . .
Bare, unshaded, alone.

He had been his father's special favorite among the elder children, as shown by some verses in my possession addressed to him as a small boy, at different times, by "the Doctor." Those who know their *Tom Brown's Schooldays* will perhaps remember the various passages in the book where the softer qualities of the man whom "three hundred reckless childish boys" feared with all their hearts, "and very little besides in heaven or earth," are made plain, without any sentimentality. Arthur's illness, for instance, when the little fellow, who has been at death's door, tells Tom Brown, who is at last allowed to see him—"You can't think what the Doctor's like when one's ill. He said such brave and tender and gentle things to me—I felt quite light and strong after it, and never had any more fear." Or East's talk with the Doctor, when the lively boy of many scrapes has a moral return upon himself—and says to his best friend—"You can't think how kind and gentle he was, the great grim man, whom I've feared more than anybody on earth. When I stuck, he lifted me, just as if I'd been a little child. And he seemed to know all I'd felt, and to have gone through it all." This tenderness and charm of a strong man, which in Stanley's biography is specially mentioned as growing more and more visible in the last months of his life, was always there for his children. In a letter written in 1828 to his sister, when my father as a small child not yet five was supposed to be dying, Arnold says, trying to steel himself against the bitterness of coming loss—"I might have loved him, had he lived, too dearly—you know how deeply I do love him now." And three years later, when "little Tom," on his eighth birthday, had just said wistfully—with a curious foreboding instinct—"I think that the eight years I have now lived will be the happiest of my life"—Arnold, painfully struck by the words, wrote some verses upon them which I still possess. "The Doctor" was no poet, though the best

of his historical prose—the well-known passage in the Roman History, for instance, on the death of Marcellus—has many of the essential notes of poetry—passion, strength, music. But the gentle Wordsworthian quality of his few essays in verse will be perhaps interesting to those who are aware of him chiefly as

The answer, of course, in the mouth of a Christian teacher is that in Christianity alone is there both present joy and future hope. The passages in Arnold's most intimate diary, discovered after his death, and published by Dean Stanley, show what the Christian faith was to my grandfather, how closely bound up with



FOX HOW, THE WESTMORLAND HOME OF THE ARNOLDS

the great Liberal fighter of eighty years ago. He replies to his little son:—

Is it that aught prophetic stirred
Thy spirit to that ominous word,
Foredating in thy childish mind
The fortune of thy Life's career—
That nought of brighter bliss shall cheer
What still remains behind?

Or is thy Life so full of bliss
That come what may, more blessed than this
Thou canst not be again?
And fear'st thou, standing on the shore,
What storms disturb with wild uproar
The years of older men?

At once to enjoy, at once to hope—
That fills indeed the largest scope
Of good our thoughts can reach.
Where can we learn so blest a rule,
What wisest sage, what happiest school,
Art so divine can teach?

every action and feeling of his life. The impression made by his conception of that faith, as interpreted by his own daily life, upon a great school, and, through the many strong and able men who went out from it, upon English thought and feeling, is a part of English religious history.

But curiously enough the impression upon his own sons *appeared*, at any rate, to be less strong and lasting than in the case of others. I mean, of course, in the matter of opinion. The famous father died, and his children had to face the world without his guiding hand. Matthew and Tom, William and Edward, the four eldest sons, went in due time to Oxford, and the youngest boy into the Navy. My grandmother made her home at Fox How under the shelter of

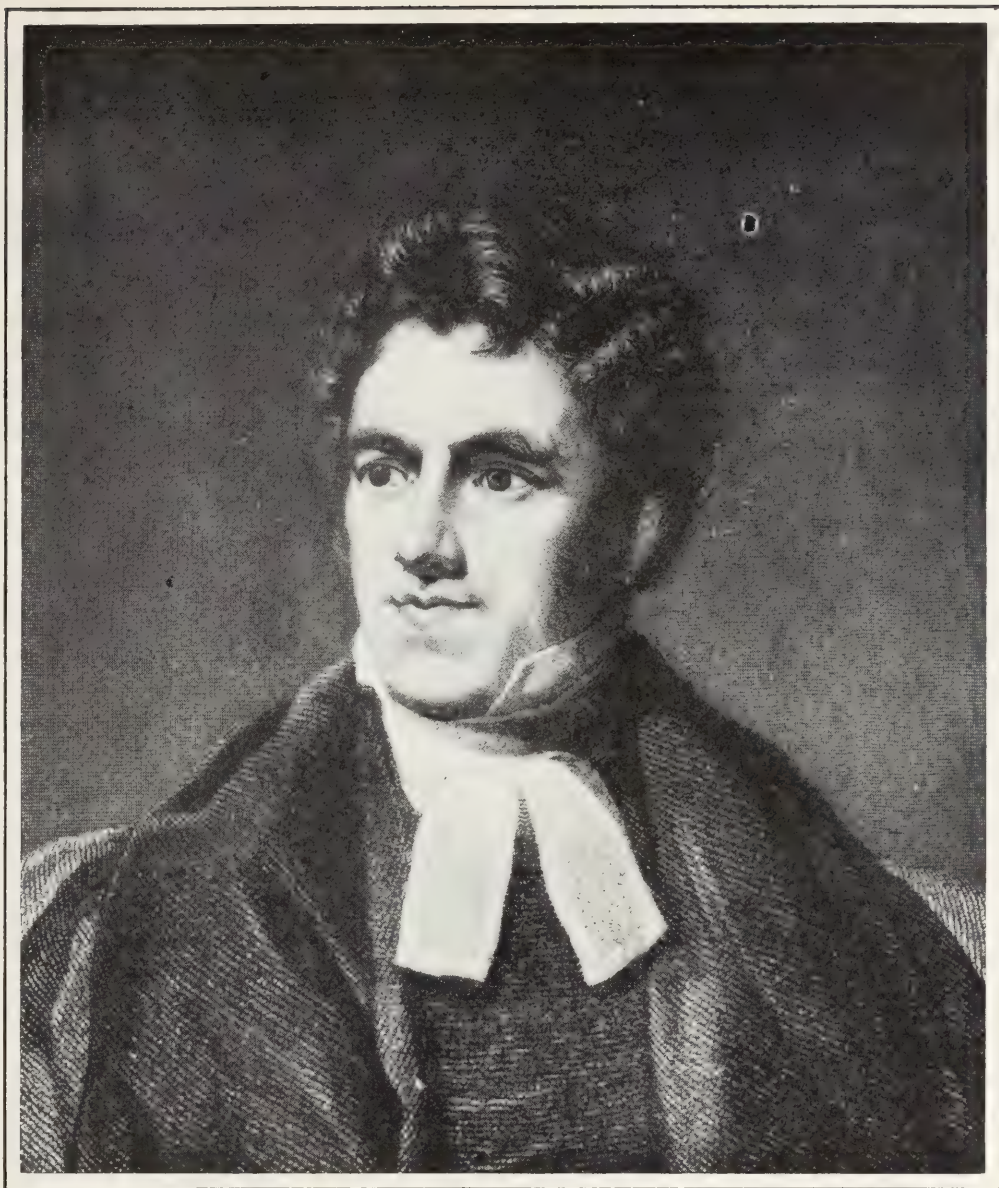
the fells, with her four daughters, the youngest of whom was only eight when their father died. The devotion of all the nine children to their mother, to each other, and to the common home was never weakened for a moment by the varieties of opinion that life was sure to bring out in the strong brood of strong parents. But the development of the two elder sons at the University was probably very different from what it would have been had their father lived. Neither of them, indeed, ever showed, while there, the smallest tendency to the "Newmanism" which Arnold of Rugby had fought with all his powers; which he had denounced with such vehemence in the *Edinburgh* article on "The Oxford Malignants." My father was at Oxford all through the agitated years which preceded Newman's secession from the Anglican communion. He had rooms in University College in the High Street, a stone's throw from St. Mary's, in which John Henry Newman, then its Vicar, delivered Sunday after Sunday those sermons which will never be forgotten by the Anglican Church. But my father only once crossed the street to hear him, and was then repelled by the mannerism of the preacher. Matthew Arnold occasionally went, out of admiration, my father used to say, for that strange Newmanic power of words, which in itself fascinated the young Balliol poet, who was to produce his first volume of poems two years after Newman's secession to the Church of Rome. But he was never touched in the smallest degree by Newman's opinions. He and my father and Arthur Clough, and a few other kindred spirits, lived indeed in quite another world of thought. They discovered George Sand, Emerson and Carlyle; and orthodox Christianity no longer seemed to them the sure refuge that it had always been to the great teacher who trained them as boys. There are many allusions of many dates in the letters of my father and uncle to each other, as to their common Oxford passion for George Sand. *Consuelo*, in particular, was a revelation to the two young men brought up under the "earnest" influence of Rugby. It seemed to open to them a world of artistic beauty and joy of which they

had never dreamed; and to loosen the bands of an austere conception of life, which began to appear to them too rigid for the facts of life. *Wilhelm Meister*, read in Carlyle's translation at the same time, exercised a similar liberating and enchanting power upon my father. The social enthusiasms of George Sand also affected him greatly, strengthening whatever he had inherited of his father's generous discontent with an iron world, where the poor suffer too much and work too hard. And this discontent, when the time came for him to leave Oxford, assumed a form which startled his friends.

He had done very well at Oxford, taking his two First Classes with ease, and was offered a post in the Colonial Office immediately on leaving the University. But the time was full of schemes for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein should dwell equality and righteousness. The storm of '48 was preparing in Europe; the Corn Laws had fallen; the Chartists were gathering in England. To settle down to the old humdrum round of Civil Service promotion seemed to my father impossible. This revolt of his, and its effect upon his friends, of whom the most intimate was Arthur Clough, has left its mark on Clough's poem, the "Vacation Pastoral," which he called "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," or, as it runs in my father's old battered copy which lies before me—"Tober-na-Fuosich." The Philip of the poem, the dreamer, and democrat, who says to Adam the Tutor—

Alas, the noted phrase of the prayer-book
Doing our duty in that state of life to which
God has called us,
Seems to me always to mean, when the little rich boys say it,
Standing in velvet frock by Mama's brocaded flounces,
Eying her gold-fastened book, and the chain
and watch at her bosom,
Seems to me always to mean, Eat, drink,
and never mind others

—was in broad outline drawn from my father, and the impression made by his idealist, enthusiastic youth upon his comrades. And Philip's migration to New Zealand at the end—when he—



DR. THOMAS ARNOLD OF RUGBY

rounded the sphere to New Zealand, There he hewed and dug; subdued the earth and his spirit—

—was certainly suggested by my father's similar step in 1847, the year before the poem appeared. Only in my father's life there had been as yet no parallel to the charming love-story of "The Bothie." His love-story awaited him on the other side of the world.

He writes to his mother in August 1847 from the Colonial Office:

Everyone whom I meet pities me for having to return to London at this dull season, but to my own feelings, it is not worse than at other times. The things which would make me loathe the thought of passing my life or even several years in London, do not

depend on summer or winter. It is the chronic, not the acute ills of London life which are real ills to me. I meant to have talked to you again before I left home about New Zealand, but I could not find a good opportunity. I do not think you will be surprised to hear that I cannot give up my intention—though you may think me wrong, you will believe that no cold-heartedness toward home has assisted me in framing my resolution. Where or how we shall meet on this side the grave will be arranged for us by a wiser will than our own. To me however strange and paradoxical it may sound, this going to New Zealand is become a work of faith, and I cannot but go through with it.

A little later he writes to her in vague exalted words of the "equality" and

"brotherhood" to which he looks forward in the new land; winding up with an account of his life in London, its daily work at the Colonial Office, his walks, the occasional evenings at the Opera where he worships Jenny Lind, his readings and practisings in his lodgings. My poor father! He little knew what he was giving up, or the real conditions of the life to which he was going.

For though the Philip of "The Bothie" may have "hewed and dug" to good purpose in New Zealand, success in colonial farming was a wild and fleeting dream in my father's case. He was born for Academic life and a scholar's pursuits. He had no practical gifts, and knew nothing whatever of land or farming. He had only courage, youth, sincerity, and a charming presence which made him friends at sight. His mother, indeed, with her gentle wisdom, put no obstacles in his way. On the contrary, she remembered that her husband had felt a keen imaginative interest in the colonies, and had bought small sections of land near Wellington, which his second son now proposed to take up and farm. But some of the old friends of the family felt and expressed consternation. In particular Baron Bunsen, then Prussian Ambassador to England, Arnold of Rugby's dear and faithful friend, wrote a letter of earnest and affectionate remonstrance to the would-be colonist. Let me quote it, if only that it may remind me of days long ago, when it was still possible for a strong and tender friendship to exist between a Prussian and an Englishman!

Pray, my dear young friend, do not reject the voice of a man of nearly sixty years, who has made his way through life under much greater difficulties perhaps than you imagine—who was your father's dear friend—who feels deeply attached to all that bears the honored and blessed name of Arnold—who in particular had *your father's promise* that he would allow me to offer to you, after I had seen you in 1839, something of that care and friendship he had bestowed upon Henry—(Bunsen's own son)—do not reject the warning voice of that man, if he entreats you solemnly not to take a *precipitate* step. Give yourself time. Try a change of scene. Go for a month or two to France or Germany. I am sure you wish to satisfy

your friends that you are acting wisely, considerately, in giving up what you have.

Spartam quam nactus es, ornā—was Niebuhr's word to me when once, about 1825, wearied with diplomatic life, I resolved to throw up my place, and go—not to New Zealand, but to a German university. Let me say that concluding word to you and believe me, my dear young friend

Your sincere and affectionate friend

BUNSEN.

P.S. If you feel disposed to have half an hour's quiet conversation with me alone, pray come to-day at six o'clock, and then dine with us quietly at half-past six. I go to-morrow to Windsor Castle for four days.

Nothing could have been kinder, nothing more truly felt and meant. But the young make their own experience, and my father, with the smiling open look which disarmed opposition, and disguised all the time a certain stubborn independence of will, characteristic of him through life, took his own way. He went to New Zealand, and now that it was done, the interest and sympathy of all his family followed him.

But of course the inevitable happened. After a few valiant but quite futile attempts to clear his land with his own hands, or with the random labor he could find to help him, the young colonist fell back on the education he had held so cheap in England, and bravely took school-work wherever in the rising townships of the infant colony he could find it. Meanwhile his youth and his pluck, and his Oxford distinctions, had attracted the kindly notice of the Governor, Sir George Grey, who offered him his private secretaryship—one can imagine the twinkle in the Governor's eye, when he first came across my father building his own hut on his section outside Wellington! The offer was gratefully refused. But another year of New Zealand life brought second thoughts. The exile begins to confess his "loneliness" in his letters home, and to realize that it is "collision" with other kindred minds that "kindles the spark of thought, and it is in the eye of a dear and true friend that one sees a whole world of possibilities opening before one."

A few months later, Sir William Denison, the newly appointed Governor of Van Diemen's Land, hearing that a son of Arnold of Rugby, an Oxford First

spector of schools, a delightful companion, a guest whom everybody wanted, and no one could bind for long; one of the sanest, most independent, most cheerful and lovable of mortals. Yet his poems show what was the real inner life and genius of the man; how rich in that very "emotion," "love of beauty and charm," "rebellion against fact," "spirituality," "melancholy" which he himself catalogued as the cradle gifts of the Celt. Crossed indeed, always, with the Rugby "earnestness," with that in him which came to him from his father.

It is curious to watch the growing perception of "Matt's" powers among the circle of his nearest kin, as it is reflected in these family letters to the emigrant brother, which reached him across the seas from 1847 to 1856, and now lie under my hand. The *Poems by A.* came out, as all lovers of English poetry know, in 1849. My grandmother writes to my father in March of that year, after protesting that she has not much news to give him:—

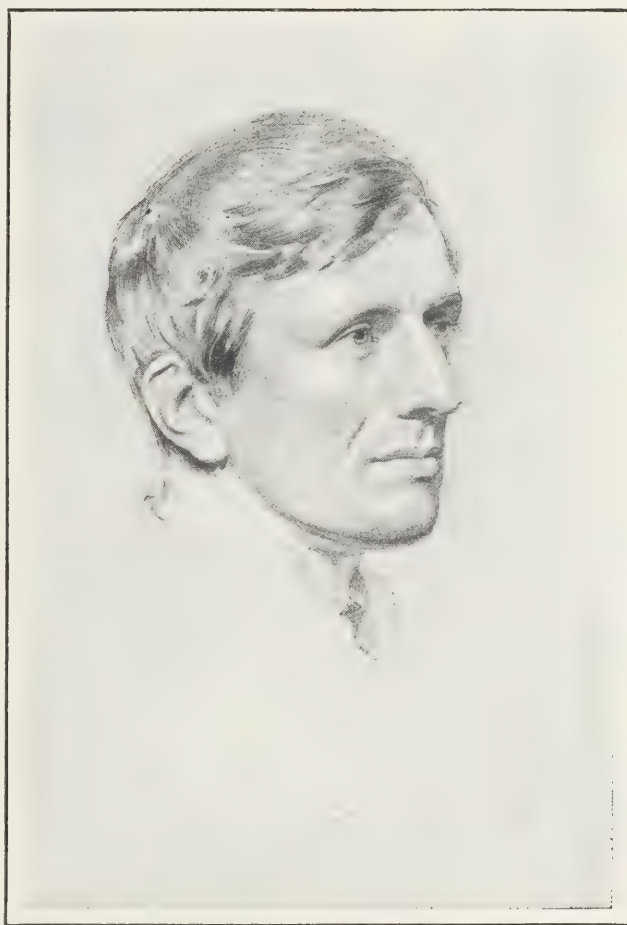
But the little volume of *Poems*!—that is indeed a subject of new and very great interest. By degrees we hear more of public opinion concerning them, and I am very much mistaken if their power both in thought and execution is not more and more felt and acknowledged. I had a letter from dear Miss Fenwick to-day, whose first impressions were that they were by *you*, for it seems she had heard of the volume as much admired, and as by one of the family, and

she had hardly thought it could be by one so moving in the busy haunts of men as dear Matt. . . . Matt himself says "I have learned a good deal as to what is *practicable* from the objections of people, even when I thought them not reasonable, and in some degree they may determine my course as to publishing; *e.g.*, I had thoughts of publishing another volume of short poems next

spring, and a tragedy I have long had in my head, the spring after: at present I shall leave the short poems to take their chance, only writing them when I cannot help it, and try to get on with my Tragedy (*Merope*), which however will not be a very quick affair. But as that must be in a regular and usual form, it may perhaps, if it succeeds, enable me to use metres in short poems which seem proper to myself; whether they suit the habits of readers at first sight or not. But all this is rather vague at present. . . . I think I am getting quite indifferent about the book. I have given away the only copy I had, and now never

look at them. The most enthusiastic people about them are young men, of course; but I have heard of one or two people who found pleasure in 'Resignation' and poems of that stamp, which is what I like."

But his entry as a poet was gradual, and but little heralded, compared to the *débuts* of our own time. Here is an interesting appreciation from his sister Mary, about whom I shall have more to say presently. At the time this letter was written, in 1849, she was twenty-three, and already a widow, after a tragic year of married life during which her young husband had developed paralysis of the brain. She was living



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

From a drawing in possession of H. E. Wilberforce, Esq.

in London, attending Bedford College, and F. D. Maurice's sermons, much influenced, like her brothers, by Emerson and Carlyle, and at this moment, a fine, restless, immature creature, much younger than her years in some respects, and much older in others—with eyes fast opening on worlds hitherto unsuspected in the quiet home life. She writes:—

I have been in London for several months this year, and I have seen a good deal of Matt, considering the very different lives we lead. I used to breakfast with him sometimes, and then his Poems seemed to make me know Matt so much better than I had ever done before. Indeed it was almost like a new Introduction to him. I do not think those Poems could be read—quite independently of their poetical power—without leading one to expect a great deal from Matt; without raising I mean the kind of expectation one has from and for those who have, in some way or other, come face to face with life and asked it, in real earnest, what it means. I felt there was so much more of this practical questioning in Matt's book than I was at all prepared for; in fact that it showed a knowledge of life and conflict which was *strangely like experience* if it was not the thing itself; and this with all Matt's great power I should not have looked for. I do not yet know the book well, but I think that "Mycerinus" struck me most perhaps, as illustrating what I have been speaking of.

And again, to another member of the family:—

It is the moral strength, or, at any rate, the *moral consciousness* which struck and surprised me so much in the poems. I could have been prepared for any degree of poetical power, for there being a great deal more than I could at all appreciate; but there is something altogether different from this, something which such a man as Clough has, for instance, which I did not expect to find in Matt; but it is there. Of course when I speak of his Poems I only speak of the impression received from those I understand. Some are perfect riddles to me, such as that to the Child at Douglas, which is surely more poetical than true.

Strangely like experience! The words are an interesting proof of the difficulty we all have in seeing with accuracy the persons and things which are nearest to us. The astonishment of the sisters—for the same feeling is expressed by Mrs. Forster—was very natural. In these

early days, "Matt" often figures in the family letters as the worldling of the group—the dear one who is making way in surroundings quite unknown to the Fox How circle, where under the shadow of the mountains, the sisters, idealists all of them, looking out a little austere, for all their tenderness, on the human scene, are watching with a certain anxiety lest Matt should be "spoiled." As Lord Lansdowne's private secretary, very much liked by his chief, he goes among rich and important people, and finds himself as a rule much cleverer than they; above all, able to amuse them, so often the surest road to social and other success. Already at Oxford "Matt" had been something of an exquisite—or as Miss Brontë puts it, a trifle "foppish"; and in the (manuscript) *Fox How Magazine*, to which all the nine contributed, and in which Matthew Arnold's boyish poems may still be read, there are many family jests leveled at Matt's high standard in dress and deportment.

But how soon the nascent dread lest their poet should be somehow separated from them by the "great world" passes away from mother and sisters—for ever! With every year of his life Matthew Arnold, beside making the sunshine of his own married home, became a more attached, a more devoted son and brother. It was not possible to "spoil" Matthew Arnold. Meredith's "Comic Spirit" in him, his irrepressible humor, would alone have saved him from it. And as to his relation to "society," and the great ones in it, no one more frankly amused himself—within certain very definite limits—with the "cakes and ale" of life, and no one held more lightly to them. He never denied—none but the foolish ever do deny—the immense personal opportunities and advantages of an aristocratic class, wherever it exists. He was quite conscious—none but those without imagination can fail to be conscious—of the glamour of long descent and great affairs. But he laughed at the "Barbarians," the materialized or stupid holders of power and place, and their "fortified posts," *i.e.* the country houses, just as he laughed at the Philistines and Mr. Bottles; when he preached a sermon in later life, it was on Menan-

der's motto—"Choose Equality"; and he and Clough—the Republican—were not really far apart.

On the eagerness with which Matthew Arnold followed the revolutionary spectacle of '48, an unpublished letter written—piquantly enough!—from Lansdowne House itself, on February 28th, in that famous year, to my father in New Zealand, throws a vivid light. One feels the artist in the writer! First, the quiet of the great house and courtyard, the flower-pricked grass, the "still-faced babies": then the sudden clash of the street-cries! "Your uncle's description of this house," writes the present Lord Lansdowne, in 1910, "might almost have been written yesterday, instead of in 1848. Little is changed, Romulus and Remus and the she-wolf are still on the top of the book-case, and the clock is still hard by; but the picture of the Jewish Exiles . . . has been given to a local School of Art in Wiltshire! The green lawn remains, but I am afraid the crocuses, which I can remember as a child, no longer come up through the turf. And lastly one of the 'still-faced babies'" (*i.e.* Lord Lansdowne himself) "is still often to be seen in the gravel court! He was three years old when the letter was written."

Here then is the letter:—

Lansdowne House,
Feb. 8, 1848.

MY DEAREST TOM,— . . . Here I sit, opposite a marble group of Romulus and Remus and the wolf; the two children fighting like mad, and the limp-uddered she-wolf affectionately snarling at the little demons struggling on her back. Above it is a great picture, Rembrandt's "Jewish Exiles," which would do for Consuelo and Albert resting in one of their wanderings, worn out upon a wild stony heath sloping to the Baltic—she leaning over her two children who sleep in their torn rags at her feet. Behind me a most musical clock, marking now 24 Minutes past 1 P.M. On my left two great windows looking out on the court in front of the house, through one of which, slightly opened, comes in gushes the soft damp breath, with a tone of spring-life in it, which the close of an English February sometimes brings—so different from a November mildness. The green lawn which occupies nearly half the court is studded over with crocuses of all colors—growing out of the grass, for there are no flower beds; delightful for the large

still-faced white-robed babies whom their nurses carry up and down on the gravel court where it skirts the green. And from the square and the neighboring streets through the open door whereat the civil porter moves to and fro, come the sounds of vehicles and men, in all gradations, some from near and some from far, but mellowed by the time they reach this backstanding lordly mansion.

But above all cries comes one whereat every stone in this and other lordly mansions may totter and quake for fear:

"Se . . . c . . . ond Edition of the *Morning Herald*—L . . . a . . . test news from Paris:—arrival of the King of the French!"

I have gone out and bought the said portentous *Herald*, and send it herewith, that you may read and know. As the human race forever stumbles up its great steps, so it is now. You remember the Reform Banquets (in Paris) last summer?—well!—the diners omitted the king's health, and abused Guizot's majority as corrupt and servile: the majority and the king grew excited; the Government forbade the Banquets to continue. The king met the Chamber with the words "passions aveugles" to characterize the dispositions of the Banqueters: and Guizot grandly declared against the spirit of Revolution all over the world. His practice suited his words, or seemed to suit it, for both in Switzerland and Italy, the French Government incurred the charge of siding against the Liberals. Add to this the corruption cases you remember, the Praslin murder, and later events, which powerfully stimulated the disgust (moral indignation that People does not feel!) entertained by the lower against the governing class.

Then Thiers, seeing the breeze rising, and hoping to use it, made most telling speeches in the debate on the Address, clearly defining the crisis as a question between revolution and counter-revolution, and declaring enthusiastically for the former. Lamartine and others, the sentimental and the plain honest, were very damaging on the same side. The Government were harsh—abrupt—almost scornful. They would not yield—would not permit banquets: would give no Reform till they chose. Guizot spoke (alone in the Chamber I think) to this effect. With decreasing Majorities the Government carried the different clauses of the address, amidst furious scenes; opposition members crying that they were worse than Polignac. It was resolved to hold an Opposition banquet in Paris in spite of the Government, last Tuesday, the 22nd. In the week between the close of the debate and this day there

was a profound uneasy excitement, but nothing I think to appall the rulers. They had the fortifications: all kinds of stores; and 100,000 troops of the line. To be quite secure, however, they determined to take a formal legal objection to the banquet at the doors; but not to prevent the procession thereto. On that the Opposition published a proclamation inviting the National Guard, who sympathized, to form part of the procession in uniform. Then the Government forbade the meeting altogether—absolutely—and the Opposition resigned themselves to try the case in a Court of Law.

So did not the people!

They gathered all over Paris: the National Guard, whom Ministers did not trust, were not called out: the Line checked and dispersed the mob on all points. But next day the mob were there again: the Ministers in a constitutional fright called out the National Guard: a body of these hard by the Opera refused to clear the street: they joined the people. Troops were brought up: the Mob and the Nat. Guard refused to give them passage down the Rue Le Pelletier which they occupied: after a moment's hesitation, they were marched on along the Boulevard.

This settled the matter! Everywhere the National Guard fraternized with the people: the troops stood indifferent. The King dismissed the Ministers: he sent for Molé; a shade better: not enough: he sent for Thiers—a pause; this was several shades better—still not enough: meanwhile the crowd continued, and attacks on different posts, with slight bloodshed, increased the excitement: finally *the King abdicated* in favor of the Count of Paris, and fled. The Count of Paris was taken by his mother to the Chamber—the people broke in; too late—not enough:—a republic—an appeal to the people. The royal family escaped to all parts, Belgium, Eu, England: *a Provisional Government named.*

You will see how they stand: they have adopted the last measures of Revolution.—News has just come that the National Guard have declared against a Republic, and that a collision is inevitable.

If possible I will write by the next mail, and send you a later paper than the *Herald* by this mail.

Your truly affectionate, dearest Tom,
M. ARNOLD.

To this, let me add here two or three other letters or fragments, all unpublished, which I find among the papers from which I have been drawing, ending, for the present, with the jubilant letter describing his election to the Poetry Professorship at Oxford, in 1857. Here,

first of all, is an amusing reference, dated 1849, to Keble, then the idol of every well-disposed Anglican household:—

I dined last night with a Mr. Grove,¹ a celebrated man of science: his wife is pretty and agreeable, but not on a first interview. The husband and I agree wonderfully in some points. He is a bad sleeper, and hardly ever free from headache, he equally dislikes and disapproves of modern existence and the state of excitement in which everybody lives: and he sighs after a paternal despotism and the calm existence of a Russian or Asiatic. He showed me a picture of Faraday, which is wonderfully fine: I am almost inclined to get it: it has a curious likeness to Keble, only with a calm, earnest look unlike the latter's Flibbertigibbet, fanatical, twinkling expression.

Did ever anybody apply such adjectives to John Keble before! Yet if any one will look carefully at the engraving of Keble so often seen in quiet parsonages, they will understand, I think, exactly, what Matthew Arnold meant.

In 1850 great changes came upon the Arnold family. The "Doctor's" three elder children—Jane, Matthew, and my father—married in that year, and a host of new interests sprang up for every member of the Fox How circle.

The following year the brothers met again; and there followed, almost immediately, my uncle's election to the Poetry Professorship at Oxford. He writes, in answer to my father's congratulations:—

Hampton,

May 15, 1857.

MY DEAR TOM,—My thoughts have often turned to you during my canvass for the Professorship—and they have turned to you more than ever during the last few days which I have been spending at Oxford. You alone of my brothers are associated with that life at Oxford, the *freest* and most delightful part, perhaps, of my life, when with you and Clough and Walrond I shook off all the bonds and formalities of the place, and enjoyed the spring of life and that unforgotten Oxfordshire and Berkshire country. Do you remember a poem of mine called "The Scholar Gipsy"? It was meant to fix the remembrance of those delightful wanderings of ours in the Cumner hills before they were quite effaced—and as such, Clough and Wal-

¹ Afterwards Sir William Grove, F.R.S., author of the famous essay on 'The Correlation of Physical Forces.'

rond accepted it, and it has had much success at Oxford, I am told, as was perhaps likely from its *couleur locale*. I am hardly ever at Oxford now, but the sentiment of the place is overpowering to me when I have leisure to feel it, and can shake off the interruptions which it is not so easy to shake off now as it was when we were young. But on Tuesday afternoon I smuggled myself away, and got up into one of our old coombs among the Cumner hills, and into a field waving deep with cowslips and grasses, and gathered such a bunch as you and I used to gather in the cowslip field on Lutterworth road long years ago.

You dear old boy, I love your congratulations although I see and hear so little of you, and, alas! *can* see and hear but so little of you. I was supported by people of all opinions, the great bond of union being, I believe, the affectionate interest felt in papa's memory. I think it probable that I shall lecture in English: there is no direction whatever in the Statute as to the language in which the lectures shall be: and the Latin has so died out, even among scholars, that it seems idle to entomb a lecture which, in English, might be stimulating and interesting.

As a child of fourteen I first made acquaintance with Oxford, while my uncle was still Professor. I remember well some of his lectures, the crowded lecture-hall, the manner and personality of the speaker, and my own shy pride in him—from a great distance. For I was a self-conscious, bookish child, and my days of real friendship with him were still far ahead. But during the years that followed, the ten years that he held his professorship, what a spell he wielded over Oxford, and literary England in general! Looking back one sees how the first series of *Essays in Criticism*, the *Lectures on Celtic Literature*, or *On Translating Homer*, *Culture and Anarchy* and the rest, were all the time working on English taste and feeling, whether through sympathy or antagonism; so that after those ten years, 1857–1867, the intellectual life of the country had absorbed for good and all an influence, and a stimulus, which had set it moving on new paths to new ends. With these thoughts in mind, supplying a comment on the letter which few

people could have foreseen in 1857, let me quote a few more sentences:—

Keble voted for me after all. He told the Coleridges he was so much pleased with my letter (to the electors) that he could not refrain. . . . I had support from all sides. Archdeacon Denison voted for me, also Sir John Yarde Buller, and Henley, of the high Tory party. It was an immense victory—some 200 more voted than have ever, it is said, voted in a Professorship election before. It is a great lesson to Christchurch, which was rather disposed to imagine it could carry everything by its great numbers.

Good-by my dearest mother. . . . I have just been up to see the three dear little brown heads on their pillows, all asleep. . . . My affectionate thanks to Mrs. Wordsworth and Mrs. Fletcher for their kind interest in my success.

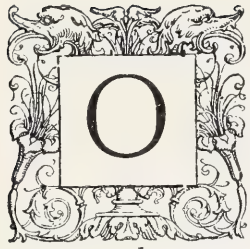
It is pleasant to think of Wordsworth's widow, in her "old age serene and bright," and of Scott's old friend, Mrs. Fletcher, watching and rejoicing in the first triumphs of the younger poet.

So the ten years of approach and attack—in the intellectual sense came to an end, and the ten central years of mastery and success began. Towards the end of that time, as a girl of sixteen I became a resident in Oxford. Up to then Ruskin—the *Stones of Venice*, and certain chapters in *Modern Painters*—had been my chief intellectual passion in a childhood and first youth that cut but a very poor figure, as I look back upon them, beside the "wonderful children" of this generation! But it must have been about 1868 that I first read *Essays in Criticism*. It is not too much to say that the book set for me the currents of life; its effect heightened, no doubt, by the sense of kinship. Above all it determined in me as in many others, an enduring love of France and of French literature, which played the part of schoolmaster to a crude youth. I owe this to my uncle, and it was a priceless boon. If he had only lived a little longer—if he had not died so soon after I had really begun to know him—how many debts to him would have been confessed, how many things said, which, after all, were never said!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

“Goddess-Size”

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK



ON Cobble Island the mother birds bring home young snakes to their nestlings; the apple blossoms are as large as pink bassinets, and the shadow of a cow on the grass is almost as refreshing as the shadow of a mountain on a lake.

Indeed, everything on Cobble Island is so large and generous that one big woman like Mat Lemmons might have gone unnoticed but for provincial prejudice. Critics accustomed to veiling their ironical appreciations might have compared her to a Titanic queen or Cumean sibyl and let it go at that—but on Cobble Island irony does not take the trouble to go thus veiled.

The postmistress, aquiline eye-glasses set in a sour glimmer, complained, “The floor creaks whenever that woman sets foot in the door, and I’ve watched her comin’ down the hill with the wind blowin’ her skirts out, lookin’ that coarse!”

The drug clerk, leaning at the little delivery-window of the combined grocery-store and post-office, squeezed his magenta necktie with a heavily ringed hand; turning to survey the result in the little mirror fixed in a slot-machine, he ostentatiously filched a cocoanut cake from a stale-looking boxful, remarking as he ate it:

“Somebody ought to speak to her. It ain’t mawdest for a woman to be as stout as that; it’s cawmic, that’s what it is. Now you take these here movin’ pictures—ain’t you noticed how, when they want anything should be cawmic, they always have a fat lady actin’ ridiculous?”

The postmistress, with a conscious adjustment of her own tight and niggard waistband, shoved his letters through the little window.

“Here’s your mother has wrote you again. She ain’t sick, is she? You going

to buy one of them Liberty loans? That letter’s asking you to (they don’t never tell us how they spend all that money).” She pushed a small wooden box at him. “And here’s your anti-fat consignment. Now why don’t you sell Mat Lemmons some of that?”

The drug clerk, arms full of mail matter, edged away from these familiar probings; detecting their ironical flavor, he paused at the door, remarking:

“I don’t say it’s my place to do nothing about it. I don’t want to quarrel with nobody, but some one ought to speak to her; she *might* help herself. I tell you,” the drug clerk argued, solemnly, “it ain’t mawdest for any woman to go around lookin’ like that. Do you ever see ’em like that in the fashion-papers? No, you don’t. Why? Because it ain’t refined!”

The summer boarders who took their meals at Mat’s little house in the dip in the field also objected to her heroic proportions. Mat, they said, was “gross.” They—stale from Dervish luncheons, Yogi dinners, and all forms of faddy starvations—referred with anxiety to war populations reduced to bread-cards, but insisted that they themselves were accustomed to consume only an orange, a glass of milk, and a slice of denatured bread a day; hence their own smooth and even thinness.

But while the summer boarders and the postmistress were restrained in their criticisms, not so the other inhabitants of Cobble Island. In the few farms from which the little lonely paths ran across the fields to the one road the big woman was the summer and winter joke.

“I went into Mat’s to-day—well, ain’t she peculiar? She was settin’ by her kitchen stove with a lot of old teapots and such truck set out on the table. It seems the summer people has stuffed her full of notions about anything that’s bygone, and—well, it was real comical to see her fingering an old cracked sugar-

bowl, just as careful! Say, ain't she fleshy, though?

"Heigho, Mat,' I says. 'I stopped in to set a spell,' I says. 'That your new red table-cloth you got down to Portland? Ain't it pritty? Now if you had a pink-glass sugar and creamer like Miss Judson's— So Judge Emten's wife is getting talked about—or so they say. Well, I always knew it had to come,' I says.

"Mat, she kep' studyin' that there old cracked sugar-bowl, sort of polishin' it with her apron. I gapped right out loud.

"Hear me!' I says. 'My, my, my, ain't it warm?' I dropped into a chair. 'I'm all het up with walkin',' I says.

"Mat, she never took no more notice of me than ef I'd been a bunch of pusley.

"Say,' she says, 'did you ever hear about a thing called a glaze?' she says. 'I've bin lookin' it up in my dictionary gramper left me; seems it's a thing come down to us from 'way back to I don't know when, before our Lord walked the earth, and this here sugar-bowl that my gramper brought from her young home (God knows where) has the same glaze onto it. Now ain't that as excitin' as anything you could read into a book?' she says.

"You're glazed, Mat Lemmons,' I says—'you're glazed, you and your sugar-bowl.' I says it contemptuous, just like that, but she didn't take no notice.

"Them there fellers that made the glaze is all dead and gone this long time,' says Mat, 'and as it was, they wasn't never civilized like we are; they only lived along by the sea in outlandish shacks, sort of, sayin' and doin' all sloven kind of ways; but, even so, how come it that that glaze they made is better 'n anything the smartest men can make to-day? Take the factories by and large. Say, don't it make you itch to know how them barbarians done it?'

"You're glazed!' I says again. 'For the land's sake!' I says, and I bust out laughin'. Mat, she laughed, too; she don't never hold nothin' against nobody, Mat don't. But ain't she terrible large?'

The men had also their humorous notions of Mat. They related stories

about her, as, mending their nets, they saw her, skirts held high, striding through the wet fields where wild strawberries grew. At such times it was considered clever to call out:

"Hey, there, Mat! Don't sink the pasture! Wait a moment, Mat; he's lookin' for yer, the fat somebody that wants to marry yer."

Mat's answer was invariably a curving, good-humored smile of appreciation, which, with its richness and freedom, seemed to the average yokel mind to mean more than it should. As a result of this misunderstanding, the big woman's fist had once gone smashing into a leering Swede's face.

There was one person, however, to whom Mat's good-humored bulk had long been a grateful sight. This was Myella Boggs, the little paralytic who did embroidery and lived alone in the rickety house down by the cove. Myella's forebears, building on the rocky ledge of the harbor, had taken care to have the one down-stairs window cut too high to see out from, so for the little recluse there was no possible view of the water, the tide coming in, the far-off, pensive peaks of sails, and the rocks hung with gold and green seaweed. But the smell of strings of drying fish no absence of windows could exclude, and there were hot days when Myella would hold claw-like fingers to a bony nose, and, pale eyes looking over bloodless hand, register acute displeasure.

At such times Mat, her great bosom heaving with compassion, would stand regarding her.

"It's bad again to-day, ain't it, with the wind blowin' so? Lady Macbeth, with all of them perfumes of her'n, couldn't hardly ha' stood it."

"Who's she?" moaned the nose-holding invalid.

"Some big bug in a novel one of the boarders had last summer," returned Mat, cheerfully—"a sort of high-toned hist'ry lady, as near as I could make out. Seems she was anxious about sumpin' she'd got on her hands, and, as she'd been complimented on their size and all, she was reel provoked to think she couldn't get it off. Sounds kind of old-fashioned, don't it? She could ha' used lemon and salt."

The little paralytic sniffed irrelevantly. "Them bad fish," she moaned.

It was a hot and airless day, and Mat, with senses alert, conceived what the reek of the dead fish must have been to the sensitive, chained perceptions. She cast about for a way to relieve it.

"Whassay you train you'self to like it?" the big woman urged. "Who knows," suggested Mat, "but what, ef we'd always thought dead fish was nice to smell, they'd *be* nice to smell? Don't you think about them scaly, bloody things with their dried eyes turned inwards; think of something delightful—think of (what's this place I keep seeing into the newspapers?)—The Occident—think of the Occident!"

"The Occident?" Myella, eyes bulging over her hand, repeated the word with nasal suspiciousness.

Mat, who had come as was her custom to clean house for her friend, carried a pail of dirty water to the front door; with fine disregard of possible mosquito-breeding, she swashed the water on the ground, replying:

"Yep, the Occident. Sounds funny, don't it? Like a nigger sayin' 'Accident.' But it ain't no smash-up; it's a place, far away and full of curios like on wall-paper or a boarder's kimona—and yet, by all accounts, as reel as Boston."

Myella, trying though the smell of drying fish might be, now removed her hand from before her nose and pursued her questions unchecked, whereupon her visitor, dusting the haircloth sofa, exclaimed:

"'The Occident.' (I'll give it to you just like I learned it into my dictionary.) 'The Occident—the countries lyin' west of Asia and the Turkish dominions.'"

Mat's great full lips recited the thing like a sort of chant. Her eyes took on a curious fire; the little invalid, false front askew, pale eyes bulging, leaned from her chair to peer at her friend.

"Lyin' west," Myella repeated, dazedly. "The west is out back of Tim Hophoffer's barn, ain't it? It's as if the barn covered the most of it; there's a long spell in winter when I can't see the sunset for them barns—they spite me!"

Mat, vigorously sweeping the corner where the sofa had stood, noted the

rasped edge of the complaining voice and answered, soothingly:

"Don't look at them barns. Don't notice 'em," she commanded. "I gave up lookin' at barns when I was so high! I got sick of 'em; they riled me; nowadays nobody couldn't make me see a barn unless I had a mind to see it!"

Myella, a speculative look in her faded eyes, grasped her embroidery. This particular piece was a huge circular centerpiece done in mammoth grapes in shades of degenerate purple. As fast as Myella finished a cluster of these decadent grapes, she would sew a piece of protecting tissue-paper over their dazzling luster. As she had nearly completed the centerpiece, there was the rattling of many delicate bits of tissue-paper; when the little invalid moved, this crackling was increased, so that with spectacles set high in an intense wrinkled forehead Myella suggested a small, ethereal rattlesnake.

"Mat Lemmons! Not see them red barns!" she demanded, reproachfully. "Why, the two of them is as red as radishes, and winter days they loom over the snow as bloated as balloons, 'n' you dare to say you don't never see 'em!"

The house-cleaning visitor passed her hand over a work-wet forehead and frowned majestically. "I tell you I don't see them barns! I look right through 'em at anything I want to see, anything I happen to be thinkin' about. I look straight through them barns into the big city stores and all interesting places like California and Asia and Turkey."

The tissue-paper rattled with new agitations. "Turkey?" Myella questioned, curiously. "That's a place has always interested me. It's getting lots of mention in the papers nowadays. What's it like down there, anyway?"

Mat, her head turned aside, grinned broadly. With unflagging blows she beat a faded bit of carpet, vouchsafing between strokes:

"You wouldn't care for it much; Turkey's kind er excitin', but yet, for all, low down. Everything is all rugs, and red-like window-curtings, and fearful goin's-on among the wimmen; it ain't refined, Turkey ain't," concluded Mat, solemnly. She fixed a look of sophisti-

cated counsel upon her hearer, and concluded, austere. "You keep away from Turkey. That's all *I've* got to say!"

To no one else on Cobble Island did Mat talk after this manner. The reason for this particular style the big woman had once confessed to Mrs. Porter, the artist's wife.

"Myella wants wakin' up," Mat had explained. "She needs you should jolt her some. Twenty years now she's set alone in that there house. The rest of us has had the boat from Portland, and the carryin'-ons of the Judge's wife, and Rupe Sheboygan's grampophone, and little drowned Emmy Brooks, and the summer boarders' different hats and rings; but Myella, she 'ain't had nothing but the smell of them God-forsaken fish, unless it's the summer people going in and out like toads gettin' her nervous over the new knittin' stitches and whether or not she ought to turn Christian Scientist." Mat's strong face contracted as she thought on these things. "That's all that poor little mite has had to chew on these twenty years," the big woman worried. "Long ago I see she needed to be sort of scandalized, so I took to tellin' her Bible stories; but I got 'em too reel—that's where I made my mistake. Myella, she was all of a tremble nights for fear Elijah and Them might come to her door disguised as rag-men or umbrella-menders, and she not able to do for 'em. So then"—Mat with a sympathetic hearer was freely explanatory—"so then I'd get out my dictionary that gramper left me, and I'd pick out a few reel pritty words (the kind that ain't in the language, ye know), and I'd go down to her house, and whilst I'd be cleanin' up I'd talk them new words to her. Well, it seems it done her more good than smellin'-salts. I've got her now so's she'll jump like a cat at a bone for a likely word."

And yet between Mat and Myella was a great social gulf fixed. This gulf, paradoxical as it may seem, was made by the former's flesh. The little paralytic herself had a sick daintiness and captiousness more impressive to the world on Cobble Island than was the healthy well-being of her friend.

Myella's false front, slanting like a

roof over her faded eyes, even attracted one of the other sex. To this bachelor, dried and plaintive as an autumn seed-pod, she would pour out esthetic dissatisfactions.

"She's handy, Mat is, but yet for all so rough, sort of like a man."

Mr. Crim, the Cobble Island bachelor, sitting in Myella's doorway, crossed one thin leg in its heavy woolen sock over the other and, chewing scientifically on a blade of timothy, remarked, with rickety raillery:

"Some men ain't so rough, neither; some men is as handy and inseeing as wimmen."

For answer Myella tittered; there was the ethereal rattle of the protecting bits of tissue-paper as she held the purple centerpiece up for her visitor's admiration, remarking: "There, that's the last bunch! Remember when I began this piece? The night old man Bridges was took to the horspital! I put in that shaded one then. Them grapes do look as natural as onto a chromo, if I do say it. I'll be terrible lonesome for this here centerpiece; I don't know will I ever get my nerve up to send it to the exhibition."

Mr. Crim, still chewing the straw of timothy, surveyed the large purple-spotted disk and nodded in profound admiration. "When," he asked, facetiously—"when do I get my fancy-worked vest you're goin' to make for me?"

At such audacities Myella would giggle, put her hand over her face, and ejaculate, "Oh, you!" in a way that made Mr. Crim remove the blade of timothy from his mouth and descant upon the everlasting charm of women—of some women, of course, not of a great hulking figure of fun like Mat Lemmons! Then they would fall to discussing Mat's personality, the breadth of her form, the hugeness of her arms, the great men's shoes she wore, the curious fact that, though she had been approached by this one and that one, she had "never" married. The two, like small ants, carrying crumbs of stale gossip, ran back and forth over the heap of their common experience.

Meanwhile summer advanced and the summer people began arriving on Cobble

Island. These casual persons of eccentric leisure and homely preferences affected the islanders something in the way pickles affect the palate; they were invariably foreign and piquant, yet not entirely disagreeable to the taste.

For instance, there were the mother and daughter, who summered in the little portable house on the hill, whose garden was kept ablaze with the homelier flowers of old garden lore. Cobble-Islanders, impressed by a certain quality in the two, blocked out their supposed history in which it was agreed that "She, being left a widder, and havin' only this one to do for, had spent her all to educate the girl, and was now put to it—no hired help nor nothin'!"

When it was discovered that the lady and her daughter were of a name and material substance almost fabulously important, the islanders were majestically unimpressed.

"Sumpin' wrong somewhere," it was decided, "or else why should they do their own dishes?"

There was the band of school-teachers, whose outing hats, worn with mysterious rakishness, betokened things curiously disassociated from pedagogical severities. There was the literary man, who had often been seen "away off on the rocks before sun-up" with a book sticking out of one pocket and a banana out of the other, and the "musical gentleman" who, it was remarked, "wouldn't never sing a tune, but got up early in the mornings and went down and hollered to the sea."

And there were Mr. and Mrs. Porter, the artists, who, it was explained, had "traveled about everywhere, so's he could paint It, but never settled down, which come hard on Her. It seemed he hadn't never been able to give her much for clothes, for she wore nothin' but white dresses and an old red hat some furrin' fisherman had giv' her."

The Porters invariably took their meals at Mat's. They were easy-going persons, who exclaimed over fresh lobster with pretty much the same ardor that they exclaimed over the Cobble Island sunsets. Mat was always glowingly happy when they arrived. As she moved about her long table, cheeks warm from cooking, hair a black mist of

curls, neck white as milk and her whole being electric with vitality, the other boarders eyed her with unimaginative tolerance, but the Porters would touch feet under the table and murmur, "Glorious!" They were magnetized by the great sweeps with which the bare arms passed huge platters of smoking corn, their envious eyes rested now and again on the vivid face alight with the strong reflexes of the healthy human countenance.

"Have some of these here beans," Mat would urge; "they're the biggest limas on the island, if I did grow 'em myself."

"Great Snakes!" Porter would murmur to his wife. "I say, you know, a green-and-copper sort of robe, a bright yellow brass bowl full of grapes and nectarines, or a torch. I would do her as Judith, only it would need a tremendous Holofernes to equal her. What do you say to Rahab—those black eyes and the scarlet cord and the window, by Jove!"

"You will do her as nothing," Mrs. Porter would say, with great firmness; "anyway, not this summer—not until you are much better."

"I wonder if Michelangelo's wife kept saying, 'My dear, not this summer,' Porter would growl, disgustedly. "I tell you I've got to do her or bust! She's an elemental wonder, a great sunrise, mountain-peak sort of woman!"

"Michelangelo hadn't any wife, and he hadn't had a nervous break-down," the cool rejoinder would come. Then Mrs. Porter would soften and say gently, "Do be patient, dear man; next year, perhaps."

But as the seasons passed, the popularity of Mat Lemmons's boarding-house had been steadily waning. Cobble-Islanders, master-hands at conjecture and speculation, shook their heads and advanced many reasons why. It gave Mat's neighbors a gratifying sense of discrimination to warn tentative eaters away from her table. With arm-akimbo emphasis her prospects were discussed by one and another.

"It ain't that she can't cook good," speculated the drug clerk; he delicately rearranged a highly polished assortment of bottles of cosmetics, continuing with

effects of strict adherence to altruistic standards. "Of course, I don't want to say nothin' against Mat Lemmons's character. I 'ain't never heard nawthing against her mawrels." The drug clerk sighed heavily; he chose a fresh toothpick from the pearly bunch exposed for sale, and the school-teacher in whom he confided decided that at the next meal she would scan Mat a little more closely. So do certain elements in a provincial community distil that mysterious and baleful atmosphere known as "the prevailing impression."

After two hard winters, when the prices of food and coal became tyrannical and the cold crept through the clapboards of the gray houses on Cobble Island, Myella fell ill. Neighborhood conclusions were made with the usual morbid emphasis on the probabilities of a swift demise. It was island etiquette, in such cases, to make ante-mortem remarks, as: "Poor little soul; nothin' before her but a gray casket or the county-house!" "They say that last spell she had has left her as weak as a baby; she'll be better off in her Long Home." Cobble-Islanders rolled their eyes; they heaved sensation-loving bosoms at the inevitable, and waited for Myella's death with a fatalism bordering on impatience. To them it would have been sacrilege to suggest that her case was not hopeless, and the day when the little paralytic, weakly protesting, should be borne to the asylum was looked for with a sympathy that, if sympathy, was, nevertheless, eager.

Therefore it was to defeat a keen zest for sensation that Mat Lemmons, on the day finally chosen for the deplored event, swept down the hill like a Valkyr, and, like an offended goddess, routed out the minister. The big woman, standing at the door of the parsonage, pointed majestically over to the dreary house of Boggs with its windowless sides.

"Leave that poor little paralytic to go to that ramshackle poorhouse?" was Mat's vigorous point of argument. "Say—that's a nice thing to do, that is! Why," said the big woman, scarlet with indignation, "you might as well shut her up in a room full of corpses." Mat glared into the mild face of the minister. "Makes me think," she said, pushing

back a strand of her black hair—"makes me think of a word I was readin' into my dictionary only last night—*pusillanimous*; that means sort of white-livered and sneakin', but I don't know but what the word suits this cat-fed crowd on Cobble Island."

After a heated argument the minister, swayed by the imperious vitality of the big protectress, met in council with the promoters of the poorhouse scheme, with the result that Mat herself assumed entire care of the invalid.

But Myella, removed from the sound of the sea and the sociable popping of motor-boats, was fretful and exacting. She found immense fault with her surroundings. Even the smell of dry fish, now that she was removed from it, seemed less evil by comparison. In Mat's low-roofed house set in a hollow in the fields there was nothing at all to be seen—no "pass," no folks "steppin' in to set a spell," no speculative scrutiny of men going by with nets or lobster-pots. And Mr. Crim, rheumatic and meticulous, had gigglingly remarked that it "would seem strange to be keeping company up to Mat's," and then sent cruel, uncertain messages by the grocer-boy that he "might stop around when the weather was settled, or when he see his way to it."

To make a bad situation worse, when spring and summer made their slow approach to Cobble Island, there were no letters from the summer folk bespeaking places at Mat's table. Mat, striding down to the post-office on a raw afternoon, would come home empty-handed except for an occasional embroidery periodical addressed to "Miss Myella Clio Boggs." The big woman, silent and worried, did not go to her neighbors for sympathy. To Cobble-Islanders, saturated in prejudice, like mackerel in brine, it seemed just and right that any one as "fleshy" and unrefined as Mat Lemmons should finally fail in these nice social adjustments which govern the financial success of boarding-houses.

Nor did the fact of Mat's having assumed a heavy burden in the feeble person of Myella convey anything heroic. "She's made her bed," was the universal comment, "now leave her lay on it!" Huge sentimentality, however,

was expended upon the situation of Myella herself.

"Delicate, she is, and often took with spells, and not used to Mat's clumsy ways." It was generally mistrusted by Cobble-Islanders that the invalid's life, spent with such a benefactress, was a descent worse than the proposed protection of the poorhouse.

Myella tasted the full flavor of this sympathy. The little dependent perfectly appreciated the psychology of the island as directed toward herself; she assiduously fed all speculation. Sitting of an afternoon in her big chair, clad in a kimono upon which storks and Chinamen weltered in unseemly revelries, a knitting-needle stuck through the small toupee atop of her false front, her pale eyes goggling in dramatic self-pity, she looked more and more the sickly serpent of Mat's generous hearth. Neighbors dropping in, ostensibly for cheerful chatter, but in reality to gloat over the situation, repeated how, as Mat's weight shook the floor, Myella would close her eyes "just as patient," and murmur, daintily, "Oh, my head!" Anybody as refined as *that*, Cobble-Islanders averred, was liable to high strikes at the slightest sound! Great sympathy was felt for Myella.

It took a third summer for Mat to comprehend clearly that her means of sustenance had entirely failed. Cobble-Islanders had known it, they said, from the beginning. Cobble-Islanders didn't know as they could blame the summer people. It was easier to go straight down the road to the Butter-Pat Inn, where Mrs. Klinger, permanently waved of hair, permanently corseted of figure, and skilled in the bargain-counter technic of American elegance, had instituted eating outdoors in mosquito-screened piazzas, served finger-bowls with geranium leaves floating in them, and where, as Cobble-Islanders, like a Greek chorus led by the magenta-tied drug clerk, insisted, "everything was as individule and sanitary as the heart could wish."

The big woman took it all in very slowly. The pain and consternation of failure was engulfed in a later more terrible panic—namely, the problem as to the future for Myella! This problem, however, was carefully concealed from

the little paralytic, who, it seemed, must never be shocked nor worried. Myella, at all costs, must always be kept supplied with cough-drops and perfumery, the latter advised by the drug clerk for her spells, and, though the skies were to fall, Myella must be outfitted with the silks from which she evolved cross-stitch glories or knitted brilliancies.

During strawberrying season Mat was out at three in the morning picking the tiny wild berries to sell down at the Butter-Pat Inn. Later on came the enormous Cobble Island huckleberries which she peddled, blue with bloom, in cereal-boxes. The vegetables in her garden-patch gave a small food-supply, and she went halves in milk with a neighbor whose cow was allowed to forage on Mat's property. The big woman had her own six lobster-pots and her own little fief in the lobster dukedoms around Cobble Island. Still there was money needed for Myella's medicines and for coal, and there was a penniless winter staring them in the face. At last, with the cool tackling of misfortune which is the gift of those who have healthy, natural nerves, Myella's benefactress proceeded to look for laundry work.

The little paralytic wept. "I should never have thought you'd take to laundarin', it's so cawmon; with you at them tubs I get no company, and all I can do is to set and set."

Mat's answer was to place a saucer of cut-up peaches and cream before her charge, but Myella turned pettishly away.

The big woman regarded her compassionately. "Come, now; set to and eat," Mat urged, tenderly; "you're nothin' but skin and bones, the way you worry."

A strange look, the powerful and terrible look of the selfish weakling, crept over the invalid's face.

"I don't know as I care about bein' *thin*," said Myella, contemptuously. "Anyway, I ain't no laughin'-stock on this here island! I ain't no pillar tied in the middle—you never seen no boarder turn up their nose to *my* size and say it was disgustin'!" It was spat out with the venom of a little snake, and the invalid's pale eyes glittered. "You're too big!" screamed Myella, hysterically.



Drawn by Walter J. Biggs

Engraved S. G. Putnam

MYELLA WOULD CLOSE HER EYES, AND MURMUR, "OH, MY HEAD!"

"You're too *fleshy*—the hull world says it!"

Then there was strange silence between these two. Mat, whose eyes had been tragic with appreciation of Myella's woes, quivered like flesh under the knife. A curious look of surprise, the surprise of the tender person under the attack of the cravenly cruel, darkened those faithful eyes. With, however, apparently no sense of the invalid's spiritual meanness, the big woman looked at her in motherly concern. Mat did not respond to the taunt. Instead, with a sort of blind motion, she reached up to the little shelf by the clock where, familiar friend, stood her beloved dictionary.

"'Fleshy,'" repeated Mat, slowly. "'Fleshy' as a word hain't never seemed to be a reel born word; it's more like as if it were made in a hurry. 'Tain't a word I'd use to any *friend*—not, anyway, about one that is reel hearty and has their right thinkin' powers." The big woman turned the leaves thoughtfully. "For," said Mat, "ef a lady or a gentleman should be made different from others, yet with the same feelin's *inside*, it seems as if there ought to be some sort of word to describe them!"

Standing near the window, the big woman slowly turned the pages of the dictionary, but not with her usual keenness, for a new word. A curious heavy sense baffled her. The hurt pride of wanting to be like other people was torturing her. After all, "*fleshy*" *was* the word! "*Fleshy*" was what all Cobble Island had always said! It was the *only* word and it made a person seem somehow different, degraded, outcast.

The invalid, successful with her blind, petty intention, now burst into hysterical tears of remorse. Mat looked gravely at her; she put back the dictionary, and turned her strong face in pity.

"There, there," she said, soothingly, "you'll drop a stitch in that pink shawl. Say, ain't it handsome? Well, there ain't nobody can take up a new stitch like you can! What say you hurry up and eat them there peaches, and then I carry you down to Hophoffer's? They say he's got some kind of unnatural flower that comes open nights."

Nevertheless, this last taunt about her great size had struck home. During the summer Mat had heard it from many directions. Mail-matter, strangely personal and familiar, had reached her, offering to make her (for various deposits) as "light and ethereal as the day of youth." Mrs. Klinger, at the Butter-Pat Inn, had held up poor simple Mat and talked patronizingly on the subject of straight fronts and reducers. The drug clerk, cosseting his silken tie, had softly recommended the anti-fat of his conviction. It seemed to the big woman, sore with failure and struggle, as if it were a world of genteelly emaciated beings in which she was the only false quality.

At last one day, hearing that the Porters had returned and were in their bungalow in the spruce woods, a hopeful thought struck Mat: "Mrs. Porter's a reel thin lady; maybe she could tell how she's kept so."

There had never been a time when the big woman could not remember herself as big. Mat came from stock where the men had been giants and the women Amazons, and the old muscle and strength remained under her great limbs. But times had changed, and it seemed that one could not with honor remain a monstrosity. And there was Myella's feeling in the matter! "Anything to give Myella peace," thought Mat. With a deep sigh and a straightening of the shoulders, she took the forest road and turned into the path that led to the Porters'.

Finding the June thickets glistening with the gloss of mountain-laurel foaming with rosy cups, Mat stopped and picked a sheaf of it. Dressed in a faded red gown from which a pattern of yellow disks had mercifully faded, the collar turned in at her great neck, and her black hair coiled in a loose knot, the woman strode along the little forest path. She herself was like a strong and vigorous outgrowth that somehow matched the fresh efflorescence around her. But as she emerged into the clearing and made her way toward the darkly lighted bungalow her expression of assurance changed. A shyness as native as that of a child or an animal swept over her. She stood, back to the forest, hesitating.

"I don't know as I should presume," said Mat to herself. "Summer folks is mostly changeable—friends one summer ain't friends the next. It's 'How-do, Mat!' and then they stand lookin' at the sunset and forget about you. And yet"—the big woman's eyes brightened—"Mr. Porter said he wouldn't never forget my tomatoes!" She stood, irresolute, laden with the rosy laurel, her back to the dim pines through which the sunset reddened. A sudden consciousness of her physical drawback, the dull smart of that stabbing speech of Myella's, made the big, simple creature suddenly weak. "Maybe they got company," thought Mat. "They won't want me around." Her wistful eyes swept the wide verandas of the bungalow. "If they've got hired help," she faltered, "I'll just step back to the kitchen." Again she hesitated, looking intently at the house, murmuring, shamefacedly, "I don't know as I should presume."

There was the sound of a pair of heels coming suddenly to earth, and a violent commotion in a canvas hammock under a circle of spruces quickly resolved itself into a man, pipe in mouth, wildly gesticulating and shouting:

"Hey! Stop! Stop right there! Back against the trees as you were, please! Yes, I know it's Mat Lemmons. How do you do? Certainly, laundry, anything you want—only *do, for the love of Mike, keep right where you are!* No, we haven't smallpox, but with those trees and that sky and that color against your head—Gad! if the light will hold!"

The artist, attired in the brown holland smock which for years had been the secret shame of Cobble Island, dashed into the bungalow, from which Mrs. Porter as hastily emerged. She was laughing.

"You weren't startled, Mat? Mr. Porter is *so* spoiled! You see, he saw you suddenly, and—No, don't *move*, and he won't let me take that adorable laurel yet." The lady paused a moment. She stood quietly regarding the abashed woman; then her eyes, too, glowed. She slipped behind Porter, who was already dabbing colors on his palette. "I see what he means. Mat, you are Demeter. You don't know who she

was, but look her up in the dictionary. She's exactly your kind. You see," Mrs. Porter, sitting down on a stump, went on quietly—"you see, Mr. Porter is allowed by his doctor to paint this year, and he says his color sense is coming back to him, and I don't know what I *shall* do with him!"

Mat's smile was puzzled, but sympathetic. She had always had a secret admiration for Porter's impulsive ways.

"Seems like his ideas sort of give him blind staggers, don't they?" she suggested; "just like me with my words. I'll go a long ways to learn a new word, and then when I've got it—the whole inwards of it, as you might say—why, I just want to wave my hands and holler." Mat broke off; she looked hopefully at Mrs. Porter, adding simply, "But what I really came for is to ask for you folks' laundry."

And the big woman, waiting as calmly immobile as a caryatid, her majestic figure outlined against the background of dark pines, explained without elaboration that "there didn't seem to be no boarders comin' to her place this year, and she'd sort of taken up with Myella Boggs, and everything was going out and nothin' comin' in." Mat was careful to add that she could have got along all right except for the requirements of Myella's refinement. "She's real partickler," added Mat, proudly. "You know how it is yourself; and of course you, movin' around so, are bound to pick up fancy ways; but how Myella sets in one place and gets hold of it is what I can't see. Sleepin' and wakin', it's all the same; her notions are full of style as ef she was a lady in a book."

Mrs. Porter smiled. "Well, you shall certainly have our laundry; but what are Mr. Porter and I to do for meals? Who will feed us long white ears of corn and huge, juicy tomatoes, and oh, Mat, those lima beans!"

The big woman smiled shyly; then she suddenly broke out into a great joyous laugh. Mat's eyes shone; she had been vain of her cooking, and as this compliment to it was paid she forgot the shame of her gigantic body, forgot the summer failures and anxiety. She shifted one great arm with an unconscious gesture

of power, and the bold strength played in her muscles.

“I’ll bring you up some of them beans,” said Mat. Then a thought struck her. “Ever read the dictionary?” she asked, eagerly. “It’s an eye-opener, ain’t it?—words and words, that ain’t really in the language and yet so nice soundin’! ‘Hypothetical,’ now”—Mat rolled the word over her tongue—“that’s a reel highbinder, ain’t it? It means something you suppose but don’t know. Well, now”—ardently—“I did come up here sort of hypothetical about the laundry, so suppose we say I come up and cook for you and Mr. Porter?” The dark eyes shone. “Hypothetical, you know,” said Mat, nodding mysteriously. “Not but what it’s awful nice down to the Butter-Pat—initials on the towels and everythin’, and they say she ain’t spared no expense.”

The light growing too dim, Porter reluctantly abandoned his sketching and handed his book over to the visitor, his eyes, unknown to her, still dwelling imaginatively upon her. Mat’s comment was brief.

“Sort of cumbersome, ain’t it?” she asked, disappointedly. “And you’ve copied the color in this here dress, which reelly ain’t no true color.” Her face cleared as she demanded, eagerly: “Say, Mr. Porter, you likin’ it so, why don’t you take more lessons and learn to paint on china?—soap-dishes and lamp-shades, ye know. Now last year I had a boarder was painting a dress for her niece.” Mat drew a long breath of remembrance. “’Twas apple blossoms on blue plush, I remember; well, I don’t know as I ever see anythin’ more artistic.”

After the big woman’s departure, proudly bearing the basket of laundry on her shoulder, Porter sat for a long time silent. His wife, watching the red tip of his cigar, made no effort to talk. It was not until almost midnight, after the moon had carried a round shield past the lances of the black pines, that the artist came to her as she sat, arms crossed on the sill of the bungalow bedroom, watching the silver tides that lapped the night.

“If I told you,” the man said, tensely, “that that woman has given the key to the entire frieze; that I have already

drafted the whole thing—Demeter, the Panathenaic procession, the Greater and Lesser Dionysia, and all those marvelous Greek agricultural ceremonies—what would you say?”

Mrs. Porter turned, smiling happily. She reached up and tweaked at his tumbled hair. “Oh,” she returned, lightly, “I should just say, ‘run along and play!’”

Porter bent to the lightly draped, teasing figure. He kissed her eyes and hands. “Go on laughing, you little brute,” the man whispered with glad fierceness; “you go on laughing! Mat Lemmons and I are going to see this thing through.” His voice sounded oddly as he added, “Daphne, dear, *it has all come back, it’s all come back!*” With a sound like a sob, he swept his face across hers and abruptly left the room.

Cobble-Islanders passed it from gray house to gray house, that Mat Lemmons seemed to be sort of hired help up to the Porter bungalow, doin’ their washin’ and cookin’ for ’em; but further speculation as to Mat’s affairs dwindled before rumors of a fireless cooker and washing-machine down at the Butter-Pat Inn. Contemplation of these triumphs of practical science dazed the islanders out of their usual habit of criticism, and sent them into trances of emulative awe.

Myella, however, becoming as the season advanced steadily more refined, complained to Mr. Crim that Mat was too much up to the Porter place. She didn’t know what they kept her so long for, unless it was to polish up the gold frames and all. The little invalid explained the probabilities to her admirer.

“Yes, he’s an artist by all accounts, yet it seems that he can’t paint nothing but the outlandish. Twice yesterday he had Mat all dressed up in a purple piano-cover like, she with a basket on her head filled with plums and apples and peaches and I don’t know what all. Another time what must he do but send for them two twins of Burt Slater’s, them yellow-headed young ones, and, well”—Myella looked at Mr. Crim; it was growing dark and she had no one else to share this horror with—“well, there ought to be a law against such

things, but he painted them two young ones without nothing on!"

Mr. Crim stopped chewing his blade of timothy; he gave a low chuckle. In the twilight, though he sat in his usual place on the door-step, it was as if his hand had somehow reached out and touched that of the little figure in the chair; something keen and long dormant stirred in his cracked voice.

"Is that so?" inquired Mr. Crim, delightedly; "painted them little young ones like the Lawd made 'em, did he? Well, he might have done worse."

Myella tossed her head.

"I wouldn't get nervous over it if I was you," suggested Mr. Crim, mildly. "There was times, I remember, down to the swimmin'-pool when we— Painted 'em in their little skins, hey? Well, that won't do 'em no harm."

In other circles it was related that Mat, "all dressed up in red, with grapes onto her head and a gold rope around her, held them two naked twins in her arms, Porter paintin' and breathin' hard and swearin'." In another it was told how the artist had "took to layin' out in the fields moonlit nights to study Tim Hophoffer's live stock."

So the season passed away. With the money earned from "helping out" the Porters, from frequent sittings and from the laundry, Mat held her own magnificently. Her great frame seemed to know no such thing as fatigue; her good nature, fed by a naïve and uncontrollable imagination, kept the artist himself keen and stimulated. Meanwhile Porter tried to give his model some clue as to the magnitude of the final enterprise on which he was engaged, showing her small studies of the extended mural decoration as it was to be executed by well-known artists under his direction. Most of the talk Mat repeated to Myella.

"Last night when I got there, he was still paintin' (with a towel around his head). Seemed like he was drunk with it. He and Mrs. Porter had had them pretty school-teachers out dancin' in the fields in things like night-gowns, and strings around their hair, and he showed me how he had drawn a dark-complected lady, terrible sour-lookin', in like a long waterproof and a bird like

an owl alongside of her. 'What do you think of that, Mat?' he says.

"'Kind of looks like she'd got the world on her shoulders,' I says. 'Takes things sort of serious, don't she?'"

"'Mat,' he says, 'the next owl I catch I will give to you. *You* are really the Goddess of Wisdom; you could give Minerva cards and spades.'"

"For the land sakes!" said the mystified Myella, "a owl? Now what did he mean by that?"

Mat looked thoughtful. "Don't ask me. But I looked the name up in my dictionary. Seems they call her Athena, too, and it seems that them high-toned people, the Greeks, had her into every one of their churches, and there wasn't nothin' they wouldn't do for her."

"The Porters is reel pleasant people," Myella summed up. "And yet ain't they sort of childish? Seems to me like they've always been held back in the world. Mis' Porter's hats, now; she's got one you could never see into any fashion-paper, and if he's ever give her any rings, I 'ain't seen 'em. That must be why they ain't never cared to go down to the Butter-Pat for meals. You've got to have rings if you eat at the Butter-Pat. One of them waitresses told me that last Saturday night, when the husbands and all come, she counted twenty-seven diamonds on eight hands!"

Not until midwinter did a certain letter come for Mat. This letter was from the artist's wife:

Mr. Porter felt that he never sufficiently thanked you for the help you gave him last summer. You see, he had the contract for the mural decoration of the new appellate courthouse for a great city in the West, but he came to Cobble Island this summer feeling still uncertain of himself and not willing to attempt it. He was about to give the contract to an artist friend, who he knew would handle the thing as well as he could; but to give it up himself was a great sorrow to him. Then he suddenly saw you coming out of those black pines glowing with the sunset, with that great mass of rosy laurel in your hands, and the thing that sometimes happens to artists happened to him. You were his inspiration, Mat; that great strong body of yours gave him at once his central idea for Demeter, the Goddess of Grain, and after that anything was possible. We both have such joy in sending this check, which de-



Drawn by Walter J. Biggs

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

HER GREAT FRAME SEEMED TO KNOW NO SUCH THING AS FATIGUE

posited in the Portland bank would at least help to keep Myella in embroidery silks.

The check was for a thousand dollars. Mat's fingers, holding it, trembled, but she gave it into Myella's clutching little claw and turned with an awed face to the shelf on which reposed the dictionary.

"Mural, mural," Mat murmured, respectfully. Her great finger went carefully tracing down the page.

The week following a paragraph that appeared in one of the Portland papers was solemnly handed around Cobble Island.

The superb mural decoration in the new appellate court-house in Prior, Indiana, is now half-way consummated. The corps of artists at work on it is under the direction of Leeds Porter, the American artist, whose European reputation gives his work the seal of ultra-academic approval. The subject of the great frieze consists of scenes from the Greater and Lesser Dionysia, with processions of Apollo at Delphi and in the Vale of Tempe, the Panathenaic festivals, the procession to lay the peplum at the feet of Athena, and the Pyrrhic and Dithyrambic dances. Miss Matilda Lemmons, of Cobble Island, Maine, was Mr. Porter's chief model and posed for him last summer as Demeter. Her superb figure occurs again and again in the agricultural celebrations and Eleusinian mysteries depicted on the frieze.

Later, small colored representations of the famous frescoes as they would be when completed were on sale, and the minister's wife saw one and brought it to Myella.

"It's her, it's her!" the little paralytic cried, hysterically. "That's the piano-cover she wore! Them apples in the basket are Hophoffer's red astrachans, three dollars a barrel. That's the way she done her hair to please Mr. Porter; it's Mat, it's Mat!"

Cobble-Islanders were beyond the power of comment. Many feet trod the little path to Mat's house in the fields to obtain from Myella the exact truth of curious rumors.

The little invalid, who had already begun to cross-stitch the Panathenaic festival on centerpieces and cushions, was proudly sententious.

"It seems that Mat is goddess-size,"

she would patronizingly explain, "but it's only for intimate friends that she would stand around with her arms bare like that. But, as Mrs. Porter stated in her last letter, 'twas Mat started the whole frieze. You see," Myella graciously elucidated, "it's called 'frieze' because it sticks to the wall for so long. It seems that it looks Mat is nearer to them old-fashioned goddesses than most er the folks you see comin' and goin' *She's goddess-size!*" Myella, with the air of extensive art-culture, next explained the thing to Mr. Crim. "They say that high-up like on them walls they need real sizable folks to fill out the distance." The little invalid had been greatly stimulated by recent developments, and she was now willing to find excellence in Mat's gigantic proportions. Her manner was quite knowing as she volunteered, "For instance, put a refined-lookin' person like me up on them big court-house walls, and what would you see?"

This excursion in imagination was too much for Mr. Crim. "Tee, he, he!" he exploded. Then he suddenly sat up straight and cleared his throat. "But anybody standin' half dressed like that, on a wall, ain't *my* idea of a lady," said Mr. Crim, severely. "Now you"—he fixed his friend with an admiring gaze—"you're high-toned, you are. You got principles would keep you off any of these here painted ceilings. Not," Mr. Crim added, as an after-thought—"not but what Mat has done as good as she can."

Round and round Cobble Island the story traveled:

"So now she's famous like a race-horse or a hotel-keeper. Myella, she's goin' to open an embroidery-shop right in Mat's house, and they're goin' to call it 'Goddess-croft.' Mrs. Klinger at the Butter-Pat told 'em to; she says it's all the rage to call your house by a fancy name. And they calculate people will come and buy off of them just because Mat is in those friezes and they want to see for themselves that she's real. It seems that all those ladies in old history was large and fleshy like Mat; and they say that nowadays there is very few livin' women that's goddess-size!"

America's Armada in the Making

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD



SEE signs of filling sixteen great cantonments, of the manufacture of immense amounts of munitions, but I do not see signs of that bridge across the Atlantic, without which all this recruiting, all this enthusiasm, all this manufacturing, will be null and void. We have been told that you must put 6,000,000 tons of ships in the water in 1918. I see no signs of such a tonnage in 1918." So spoke the distinguished English editor, Lord Northcliffe, in Chicago recently, and then added: "If you set your minds to build those ships, you can do it as easily as you succeeded in a more difficult task—inducing 100,000,000 people to consent to military conscription. . . . In this matter you strike a vital point in the waging of this war. If you cannot get the supplies to the men, it seems to me almost idle to add to your already vast army."

The indictment is fairly drawn. We have, indeed, done much. The ink was barely dry upon the President's signature to the Declaration of War before the Navy was at its task of providing an adequate patrol for our many, many miles of coast frontage. In six months the formation of a vast national army was fairly under way; the cantonments finished and ready for their training work; more than 100,000 men—man for man unquestionably the finest and best equipped army that the world has ever seen—were already in France and ready to go to the front. And—

"We have more men trained and ready to go to the front," said the War Department, in October—"as fast as we can get the ships."

Ships! The Tantalus cup that is held in front of America these anxious days. Give us ships—all the ships that we can fill with men and food and munitions—and we shall promptly strike the final

blow in the winning of the war. It has been said that we shall win the war in the air; that a vast fleet of aeroplanes—built in this country and driven by Americans—will be our means of carrying terror and death over the enemy's lines and so bring peace. That is a good argument. Even Congress has seen it and has appropriated a great sum for the building of aeroplanes.

But aeroplanes cannot fly from the United States to France—not as yet, at any rate. To take our covey of air-birds overseas we are dependent upon ships.

So before armies, before navies, before the locust-host of aeroplanes—ships; stout merchant ships, if you please, with swift heels to hurry them away from submerged enemies; well-built ships, to withstand the poundings and the buffetings of the North Atlantic—and many, many ships. But many ships we do not own—not to-day, at any rate. And long ago our ship-builders grew discouraged. Their yards fell into decay or vanished altogether. In 1914 the output of the yards which remained and kept the flame of an ancient lamp still a-flicker was a bare 200,000 tons. Most of this tonnage was built for coastwise service or for the steadily increasing traffic upon the Great Lakes. As a maker of ships for the competitive trade of the Seven Seas the United States—once their master—had almost ceased to be.

For more than half a century our merchant marine had been dying. The La Follette bill was an all but fatal blow. Several ship-owners, who had been holding on in hopes of better days, gave it up and began placing their vessels under foreign registry. I am not attacking the La Follette bill. There are far too many strong points in its favor. But I am chronicling facts. And it is a fact that many ship-owners—the Pacific Mail and Robert Dollar conspicuous among them—removed their vessels from American registry, and the

merchant marine of the United States was vastly weakened in consequence.

It was largely because of this thrust at a dying institution—an institution which once had been America's particular pride—that the United States Shipping Board, with its sweeping powers for the building and operation of ocean vessels, came into existence, just before our entrance into the Great War. Congress gave it \$50,000,000 for a dower. That seemed a vast sum then, for it was before we began to think easily in billions. And it has been vastly increased since then. And as an earnest of the desire of the Shipping Board, it may be stated that it contemplates having 1,000,000 tons of new bottoms launched before the end of March, 1918, which compares favorably with a little less than 700,000 tons launched in the twelve months of 1917, or the 200,000 tons of 1914. And—if present plans can be carried through—our shipyards, acting under government control and inspiration, should turn out close to 5,000,000 tons of new steel bottoms during the present year (1918), which is about ten or twelve times the production of American shipyards, even in flush years before the war.

In the month of November, 1917, this steel tonnage was represented by contracts for 140 standardized ships and 83 not standardized—a total of 223 vessels aggregating 1,648,800 tons—for which contracts had been let and work was already under way. In addition, the Shipping Board has commandeered more than 2,800,000 tons of craft now building in our yards for private ownership, either American or alien. Its right to do this is not disputed. It is exactly the same step that Great Britain took at the very outbreak of the war.

Together, these contracts aggregate 4,448,800 tons of steel shipping, and it is not unlikely that another half-million tons will have been contracted for before the end of January—if the program can be carried through.

"If the program can be carried through—"

"If" is a large word, and in this instance it may be translated into the huge figure of a man—a man whose arm is brawn and whose mind is attuned to

working in metal and in wood, for labor is the big "if" of our critical ship situation. Our present yards, working under a pressure and to a degree of efficiency that they have not known before, were employing at the end of 1917 approximately 250,000 men. A huge force, but not nearly large enough, for to come anywhere near carrying out the program of 5,000,000 tons for this year there should be from 250,000 to 300,000 more workers—both in the present yards and in the yards which are to come into being within the next few months.

You cannot build ships without men. Five million tons of steel shipping, divided for convenience in estimate into terms of 10,000-ton steamships, would mean at least 500 vessels. Or, if delivery began on the 1st of January, 1918, a ship a week for our ten biggest yards. As a matter of fact, we shall have to do far better to complete a 5,000,000-ton program for 1918, for we did not begin to deliver ten major ships a week on the first day of January. But, for a better understanding of the situation, let us still take that as our standard for estimate.

A 10,000-ton ship each seven days is no impossible matter for a modern yard—enlarged and working under war-time pressure. Charles M. Schwab is reported to have told the Shipping Board last May that he could build one hundred 10,000-ton ships in sixteen months' time.

A great shipyard at Camden, New Jersey, made a larger promise. It agreed to turn out a standardized steel steamship of 7,500 tons or 9,000 or even 10,000 tons at the end of six months and thereafter to turn out an exactly similar steamship each twenty-four hours, for an indefinite period. This was a tremendous promise, yet the men who made it were both experienced and responsible ship-builders. But their promise was predicated on a sufficient supply, not only of fuel and raw materials, but of labor.

Let us analyze further. The largest single item in the labor of fabricating a steel ship is in the riveting of her hull; therefore the driving of rivets is taken as a standard of size and of progress by most of the ship-builders. To

build a 10,000-ton ship a week means the driving of about 650,000 rivets in that time. The Union Shipyards of San Francisco, as at present equipped and freed from labor troubles, can drive about 300,000 rivets, although in a record week it drove 411,000 rivets; the four next largest yards in America—at Fore River, Massachusetts, at Newport News, Virginia, at Camden, and at Philadelphia upon the Delaware—can drive 200,000 to 275,000 rivets a week each. A half-dozen smaller steel shipyards will drive from 50,000 to 150,000 each seven days.

Riveting, despite all the inventions devised to speed it up, remains hand-work and slow work. A riveting gang consists of two men and two boys—the riveter, his “holder-on,” the passer-boy, and the heater-boy. The gang drives from 300 to 375 rivets in the course of a ten-hour day and is tired at the end of it. But when you know that it takes four men all of a working day to drive an average of a little less than 350 rivets, you can begin to see the full size of the labor problem of driving at least 650,000 rivets a week necessary to turn out a 10,000-ton ship at the end of that length of time. In other words, you need 1,200 men for the riveting gangs alone.

Look at the matter from another angle. Ten ships a week—the tremendous program for 1918 to which we stand committed—means 6,500,000 rivets a week. And the rivet capacity of our five greatest yards—with a total working force of 50,000 men at the end of 1917—was but 1,350,000 rivets a week. And riveting represents only about 20 per cent. in the construction of a ship. No wonder, then, that we are building, and shall need, new yards. And men. I think that the Shipping Board is indeed conservative when it asks for 250,000 or even 300,000 more men for the building of merchant ships in this year of 1918. The new yards we are getting. On the marshy flats of Newark Bay—for many years an economic waste—many stanch carriers will be launched before the coming of another winter. A Boston engineering firm, of world-wide reputation and responsibility, is building a vast yard on Hog Island—in the Dela-

ware below Philadelphia—and expects by midsummer to have 20,000 men at work, and to be turning out a 10,000-ton steel ship or its equivalent each seven days. The entire Delaware has become our American Clyde and is feverish with industry, both day and night. For, even though it be impractical to fabricate a ship after dark, it is both possible and practical to work upon her molds and forms through the long hours of the night. And that is what is being done to-day.

After all, these problems are only mechanical. The really perplexing question is the human one. I think that I have shown you by this time the important relation of men—many, many men—to the steel ship. Nor in the case of the wooden ship—which we shall consider in a moment—is the need less urgent. You can manufacture fabrics and shoes and food-stuffs—and even automobiles—by the use of prodigious assembly machinery, but you cannot build ships that way. You need men. But the ship-builder who goes into the labor market finds it glutted with employers like himself, who cry, often in vain, for help. Men are needed to build and repair aeroplanes, to build and repair our railroads and their equipment, to manufacture motor-trucks and battle-ships—all the multitude of munitions of war. The Army needs men, and takes them. And so does the Navy, although an official movement is now under way at Washington to have men engaged in ship-building exempted from conscription. In our rush quickly to create a National Army we have made almost the same mistake that England made; we took trained artisans whose places could not be filled quickly or efficiently and sent them into the trenches. England had to call her ship-builders back from Flanders and put them to work again in the yards. And perhaps we shall have to do the same. Certainly we shall have to move toward having our ship-builders—both real and potential—taken from the Army for work which is absolutely vital to the success of that Army.

In a way such a provision already is in force. Many of our American yards have arranged with their local exemp-

tion boards for the release of drafted men whose services were absolutely needed for the program. But this has only gone so far as to show that it is not enough. Men who are engaged in any branch of the making of the ship, whether they are rated expert or only as green hands, should be exempted from the draft. For one thing—and a mighty important one—it will keep a better control of labor in the hands of ship-building executives, subject at all times, of course, to review and arbitration by properly constituted authorities. The value of this was shown in the many shipyard strikes which arose toward the close of last year. The men who balked on duty—and who in consequence were not one whit better than a mutinous soldier or sailor and so deserved the severe penalties given to mutineers in time of war—and who happened to be relieved from the draft at the request of their employers, were immediately reported to the local exemption boards. They had ceased to be in a privileged and necessary class. Thereafter they could go into the trenches and take hard medicine alongside genuinely brave men—men who do not deserve hard medicine of any kind, but all manner of comfort and of happiness.

Strikes in a yard turning out ships, the essential primary step for America's success in the great conflict that she has begun to call her own!

I stood at the paymaster's wicket of the Fore River yard in Massachusetts on the first Saturday afternoon in November and watched a shuffling serpentine line of two thousand men come up to get their pay. They were a dogged and sullen crowd. They took their pay and slunk off. And a little later the signal blew that released five thousand workers from the plant. And when these came pouring through the great gates I had full opportunity to study them, and took it. They formed as decent and contented and prosperous a great group of American men as one might ever hope to see.

The first lot were strikers. They were drawing generous pay, even in these days of high living costs. But men employed in the Charlestown Navy Yard, across from Boston, were getting

a trifle more. Ten days before there had been a similar strike at the Newport News yard, and for a similar reason. There was a Government navy yard within ten miles of that point, and for certain grades of skilled labor the Government was paying a little more money—had established the scale in order to avoid a strike. For even the men who work upon ships of war and within Uncle Sam's own workshops seem to have no sense of honor or of patriotism in an hour that calls for the fullest measure of both. And it is not within the records that privately owned and conducted shipyards have ever paid navy-yard rates for skilled labor or have failed to compete with them in speed and construction records.

"Somehow I always expect iron-workers to strike," a generous-minded master ship-builder told me recently. "It takes a lot of strength and energy to weld steel, the sort of thing you writer-fellows like to call 'pep.' These boys cannot get the 'pep' out of themselves in a ten-hour day, and I think that that is the real reason they take to striking." Which is charitable, but does not in the least excuse acts which border on treason.

The Pacific Coast—one might almost say, as usual—was the theater of the first of these labor troubles in the shipyards. The master-builders appealed to the local officials, but the local officials were either cajoled or were cowed and it was necessary for President Wilson to send out a special committee, of which the very diplomatic and efficient Secretary of Labor was a member, to settle the disputes. There was one official on the west coast, however, who was not cowed. His name is James Withycombe, and he is Governor of the fine old American State of Oregon. And when a crew of professional agitators came down from the neighboring State of Washington and tried to tie up the busy yards at ancient Astoria the Governor sent a portion of the National Guard there, post-haste. There was no strike. The yards kept hard at it and the differences between the workers and their employers were submitted to arbitration.

Not that the grievances of the men

are not genuine and entitled to real consideration—very frequently, indeed, to immediate correction. For instance, the labor problem is almost always a housing problem—a rest problem, if you please. You can hardly expect a man who has failed to have fourteen hours of complete rest and relaxation to work at fullest efficiency for the other ten hours of the day. A shipyard outside of Baltimore found it necessary to remonstrate with the trolley company that linked it with that city. It charged the men twenty-five cents for the trip and then failed to provide sufficient cars to seat the men during the long and tedious journey. They complained—and with good reason—and the situation was corrected.

A case of diphtheria discovered in the great colony of shipyard workers at Newport News developed the fact that eighteen men were sleeping in an ordinary dwelling-house there; three men had shared the room where the disease was found. The condition was common to many other houses in the town, which, almost overnight it would seem, has jumped from 25,000 population to nearly 60,000. Nor is the condition peculiar to Newport News. In the once quiet Moravian town of Bethlehem, up in the Pennsylvania hills, and to-day the seat of the greatest steel-works the world has ever known, there are enough men employed to make ordinarily a city of 200,000 population. But Bethlehem has proper housing room for hardly more than 60,000.

Translated, figures such as these mean almost intolerable conditions of crowding. And further read, they also mean that sleep shortage can be recognized as labor shortage. Yet the conditions are all too general. It is difficult, with building conditions upset by the cantonments and other rush work for the Government, to build sufficient houses quickly enough. There are financial difficulties that sometimes seem well-nigh insurmountable.

Yet much is being done. The Shipping Committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce is one of the forces that is working to relieve conditions in the places where shipyards exist or are planned. It even brought pressure

upon the prosperous householders of an ancient New England seaport to open their homes to shipyard workers, and succeeded in a measure quite beyond its most optimistic hopes. The Shipping Board is quite cognizant of both the labor, and the correlated housing, problem. That is why it some time ago appointed Meyer Bloomfield, a Boston man who has made a life study of labor economics, to study and report to it on the situation. And Bloomfield already is hard upon the job.

It is not believed that it will be necessary for the shipyards to go into outside industries—not at present, at any rate. It is a fact that during the busiest period of 1916 there was idle from 7 to 10 per cent. of the nation's skilled mechanical labor, or, approximately, 100,000 men. This loss comes largely through transition and readjustments of labor. One-hundred-per-cent. employment is, of course, out of the question, but Bloomfield proposes, through a more scientific handling of the entire question, to pick up much of the slack and so to gain a large number of men. And not the least of his problem is his synchronizing the employment of men with the demand for them. If 300,000 men were to present themselves to our shipyard gates to-morrow they could not be used—not to-morrow nor for many days thereafter. Picking up the slack in labor energy consists in having the job ready for the man as well as the man ready for the job.

The Shipping Board is not asleep to the problem. It has an elaborate plan for the training of ship-builders—two or three willing although unskilled workers in the yard beside a trained man; and this repeated in many yards—perhaps hours set aside for direct attendance in a school. The whole scheme, is still in a formative period, however. When it is done there will have evolved a marine Plattsburg that should be a permanent institution after the coming of peace, and well suited toward replacing the American flag upon all the commercial lanes of the world.

So it is that, after all, the labor problem is not so much in securing the men as in keeping them well housed and comfortable—and at work. And this

last by far the hardest of all, for the spirit of unrest—many times fomented by German agencies—has greatly delayed our ship program this winter; at times greatly endangered it. Strikes have been all too frequent. No criticism should be given to the national labor leaders. Mr. Gompers and the men who are closely associated with him at Washington have been unswerving in their patriotism and unflagging in their endeavors, but, as one of them once expressed it to me, they do not *own* their men. A ship-builder owns his yard. When he signs a contract on its behalf he is responsible and generally able to keep the contract. But the other party to the paper knows when he signs that he has no way of enforcing the men whom he represents to abide by the spirit or the text of the document. The most he can do is to plead or to threaten—to use all the diplomacy and wits at his command. And then he sometimes loses.

In my opinion, the only way in which the situation may be worked out definitely and permanently is by drafting all the shipyard workers into Government service. They would be entitled to receive the high wages and excellent treatment which men working at hard labor and under great pressure need. They would have the right of protest if these conditions were not fulfilled, and their protests would come before properly constituted arbitrators whose decision would be final. But there would be no strikes. If the men refused to abide by the decisions of the arbitrators and refused to work, they would be sent into the cantonment or into the front-line trenches. A similar penalty could be held over the heads of the owners of the yards. But up to the present time not one of them has failed in his patriotic duty. They have met increased wage costs and every one of their perplexing war-time problems with great serenity and faith and loyalty.

The English editor who called attention so vividly to our necessity for transport ships spoke of 6,000,000 tons as our program for this year. And the steel ship figures quoted in the paragraph that followed fell somewhat short of 5,000,000

tons. The difference is found in the wooden ship construction, a picturesque phase of our maritime revival that is worthy of a little passing attention. Some 270 wooden vessels of widely varying types, and aggregating more than 1,000,000 tons, are under construction or under contract for completion before December 31st at various points upon our seaboard. Old yards, shriveled or perhaps entirely abandoned for more than half a century, have come back into the full flush of busy existence, and there are a hundred new yards along both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. There is, unfortunately, a great dissimilarity in the construction of these vessels. Already we have seen the need, the vast economy, of standardization in the construction of our steel vessels. It has been one of the largest of our construction problems, and the fact that almost all of the privately given contracts to our shipyards before our entrance into the world conflict called for specialized ships was a great factor in slowing the production of those yards. The wooden ships are less important, yet even in their construction steps are now being taken toward standardization, and a definite effort is being made toward not only a solidity of construction that will withstand both the buffetings of the sea and the strain of an engine, but toward speed. It has been found that one of the best ways to dodge a submarine is by having a genuinely fast ship—already men are talking of carriers capable of making, under pressure, thirty-five knots an hour. And the *City of Orange*, a wooden cargo-carrier completed a short time ago at a little Texas town down on the Gulf Coast, ran sixteen knots upon her trial trip.

The Norwegian experiments in the molding of concrete ships have not escaped the attention of our ship-builders in the United States. A concrete vessel is now under construction at San Francisco. The hold is built in an inverted position, only an inner mold being used. When the concrete is set and hard the hold is reversed—by an elaborate pneumatic process—and the vessel is launched. The method seems both economical and efficient. But

the concrete ship still remains an experiment

All this time and we have only considered the building of ships—in great tonnage so as not only to offset the depredations of enemy submarines, but also to give us the great permanent merchant marine that our national heart is now set upon possessing. The operation of ships is a problem hardly second to that of their construction. Already the United States possesses some 2,875,000 tons of ocean-going merchant ships; a very creditable showing, despite the obstacles against which our marine has struggled in recent years, but not nearly enough. The addition of 675,000 tons of German vessels interned in American harbors at the very beginning of the Great War, but released to us upon our entrance into it, was a very great help—particularly at a time when we needed vessels to carry our fast-forming army and its vast quantities of supplies overseas. The damage wrought by the German crews upon these ships during the period of their internment was found to be almost negligible—far less than the most optimistic had dared to hope.

The Great Lakes also have contributed liberally of their vast tonnage. Through the entire autumn the coming of heavy ice and the closing of navigation upon our inland seas was forecasted by a steady procession of their craft down the River St. Lawrence. Nor was that as easy as it reads, for the passages from the four upper lakes—upon which the greatest traffic rides—to the blue waters of the salt seas is barred by great natural impediments. But long years ago the Canadians passed them by means of canals. And the determining factor in navigation from Lake Erie to the sea has been the chambers of the canal locks, about 265 feet in length, 45 feet in width, and 14 feet in depth. Long ago the lake craft that conformed to these dimensions were found by searching eyes and taken out to the Atlantic, and other craft were built at the abundant and efficient^e steel and wooden shipyards along the upper lakes.

And between fifteen and twenty modern steel vessels, averaging from 350 to 385 feet in length—almost the extreme for a cargo-vessel of less than 45 feet beam—were taken through the Welland Canal and the canals of the upper St. Lawrence this last autumn.

The process was simple, although not particularly easy. The vessels were sawed in half. Gangs of men in the dry-docks at Cleveland and Buffalo, equipped with acetylene torches, did the job in a time to be measured in hours rather than in days. Temporary watertight bulkheads were installed and the vessel towed in two sections to the deep-water harbor of Montreal. It was another job of hours rather than days to join the hull together at the dry-docks of that port and to fit the fresh-water tramp with condensers and other equipment necessary for a craft who digs her heels into salt water for the first time.

To correlate this work and give it the full attention which its importance demands the Shipping Board has appointed a keen executive. It is his job to find ships for the cargoes which pile themselves up upon the wharves at our seaports, great and little. The new executive is a clearing-house and a train-despatcher in addition. He moves the ships by telegraph or long-distance telephone or wireless. And the comic commercial tragedy of peace days—when ships ran frantically to one port and left begging cargoes behind at others—should not be repeated in our time of greatest stress and anxiety—and necessity.

These problems are perplexing, but not beyond solution. Our ships, after many vexatious trials and disappointments, are taking the water. Others are replacing them upon the launchways, and still others will be coming there when these, in turn, take the water. We are going to have the ships—God and the labor unions permitting—and they are going to be good ships—our mainstay through the war and a full measure of our commercial triumph in the long years that are to follow it.

Solitaire

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER



WE were sitting—three Frenchmen, a young American named Homan, and I—in the café of one of those small Paris hotels much frequented, even then, by officers on leave. It was the winter of 1912, when the Balkans were playing out their colorful little curtain-raiser to the great drama which followed—playing it, as they say in the theater, “in one,” using only the very smallest part of the stage, and failing even in their most climactic moments to completely conceal the ominous sounds from behind the curtain where the stage was being set for the real business of the play.

At the tables a sprinkling of English and Americans of the usual transient type mingled with French from the provinces, and here and there a swarthy Balkan in uniform accented the room.

It was the presence of those other Americans—two or three, I should say, besides Homan and myself, though I hadn't noticed particularly—that gave the special significance to Homan's exclamation when he discovered Corey.

I saw him pause with his glass half raised—he was gazing straight past me over my shoulder—and a smile, meant for me, came into his eyes.

“Look!” he said, “at the American!”

I turned, because his manner indicated clearly enough that I might, squarely round in my chair, and immediately it was clear to me why he had said just that. Any one would have said it—any other American, I mean—which makes it more striking—and said it involuntarily, too. You couldn't have helped it. And yet you would encounter a dozen perfectly unmistakable Americans every day in Paris without feeling the necessity for any remark. It was simply that Corey was so typically the kind of American you *wouldn't* encounter in Paris, or any other place, you felt,

outside his own country. The curious thing about him was that instantly on seeing him, almost before you thought of America, you thought of a particular and localized section of America. You thought of the Middle West. There was something wholesome and provincial and colloquial about him. He was like a boy you'd gone to grammar school with—the kind of fellow to succeed to his father's business and marry and settle down in his home town, with New York City his farthest dream of venture and romance.

Yet there he sat across the table from a dark-visaged Balkan officer, who was carrying on the conversation in careful English—it would have been unimaginable that he should speak in anything *but* English to him—and it may have been the brilliance of this man's uniform which kept one, just at first, from seeing that he, too, our American, was wearing some sort of uniform, khaki color, very workman-like and shipshape, which might, if there had been the least chance of throwing us off, have thrown us. But his round, good-natured, uncomplicated face, his light brown hair and the way it was brushed—the very way it grew, like a school-boy's—the comfortable set of his broad shoulders, his kind of energetic inclination to stoutness, and even the way he sat at the table, were pure American Middle West and nothing else, no matter what his uniform proclaimed. He was as American as the flag, as the opening bars of “The Star-Spangled Banner,” as American as Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa.

And when, at young Homan's exclamation, I had turned and found him looking straight toward me, the twinkle of his eyes had the effect of a friendly wave of his hand. He had, of course, as he said afterward, “spotted us,” too. Then he had seen—and it amused him—the little play of our discovery.

I was just turning back to applaud to Homan the obviousness of his designa-

tion, and to wonder, with him, what the uniform meant, when my eye was caught by a thin, brilliantly colored line drawn, it seemed, just above the left breast pocket of his coat, and about the same length.

My first impression of the man, of the familiarity of his type, had, I suppose, been so strong as to dull for a moment my reaction to this discovery. I had seen that vari-colored line often enough before, on the uniforms of British officers, or French; I had perhaps seen it on an American, but certainly I had never seen it on an American like this. No wonder the connection was slow to establish itself. It was a decoration bar, and there must have been six ribbons at least, if not more.

For sheer incongruous association, I doubt if you'd find a more pat example in a lifetime than the man I had, on sight, conceived this one to be—the man I may as well say now he actually *was*—and that bar of ribbons pinned on his khaki-colored coat.

Young Homan had caught it, too, and was sending past me his deliberate stare of amazement.

It was not exactly as if we thought he hadn't come by them honestly, but more as if we suggested to each other that he couldn't surely have got them in the way decorations were usually got; it seemed somehow impossible that he understood their importance. And there was still something of that in our attitude when, later on, after dinner, we had drifted into the *salon* with the rest for our coffee, and by a kind of natural gravitation had found ourselves in conversation with our compatriot, whose jocular friendliness led young Homan to ask, half in fun to be sure, where he had got all the decorations. He showed certainly no very proper appreciation of their importance by his answer:

"Bought 'em, at the Galleries Lafayette. Get any kind you want there, y' know."

We laughed, all of us, for everybody had seen the cases of medals and decorations at the Galleries. I believe for an instant the youngster was half inclined to think he *had* bought them. I know *I* was. As some kind of outlandish practical joke, of course. It seemed, ab-

surd as the idea was, so much likelier than that he could have been through the kind of experiences which result in being decorated by foreign governments. And such an imposing array! The scarlet ribbon of the Legion of Honor, the green of the Japanese "Rising Sun," the brilliant stripes of Russian and English decorations, and strange ones I had never seen before!

You see, he had turned out much more Middle West than we had imagined. In the first ten minutes of our conversation he had spoken of "home," and mentioned the name of the town—Dubuque, Iowa! And a few minutes later he gave us, by the merest chance phrase or two, involving the fact that his married sister lived "a block and a half down the street" from his mother's house, a perfectly complete picture of that street—broad and shady and quiet, of his mother's yellow frame house, and the other, white with a green lawn round it, where his sister lived. And the point was that he was making no effort toward such an effect. He was only being himself.

His dinner companion, the Balkan officer, came in presently and addressed Corey as "Doctor" (I adjusted myself to *that*, still with the Dubuque setting, however), and it was in the conversation following upon the new introduction that the object of his being in Paris came out. He told us, quite by the way, though not in the least depreciating the importance of his mission—that he was in Paris for a few days looking up anesthetics for the Serbian army. He had been working, he said, down in the Balkans since shortly after the outbreak of the war, in charge of a sanitary section. They'd been out of anesthetics for some time now—impossible to get them in—and they'd been operating, amputating the poor devils' legs and arms, *without* anesthetics; and now at last he'd left things long enough to come up to Paris himself and see what could be done. He was starting back the next day or the day after that.

Corey, from Dubuque! In a make-shift Serbian field hospital, in that terrible cold, performing delicate and difficult operations—wholesale, as they must have been performed—on wounded Bal-

kan soldiers; probing for bullets in raw wounds—that was a picture to set up beside the one we had of him in Dubuque!

And yet—it wasn't at all a question of doubt (we'd read it all in the papers day after day); it wasn't that we didn't believe Corey was telling the truth; his evidence was too obvious for that—the picture didn't somehow succeed in painting itself—I can't to this day say why. Surely the Balkans just then—operations without anesthetics, the pagantry and blood-red color of war—surely there was pigment of more brilliant hue than any contained in the mere statement that his married sister lived a block and a half down the street from his mother's. But the picture wasn't painted. Corey wasn't the artist to do it. Not, mind you, that he tried; he was as far from trying to impress one, from affectation, as a boy of fourteen.

I do remember my imagination taking me far enough to think that if I were a soldier, and wounded, and had to have a leg or an arm off, I couldn't think of a man I'd rather have do it than Corey. Oh yes, I believed him; I knew he'd been down there in the Balkans, as he said, and was going back again tomorrow—but I went right on seeing him in Dubuque, practising his quiet, prosperous profession in the same suite of offices his father had used before him.

He himself lent, by the things he said, force and reality to the illusion. He'd like nothing better, he declared, than settling down in Dubuque for the rest of his life, and enjoying a home of his own. He intended, in fact, to do just that when he had finished the Balkan business. "I'm that type," he said. "I never was meant to knock around the world like this."

And he *was* that type, so much the type that it seemed hardly credible he shouldn't turn out the exception to prove the rule. He had already, one would think, made a sufficient divergence.

And that, I suppose—the feeling that no personality *could* follow so undeviating a line, so obviously its own path—was responsible for my impression, when I came later to hear how completely he

had followed it, of his being because of it much more unique than he could ever have made himself by turning aside. True enough, there are people who, if they heard the tale, might maintain that he could hardly have accomplished a more striking divergence from type. I'll have to confess I thought so myself—at the first; certainly I thought so all the while I listened, long afterward, to the quiet, though somewhat nasal, and thoroughly puzzled voice of the gentle old man from Dubuque, who seemed, as he recounted the story, to be seeking in me some solution of Corey's phenomenon.

I thought it even afterward, until, sitting there where he had left me, I began slowly to orient the facts in relation to Corey's character. And then, all at once, it came to me that it was exactly because Corey *hadn't* diverged that he did what he did. He went straight through everything to his predestined end. Any other man would have had stages, subtleties, degrees of divergence. But Corey knew none of those things.

It was from old Mr. Ewing of Dubuque that I had my first news of Corey after that night in the Paris hotel.

He must have gone back to his army in the Balkans the next day, for we were to have seen him that night again in case he had to stay over, and when I asked I was told that Monsieur had gone.

Things kept reminding me of him. The names of streets and places in Paris recalled his flat American mispronunciation of them—mispronunciations which sounded half as if he were in fun and half as if he didn't know any better, or hadn't paid enough attention to learn them correctly. I believe he saw, or was subconsciously aware of, his own incongruity. Still, one would think he'd have become, so to speak, accustomed to himself in the strange rôle by then.

I think I must have spoken of him rather often to people, so long as I remained in Paris; and it was, if not exactly curious, at least a little less than one would expect, that I never came in contact with any one else who knew him, until that day, a little while ago, when I met, in the smoking-car of a west-bound train out of Chicago, the man who

told me all there was, or ever will be, for any man to tell about Corey.

He may have been sitting there near me all the time; I don't know. But then he was not the kind of man one notices in a smoking-car, or any other place, for that matter. Certainly you would never suspect that so gray and uninteresting an envelope could inclose the manuscript of a story like Corey's. You had seen hundreds like him before, and you knew what they contained—stereotyped circular letters full of dull, indisputable facts, nothing you wanted or cared to know. And it was precisely because I wished later on one of those very dull facts that I came to speak to my man.

The train coming to a sudden stop brought me out of my oblivion, and, looking idly out of the window to see what place it might be, I was seized by one of those fits of petty annoyance incident to such interruptions, for the train had run so far past the platform that I found it impossible to see the name of the station. I got myself out of my comfortable position, and tried, by turning completely about, to see back to the station. But we had gone too far. And then—I haven't an idea why, for it was of absolutely no importance to me—I looked about for some one to ask. And nearest me, sitting rather uncomfortably upright in his big leather chair, the little rack at his elbow guiltless of any glass, and holding listlessly in his hand the latest popular magazine, sat a gray-haired, gray-suited old gentleman, looking lonesomely out of his window.

"I beg pardon," I said. "Can you tell me what place this is?"

He turned gratefully at the sound of my voice. "It's —," he told me. I've never been able to recall what name he said, because, I suppose, of what came after.

It was certainly not surprising that he should think, from my manner, that I had some interest in the place, and he went on, after a moment's hesitating silence, to say, in his unobtrusive but unmistakable Middle-West voice, that the town was a milling center—flour and meal, and that kind of thing.

I saw that I had committed myself to

something more in the way of conversation than my laconic word of thanks for his information and a lapse into silence. I wondered what I could say. He was such a nice, kindly old gentleman, and he would never in the world have addressed any one first. I hit upon the most obvious sequence, and asked if, then, he was familiar with that part of the country. He said, oh yes, he was "a native of Iowa."

"Indeed?" I said, for lack of anything else to say, and his statement not having been a particularly provocative one.

"Yes," he said. "My home is Dubuque."

Dubuque! Dubuque! What was it I knew about Dubuque? The name struck me instantly with a sense of importance, as if it had rung the bell of a target concealed out of sight. I sought about in my mind for a full minute before I recalled, with a kind of start—Corey.

So many things had come in between—bigger things than any one man—and overlaid all the pictures that had gone before. Overlaid them with pigment so crude, so roughly applied, that one neither saw nor remembered anything else. All the nations of Europe loosed in the Great War, and America straining hard at her worn leash of neutrality. Small wonder that Corey, of Dubuque, along with countless other memories of that pale time, had faded into a dim, far perspective.

And yet, the sound of that name had brought him—as clearly as I had seen him that night in Paris—before me. I heard his voice, felt the vigor of his personality, saw him throw back his head and laugh. And here, in the chair next my own, and ready to talk, sat a man who, by every rule of probability and chance, would be able to tell me about him.

"I know a townsman of yours," I said, and he evinced at once a kind of mild and flattered surprise.

"From Dubuque?" he said. "Well, well! What's his name?"

"Corey," I said. "Doctor Corey."

It had upon him a most unexpected effect; very much, it seemed, the same effect his announcement had had upon me the moment before. He leaned for-

ward no more than an inch, but his mild gray eyes kindled with a kind of excited intensity.

"You knew Jim Corey! Not here—not in Dubuque?"

"I met him in Paris," I said, "quite a long while ago."

In *Paris!* Well, well—think of that!"

He shook his head, and regarded me suddenly with a stronger and new kind of interest. I was, apparently, the first person he had ever encountered who had really known Corey abroad, and I could see that the fact had established me immediately in his mind as an intimate friend of Corey's. I suppose I should have told him that I had only seen Corey once; that I couldn't, as a matter of fact, claim more than a passing acquaintance. But if I had, I should never have heard what I heard. And, anyway, it wouldn't have been, in the sense in which such things count, exactly true—for it had never been, for me at least, a one night's acquaintance. I had seemed to know Corey better in that one night than one knows most men in a month of companionship. Yes, it was something more than the curiosity of a passing acquaintance that caused me to let the old fellow keep his impression.

"It's queer," he said, suddenly, throwing up his head, and pressing open the pages of his popular magazine as if he were about to begin to read, "he was a kind of relative of mine. His father and I—third cousins on our mothers' side." He broke off and regarded me again silently, and I believe now that he was trying to persuade himself not to go on, not to say anything more. But the temptation, the maximum, I might say, of temptation, combined with the minimum of danger that he should ever see me again, overcame his natural shyness and discretion. He seemed to decide, upon my ejaculation, to go on.

"His house is just 'round the corner from mine. His wife lives there now."

"His wife!" The surprise was plain enough in my voice. And this seemed, just for a second, to surprise him, too.

"You knew," he said, "that he had married?"

I explained that I hadn't seen Corey for several years, and added that I had, however, understood that he was think-

ing of settling down. It put, I could see, a different face upon what he had to tell, for he seemed to adjust himself, as if he must now go back to something he had thought already understood between us.

"You didn't know, then," he said, "that he was dead?"

Dead! Corey dead! So that was what he had to tell. There sprang up in my mind a vague, indefinite vision of something heroic in connection with the Great War. When, I asked, and where did he die?

"A little over three months ago, in Europe. I was his executor."

There was something in the way he made his last statement which lent it a kind of special importance. And it proved, indeed, in the end, the fact of supreme importance. And here, as if it were due me, he told me his name—Ewing; and I told him mine.

"Yes," he said, "I made a trip to New York to see a man who'd been with him before he died. He brought a message from Corey. Queer," he said, "that message. He must have been—a little off, you know, at the last."

It was clear that something had occurred on his trip to New York which had puzzled him then, and continued, in spite of his explanation, to puzzle him still. It was evident in the way he went back, presently, to the beginning, as if he were stating a problem or building up a case.

He began by saying that he supposed nobody in Dubuque ever had understood Corey—"and yet"—he faced me—"you wouldn't say he was hard to understand?"

I said that he had seemed to me to have an extremely straightforward and simple personality; that that, to me, had been one of his charms.

"Exactly!" he said, "exactly! That's what we always thought in Dubuque—and I've known Jim Corey since the day he was born. Why, he'd go away on one of his trips, and stay a year, sometimes two, and the day after he'd get back you'd think he'd never been out of Dubuque, except he was so glad to be home."

And, talking with a growing and homely fluency, the nasal quality of his

rather pleasant voice increasing according to the sharpness of his interest, he proceeded to sketch in, with the fine brush of his provincialism, all the details of that picture I had had so clearly of Corey that night in Paris, more than four years before.

It was astonishing how right my picture had been; how they, who had known him always, had been no better able than I to visualize Corey outside Dubuque.

And it seemed to have been the merest chance which had led him, the year of his graduation from medical school, to take his first trip away from his native State. He had "put himself" through college, and had come out with all the school had to give, wanting more. It was doubtful if Corey had ever read a novel through in his life, but the college library yielded up treasures in scientific and medical books whose plots he remembered as easily as boarding-school girls remember the plots of Laura Jean Libbey.

In the end he had happened to be engrossed in some experiments or other with herbs, and it was that which led him to decide upon going to China. He was going to study Chinese herbs. And he had gone, straight, without any stops *en route*, as he did everything. But when he had been in Pekin two weeks the Boxer Rebellion broke out, and there he was in the thick of it; and a godsend he was, too, in the foreign legations, fighting and caring for wounded by turns, day and night, youth and strength and his fresh, fine skill counting for ten in that beleaguered handful of desperate men.

It was for that he had got his first decoration—Japan's Order of the Rising Sun, and a little later had come from France, for the same service, and quite to the surprise of Corey, the scarlet ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

There had been, of course, the appropriate furor—pictures and full-page interviews in the San Francisco papers on his way home, and Dubuque expecting to see him come back transformed, a hero, conscious of honors won. But he had arrived, to their amazement, merely himself, and they had accepted him, after a day or two, at his own valuation.

That was the first, and it seemed after that, although he was always off to one of the far corners of the earth, they were never able to look upon him when he came home as a distinguished traveler returned. He was simply, as he seemed to wish to be, "Jim," or sometimes "Doc" Corey come home again. And yet they knew about the things he had done. They knew where he had been. And they knew, too, about his decorations. They had seen them on one or two occasions, when he had been the guest of the evening at the "Business Men's Banquet," and he had "dressed up," the old gentleman said, in a full-dress suit and all his decorations. "Two rows, all kinds, by then." One could imagine him doing that, in a spirit of comic masquerade. And one could imagine him also doing it merely to please them.

His wife, after he was married, used to get out his decorations and show them to her women friends, and at this Corey only laughed good-humoredly. But she never showed them to men; she seemed to sense how that would embarrass him.

I asked when he had married her, and who she was.

She had been visiting friends, he said, in Dubuque, when Corey came back, he believed, from the Balkan War, in the spring of 1913. Pretty quick work they made of it, too. In August that same summer they had the wedding at her house in Des Moines. But it had surprised nobody. They knew he'd been wanting to settle down; and she was just the right kind of girl—nice and wholesome, and fond of her home. At last, he said, he was going to begin to live.

He had dropped at once into his place, exactly as if he had never been away at all—as if, after his graduation, he had come home to practise his profession. There was nothing even about his house to indicate the traveler; no obtrusive trophies of strange lands; no bizarre knickknacks. In a room in the attic were a half-full dunnage-bag, a traveler's kit, and an officer's trunk, small size, the lid pressed down but warped a little so that it would not lock. And in the corner three pairs of heavy, discarded boots, gathering dust. That was all.

And he *was* happy; naturally, sanely, unaffectedly happy. There was no room for doubt about that. "Honesty," Mr. Ewing called it. He used that word over and over again in relation to Corey's psychology at that time. "And there wasn't," he said, "a hypocritical bone in Jim Corey's body." One could see what he meant, and see, too, that it had, in his mind, some obscure bearing on what came after.

He waited a little here before he went on, as if he were going over to himself incidents too trivial to relate, but which would not separate themselves from his memory of Corey in those days.

"Well," he began, abruptly, rousing himself from his secret contemplation, "there was that winter, nineteen-thirteen, and the next summer, nineteen-fourteen; and then the European war began."

"And he went!" I supplemented, involuntarily, since from the trend of the narrative I had, of course, seen that coming.

"No," said Mr. Ewing in a surprisingly quiet tone of contradiction. "No, he didn't. I was like you. I thought he'd go."

"You thought he *would*!" I exclaimed, for it seemed to me he had just been trying to make me see how unshakably he had believed Corey to be fixed in Du-buque.

"Certainly," he said. "You'd think it would be only natural he'd want to go. Wouldn't *you*?" he asked, as if he had detected in my expression some disposition not to agree.

"I would," I said, still wondering at the ease with which he had brushed aside what I had foreseen was to be his climax. For my imagination had long since out-run his story to the end of the usual domestic tragedy, wherein Corey had, at the first call of adventure, forsaken without a word his home and his wife, to find (had not Mr. Ewing told me in the very beginning of his death, three months before; some place in Europe?) his abrupt and unexpected dénouement.

There had been, then, something else. "But he did," I put forth, "finally go? You said, I think, that he died over there?"

"Oh yes—finally. But that, you see,

wasn't what counted. It wasn't the same. It was the way he went."

"The *way*?" I repeated.

"Yes. He didn't go the way, I mean, that I thought he'd go. The way *you* thought, too."

I said I didn't understand; that I couldn't see what difference it made *how* he went, so long as he did go in the end.

"It made *all* the difference," said Mr. Ewing. "You see, he didn't rush off, at the first news of the fighting, the way you'd think a man would. Why, we used to read the papers and talk over the war news together, and every day I'd expect to hear him say something about going. He knew all the places, and the way everything was over there, but he never seemed to care to be there himself. He used to come round to my house just before supper-time in the evenings and we'd sit on the porch and talk, or maybe I'd go round to his porch. I asked him one day if he didn't want to go, and all he said was, 'Why should I?' And I said I didn't know, it seemed to me that he would. And he said he was comfortable for the first time in his life; he never had liked bumping around in all sorts of places; hated it as a matter of fact. I asked him why, if that was the case, he'd kept it up for so long, all those years; and he laughed, and said *he* didn't know; he never *had* been able to figure that out."

Mr. Ewing fell silent here, tapping his right foot on the carpet a little impatiently and looking speculatively, yet without seeing, at me. I had the impression that he felt he had utterly failed, up to now, in making some subtle point in his story clear, and was considering how best he might make me see. I was sure of it when, after a longish pause, he continued, for he seemed to have decided upon the abandonment of subtleties altogether, and to give me, for my own interpretation, the facts as they occurred.

Things had gone on without any change all that winter and the next summer. In August Corey went to some sort of convention of medical men in Philadelphia. He was to have been gone something over two weeks. At the end of that time Mrs. Corey had

received a letter saying that some experiments in which he was specially interested had developed rather unexpectedly, and Corey, together with several others, had been detailed to stay on and work them out to their conclusion. He couldn't say just how many days it would take; he would let her know.

At the end of another two weeks Corey was still away. The first phase of the experiments had unhappily come to grief, and they had had to begin from the first again. It was annoying, but since they had gone into it, there was nothing else to be done. He would leave for home on the moment of the work's completion. Meantime there would be little opportunity for letter-writing. She was not to worry.

As the days went on Mrs. Corey began to regret not having gone along in the beginning, as he had wanted her to do. Mr. Ewing stopped in now and then to inquire. Her reticence made him wonder if she might not be hearing. It was plain that she *did* worry, but, as Mr. Ewing said, she was not the talkative kind.

And then, one morning, just two months from the day he had left, Corey arrived unexpectedly by the ten-fifty train. Mr. Ewing, passing the house on his way home that evening, had been surprised to see Corey, in his shirt-sleeves, trimming shrubs in the garden. And he had stopped to welcome him back, and they had talked about the war in quite the old way, so that from that evening on it was exactly the same as it had been before Corey had gone to his convention in Philadelphia.

It appears that all this time a very natural intimacy was growing up between these two, gentle old Mr. Ewing and Corey. And I can imagine that Corey, who became, as it were, the instantaneous friend of every one, had made in his life very few actual contacts, few, if any, real and intimate friendships. And perhaps that was why this friendship, based as it was on such small outward manifestations as talking over the news in the daily papers together, had prospered. Then, too, there was the relationship, distant enough to be free of demands.

Corey had returned from the Philadelphia trip the last week in October. It was on a Sunday afternoon near the middle of December that Mr. Ewing, sitting reading his weekly illustrated paper, looked up to see through the window Corey coming quickly along the walk. Mr. Ewing was struck by something peculiar in his friend's appearance, something hurried in the set of his hat and overcoat, yet as if he himself were entirely unconscious of haste.

He turned in at the gate, and Mr. Ewing got up and opened the door. Corey came through it, Mr. Ewing said, as if escaping from something outside, something of which he was physically afraid. He almost pushed past Mr. Ewing and into the room, and with scarcely a glance to make sure they were alone, he spoke, and his voice was strained like a note on a too taut violin string:

"She's found it! *This*—where I'd had it hid!"

He held extended in his open hand, as if there were no longer any reason for concealing it from any one, what appeared to Mr. Ewing's bewildered eyes to be a bit of ribbon, striped green and red, and a bit of bronze metal attached.

"What is it?" he asked, stupefied by the completeness of the change that had come upon the man before him.

"It's the *Croix*!" Corey's voice was impatient, "The *Croix de Guerre*!"

Mr. Ewing stared at the bright-colored thing, trying to comprehend. Corey still held it outstretched in his hand, and the bronze Maltese cross with its crossed swords slipped through his fingers and hung down. Corey's voice was going on. Mr. Ewing had missed something.

". . . So now she knows," was the end of what he heard—and in that instant his eye caught the words engraved on the cross, *République Française*, and the full meaning of its being there in Corey's hand burst suddenly upon him.

The new French decoration! The *Croix de Guerre*!

"You've *been* there?" he managed to say. "You've *been* over there?"

"How else would I get it?" said Corey, with a kind of abandon, as if he were confessing now to some fullness of

shame. "You see, she's right. I couldn't resist."

Mr. Ewing was lost. "Resist what?"

"This!" Corey closed his fingers now on the *Croix*. "A new decoration!"

And then, as if every atom of his great, strong body had suddenly succumbed to some long-growing exhaustion, Corey dropped down into a chair and threw out his arm across the table as if he would put away from him as far as possible that offending decoration.

"But when?"—Mr. Ewing found himself reiterating—"when—when—you haven't been away—"

"Oh yes," said Corey. "You remember, in August."

And here Mr. Ewing confessed that he thought for a moment that Corey must be hopelessly mad. There was the question of time, and a dozen other questions besides. It seemed out of the realm of possibility, out of the realm of reason.

"How did you keep her from knowing?"

Mr. Ewing had not wanted to ask—had hoped the point would explain itself—and Corey looked for a moment as if he might be planning an evasion—then braced himself and looked Mr. Ewing straight in the eyes. A faint expression of scorn came round his mouth, as if he spoke of another—a scoundrel who hardly deserved his scorn.

"I left letters—dated ahead—with the scrubwoman at the laboratory to mail." He said it, took his eyes from Mr. Ewing's, and then he appeared to wait.

Mr. Ewing sat there filled with a kind of amazement, touched with fear for what should come next, and suddenly he became conscious that Corey was watching him with what seemed a tremendous anxiety, waiting for him to speak. And a moment later, apparently no longer able to bear that silence, Corey leaned nervously toward Mr. Ewing, and asked in the tone of one seeking an answer of utmost importance: "You don't see it? You don't see what she saw?"

"See what?" said Mr. Ewing—"what *who* saw?" Yet he knew that Corey had meant his wife. It was she who had found the *Croix* . . . but what did he mean she had seen?

"Don't keep it back—just to be decent! She said it was plain, plain enough for anybody to see. What I want to *know* is if everybody knew it but me!"

"Knew what?" cried poor Mr. Ewing, lost more completely now than before.

"Knew why I've done all the things I've done—run all the risks. Why I went over there this time, in August, without letting her know—God knows I didn't know why!—why I've *always* gone!"

"Why have you?" The question asked itself.

"Because I wanted the decorations! The damned orders and medals and things! Because I couldn't resist getting a new one—wherever I saw a chance. Do you believe a man could be as—as *rotten* as that, all his life, and not know it himself?"

Slowly, then, Mr. Ewing began to see. And remotely it began to dawn upon him—the thing "she" in her anger had done. For there was no doubt that the thing was done. The man's faith and belief in himself, in the cleanness and simplicity of his own motives, were gone—and gone in a single devastating blow from which he had not, and could never, recover. And, searching for the right thing to say, Mr. Ewing stumbled, as one always will, upon the one thing he should never have said:

"But you know better than that. You know it's not so."

Corey's answer was not argumentative; it only stated, wearily, the fact which from the first had seemed to possess his mind:

"No, I don't know it's not so. I've never been able to give any reasons for doing the things myself. *You've* asked me why. . . . I couldn't tell."

"Why, it was youth," said Mr. Ewing, and one can imagine him saying it, gently, as an old-fashioned physician might offer his homely remedy to a patient whose knowledge exceeded his own. "Men do those things when they're young."

And Corey, rejecting the simple, old-fashioned cure, made an attempt at a smile for the kindness in which it was offered. "All men are young, some time," he said; "all men don't do them."

"But you happened to be the kind

who would." And at this Corey made no attempt to smile.

"That's it!" he said. "I *wasn't* the kind. I was the kind to stay at home. . . . I know that. I was always happier here in Dubuque. And now—this last— You'd hardly say that was on account of my youth!"

"No—but it had got into your blood."

Corey at this gave a start and looked up suddenly at Mr. Ewing. "Into my blood— It's the very word she used! When she admitted I might not have known it myself, she said she supposed it was just 'in my blood'!"

He made a gesture which began violently and ended in futility, and sat silent, looking off steadily into space, as if hearing again all those dreadful revelations of hers. And once or twice Mr. Ewing, who sat helplessly by, waiting, perhaps praying, for some inspiration, made a valiant but utterly vain effort to put out his hand, to show by some mere physical act, if no other, his unshaken belief in his friend.

And so, when the need for speech had become imperative, Mr. Ewing found himself saying something to the effect that these things pass; that she had only been angry, and had said the first thing that had come into her mind. And Corey, realizing the extremity into which he had led his friend, rose and, either ignoring or not hearing, from the depth of the chasm into which he had fallen, Mr. Ewing's last remark, made some hurried attempt at apology, and awkwardly moved toward the door.

Mr. Ewing had only been able to follow after, and say, lamely and in spite of himself, that he mustn't say or do anything he might be sorry for, and that they would see each other again. And then he stood in the open door and watched Corey go down the path to the gate, and along the walk, until he had turned the corner, and so out of sight.

And then he had gone back into the house and spent the remainder of that afternoon trying to realize what had passed, trying to decide upon what he should say the next time they met.

But he had reached no conclusion, and in the end had decided to leave it to chance. And Chance had solved his

problem with her usual original simplicity. She took away the need for his saying anything at all; for the following day the station cab drove up to Corey's front gate and stopped. The driver got down from his seat and went up the walk and into the house. A moment later he came out again, bearing on his shoulder the small-size officer's trunk, the lid forced down now and locked, and in one hand, dragging slightly, a full dunnage-bag. And after him followed Corey. And no one followed him. No one came out on the porch to say good-by. No one stood at the window. The driver put the trunk on the seat beside him, and the dunnage-bag into the seat beside Corey. And then, without a word or a sign, they drove away toward the station.

It was understood in Dubuque after the next few days that Corey had gone to help in the war; he had received an urgent message from France.

And Mr. Ewing received, the day after Corey's departure, a little note of farewell, written in pencil, while he was waiting for his train, and mailed at the station. It said merely good-by, and that he hoped he would understand.

The next week Mrs. Corey closed up the house and went to Des Moines, to stay with her people, she said, until her husband's return.

And that was all Mr. Ewing had ever known of what passed between those two, of the details that led to the sudden and final decision to go. And it was all that he had heard of Corey until that day, three months ago, when there came to him the unexpected letter from the man in New York, telling of Corey's death, and of a message and papers he had to deliver. Mr. Ewing had replied at once that he would go, and had followed his letter almost immediately. He had seemed to feel, ever since that Sunday afternoon when he had failed to be of use, an increasing sense of responsibility.

He had met the man at his club; and I had, as he told of the meeting, as he described the man, a curious impression of actually seeing them there, in the big Fifth Avenue club, sitting in deeply luxurious chairs and no table between—the gentle, gray-haired, gray-eyed, gray-



Drawn by Gerald Leake

Engraved by H. Leinroth

NO ONE CAME OUT TO SAY GOOD-BY. NO ONE STOOD AT THE WINDOW

garbed Mr. Ewing, who had never been in New York City before; and the other, tall, very tall, with black hair, black eyes, and brown burned skin, who looked, Mr. Ewing said, as if he'd done all the things Corey had done.

It had been quite by chance that this man, whose name was Burke, and Corey had been attached to the same section and were thrown in that way a good deal together. And his very first statement had shown, with all the force of the casual phrase, how tremendously Corey had changed.

"A queer fellow," he said, "no one could understand." And he was a man, one would say, well accustomed to the queerest of men.

Mr. Ewing said yes, he supposed one would call him that, and asked just in what way Burke had thought Corey queer.

And Burke, it seemed, had had more than enough to base the idea upon. He cast about in his mind to select one out of the many queer things. And he had hit upon the most revealing one of them all.

Corey, he said, had gone about covered with medals, two rows, overlapping, on duty and off, all the time. That in itself was queer, especially for an American. Most men wore bars, but Corey had worn the whole thing. And yet, Burke said, he was the least egotistical man he had ever known. And he had seen him wince when other men, passing, had smiled at sight of his decorations. He could never make it out.

There was no wonder in that. Mr. Ewing, who knew Corey well, and had, one might say, something to go on, couldn't make it out. And no more, for that matter, could I. There was something in it a little bizarre, and certainly alien. Surely no normal Anglo-Saxon American had ever indulged in such extremes of self-flagellation as that!

And then, abruptly and unbidden, there came into my mind a story of the old West, the story of how in the pioneer days a gambler, sitting down to play solitaire, laid his gun on the table beside him and, if he caught himself cheating, administered justice first hand by shooting himself. To be sure, in those days a man was pretty certain of playing a

straight game. Well, so had Corey been, too, sure of the straightness of *his* game. And I have heard it vouched for that, even in those robust times, the thing had been seen to happen, and to come, with just that appalling simplicity of psychology, from cause to effect, straight, and without hesitation.

The analogy grew, for Burke averred that the queerest thing of all about Corey was that he had been the only man he had ever seen lacking entirely the emotion of fear. He volunteered on every sort of hazardous enterprise, and came through safe when men beside him were killed, time after time, protected, they had got to believe, by the inscrutable quality of his fearlessness. It was, Burke said, as if against some other secret consideration death to Corey counted nothing at all.

Then there was something a little peculiar in so silent a man having so many friends. Corey silent! Remembering him, one could hardly credit that change. Burke qualified that by saying that when he used the word silent, he didn't in any sense mean morose. Corey had never been that. He merely hadn't, as people somehow seemed to expect him to do, talked. And what he had meant by "friends" he wished to qualify, too. He hadn't meant pals. There had been nothing so active as that. But there were ways to tell when a man was well liked. For example, no one who knew him had ever seen anything funny about Corey's decorations, and they never talked about it among themselves.

Somebody had once asked Corey how long he had been over the first time. It was evident that he *had* been there before, because of the *Croix de Guerre* he wore when he came. And Corey had answered, about six weeks, or a little less.

"And you got the *Croix* in that time?" An exclamation forced out of the fellow's astonishment, and bringing from Corey an answer without a hint of rebuff, yet certainly nothing that a man could call brag.

"You forget," he said, with an almost imperceptible glance down at his two rows of medals—"I knew the ropes."

The man had afterward said to Burke that he was sorry he'd asked. But he

didn't see anything to be ashamed of in the *Croix*—and Corey wore it where a fellow couldn't help seeing. There was, Burke said, a queer kind of apology in it. No, there had been nothing like brag in Corey's answer. There had been none of that in anything he had done. And he had been, according to Burke, the best surgeon of them all, the best man at his work. But of course he had come to disaster in the end. A man can't go on ignoring danger like that.

They were stationed at Jubécourt, outside Verdun, and for months the struggle had raged, attack and counter-attack, for the possession of Hill 304. Corey had gone up to the front *poste de secours* at Esnes, where in an underground shelter fitted up in what had been the basement of an ancient château, reduced now to ruins by the German shells, he was giving first aid to the wounded brought in from the trenches.

Word had come into the *poste* one night that an officer, lying in a trench dugout, was too far gone to move. And Corey had volunteered to go, alone, on foot, along the zigzag communication trench that led to the dugout, under the incessant shelling, and see what he could do. And early that morning, about three o'clock, they had been carried in, Corey and his officer—the only two who had come out of that trench alive.

From the officer they had the story of what Corey had done; not many words, to be sure, and little embellishment, but such accounts need no flowers, no figures of speech. The facts are enough, told in gasps, as this one was, hurriedly, while yet there was strength, as one pays a debt, all at once, for fear he may never again have gold to pay.

A trench torpedo had found its mark. And Corey, bending above him, had deliberately braced himself, holding his arms out, and had received in his stead the exploding pieces of shell. He raised himself on his elbow to look at Corey, unconscious, on the next stretcher. He wanted it understood. He sent for an orderly and dictated a message which he managed to sign, and despatched it post-haste to Staff Headquarters. And then he resigned himself to the hands of those about him.

The news had come in to Jubécourt

by telephone, and just before dawn Burke had gone up to see what could be done. When he reached the *poste* Corey had regained consciousness, and was waiting for him. He had sent word ahead that he was coming. And Corey was wounded, Burke said, in a way no other man could have withstood. And the "queer" thing now was that he knew it, and when Burke leaned over him there was a gleam in his eyes as if he were keeping it there by his own will power.

He seemed relieved then, and began at once—he had saved a surprising amount of strength—to speak. He knew Burke planned to go to New York, and he wanted him to deliver some papers. They were in his bag, at Jubécourt; he told him where he should find the key, and then he asked Burke to write down Mr. Ewing's name and address.

It was while Burke was crossing the dim, lamp-lighted room in search of a pencil or pen that some one had stopped him to say that the General was coming at eleven to confer upon Corey the *Medaille Militaire*. It had given Burke a distinct kind of shock. Could it be, he wondered, that *that* was what Corey had saved himself for? For Corey knew, as well as they, that the *Medaille Militaire* was the one decoration never conferred upon dead men. He had gone on and borrowed the pen, and on the way back had asked if he might be allowed to tell Corey. It might, he said, do him some good. That news had turned the balance for more than one man.

But when, a few moments later, Burke, receiving permission, had told Corey his news, he had been for a moment afraid that the balance *had* turned—and in the wrong way. Corey had seemed hardly to comprehend, and then a sudden unaccountable change had come over his face.

"The *Medaille*!" he gasped. "What time did you say?"

"Eleven," Burke told him—"three hours from now."

He seemed then to be considering something deep within himself, so that Burke hardly heard when he said, "That's time enough." And Burke, thinking that he had been measuring his strength against the time, hastened a

little awkwardly to reassure him. But Corey, ignoring his assurance, had seemed to arrive at some secret conclusion.

"Did you put down the name?" he asked.

Burke had forgotten the name, and Corey told him again, patiently, spelling out the address. He watched while Burke wrote.

"The papers all go to him." He was silent a moment. Then: "Listen," he said. "Will you give him this message for me?"

Burke promised, whatever he wished, word for word.

"Tell him," he said, "that it breaks a man's luck to know what he wants."

"Yes," said Burke. "Is there anything else?"

The strength had drained out of Corey's voice with the last words. Again he waited while he seemed to decide. And when he spoke, at last, a strange gentleness had come into his tone, so that Burke was not surprised to hear that the message was meant now for a woman.

"Tell him," said Corey, "there's no use letting *her* know about the *Medaille Militaire*."

And although Burke had divined some obscure meaning in Corey's words, he was yet not quite certain that he had heard aright. "You mean that she's *not* to know?"

Corey nodded his head, yes, and Burke saw that he was no longer able to speak. Turning, he motioned an orderly to his side, and whispered that he was afraid Corey would never last until eleven.

The orderly sped away, and a moment later the French doctor in charge stood beside Corey's stretcher, opening his hypodermic case.

And then, Burke said, he had done what seemed to him the "queerest" thing of all. He had made a signal for

Burke to come nearer, and when he had leaned down, he said, "Remember to tell him I didn't take *that*." He was looking at the hypodermic the doctor held in his hand.

"But the *Medaille*—" began Burke, and was stopped by the strangeness of Corey's expression. He had, he said, smiled a secret mysterious smile, and closed his eyes with a curious look of content.

And even the French doctor had seen, by something in his faint gesture of refusal, that Corey would never submit to his restorative. He put the case down on a box, with a nod to the orderly, in case Corey should change his mind.

And Burke had stayed by until the Division General, just half an hour too late, had arrived at exactly eleven o'clock. Corey had not changed his mind. . . .

That, then, was the end of the story.

So much affected was I at the nature of poor Corey's death that I almost forgot Mr. Ewing, sitting there across from me in our comfortable smoking-car, and that he might, in all decency, expect some comment from me. Indeed, I think I should have forgotten altogether if I had not felt after a little a relaxation of his long-continued gaze, and I knew he was going to speak.

"Why," he said, "do *you* think he didn't want her to know?"

So that was the thing which had puzzled him in New York, the thing which still puzzled him now.

Well, it had puzzled me, too; and I could give him no answer, except to confess that I didn't know. But long after the train had passed through Dubuque, and Mr. Ewing and I had said good-by, an answer, perhaps right, perhaps wrong, presented itself to my mind.

If one followed Corey at all, one must follow him all the way; perhaps he had wished to save her the pang of an added disgrace.



Havana in the Sunshine

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE



THIS is a record of an original impression, of another impression, and of a revised judgment. It may be personal peculiarity, but in the scheme of things neither the book that is dismissed for all time after one reading, nor the place that one does not desire to revisit, really counts. The Scribe—that is the easiest way to avoid the use of the first person singular—has read, for example, Samuel Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*. He is acquainted with Mr. Tiddlebat Titmouse, with his hair painted green, and the law firm of Quirk, Snapp & Gammon. The acquaintance constitutes a mental acquisition of more or less importance. But there is not the slightest wish to turn to the pages of the dreary, cumbersome volume again. The book, *Ten Thousand a Year*, suggests a place, Palm Beach, and recalls long hours of watching the fat, overdressed dowagers on the verandas of The Breakers and the Royal Poinciana, and journeys, propelled by afromobile, through the man-made jungle on the shores of Lake Worth. That experience, too, has its value. No foreigner can crush, because of utter ignorance of that curious aspect of our national life, exclaiming, with superciliously uplifted eyebrows, "What, not know Palm Beach?" as Lord Byron is said once to have turned his back on an American in Europe who confessed that he had never seen Niagara. But so far as personal inclination is concerned, let Palm Beach be consigned to the limbo of memories. The thought of the seemingly endless hotel corridors, the flat golf-links, and the swarming tea-garden provokes not the slightest thrill. But let that be qualified. There is a thrill to the idea of seeing the lights of Palm Beach; with the water-cleaving nose of the ship pointed southward, to see them from the vessel's starboard

side. For that would probably mean that the next morning was to bring the sight of Morro Castle, and Cabañas beyond; and below, across the harbor, the pink-and-white houses of Havana—Havana-in-the-sunshine.

At the beginning, the Scribe is venturing to strike a personal note. It was in the winter of 1915, in company with the Illustrator, that he first found Havana and learned to love it. A year passed. Again the sullen skies and the slushy streets of the northern winter bringing the call of the semi-tropics. In making the choice, there was no hesitation. Again Havana. Another year—a year that brought strange changes. The Scribe, a member of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium, was bottled up in the Province of the Brabant. To the north the road to Holland was closed by the wire of swift death, guarded by the rifles and gleaming bayonets in the hands of the German Landsturm. To the south were battling armies. To the west was a forbidden zone of military operations, and, beyond, the mine-infested Channel. To the east was Germany. Six weeks before, the United States had severed diplomatic relations. Three weeks later our Government was to declare formally the existence of a state of war. Our Riviera or Spanish Main seemed likely to be a place of detention. The fact that it was to be in Baden-Baden did not make it any the less a prison. Then came the news that we were to be allowed to go. To our passports, originally marked, "Great Britain, Holland, Belgium. Object: Relief Work," Brand Whitlock added, "Germany, Switzerland, France, Spain." "We shall probably sail for home from Barcelona," explained the director. "It is a roundabout way. The line does not run to the United States, but to Cuba. We must go there first. I am told, however, that Havana is an attractive city." Listening, forgotten



MORRO GLEAMING LIKE A STAR BEYOND THE LIGHTS THAT THREAD THE MALECÓN

were the leaden Belgian skies, the faces of unutterable sadness, the gray-green uniforms of the invaders. In vision were seen the Prado, and the shoppers in Calle Obispo and Calle O'Reilly, and the broad Malecón, and the dancing waters of the Caribbean, and grim Morro and brown Cabañas. For the moment the stricken land was far away.

It all began with the Illustrator. He is a man of many delightful moods, though inclined to rash promises. These the Scribe, after long years of friendship, has learned to discount. So the issue was decided, not by the assurance that in Cuba could be found the essence of all that Spanish-American life and civilization touching the Caribbean had to offer; or that, in a certain hostelry known as the Dos Hermanos, were served viands surpassing those to be tasted in any restaurant of Madrid; or that the golf-links were of a surpassing richness and beauty, "with real putting-greens, remember that, none of your browns"; or that the Prado was, and the Malecón; or that in the twin thoroughfares, Obispo and O'Reilly, feminine eyes flashed darkly; or that a certain suburb of the city reproduced exactly the color, the flavor, and the architecture of the sub-

urbs of old Seville. By similar pictured inducements in the years before, the Scribe had been cajoled and led astray. But there was one expression that the Illustrator had used that had outweighed all argument. He had spoken of it as "Havana-in-the-sunshine."

Above the vessel, as it is slipping its East River moorings, rises the wonderful New York sky-line, soon to recede in the distance. It is another world that lies beyond, only three days away. Ah! That leaving the north of February behind, the chilling dampness, the sodden streets, the dull, dirty skies! It does not matter so much what the particular destination may be, in those first hours after sailing, provided it is somewhere in the direction of the equator. By the time night comes there is a difference in the atmosphere. The next morning there is visible a sun that has been a stranger through the long winter months, a sun that grows hotter and hotter with every hour. That nothing is to be seen over the great stretch of water save an occasional smoke-spot on the far horizon, counts for little. It is enough to know from the chart that now Hatteras is being turned, or that Charleston Harbor is almost due west, or that the cluster of twinkling lights is The Breakers.

Once the semi-tropics are in the blood, imagination does the rest. It is not a material city that lies at the journey's end, but the Land of the Lotus-eaters.

Most of the steamship lines sailing under the United States flag seem, of late years, to have dropped the term "second cabin," just as motor-car dealers have substituted "used" for "second-hand" machines. There is a more economical state of transportation euphemistically known as "intermediate." It is found by slipping down a ladder from the upper deck. The artistic temperament, or the urgent need of repose, required that the Illustrator spend the greater part of the day in his state-room, emerging resplendent toward the setting of the sun. Deprived of his society, the Scribe had grown just a little tired of the book, of listening to the reminiscences of the lady from Toledo, and watching the mysterious lady from Philadelphia, whose make-up was the more extraordinary for the reason that it was so perfectly unnecessary. For diversion he slipped down the ladder.

There is always more personality in the intermediate than on the deck above. The people there are more alive, they feel more keenly the pangs of pleasure or pain. First, in the sunshine, in the arms of his trainer, was Scipio, the Magnificent. A week before, on the stage of a New York music-hall, he was firing a gun, doing tricks of bicycle-riding, and dining with an astonishing correctness of deportment. Where did he learn those excellent table manners? Certainly not from his immediate environment. The trainer, fat, florid, mightily mustached. At his nationality one could only guess. His French fluent, but of a Teutonic flavor. The German woman in charge of the trained dogs imparted the information that he spoke German with a marked Italian accent. But two or three Italians shook their heads protestingly. He was no compatriot of theirs. The intermediate was almost entirely professional. Noisily the members of a theatrical troupe were airing their grievances. The Havana management had promised them first-class transportation. It was so definitely



THE HAVANA BOURSE—"LA LONJA"



SWARMING MASTS AND FUNNELS—BEYOND THE PINK-AND-WHITE CITY

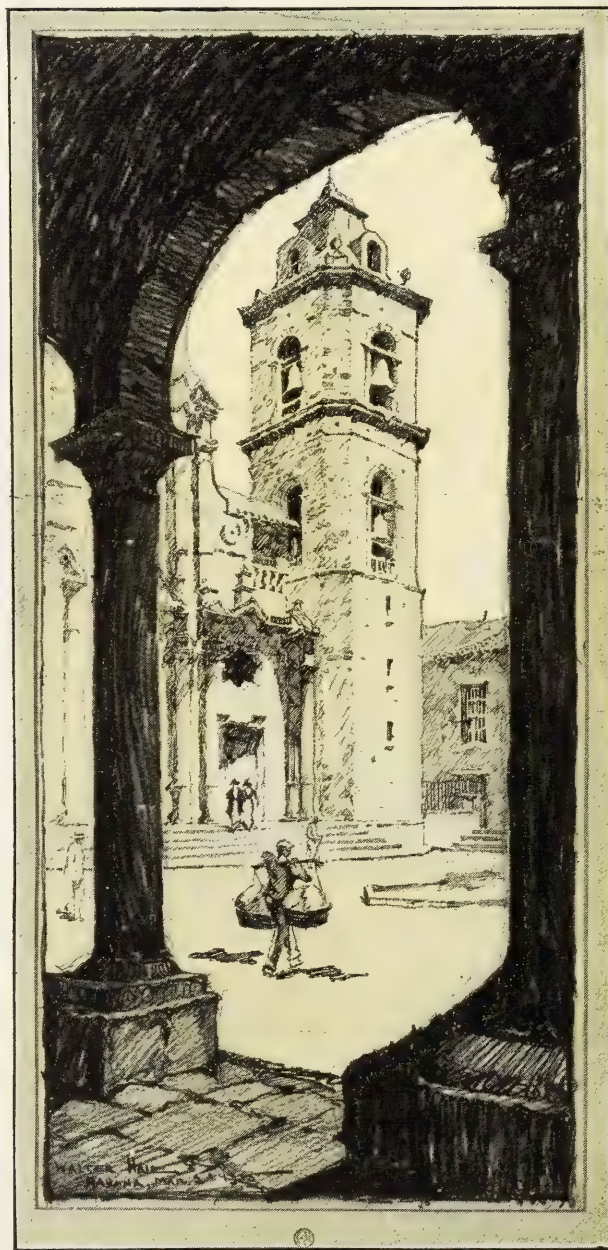
stipulated. Now look to what artists are reduced!

It was not the only theatrical company that the ship carried. There was another on the deck above. But there the voice of Thespis was subdued. Knights and Ladies of the Film, their thoughts were not of rhetoric, but register. To them Havana did not mean a pleasure-jaut, or a dream of the world that was, but a background of glaring sunlight. "What is the play?" was asked of an actor of mammoth frame and bulging biceps. "The Heart of Midlothian," was the somewhat astonishing reply. "The Heart of Midlothian!" No romance of old Spain, of Aragon or Andalusia, of fluttering

mantillas and vigilant duennas, but of the breeks, and kilts, and kirks of gray Scotland—the pathetic romance of Effie and Jeanie Dean. By deft artifice the necessary changes were to be wrought. The cunning of the camera was to transform the low hills in the direction of Regla into a likeness to Arthur's Seat. Some narrow, out-of-the-way street of Havana or Marianao was to be dressed up, and audiences were to see the Cannongate. "And when our property-man is through with that part of the Morro that we are going to use," broke in the company's manager, "Lord Byron, who wrote the book, you know"—his face "registered" pride as he imparted the literary in-

formation—"himself could not tell it from Edinburgh Castle."

It is said that, to discover Havana in the right way, one must see it first in the light of early dawn. But in our case the sun was already high in the heavens when, across the blue water, we first detected the low blur on the horizon. Minute by minute the blur assumed a more distinct form. Then, all at once, it seemed, the outlines of Morro Castle broke splendidly into the sunshine. Beyond was the pink - and - white city. Between the two a strait of deep - blue water scarce two hundred yards wide leads to the harbor. In ninety-eight cases out of one hundred, when an American perceives that harbor for the first time he asks what may be termed the Inevitable Question. It was being asked all over our ship and the Cubans were anticipating it and pointing to the spot. That matter settled, there were eyes for the swarming masts and funnels. In the foreground were gunboats of the navy which carries the flag of Cuba Libre; a navy which, to intolerant eyes, is as about as useful as the navy of Morocco. But if it be a luxury, the Cubans are willing to pay for it. From the broad Malecón they can survey with pride their little war-dogs snuggling up to the great ships of peace.



SHADOW AND SUNSHINE—CATHEDRAL SQUARE

From all the ports of the Seven Seas those vessels had come. There were barkentines of Brazil, Uruguay, and Chile, bearing the names of saints and maidens; schooners of Denmark, Japan, Spain, and Italy; busy steamers of France and England. A beautiful power-

boat was flying the ensign of the New York Yacht Club. There were American merchantmen with names varying from *Calemeres* and *Zares* to the *General Whitman*, the *Governor Cobb*, and the *Hiram E. Bounce*. But never mind what they call our boats so long as they are not named as the Pullman coaches are named. There were other ships, ships for which all eyes searched. They were the vessels that had entered the harbor but could not go out—vessels commanded by skippers of guttural names, and sullenly flying the flag of the black, white, and red bars, or the flag of red, white, and green, emblazoned with the two crowns. As we looked back we saw, just beyond

the three-mile limit, a low-lying streak painted a dull leaden color. Black smoke was pouring from the funnels, and the decks were stripped for action. One day it would be the British cruiser *Berwick*; the next, the Frenchman *Condé*; but ever the watching eyes and the grimly menacing guns. So the coal-laden vessels of the two Kaisers elected to remain behind the shelter of the Morro.

Havana, lying pink and white in the sunshine, charms first of all by reason of the variety of pictures that it suggests. The scene may stir to dreams of the Old World that is gone, or to thoughts of the ephemeral materialities of to-day. That is something which depends entirely upon the individual point of view. Napoleon Bonaparte, at the head of his legions in Egypt, and "Billy" Evans, the umpire taken along to arbitrate the games between the New York Giants and the Chicago White Sox when they made their world tour, were confronted by the same spectacle. The Corsican was moved to the utterance, "The pyramids of forty centuries are looking down upon me." Billy Evans adjusted his mask and pad and said, "Batter up." So, at the threshold of Havana, if you have eyes for it, is all the romance of the Spanish Main. Columbus sighted Cuba and landed on its northern shore in October, 1492. He wrote of it that it was "the most beautiful land that eyes have ever seen." Another century or so and from the Miradores of Vedado eyes were strained seeking the bellying sails of the awaited gold-laden galleons from Malaga or Cadiz. There was hope in those eyes and fear, too. The galleons might never come; but in their stead, the low-lying crafts of French or English pirates. For in the history of the island, the terror of the buccaneers antedated the exploits of Sharkey and Henry Morgan. The building of La Fuerza itself, the ancient Spanish fortress, begun in 1538, fifty years before the erection of Morro Castle, was prompted by a pillaging of the town by French adventurers. Twice those pirates came to hold the city to ransom. It was ever the same story of storm and stress. After the French

corsair Desores, the Englishman, Francis Drake, on land and sea, in the Old World and the New, known as the "Scourge of Spain." There was hardly a decade that did not bring a fresh attack. Finally, the bombardment of the city on a vast scale by the British fleet and the reduction of the Morro. For a year the English flag waved over the castle, and then, to the infinite joy of the Havanaese, the fortress was restored to Spain.

But the visions are not all of Old World plunderings and depredations. The city, smiling in the sunshine, recalls the long years of struggle for national independence, the battle against inequalities and inhumanities of the Spanish domination. Riding through the country beyond the city, at every turn the visitor is reminded of the dreadful concentration camps that were there only yesterday. To find the soul of Havana one must cross the harbor to the heights of Cabañas and the Morro ram-



THE PRADO, WHERE STAND STATELY RESIDENCES OF SUGAR AND TOBACCO KINGS

parts. There, for the first time, are realized the city's tragedy, anguish, and glory. Turn back the clock of history twenty years. Pink in the dawn, shimmering in the afternoon sunshine, Havana lies below, a captive at her jailer's feet. As the Dungeon of Bonnavard in

There is, if you choose it, another Havana in which the past never obtrudes. There is one hotel in which you can feel as much in America as in any mushroom town of the Middle West. In the lobby chairs clean-shaven men loll and the voices are of Texas or Maine, of Illinois or Georgia. From the talk you may learn that the Almandares, with Muñoz pitching, defeated the Havanais at Vedado by a score of four to one; or that the man who ten days previously won the Florida East Coast championship at Nassau has just turned in a score of seventy-one for the Havana golf-course; or that Fantasy, one-hundred-to-one shot, romped home in the fourth race at the Marianao race-track; or that your pet stock has fallen off two points in the day's market; or that there will be fox-trotting at the Miramar in the evening.

Thus far only the Illustrator and the Scribe. Now enters the one who shall be called the Diplomat. He met us as we disembarked at the San Francisco wharves. The Diplomat is a man of many amiable qualities, who, before being assigned to Cuba as secretary of the legation, had represented our service in Berlin, Paris, and Madrid. Outside, his motor-car was waiting. In it he was to drive us to the Havana Country Club at Marianao, twelve miles away. Before the second corner had been turned, the passengers, both time-hardened drivers, were trying to climb out of the car. It was their first introduc-

tion to Havanese driving, which utterly disregards traffic rules, if such rules exist, and which swings at will to the right or to the left. The Diplomat did not seem to mind. With one hand on the steering-wheel, he was talking. "Tonight there is to be a ball at the American Legation. You are to come. How properly to address the American minister? Your Excellency? Nonsense. Mr. Minister. Only servants say, 'Your



A CORNER OF THE CUBAN "WHITE HOUSE"

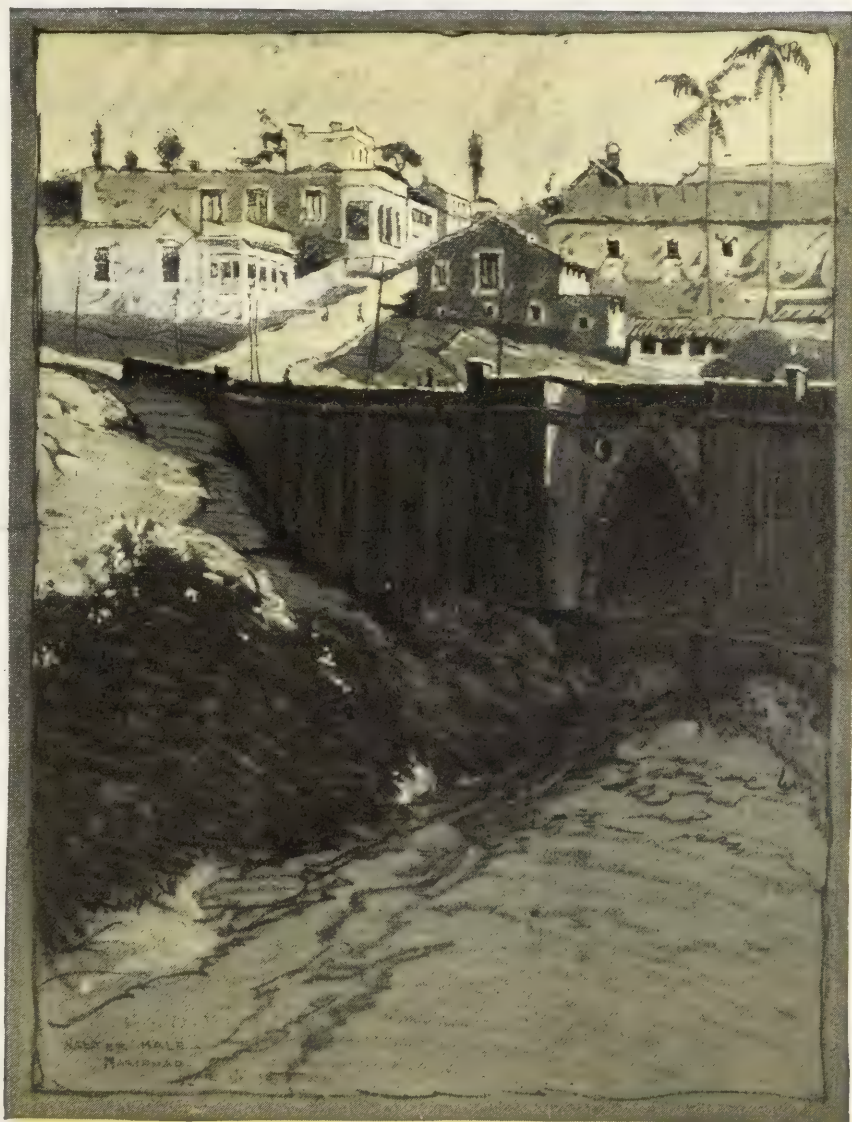
the Castle of Chillon is the symbol of the Swiss struggle for liberty, in the inky-black caverns of Cabañas is read the story of the pitiless years of Cuban oppression. In the grass-grown square and the wall, scarred by bullet-marks, the tale may be read—the platoons of boyish prisoners led out in the early morning, the kneeling figures and the bandaged eyes, the defiant cry of "*Viva Cuba Libre!*" and the volley and the hush.

Excellency.' To-morrow morning, at half past eleven, I have arranged that you are to have an interview with President Menocal at the Palace. What to discuss? You might talk about the Cornell football team if you have anything to say on the subject, for you know that he is a graduate of Cornell." These sweeping arrangements provoked protest. The *Illustrator*, being afflicted with the artistic temperament, had disposed of his trunk in such a manner that it was not discovered until several days later. That was his excuse in trying to avoid the Legation ball. The *Scribe* yielded in the matter of the ball, but pointed out that he had not with him the proper attire in which to appear before a President. The *Diplomat* waved aside all protests. "He won't mind the Norfolk jacket. He wants to talk to you. He likes Americans. He knows them. A topic of conversation? As I said before, Cornell football, or Edison, or the movies, or the breaking up of Connie Mack's hundred-thousand-dollar infield."

We did not meet President Menocal the next morning, but we spent part of the day in the company of his adjutant, Major Silva. The American residing in Havana is inclined to speak slightly of the Cuban army, although he will concede the efficiency of the Rural Guard, which corresponds to the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, or the State Police of Pennsylvania, and which is made up of men who served in the Cuban wars. The American at home, if he thinks of it at all, regards the Cuban army as a thing of

many trappings, top-heavy with brown-skinned officers of exalted rank. To have known Silva meant to take another view. It meant respect for the Cuban fighting force, and an admiration for our own army, of which he was a direct product. The first impression was effective—the lithe, athletic figure in close-fitting khaki, the clear-cut features, and the fine blue-gray eyes. He told tales of service in a dozen army posts in various parts of the United States. He could not say enough of the American officers. They were the finest in the world. In all his experience he had known only one who was not straight. The memory of Major Silva is the memory of a first-class man.

Frankly, the *Scribe*, a golfer of many years' standing and a singular



THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY—THE MOTOR ROAD TO PINAR DEL RIO

lack of dexterity at the pastime, had never before found a southern golf-course that was to his liking. The browns over which one is supposed to putt at St. Augustine, Palm Beach, and Nassau are abominations. The Bermuda course has turf greens, but the

semi-tropical beauty. To the mind of the Scribe, of all the courses that he has played, it resembles most the Country Club at Greenwich, Connecticut, and the French course of La Boulie. It was laid out for the benefit of the average paying member, rather than with

an eye to stiffening up the game of the resident "pro" and the club's two crack amateurs. There is one hole, the eleventh, which, in sheer beauty, probably rivals any golf-hole in the world. From a high tee the fair green slopes down to a winding river two hundred yards away. On the farther bank the approach to the high plateau of green is between two noble royal-palm trees. Super-drivers have occasionally been hole-high from the tee. A two-hundred-yard drive, straight down the course, too often finds the water hazard. For that reason the hole is perhaps not the best of golf. But even the man who would use the Mona Lisa or the Venus of Milo as a lie, provided he found his ball perched upon one or the other, might readily overlook that.

Of our game that day all that shall be said is that if the diplomatic corps of

the United States could have seen its representative running down thirty-foot putts, a certain secretary of legation would have been adjudged worthy of the ambassadorship to the Court of St. James's.

On the veranda of the Country Club may be seen a sprinkling of Cuban men and women. But the club, as an institution, is essentially the diversion of the



IN THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA—MARIANAO

lies in the open! They recall what Horace Hutchinson wrote of the days when golf was first being taken up in Scotland and the Scottish kings played over Blackheath: "If the soil then was as flinty as it is to-day, no wonder that they governed so badly." The Havana course has everything that belongs to a first-class modern course, and something of its own besides—wonderful turf and

resident or the visiting American. As ardent a sport-lover as any in the world, the Cuban is, temperamentally, out of tune with golf. He wants something with quicker action. The bull-ring passed with the Spanish rule. Under the American occupation, Gen. Leonard Wood felt that a substitute was needed, and introduced pelota. In a few years it was found necessary to suppress the new sport. Not that the Cubans did not take to it. They took to it with such enthusiasm that half of the population became bankrupt through extravagant betting. A second substitute was found in the introduction of American baseball. In Havana it is played on the grounds of the Almendares Club on the Paseo de Tacon, opposite the Botanical Gardens, the site of the bull-ring in former days. For the lovers of horse-racing there is the race-track at Marianao, with its horde of American horses, jockeys, trainers, and book-makers.

Just as the traveler in Dresden is supposed to visit the china-works of Meissen, and in Chicago the stock-yards, in Havana the accepted sight is one of the cigar and cigarette factories. On the eve of departure from home you will have been burdened with commissions. According to the sex of the friend, the commission will be to buy cigars or mantillas. If the former, pin the man down to a definite choice. If it is the Corona Corona that he wants, let him say so. If the Laranaga, how many? In the case of the mantilla, throw yourself on the mercy of the countrywoman nearest at hand, no matter whether or not you have ever seen her before. She will understand, cheerfully accept the commission, and probably derive huge amusement from a day's conscientious labor in your behalf in O'Reilly or Obispo. Then in the cigar or cigarette factories, what impressed the Scribe most was not the little brown man rolling deftly with his fingers, but the voice from the gallery above, the voice of the paid reader, translating the news of the European War or declaiming a chapter from a book by Victor Hugo. For three hours every day this reading goes on, half the time being given to newspapers, and the

other half to fiction. The choice of reading is not left to the reader, but is governed by a ballot system. The tobacco workers elect among themselves a president, secretary, and treasurer. The workmen contribute the fund which pays the reader's salary. The selection of novels is a deliberate process. The reader judges the period required for a certain book, and a few days before he is to finish one the secretary holds an election to determine what novel should be taken up next. As many as fifty different novels may be proposed at one of the elections, but the choice usually centers on three or four of wide note. Some years ago sentiment in one of the factories was divided between *Quo Vadis?* and *Père Goriot*. Finally, Sienkiewicz's book was chosen by one hundred and eighty votes to one hundred and fifty. But most often the choice falls on modern novels, preferably those by Spanish writers. No year passes in any Havana factory, it is said, without a reading of *Don Quixote*. Among English novels read are *Vanity Fair*, *Oliver Twist*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and some of the melodramatic stories of Wilkie Collins and Hugh Conway. Some of the English poets are favorites, in particular Byron. Only one American book has ever had repeated reading in Havana cigar-factories, and that fell into disuse about twenty years ago. It was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Victor Hugo is an unfailing favorite.

No matter how well known Sherlock Holmes is in England and the United States, to realize the full measure of his notoriety one must ramble through Galiano and San Raphael. There will be found, behind gaudily colored covers, a Señor Sherlock Holmes of Iberian appearance and deportment who is the hero of an endless series of adventures, the very titles of which would mystify and astonish Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. These paper-covered books represent the imaginative work of various hack-writers, and are sold by the tens and hundreds of thousands. At the top of the cover there is a portrait of the creator of the science of deduction, a portrait which in general conforms to the picture first drawn a quarter of a century ago by Doctor Doyle in the pages

of *A Study in Scarlet*, but so unconsciously, yet subtly, altered by the crude artist that it is a Spaniard whom we see instead of the lean, athletic Englishman of the original invention. How many of these tales have been printed it is impossible to say. Here are a few of the titles that caught the eye of the Scribe on the Havana book-stalls: *The Seller of Corpses*, *The Bloody Hammer*, *In the Pittsburgh School of Crime*, *The Infamous Gang of Cairo*, *Jack the Ripper*, *The Forgers of London*, *Sherlock Holmes and the Opium Smokers*.

A great deal has been written of the night life of Havana. Except that it carries farther into the early hours of the morning, due to the rest enforced by the intense heat of the midday sun, it differs very little from the night life of any other city of the south. The same theater and opera-goers—the local guide-book will tell of the wonders of the Teatro Nacional, the third largest theater in the world—the same *flâneurs* at the café tables that would be seen in any other city where the outdoor street-life prevails. In February and March, the then new dancing was being furiously pursued. There were nightly endurance dances in the gardens back of the Miramar. In 1917 dancing had gone out apparently as irrevocably as ping-pong.

There is another phase to the night life of Havana that properly belongs to the past, too. Once San Isidro, a narrow, winding street running from the harbor walls to the railway station, blared and flaunted in evil glory. Travelers from all over the world talked of it with mingled repugnance and admiration. It was not an outraged sense of civic virtue that wrought the reclamation. Hard-headed business did that. The American-controlled railway, wanting the ground occupied by San Isidro and adjacent streets for a future freight station, had the buildings condemned as unsafe.

Also, formerly prospective visitors to Havana heard much of the latitude allowed to the moving-picture displays. That, too, has all been changed. It is to be feared that many American travelers do not regard the amelioration with entire approval. It was the pre-

vailing sentiment that was expressed by the somewhat austere but altogether charming lady from Boston: "I am justly indignant," she confessed, on the eve of departure for the north. "I feel that I was inveigled to Havana on false pretenses. I had heard so much about the wicked movies. I have been to every cinema-house in the city. I have spent all my money, and I have seen nothing more dreadful than Charlie Chaplin."

Years ago, in the columns of Charles Dickens's *All the Year Round*, George Augustus Sala wrote of Calle Obispo in a series on "The Great Streets of the World." There to-day are the heavy cornices, the overhanging balconies, the sparring signs, and the awnings that in the sunny hours are stretched from roof to roof, creating an atmosphere of yellow dusk, just as when he saw it; a quaint and altogether charming streak of shadow in the midst of Havana-in-the-sunshine. Its suggestion of an Eastern bazaar was noted by Sala, and has been noted by every observant traveler since. But Sala was writing up to a title. Obispo is not one of the great streets of the world; it never was, nor is it likely to be. So may Broadway be termed, or Piccadilly, or the Avenue of the Champs Élysées, or the Cannebière of Marseilles, or the Ringstrasse, or Michigan Avenue. But Calle Obispo no more than the Waterport Street of Gibraltar, or the Esplanade of Tarascon. Of course, it was of a different Havana that Sala wrote in the eighteen-sixties. The Malecón, the building of which reclaimed a part of the city that had been used as a dumping-ground, was the work of Gen. Leonard Wood. The old Calle del Prado—Street of the Meadow—dates back to the despotic but constructive Tacon, Governor-General in the first half of the nineteenth century; but the new Prado was largely remodeled during the American occupation. But, old or new, the Prado has always overshadowed Obispo, which may be spoken of as the "next street to O'Reilly," just as O'Reilly is the "next street to Obispo."

After all, the impression that a city's streets make upon one is largely a matter of the streets to which one has been

accustomed. Once, many years ago, a French tramp-steamer carried the Scribe from Marseilles to Gibraltar, with stops at Oran, Nemours, and Melilla. After the Cannebière, that spacious avenue of which the Marseillaises are so proud—"if Paris had a Cannebière it would be a little Marseilles," is the saying there—it was hard to turn around in Waterport Street. But returning to Gibraltar after three days across the strait, among the alleys of Tangier, Waterport Street seemed as broad as the moral law. Thus, in Havana, it is the contrast that impresses the traveler from the United States and causes him to seek out with wonder the Loma del Angel.

That there is no middle class in Havana, that its people are all exceedingly rich or pitifully poor, is one of the first bits of information that the American resident imparts to the visitor. You hear stories of the fabulously wealthy Cubans, the sugar kings, and the tobacco kings. Along the Prado are the houses in which they live. You hear of the pride of the pure Spanish blood, which holds itself aloof, and which sends prospective mothers back to Spain in order that the child may be spared the ignominy of Cuban birth. In sharp contrast are the half-clad and undernourished children of the poor. But to the casual eye the poverty that exists is a happy Latin poverty which neither solicits nor provokes sympathy. Slums there may be, but they do not repel. The squalor that sickens and saddens the soul is seen seldom save in the cities of the north. The ragged shirt of the poor Havanese does not move to pity, but to envy. On the surface, at least, he is far more comfortable in the sunshine than the American visitor. If he is moved to mild industry he can preside over a tobacco kiosk, or sell state lottery tickets. The population of Havana is estimated at something like two hundred and fifty thousand. Doubtless an understatement. There must be at least that number of cigarette and lottery-ticket venders. What of the cab- and taxi-drivers? What of the thirty thousand members of the Clerks' Club, and the twenty-five thousand members of the Centro Gallego?

It was in Havana that the Scribe first learned the joys of the Rubberneck. For years, in many cities, he had surveyed it with intolerant eyes from the curb. With a smug snobbishness once regarded as superior sophistication, he had contemplated the smiling faces of the eager, stretching sight-seers. It was all very well for them, but there was such a thing as being above and beyond following the Man from Cook's Personally Conducted Tours, and the raucous voice of the megaphone pirate. But as we grow older we go back to the simple joys, or are less self-conscious. And so it was under an "Ask Mr. Somebody" sign that the Scribe booked his place, and contentedly took his seat.

"The finest Spanish cooking in the world, a cuisine that no hotel or restaurant in Madrid can equal." Such had been one of the Illustrator's promises. We found The Two Brothers one night. It looked out over the harbor from a waterside street near the wharves. On the second floor there was a dining-terrace. The "finest Spanish cooking in the world." But that must have been The Two Brothers of other years. As we found it, the whole atmosphere of the place was chilled and dispirited. The tale of a glory that had waned was read in the crumpled shirt-fronts of the waiters, in the dreary slowness of the service, in the quality of the fare itself. Is there anything more pathetic than the restaurant of yesterday? We seemed to be sitting before the very ghosts of viands. There is a story by Leonard Merrick called "Little Flower in the Wood." It is the tale of a shabby little restaurant of Montmartre known as The White Wolf, which, on the verge of failure, is raised by the whim of the reigning dancer of the moment to fame and prosperity. Years pass. The restaurant flourishes, but the dancer loses all that life holds to attract. One night she finds her way back to The White Wolf, to sit in the corner and to live again in dreams the glorious days that have gone. The restaurant, once gone to decay, can never come back to relive the hours of brightness. It is an entombed coffin of dead reveries, of fashions that have passed.

So no more of The Two Brothers.

Sinjinn, Surviving

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON



It was a late summer afternoon at Kingsmill, though if perchance you might have spoken of it as "afternoon" to any of the denizens, white or black, of that demesne of fixed customs and ancient traditions the word would have been regarded with critical suspicion. After twelve meridian it was always "evening" at Kingsmill until midnight. It had never occurred to the "white folks" that it might be otherwise; and the faith of the negroes was founded on an early verse in the Good Book, read to them by Mis' on Sabbath days in the loom-room, "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

The kitchen windows were all open, and the breeze from the river moderated the heat of the hickory fire in the big chimney-place, whose right jamb showed a space of deep attrition in the bricks from the whetting of many kitchen knives since the days of the colony.

"Notice dem w'ared-away bricks?" Ommirandy reminiscently queried of Delphy. "Dey ain' w'ared away no-whar's, 'scusin' o' dat side. Does you know what dat signify, Philadelphia?"

"Nor'm," responded Delphy, scooping a corn dumpling out of the big pot with a long-handled iron ladle for Uncle Jonas's supper. "What do it?"

"Dat shows dar ain' nuver been no lef'-handed cooks in dis kitchen sence it was built. Dey all done sharpen dey knives wid dey right hand."

"Lissen at dat, now, will ye?" whispered Ariadne to Evadne. "Ain' she smart?"

"I dun'no' 'bout no lef'-handed cooks in dis here kitchen," interjected Uncle Jonas, who sat patiently waiting for his dumpling and pot-liquor; "but dey p'int'ly is some lef'-minded folks 'roun' dis here country."

"What de matter wid you now,

Jonas?" asked Ommirandy. "You always is got some grunt ur 'nuther agin' sump'n. Who done rob Janey's hen-roos' lars' night?"

"Dey ain' been nobody, marm," responded the patriarch. "Dey ain' nobody done rob no hen-roos'. But I gwi' tell you-all sump'n what's wusser'n stealin' chickens. It tuk me a long time fur ter think it out, but I done think it. An' Mr. Sinjinn, he sesso, too."

"I boun' you think it out, ef it's sump'n low-down," commented Ommirandy, tartly. "I boun' you is, Jonas."

"Yes, marm," continued the old man, serenely. "I is, an' I gwi' tell it ter ye. I had de 'casion fur ter advance de Rev'un' ten dollars 'long o' de ten ur mo' years I done been one o' de deacons, an' ain' had no money fur ter pay my dues; an' bein' ez how I ain' got de cash jes' convenient, I conclude I gwi' try fur ter borry it f'om de man at de cote-house what makes his livin' robbin' de niggers on intrus'. He one o' dem scalawags which you-all done heerd Mars' Jeems tell about 'em. Well, sir, I went down dar, an' I sez ter de man, 'I wanter borry ten dollars.' He say, 'Fur how long?' I say, 'How much you gwi' charge?' He say, 'One mont', two mont', three mont', fo' mont', five mont', six mont'?' I say, 'Looky here, white man, I ain' got no time fur ter be foolin' wid all dem mont's. How much do it cos' me fur one mont'?' He say, 'Two dollar an' a harf a mont', an' I takes out de charge.' I say, 'I gwi' think 'bout it.' Den I goes off an' sets down in de fence-corner an' figgers. I figgers it dis here way."

Uncle Jonas illustrated his calculation by placing the end of his right forefinger in the palm of his left hand and holding it there.

"I sez ter myse'f: 'I dun'no' when I gwi' git de money fur ter pay dat ten dollars back. Durfo', ef I borrys it fur one mont', an' pays two-fifty cash,



Drawn by Walter J. Biggs

"MR. SINJINN AX ME EF I COULD CHANGE A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL."

'sposin' needcessity make me borry it fur six mont', how I gwi' come out?"

For several minutes there was a dead silence in the kitchen. Every one's eyes were fixed on Ommirandy.

"Jonas, you ain' got no sense," said the old woman at length, when the silence had grown oppressive. "You gwi' pay dat man ten dollars cash dar an' den, an' ain' gwi' git no money. What you tell him?"

Uncle Jonas crossed one knee over the other and said, "Delphy, is my dumplin' ready?"

"I gittin' yo' vittles now, Unc' Jonas," responded Delphy.

"Den I answer yo' queshtun, Sister M'randy," said the old man. "What is I tell him? I jes' went back ter de place, an' I tell dat man dat I refuse de loan, an' de Rev'un' kin wait."

"Um-huh!" commented Simon. "Dat what you done, an' you ain' make no mistake. Dat transackshun show de diff'unce 'twix' a gent'mun an' a scala-wag. Does you-all know what Mr. Sinjinn ax me dis mornin'—dis fus' mornin' o' de mont'?"

Nobody could imagine.

"Well, sir, he ax me ef I could change him a five dollar bill. 'Fo' Gord, I ain' seed five dollars at one time fur five years. But dat what he ax me. I say, 'Mars' Sinjinn, I can't, sir. But I thanks you pow'ful fur de compli-ment.'

"I tuk'n norate ter Mr. Sinjinn 'bout de man at de sto'," said Uncle Jonas. "He larf, an' say dat man is what dey calls in money-comp'ny a high financier. Den he say dat folks ain' ought ter borry money, 'scusin' dey sho'ly know how dey gwi' pay it back, an' he say I done right refusin' de loan."

"Dat's so," said Delphy. "Unc' Jonas, yo' supper ready."

"I dun'no' what de Rev'un' gwi' think 'bout it," said Ommirandy, with a chuckle.

The next day Mr. Sinjinn and young Mars' Jeems sat on the porch at Kingsmill and smoked.

"Jeems," said Mr. Sinjinn, in his soft drawl that lent an unfailing charm to his speech, and with the gentle urbanity that was his second nature, "you have known me since boyhood?"

"Since boyhood, Alston," responded young Mars' Jeems.

"I need not protest to you, Jeems, that it has never been my habit to ask or to accept favors?"

There was a quiet assertion under the interrogative form of the speaker's sentences that seemed to reduce them to the commonplace and casual. Yet young Mars' Jeems looked at Mr. Sinjinn with an expression on his careworn face which betokened surprise mingled with incredulity.

"If you have ever either asked or accepted a favor from me, or from any human being on earth, Alston, I have never known of it. Such a thing would seem absolutely at variance with your lineage, your character, and your whole career."

The master of Kingsmill spoke with a sincerity and emphasis which could leave no shadow of doubt on Mr. Sinjinn's mind, if such a shadow had been there.

"Nevertheless, Jeems," said Mr. Sinjinn, knocking the ashes out of the bowl of his Powhatan clay pipe with the long fig-stem, and laying that article of personal comfort on the porch floor by the side of his rocking-chair, "I am about to state to you what any other person than yourself—any other person in the world, I assure you, Jeems—would consider a request for a favor, the granting of which any other person than myself would esteem a favor conferred."

There was always a certain stateliness about Mr. Sinjinn's conversation that delighted young Mars' Jeems. It seemed to him in some way so indicative of his guest's high breeding and lofty character.

Young Mars' Jeems stroked his imperial caressingly, and looked at Mr. Sinjinn with an interest that was unassumed, and with an attempted composure of countenance which was by no means entirely successful.

"What is it, Alston?" he asked, and there was a note of vague anxiety in his voice. "Has any one on the place been lacking in due consideration of your comfort? Have the servants failed in proper attention to your wants? There's Mirandy, now, who has a pretty free foot on the premises; but you know,

Alston, she's getting a little old, and she's favored, and—"

"Mirandy is kindness itself," interrupted Mr. Sinjinn. "She looks after my bedroom, she sees that the sheets are properly aired and the towels in due place, she is indomitable in supplying water for my bath; she keeps the lights in perfect order, and always sets the candle in the brass candlestick on the hall table for me every evening; she is assiduous in taking care that your wife each week gets my shirts to sew on the buttons and my socks to darn. No, I have no complaint to make of her—Heaven forbid! Why, my dear Jeems, if that old woman had grown up in my father's own home she could not be more considerate of me or attentive to my wants."

"Did Simon forget to make your fire any morning in the spring weather or to black your boots, Alston? You know that day he was called away by the death of one of his friends down the river—"

"I shall never forget that, Jeems," said Mr. Sinjinn, with evident feeling. "The history of Kingsmill for two hundred years affords no finer illustration of the old-time gentleman than does your treatment of me on that—on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion." Mr. Sinjinn's usually serene countenance expressed emotion.

"Pshaw, Alston!" said young Mars' Jeems. "Don't talk about it that way. I am sorry I spoke of Simon."

It was as fresh and sweet in Mr. Sinjinn's memory as if it had been on yesterday that he had been awakened upon an inclement morning in early spring, when a cold rain was falling outside, by a noise at the fireplace in his bedchamber, and that, peering over the coverlet of his bed, he had seen the patrician owner of Kingsmill on his knees making the morning fire.

"Simon has been called away, Alston," had come from the kneeling figure, as the fire-maker perceived that his guest was awake. "I was unable to get any of the other servants in time, and I didn't want to trouble Mirandy. She's old and stiff in the joints, you know. So I have made your fire for you myself."

And when Mr. Sinjinn had arisen to dress he had found fresh water from the

well in his pitcher, and had been overwhelmed with a sense of mingled pride and humility. "By Heavens!" he had said. "Nobody but a gentleman like him would have done it!"

"It isn't Simon, nor Ommirandy, nor your sweet, unselfish wife, dear Nancy, nor any one on the place that my remark affects in the slightest, Jeems;" said Mr. Sinjinn. "I have been your guest here at Kingsmill continuously, now going on how many?—yes, eight—no, nearly nine years; and if the place had belonged to me during all that time—if I had been the undisputed heir of all its memories and traditions and glories, I might not have been treated with a more unstinted and generous kindness by every person, white and black, upon it. They say that blood is thicker than water; but with no kinship between us, Jeems, I have learned that friendship can be stronger even than the ties of blood."

Young Mars' Jeems's eyes shone with an unwonted light. Mr. Sinjinn's generous words stirred the deep of his heart, as the angel once troubled the pool of Bethesda.

"What is it, Alston, that any of us can do for you?"

"Jeems," said Mr. Sinjinn, "I want one hundred dollars."

It was the only time in their lives that a matter of money had ever been broached between them. On the first day of every month for nearly nine years past Mr. Sinjinn had been accustomed to find on the mantelpiece of his bedchamber, when he retired, a five-dollar bill, put there by the master of Kingsmill, usually at the cost of self-denial, and often of anxious effort. But the gift was as regular and unfailing in its appearance as were the cheap new suit of ready-made clothes and the fresh supply of linen on his bedroom sofa in the spring and autumn of each returning year. Mr. Sinjinn had tacitly taken the money for his small personal necessities, as he had accepted the recurrent raiment, with the apparent good conscience that found no embarrassment in the acceptance of either. But when he unexpectedly asked for a hundred dollars the land-poor master of the baronial estate of Kingsmill felt his heart sink within him. If, like a little child, he had requested a gift of

the moon, the request would have less disconcerted young Mars' Jeems.

"A hundred, Alston?" he repeated, with an almost imperceptible quaver in his voice. "Why, certainly. It will give me the greatest pleasure. It is a pleasure to me for you to suggest it, my dear old friend."

"I knew that you would feel that way about it, Jeems," said Mr. Sinjinn in his soft drawl and with a kindly smile playing about his fine, aquiline face, which Mis' Nancy always said reminded her of a medallion of one of the Roman emperors. "If I had thought for a moment that you would regard my request with embarrassment, I should never have mentioned the matter, important as it is for me to have the money, and helpless as I am to find it elsewhere."

"Don't give yourself a moment of concern about it, Alston," said young Mars' Jeems, his fears overwhelmed by the perception of his friend's necessity. Then he added: "Would it be satisfactory if I should arrange it in a week? Of course, if it is urgent, I shall get it for you to-morrow — this evening — any time. But in the country, you know, where we have no banks— It may take a day or two, Alston, possibly."

Young Mars' Jeems stroked his imperial, as was his custom when he was most thoughtful.

"Oh," said Mr. Sinjinn, picking up his Powhatan pipe from the porch floor and filling it again from the embroidered tobacco-pouch which Mis' Nancy had given him last Christmas. "Of course, you must suit your convenience and not worry about it in the slightest. This week, next week, or even two weeks, Jeems, if you find it necessary. I am sincerely glad that you do not regard me in the light of a suppliant for a favor."

"Favor, again, Alston?" repeated young Mars' Jeems. "Is there anything on earth that could be a favor between you and me? Don't speak of favors, after all our years of friendship and affection."

Mr. Sinjinn struck a sulphur match, and the blue smoke curled and spiraled up from the bowl of the Powhatan pipe. Then he looked with a contented and preoccupied gaze down the river and beheld, as in a dream, the blue waters

stretching in the shining and mutable sunlight for forty miles toward the bay.

"Thank you, Jeems," said Mr. Sinjinn.

"Alston St. John."

There were perhaps as many as a dozen of the old-fashioned, highly glazed *cartes-de-visite*, as they were called in his youth, with the name engraved in script, which Mr. Sinjinn had brought with him when he had come to Kingsmill on young Mars' Jeems's invitation now nearly nine years ago "to spend a week or two and do some hunting."

Other cards, equally old in appearance but not so elaborate of design, were mixed with them and a bundle of tape-tied papers in the old black portmantau, which always remained locked in Mr. Sinjinn's bedchamber at Kingsmill—the "best room," overlooking the river to the east; and these also, when once or twice during his "visit" he had come across them as he took from the bag the embroidered waistcoat of plum-colored velvet for some special function in the old mansion, always stirred gentle emotions and tender memories of his more prosperous past.

If the glazed pieces of pasteboard recalled the halcyon days of his long-faded youth, with sometimes a pang in their suggestion of balls and "hops" and parties and beautiful women and charming men, the soberer cards, containing the legend, "Seymour & St. John, Attorneys at Law," brought back no less vividly the period of his purposeful young manhood and his earlier middle-age, when he and his now long-dead friend and partner had been successful country lawyers, as success then went, in the little town in the southside section of the State.

It was with something more than a touch of transient sentiment that Mr. Sinjinn, on such few and far-separated occasions, would revisualize the offices that the firm had occupied, and recall the rugged face of Mr. Arthur Seymour. These offices had consisted of a back room in a small, one-story building in the court-house yard, where the head of the partnership, who had a natural aptitude for legal studies, combined with an unhallowed inclination to worship at the

shrine of the goddess Chance, had been wont in the daytime to con Coke on Littleton, and at night to play "a little game" with a few select friends; and a larger front room where Mr. Sinjinn himself, full of ambition but seldom a student, had been accustomed to act as a sort of legal buffer for his senior and to meet all comers before the favored few might be admitted to Seymour's inner sanctuary.

Mr. Sinjinn often recalled, with complacent recollection, his partner's buoyant optimism, and his insistence that he would some day "strike a streak of luck" and become a rich man. There were many opportunities of making money in town lots in the growing West.

From his youth up Alston St. John had been a person of strong feelings and of lasting attachments. His most profound motive in life was loyalty; and when the law-partnership, entered upon two years before the war, and then discontinued for four years on account of the absence of each member in the Army of Northern Virginia, to be resumed somewhat unsuccessfully upon their return from Appomattox, was finally dissolved two years later by the cold hand of Death, the junior partner had continued to practise under the firm name and style of "St. John, surviving partner of Seymour & St. John." Thus he had come to be known to the junior bar, himself no longer a junior, as "Sinjinn, surviving." The appellation appealed to others until at last he was seldom spoken of by any other name.

He revered the memory of his dead partner, adventurer and speculator though he knew him to have been, who had died poor, "but always a gentleman"; and he neglected nothing that might visibly preserve Seymour's memory. Their printed firm name and address, the sole other manner of professional advertisement than the cards that was recognized by the legal code of ethics of that day, continued to appear in the weekly paper, as when his senior was alive; and Seymour's chair and desk were kept as he had left them when he had quit the office for the last time. Nothing had been changed; and even the volume of Reports, lying near the unfinished letter on the desk, though

often since then used by the surviving partner, had always been carefully replaced by him where Seymour had last laid it, open at the unturned page.

The letter-heads and the cards which they used together continued to be used by Mr. Sinjinn alone as long as he remained at the bar; and in that time every letter that had gone out of the office, and every bill and answer and declaration and plea since Seymour departed to return no more, had borne the concluding subscription, "St. John, surviving."

This devotion of Mr. Sinjinn's to the objects of his affection had not been lost on Ommirandy, who remarked to her son Simon, in the later years of the guest's visit:

"Looky here, Simon. Yôu listen ter me! Mr. Sinjinn ain' niver furgit nobody he ever done keered about."

"Dat he ain'!" responded Simon. "Dat he ain'!"

"I kinder 'spicion dat de reason he so partick'lar 'bout dat fancy weskit o' his'n whar he don't niver wear, 'scusin' dey's big folks an' carriage comp'ny comes ter Kingsmill. I 'spec' dat man done had a love-affa'r wid some young 'oman what made him dat weskit, an' dat howcome he do like he do do."

"I 'spec' so, too, marm," said Simon, with the suave acquiescence of the average darky, who would perish sooner than fail to agree with any statement made by one whom he regarded as his superior.

By degrees Ommirandy had come to construct in her mind an imaginary romance involving an early love-affair of Mr. Sinjinn's of which the embroidered waistcoat was an incident, and to attribute to its supposed tragic conclusion the fact that he had always remained a bachelor.

"He thinks a lot o' all o' we-all here," she said. "Dar ain' been no mont' o' all de time he been here dat he ain' got de five dollars changed dat young Mars' Jeems puts reg'lar on de mantelpiece, an' gimme fifty cents."

"He sho' is a gent'mun," Simon would comment on his mother's praise of Mr. Sinjinn.

"Gent'mun?" the old woman would echo. "I reck'n he is! Ef he warn't,

does you think young Mars' Jeems an' Mis' Nancy gwi' have him visit 'em here at Kingsmill year in an' year out fur nine year, an' stay in de spare room? Dat dey wudden, Simon."

It was no easy task which Mr. Sinjinn had imposed on young Mars' Jeems in his wish for the hundred dollars. He was land-poor like hundreds of others in the South of that day who, in the disorganized condition of labor, were not only unable to make their broad acres productive, but in many instances could scarcely gain enough from the soil to support existence and to pay the heavy taxes which an equally impoverished local government imposed.

Mr. Sinjinn, though his senior by four years, had been young Mars' Jeems's intimate friend at college. They had been soldiers in the ranks together in the dark days of the Confederacy, and each had been wounded in the same battle of the Seven Days about Richmond. Now he had come to be his guest at Kingsmill, and by all the laws of an inherited and ungrudging hospitality no wish of his friend, express or implied, lying within the bounds of accomplishment, might rightly remain ungratified.

"By Heavens!" said young Mars' Jeems, aloud, after Mr. Sinjinn had gone up-stairs to his room. "I'll get it for him if I have to go to the court-house and mortgage every acre of the place. But I'm powerfully glad that he didn't want it to-day or to-morrow. I hardly know what I should have done. There has been many a five-pound note and many a ten-dollar bill in the old desk there in the library in its time, but to-day it is as empty as a last-year's bird's-nest."

By the end of the week young Mars' Jeems had "raised" the money.

"I will give you my note of hand, Jeems," said Mr. Sinjinn, folding the bills into a tight wad and carelessly stuffing it into his trousers pocket.

"Note of hand, Alston?" queried young Mars' Jeems. "What are you thinking of? I don't want any note of hand from you. I should decline to accept it. The word of a gentleman is as good as his bond; and, besides"—he spoke hesitatingly, as if not sure how Mr. Sinjinn would receive his statement

—"I don't want you to have any repayment of it on your mind. You can suit your convenience about it, Alston; and be sure I shall never mention or think of it."

"Thank you, Jeems," said Mr. Sinjinn, simply. "When I leave to-morrow I may be absent for some weeks. If you do not hear from me do not be concerned."

Stranger to young Mars' Jeems than Mr. Sinjinn's proffered request for the loan was his announcement of his proposed departure from the place for an indefinite period. It filled the mind of the master of Kingsmill with grave apprehension.

"He is getting old, and he is physically very frail and weak, and as simple as a child," he said that night to Mis' Nancy.

"Dat what he is! Dat what he sho'ly is!" commented Ommirandy, who had been an unobserved witness of the loan. "He ain' take no keer uv hisse'f fur a long time now; an', 'scusin' dat money you done gin him, he jes' ez po' ez a rat. Ever sence he been here he like Orrin when dey pull down his cabin at Ole Town over his head. Orrin, he say he kin move in ten minutes. All he got ter do is ter put out de fire an' whistle fur his dawg. Mr. Sinjinn ain' eben got no dawg ter whistle fur."

"I cannot imagine where on earth he is going, or what he intends to do with that money. It is the first time since he came here that he has ever intimated a desire to go away, or expressed a wish for more money than we gave him. He has always seemed perfectly contented. We have done everything we could do for him, and I hope that there is nothing which has caused him dissatisfaction. I am troubled with the thought that because he is so sensitive he would never tell us if he were uncomfortable, and that possibly he is going away for the reason that he is no longer satisfied."

"My dear," said his wife, laying an affectionate, slim hand on his arm, "don't worry yourself. Alston, for all his gentleness and self-effacement, will not get lost. He will come back. But, now that he is going, I shall say to you what I have never said. He is a mystery to me, as I am sure he must be to you. I have always wondered how a man of

his refinement of feeling should have been contented to stay here as he has done for so long a time, a pensioner on your bounty."

"Don't say that, Nancy!" protested young Mars' Jeems. "It hurts."

"I don't mean that he is not welcome," she answered. "He is. I don't mean that we don't want him. We do. I just cannot understand it."

"Pshaw, Nancy!" said young Mars' Jeems. "I'm sorry you ever let such a thought enter your mind. Alston never was strong. He is prematurely an old man. He knows that we are his friends. He couldn't make a living now practising law. The law he knew has perished. He is a back number. He knows that we are glad to do what we can for him. He has no kith nor kin to go to. I'd stay with him just as he has stayed with us, under like circumstances."

"I have thought that, perhaps, he has something put away, that he hoped to recompense us with when he—"

"Good Lord, Nancy!" exclaimed young Mars' Jeems. "Don't ever think it again. We wouldn't want it. And, besides, he hasn't got a cent on earth."

"Mr. Sinjinn done gone," announced Ommirandy to the kitchen company next day. "I ax young Mars' Jeems an' Mis' Nancy whar he gwine an' dey dun'no'. Dat is one good ole man dat done gone away f'om Kingsmill when he went. Howcome he go 'way f'om here, anyhow? Ain' young Mars' Jeems treat him like he was de Queen o' Sheba in all his glory, an' was not arrayed like one o' dese?"

With expressive gesture she swept her hand over the listening assemblage.

"Mr. Sinjinn 'pear somehow ter take a heap off'n Mars' Jeems," observed Simon, sitting at the kitchen table with a bountiful supply of batter-bread and fried bacon before him. "Somehow ur nuther, he ain' nuver 'pear fur ter pay Mars' Jeems no board nur nothin', so fur ez Ise heerd. Is he?"

The query was addressed to no one particularly. "He jes' flung it out fur ter keep de talk movin'," Uncle Jonas said to Delphy later.

Ommirandy arose and strode to the middle of the kitchen floor, with

a knife in one hand and a fork in the other.

"Simon," she said, aggressively, "you ain' got no mo' sense 'n a sheep! You ain' nuver had no sense. You bein' born wid a caul mought ha' been fur luck, but, 'fo' Gord, it sho'ly warn't fur gumption. You ain' got none. Don't you know young Mars' Jeems love dat man? Den ain' dat enough? What else does you want? Don't dat settle it?"

The discomfited Simon helped himself again to batter-bread and "dreened" over it a tablespoonful of bacon-sop. Then he took another rasher of the fried bacon and remained discreetly mute. He was too respectful and too amiable to engage in an argument with his mother. Also he knew from experience the futility of it.

A month passed, and no word came to Kingsmill from Mr. Sinjinn. Mis' Nancy could not fail to observe that young Mars' Jeems grew more and more restless.

"I miss him very much," he said to her in the third week after his friend's departure. "The backgammon-board hasn't been on the library table since he left, and it seems strange never to hear him calling Simon or asking for the newspaper. I hope nothing has happened to him."

Mis' Nancy thought that it would have been consistent with Mr. Sinjinn's usual consideration if he had sent at least a line to his friends at Kingsmill saying that he was well. But she refrained from expressing her thought to young Mars' Jeems. Seeing him at last so obviously concerned at their late guest's long and unexplained absence, she put in words to Ommirandy what she had left unsaid to her liege lord.

"I can't understand why he did not tell us where he was going or what he was going for, or when we might look for him back, Mirandy. The whole thing seems very strange to me, and your Mars' Jeems is worried. He might at least have written us a letter."

"You ain' skeered 'bout him none, is you, honey?" asked the old woman.

"I can't help feeling uneasy, Mirandy," she replied. "He has been out of the world so long."



Drawn by Walter J. Biggs

"JEEMS," SAID MR. SINJINN, "I WANT ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS"

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"Lor'! Mis' Nancy," said Ommirandy, "don't you worry yo'se'f 'bout Mr. Sinjinn. He weak an' sickly, but he done practise law an' he done been thoo de war. Any man what practise law kin take keer o' hisse'f, let alone fightin' endurin' o' de whole war. An' Mr. Sinjinn, he ain' gwi' ter furgit we-all, nuther. He got some good reason howcome he ain' writ back. Put yo' faith in de Lord, chile. Dar ain' no sparrer draps on de groun', 'scusin' He know sump'n 'bout it. How much money did young Mars' Jeems give him?"

The amount of the loan was stated.

"Well, you listen ter me, now. He done been gone 'bout a mont'. Dat money gwi' lars' him jes' 'bout one mont'. Ef you-all don't hear nothin' f'om him inside uv a week's time, you gwi' see him an' de ole black portmanty on de wharf at de tail en' o' de week. You sen' Jonas wid Baytop dar ter meet de boat dat day."

On the day named by the old woman Mr. Sinjinn walked down the gangway of the boat and handed the black portmanteau to Jonas, who stood on the wharf with young Mars' Jeems to greet him. No letter or message had come from him, but the owner of Kingsmill had been told that Ommirandy looked for Mr. Sinjinn's return on that date, and with the wish in his heart that her prognostication might prove true, and the fear in his heart that his old friend might perchance never come back, he had directed Jonas to hitch up Baytop.

When the ancient horse and his ancient driver started down the roadway young Mars' Jeems had called:

"Wait, Jonas! I think I'll go with you."

As he climbed into the rickety vehicle young Mars' Jeems said, aloud, "He might come, after all."

"Yas, sir; he gwi' sho'ly come," responded old Jonas. "M'randy, she say in de kitchen, yistiddy, he gwi' come ter-day, sir."

If Ommirandy had prophesied the advent of the last day, Jonas and the kitchen company would have at once begun to get ready their ascension-robes and have advised the other darbies at Old Town, including the Rev'un', to go and do likewise.

There was a smile on young Mars' Jeems's face as he clasped Mr. Sinjinn's hand. "You can walk back, Jonas," he said. "I'll drive him."

The returned traveler smiled in response to his friend's cordial greeting, but it was a weary and half-hearted smile that indicated a state of mind which was not one of happiness.

Young Mars' Jeems surely expected Mr. Sinjinn to say that he was glad to get back to Kingsmill and to his friends there, but the words remained unspoken.

"Something very bad has happened to him, Nancy," he said to his wife that night, after the wanderer had taken his candle from the table in the hall and gone slowly up-stairs to his bedchamber. "He didn't utter one syllable about where he had been or what he had been doing. It is very extraordinary. He didn't even intimate that he was glad to get home. I don't think he spoke ten words from the wharf to the house. He seems to me a heartbroken man."

"I wish I might comfort you about him, Jeems," she replied, "but Alston has certainly changed. He looks twenty years older than when he left, and he seemed to me very old then. I think with you that he has had some most unhappy experience."

"I 'spec' he done been ter see his sweetheart," said Ommirandy, standing by. "Mebbe he done found de young 'oman's dead; ur mebbe she still livin', an' done kicked him!"

"Shut up, Mirandy!" said young Mars' Jeems. "You're an infernal old idiot!"

From the hour of Mr. Sinjinn's return no one at Kingsmill failed to observe and to comment on his changed appearance and demeanor. The lines that had long been channeled in his Roman face grew deeper and more rugged, and the man's thin figure had taken on a perceptible stoop.

"He sets out dar on de po'ch," said Ommirandy to Delphy, "lookin' lak he kinder dazed. He useter always be so peart an' cheerful, an' now he don't take no notice o' nothin'. He jes' sets dar all day an' look down de ribber, same ez he was expectin' uv a ship dat don't nuver come. He done got slow in his

movements, too, lak de rheumatiz is hit him."

"I been notice he ain' take no intrus' in nothin' sence he come back," commented Simon. "He look lak he don't want me ter wait on him no mo'."

"Dat de way he do me," said Ommirandy. "He keep on thankin' me an' thankin' me. An' de mantelpiece money! 'Fo' Gord, ef I didn' see him come in his chamber-room dis mornin', whilst I was makin' up his bed, an' walk over ter de chimbly-place whar young Mars' Jeems puts de five dollars—an' he stan' dar lookin' at it! Den he groan an' say: 'My Gord! My Gord!' When he look 'roun' an' notice me he say, 'Mirandy, I was sayin' my pra'rs.' An' I say, 'Mars' Sinjinn, I hates ter think it, but it soun' ter me lak ye warn't lookin' fur de Lord ter he'p ye out on dat pra'r.' Den he say, 'Mirandy, I'm awful affeard He nuver will.' Den he hobble out de room same ez a crazy man, wid de five dollars in his han'. He meet young Mars' Jeems in de front hall, an' he say: 'Here, Jeems, take dis here money, an' don't ye nuver do it ag'in. I thank ye, dear old Jeems,' Mars' Sinjinn say, 'but it's pars' my stren'th ter b'ar it now.'"

"What Mars' Jeems say?" queried Simon.

"Say?" she responded. "What you reck'n he say? He say, 'Alston, don't be a damn fool! What else he gwi' say?'"

After some weeks, vestiges of Mr. Sinjinn's former serenity and contentment seemed to return. But the most casual observer might not fail to detect beneath his attempted cheerfulness the unreality and the futility of it all.

"He can't fool Mirandy," said the old woman. "'Tain' gwineter be long 'fo' dey puts him over yonder at Christ Church 'mongst de Kingsmill high-ups in de marvel toms."

The autumn came and kindled the trees along the river-bank into lucent fires. For two or three days Mr. Sinjinn had failed to come down-stairs to his meals.

"Tell Jeems and Mis' Nancy that I'm feeling a little tired to-day, Mirandy," he said, wearily, to the old woman, when she came up to straighten his room and found him sitting dressed by his table,

with the old portmanteau gaping open near his chair, and a bundle of letters and papers on his knee.

They both went up to see him and to learn if he was comfortable.

"He done gone ter sleep same ez he was a little baby," the old woman said to the master of Kingsmill on the fourth day of Mr. Sinjinn's continued stay in his room.

Some days later young Mars' Jeems and Mis' Nancy together, with sorrowing hearts and tender hands, went through the bundle of papers which had lain on Mr. Sinjinn's table since his visit ended. They found the old *cartes-de-visite* with them; and they found also three or four recorded deeds and his will.

Folded in the will was a letter addressed "To my dear James and my dear Nancy." One of the deeds, dated in 1866, conveyed to Arthur Seymour twenty-three town lots of a land-improvement company purporting to lie and be situate in the vicinity of what had since come to be a city in the West. Another deed conveyed four other lots of another company, also purporting to be located near the same city. A third deed conveyed all of these lots from Arthur Seymour to Alston St. John. Folded in the last-named deed were the tax-tickets representing the taxes which Mr. Sinjinn had paid from year to year with the monthly stipend from the mantelpiece; and there were some letters of a comparatively recent date from a firm of real-estate agents.

After they had looked through the papers they read Mr. Sinjinn's will. It devised in fee-simple his town lots in the West to his "dear and faithful friends," his hosts of Kingsmill; and they noticed that the holograph writing bore date of the first month of his visit, nine years before. The letter, scrawled in a trembling handwriting on a half-sheet of paper, had been written on the day of his recent return.

"I went out to see about the lots. They are barren sand-banks on the Kaw River, ten miles from anywhere."

The writing was signed after his constant fashion since his partner's death, "St. John, surviving."

The Twilight of Genius

BY W. L. GEORGE



GIVEN that the attitude of the modern community toward genius is one of suspicion modified by fear, I am inclined to wonder what a latter-day Tarquinius would do in the garden of contemporary thought. The old Superb struck off the heads of all flowers grown higher than their fellows; he was ancestor to those who persecuted Galileo, Copernicus, Hargreaves, Papin, Manet—all the people who differed from their brethren and thus engendered the greatest malevolence of which man is capable: family hatred. I think Tarquinius has but himself to blame if there are to-day so few heads to strike off. He struck off so many that in a spirit of self-protection genius bred more sparingly. All allowances made for the hope from which the thought springs, I feel that we live on a soil watered by many tears, poor ground for genius to flourish in, where now and then it may wither into success, where glory is transmuted into popularity, where beauty is spellbound into smartness. My general impression is that genius is missing, and unlikely of appearance; weakly I turn to the past and say, "Those were the days," until I remember that in all times people spoke of the past and said, "Those were the days." For the past is never vile, never ugly; it has the immense merit of being past. But, even so, I feel that in certain periods, in certain places, genius could flourish better than it does in the midst of our elevated railways and wireless telesynographs.

Our period is perhaps poor in genius because it is so rich in talent. There is so much talent that one can buy any amount of it for forty dollars a week, and a great deal more for two lines in an evening paper. Talent is the foe of genius; it is the offshoot from the big

tree, which cannot itself become a tree, and yet weakens the parent stock. Indeed, it may be that the sunset of genius and the sunrise of democracy happened all within one day. In former times so few men had access to learning that they formed a caste without jealousy, anxious to recruit from among ambitious youth. The opportunities of the common man were small; the opportunities of the uncommon man were immense. Perhaps because of this, three of the richest epochs in mankind came about; the self-made merchant, writing to his son, was not wrong to say that there is plenty of room at the top, and no elevator; but he should have added that there was a mob on the stairs and on the top a press agency.

My general impression of the Medicis is a highly select society, centering round a Platonic academy which radiated the only available culture of the day, the Latin and the Greek. War, intrigue, clerical ambition, passion and murder—all these made of a century a colored background against which stand out any flowers that knew how to bloom. The small, parochial society of the Medicis wanted flowers; to-day we want bouquets. It was the same in the period that includes Elizabeth, the period that saw Sydney, Beaumont, Sir Walter Raleigh, Shakespeare, Spenser; here again a nucleus of time haloed with the golden dust of thought, as a fat comet draws its golden trail. The Elizabethan period was the heroic time of English history, the time of romance, because it sought the unknown land and the unknown truth, because if some easily went from gutter to gallows others as easily found their way from gutter to palace. This is true also of the period of Louis XIV., an inferior person, of barbarous vanity, of negligent uxoriousness, untiring stratagem, but a great man all the same because greedy of all life can give, whether beautiful women,

broad kingdoms or sharp intellects. To please him, Molière, Boileau, Racine, and many lords of less importance, danced their little dance under the umbrella of his patronage. They are still dancing, and Louis XIV., that typical bigwig, stands acquitted.

When one thinks of these periods, one is perhaps too easily influenced, for one compares them with one's own—its haste, its scurry for money, its noisy hustle. One fails to see the flaws in other times; one forgets the spurns that merit of the unworthy took, the crumb that the poor man of thought picked up from the carpet of the man of place. But still, but still . . . like an obstinate old lady, that is all one can say; one feels that those were better days for genius, because then respectability was unborn.

It may be that already my readers and I are at war, for here am I, glibly talking of genius without precisely knowing what it is, as one may talk of art, or love, without being able to define these things, and being able only to point them out when one sees them. Carlyle was much laughed at for saying that genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains. That does not sound like genius; one imagines genius as raveling its hair, whatever raveling may be, and producing the immortal Word to the accompaniment of epileptic fits; absinthe also goes with genius very well. But in reality, genius, I suspect, is a tamer affair, and arises easily enough in men like Rembrandt, who painted pictures because he liked doing it and because the sitters paid him for their portraits; much more satisfactorily to Carlyle it arises in men like Flaubert, who revealed much of his attitude in one phrase of his correspondence, "To-day I have worked sixteen hours and have at last finished my page." Therein lies the difference between Flaubert and De Maupassant; it may be, too, that Boileau was right in advising the poet a hundred times to replace his work upon the bench, endlessly polish it, and polish it again, but many instances of almost spontaneous creation confront us; it is enough to quote that in six years, between 1602 and 1608, Shakespeare appears to have written eleven

plays, among them "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "King Lear." What shall we say, then, of that vague thing, genius, which is to mankind what the thing we call soul is to man? For my part, I believe it to be volcanic rather than sedimentary. It is as if the spirit of the race accumulated in a creature, the spirit of life claiming to be born. Genius will out, but it is most frequent in certain periods of human history, such as the Elizabethan or Medicean, in certain places, such as France, Italy, and the Low Countries, under certain influences, such as oppression, war, revolution, or social decay. That is an interesting catalogue, and, if history repeats itself, the future for genius, as evidenced particularly in art, would be black, for there have been few periods where comfort, ease, and security bred genius. It is as if the plant needed something to push against. Every day life becomes more secure, justice more certain, property more assured; humanity grows fat, and the grease of its comfort collects round its heart. It is difficult to imagine genius flourishing in a world perfectly administered by city councils.

It was not in worlds such as ours that the geniuses of the past sped their flights, but in anxious, tortured, corrupt, starving worlds, worlds of heaping ambition and often tottering fortune. Napoleon, perhaps the greatest claimant of them all, lived in one of those periods of reconstruction, when the earth bears new life, restores what the earth has just destroyed, a period very like this war (a hopeful sign, though I make no prophecies); but if Napoleon is remembered, it is not only as a conqueror, for other men have won battles, and the dust of their fame is mingled with the dust of their bones. His genius does not lie in his military skill, in his capacity to pin a wing while piercing a center, nor in his original idea that guns should be taken from battalions and massed into artillery brigades. The genius of Napoleon lies in the generality of his mind, in his conception of war as the victory of the transport officer, in his conception of peace as the triumph of law, which is the French Civil Code. It lies in the breadth of mind which understood what

the State could derive from the tobacco monopoly, and in the middle of flaming Moscow, in a conquered country, surrounded by starving troops and massing enemies, could calmly peruse the law establishing the French state-endowed theaters and sign it upon a drum-head. That is typical, for genius is both general and particular. It is the quality to which nothing that is human can be alien, whether of mankind or of man. Lincoln was a man such as that; his passionate advocacy of the negro, his triumph at Cooper Union, his Gettysburg dedication, his administrative capacity—all that is little by the side of his one sentiment for the conquered South: "I will treat them as if they had never been away."

The detail, which is the prison-house of the little man, is the exercising ground of the great one. Such men as Galileo showed what brand it was they would set upon history's face; the soul of Galileo is not in the telescope, or in the isochronism of the pendulum oscillation, or even in the discovery (which was rather an intuition) of the movement of the earth. All of Galileo is in one phrase: when poor, imprisoned, tortured and mocked, heretic and recusant, he was able to murmur to those who bade him recant, "Still she moves." It is in all of them, this general and this particular—in Leonardo, together painter, mathematician, architect and excellent engineer, but above all father of "La Gioconda." It is in Beethoven, not so much in the "Pathétique" or in the "Pastorale," as in the man who, through his deafness, could still hear the songs of eternity. Special and general were they all; one comes to think that genius is together an infinite capacity for seeing all things, and an infinite capacity for ignoring all things but one.

Life goes marching on. Who shall claim the laurel wreath that time cannot wither? So many, still living or recently dead, have postured so well that it is hard to say what will be left when they have been discounted at the Bank of Posterity. Politicians, writers, men of science, highly prized by their fellows—what living court is cool enough to judge them? Who shall say whether Rodin

will remain upon a pedestal, or whether he will fall to a rank as low as that of Lord Leighton? Likewise Doctor Ehrlich saw the furrow he plowed crossed by other furrows; it may be that the turbulent, inquisitive mind of Mr. Edison may have developed only fascinating applications, and not have, as we think, set new frontiers to the fields of scientific thought. Those are men difficult to fix, as are also men such as Lord Kitchener and Henry James, because they are too close to us as persons to be seen entirely, and yet too far for us to imagine the diagrams of their personalities. We are closer to some others, to people such as Mr. Thomas Hardy, even though he stopped in full flight and gathered himself together only to produce the *Dynasts* in a medium which is not quite the one he was born to. We are fairly close, too, to M. Anatole France, to his gaiety, his malignancy, his penetration without pity. M. Anatole France is one of the great doubtfuls of our period, like the Kaiser and Mr. Roosevelt. Like both, he has something of the colossal, and like both he suggests that there were, or may be, taller giants. For as one reads M. Anatole France, as he leads one by the hand through Ausonian glades, the shadow of Voltaire haunts one, wearing a smile secure and vinegary. Likewise, when we consider the Kaiser, where depth has been transmuted into area, where responsibility to his own pride borders upon mania, appraisal is difficult. The Kaiser, judging him from his speeches and his deeds, appears to have carried the commonplace to a pitch where it attains distinction. He has become as general as an encyclopedia; he is able to embrace in a single brain theocracy and local government, official art and zoology; he has carried respect for the family to the limit of patriarchal barbarity—one loses all sense of proportion and ceases to know whether he is colossal or monstrous. In many ways one discovers brotherhood in people like Cecil Rhodes, the Kaiser, and Mr. Roosevelt. All three are warriors in a modern ring, and all three suggest displacement from their proper period, for I imagine the Kaiser better as a Frederick Barbarossa, Cecil Rhodes as an all-powerful Warren Hastings, and

Mr. Roosevelt as a roaring Elizabethan sailor, born to discover and ravage some new kind of Spanish Main.

They are not easily passed through the gauge of criticism, these people. Their angles have not worn off, so that many doubtfuls, such as Carlyle, Whitman, De Maupassant, Beaconsfield, people who dumped themselves in history and stayed there because one did not know how to move them, put their names down as candidates to the immortal roll. Excepting, perhaps, M. Anatole France, it is difficult to tell where they will pass eternity. If we cannot say who of our fathers may claim the laurel wreath, how can we choose from among ourselves? We judge our fathers so harshly that it is a comfort to think we may be as unjust to our sons—but what of ourselves? of this generation which feels so important that it hardly conceives a world without itself? a generation like other generations in the Age of Bronze, that felt so advanced because the Age of Stone had gone by? Let us name nobody, and consider, rather, the times in which we sow our seeds.

They are not very good times, these modern ones. Historically speaking, they are not the sort of times which favor genius; though it be true that genius is volcanic, there are conditions which assist its birth, which give tongues to inglorious Miltons. It is so, just as certain times and conditions can stifle even genius, and the paradox is that both are the same. Poverty can kill genius, and it can make it; oppression may clip its wings or grow its feathers; disease may sap its strength or flog its nerves. Epictetus was a slave. But these are personal instances, and in regard to a historical period not main influences, for they have always prevailed—prevailed over Rembrandt, who went back to the mill because he could not make a living by painting pictures, like a post-impressionist stranded in Pittsburg; as they prevailed over Giotto until he was discovered by Cimabue. The feature of our period is its devouring hatred of anything worthy of being called art; thus have come about two decays, that of the artist and that of art. A void and vulgarized world has

deprived us of an aloof audience, for the aristocrats who once were cultured are photographed in the papers. Haste, crudity, sensation, freedom from moral, religious, social ties have brought about a neglect of fine shades. Thus, when I consider the conditions created in every civilized state by the present war, where speech is repressed, where letters are read, rebels banished, where the songs of the muses are drowned by the yapping of the popular curs, I find hope in humanity, because it is a sleepy thing and often asserts its greatness when it is most reviled. To take a minor instance (and let us not exaggerate its value), I doubt if post-impressionists, futurists, cubists and such like would have achieved the little they have if they had not felt outcast, a sort of gray company marching into the lonely dawn. Oh yes! they are small people, absurd people, many of them; they will be followed by other people quite as small and as petty, and they will set to work to astonish the bourgeoisie. At that game one of them may manage to stagger humanity.

I suspect that three main qualities affect the occurrence of genius—the emotional quality of a period, its intellectual and its romantic quality. It is not easy to discern those three qualities in the modern world, because of the growing uniformity of mankind. The individual is greater than the citizen, and yet a deep-dyed national livery brings him out. As civilization spreads, in all white countries other than Russia it tends to produce a uniform type; at any rate, it produces uniform groups of types. For instance, if we measure types by their anxiety to gain money or status, by the houses in which they agree to live, by the clothes they wear, the foods and the pleasures they like, we find little differences between the industrial districts of Lombardy and Sheffield, the coal-mines and factories of Lille, or those of Pennsylvania. Likewise, if we compare elegance, hurry, display, intellectual keenness, a man will find all he wants, whether he live in Paris, in Vienna, in New York, or in London. (I have eaten dinner at the Metropole, London, the Metropole, Paris, the Metropole, Brussels, and the

Continental, San Sebastian; and it was the same dinner everywhere, more or less—*Suprême de Volaille, Riz à l'Impératrice*, etc. Even the farmers, those laggards, have lost so many of their ancient ways that from Sussex to Kentucky identities have sprung up. The races, now that railways and steamers have come, mingle freely, exchange dishes, plays, and entangle themselves matrimonially in foreign lands. It was less so in 1850, and it was hardly so in 1800. Following on travel, and on the growth of foreign trade, the study of foreign languages has sprung up, so that most of us are fit to become ambassadors or waiters. Education, too, which in its golden age taught no man anything that would be of the slightest practical use to him, that contented itself with making him into a man of culture, has in all white countries set itself the task of fitting men, by the means of languages, cheap science, geography and bookkeeping, to force life to pay dividends. Only life pays no dividends; it merely increases its capital.

This similarity of life, induced by the modern applications of science, the railway, the telegraph, the telephone, double-entry, the steamer, the film, has denationalized man, and however many wars he may wage in the cause of nationality he will continue to grow denationalized, because the contact of neighbors, which he cannot avoid, teaches him to desire what they enjoy; he can attain his desire only by becoming more like them. I doubt if this is the best atmosphere for the rise of genius.

Retirement within self, followed by violent emergence, one of the conditions of genius, is more easily attained in an inclosed community of the type of ancient Florence than in a sort of international congress like Chicago. The sensation of being a chosen people, felt by all strong nationalities, such as the Elizabethan English, the *Mayflower* settlers, the Jews, the Castillians, provides the stimulus to pride which spurs into the gallop of genius a talent which might trot. Thus the Chinese potters and the Japanese painters of the past produced their unequalled work, while of late years they have taken to European

ways, and have come to paint so ill that they are admired in respectable drawing-rooms. Molière was a Frenchman; his humor is not that of Falstaff, nor of Aristophanes, nor of Gogol. He was a Frenchman first and a genius after. Likewise Cervantes was a Spaniard and Turgenev a Russian. None of them could be anything else. But they did not carry their nation; they rode it; though genius express the world, its consciousness of its own people expresses that people. The nationality of a man of genius is a sort of tuning-fork which tells him all the time whether his word or his deed is ringing true to his own being. It is not wonderful that in such conditions the emotional quality of our time should be hard to discern, for it is not easy to survey a boiling world. That quality can be expressed only through four media—art, patriotism, religion, and love. No sculptor makes a bid for a pedestal. In painting, the chaos is perhaps pregnant, but it is still chaos; not one of our young cubists or futurists can pretend to be anything more than a curiosity or a finger-post. In literature, Italy, Germany, and Austria are desert, while France has no one to carry her tradition since the death of Octave Mirbeau. If the writers of the day were not mortal and the future leisurely, the Germans (though they have nothing to boast of) might well argue that France should take her farewell benefit. England is happier, even though nearly all her young novelists are afflicted with a monstrous interest in themselves and an equally monstrous lack of sympathy with everybody else. America does not come in yet; she is too old to bring forth the genius of the pioneer, too young to bring forth the genius of maturity. The time of the Hawthornes has gone, and the time of your young men has not yet come, but other men, in other times, will sing their songs; to a country like America, what is five hundred years?

The emotional quality of our time is no better expressed in patriotism, however prevalent this emotion may be just now. The patriotism which to-day reigns in the world is rather a negative thing; it consists much more in hating enemies than in loving friends. It is a

smoky, dusty, bloody, angry affair. It calls up every heroism and every ugliness. There is so much drama in the world that our sentiments grow dramatic, and we come to depend for our patriotic feelings upon the daily stimulus of newspapers, uniforms, and bands. All that is ephemeral because it lacks exaltation. The Germans enjoy a rather more romantic patriotism, because they are the most aggressive and the most guilty of what is happening—and it is an irony that in this guilt should be found the ancient strength that made the unjust man flourish as the green bay-tree. But their patriotism is, perhaps, the most shoddy, the most artificial of all; rhapsodies about the ancient German gods are ridiculous when we think that Germany is mainly a country of aniline factories; when they call a trench line the Siegfried Line (why not the Schopenhauer Redoubt?) they are ridiculous. Patriotism is not found in such theatrical eccentricities, any more than it is found in the constant courage of those who defend. Patriotism is in the brain, not in the body; it is love rather than hatred, a builder, not a destroyer. It opens its eyes toward fair horizons and plans cities in the clouds. It is an eternally young man who dreams dreams. Patriotism sailed with Columbus into your seas; held the hand of Necker and Witte, striving to reform their countries; it was in Grant rather than the gallant Robert Lee. Patriotism so conceived does not haunt the streets, for it is a drab affair to give all one's energy to make the justice of one's country clean, to provide for its aged and its sick, to help it to grow learned or liberal. In peace times there are no patriots; there are only partisans.

We are told that emotion repressed finds its outlet in religion; but that is not true, for religion is now a decaying force, and every day rebellion against dogma grows. Let it be clear that ethics are not decaying, but these have nothing whatever to do with religion. In the true conception of religion many a rogue has gone to heaven, because by faith he gave it existence, while many a well-living churchwarden haunts another region, possibly because it was the only one he could conceive. The modern

world does not meditate on religion. It is interested in right and wrong, but it desires no extra-human solution of the problem of life, unless it can find it in the test-tube of a laboratory. It frankly does not care, and so the afflatus which swelled such triumphant men as St. Augustine, Ignatius of Loyola, Torquemada, Mohammed, seeks sails to fill, but finds only steamboats. Religion, in its true meaning, an aspiration toward the divine, still exists among the Brahmins, but in a state of such quietism that it is sterile; it is lost to the whites. Differences of faith engender rivalry only, not hate, which is the next best thing to love. The doom of the faiths was written when their supporters lost the impulse to burn heretics.

Love is more fortunate, except that to-day too few bonds tie its wings, for it is the everlastingly real thing in the world. Mankind was charmed with its prowess in the age of stone, because it was the *lyra* upon which mortal man always thought to sing an immortal song. Love still sings its immortal songs, while the elevated railway goes clanking by; it sings in daisy-spangled meadows, by the side of gasometers; its voice can dominate a negro band, and there is no life it cannot embalm with the ashes of incense. But, even so, many things soil it—the need for money in a civilization where the gamble of life turns into an investment; there is social position, too, of which Henry VIII. thought very little, which means mainly that one always looks down upon somebody, always looks up to somebody, and seldom at anybody. But even so the satisfaction of love is too easy; if a man wishes to marry his cook, he has only to get rich and to give good dinners. (He would—obviously.) He can be divorced and forgiven. No brutal duke can exile him or lock up his beloved in a convent. There are no Montagues and Capulets to play gunman on Broadway. A few dollars and some audacity will buy the right to defy anything; barriers are coming down; classes are rising, others falling. In your country first, perhaps, social walls will be leveled. If that time shall come, then, there will be no prejudices to violate, and Love,

the eternal rebel, will have lost a gate to scale.

Many factors go toward lowering the tone of this mankind whence genius should spring as a madman or a god. One is our intense consciousness of money. The discovery of money is recent, for the rich men of the Bible wanted flocks and lands only so that they might eat well, drink well, and wed fair women; the lust of Ahab was rather unusual. At other times, in Babylon, in Venice, wealth brought material benefits first, later only distinction. Only with the rise of the middle class did wealth become the greatest force, for it alone could make the middle class equal with their fellows. As they could claim no lineage, they naturally came to want to claim themselves better than their kind—the merchant princes of the Victorian period, their sideboards, barouches, and sarcophagi; the American millionaires with their demon cars, their Ritz-Carlton dinners, their investments in old masters (guaranteed moldy), are natural consequences. Whereas in the seventeenth century you could impress if you were a duke, in the twentieth century if you become a millionaire you can stun. And you can stun only because everybody admires you for being a millionaire, because, as Miss Marion Ashworth perfectly says, "there are people whom the mention of great fortunes always makes solemn."

Even potential genius has been touched by this. Ruskin, Thackeray, Diaz, Kruger—all these loved money well, and all approached the state defined by Oscar Wilde, "to know the price of everything and the value of nothing." Love of money makes genius a laggard, for genius does not pay except in a run too long for most men's breath. "Too long!"—that is perhaps the cry of a century disinclined to take infinite pains.

With the demand for money goes the demand for fame. I doubt whether a genius still unrevealed will accept the idea that he may not achieve swift success. The fatal result is that potential genius is tempted to take the necessary steps to "get famous quick"; that is to say, it must condescend. Instead of

being one so high that none can understand him, the genius must become one just high enough to be admired. Then he is popular—and defeated, for, as some Frenchman rightly said, he has earned the wages of popularity, which are the same as those of glory—but paid out in coppers.

It is not altogether our fault, all this. The conditions in which we live do not favor the breeding of titans. Mr. Dreiser's "titan," *Cowperwood*, his "genius," *Witla*, are fairly good instances of the modern view of genius. They are blatant, stupid, acquisitive, full of the vulgar strength which would have made of them successful saloon-keepers. They cannot help it; they dwell in a world like an international exhibition, between a machine that can turn out seventeen thousand sausages an hour and the most expensive Velasquez on record; they thrive on the sweet draught of the soda-fountain rather than on the honey of Hymettus, while the sun sees his horses unharnessed from his chariot and set to grinding out units of caloric power by the something-or-other company. This does not suit genius. Genius needs solitude, true solitude—not only a place where you cannot buy newspapers, but a place where there are none *in the consciousness*. Genius needs to retreat upon itself, to fecundate itself until from the nightmare of one life is born the dream of another. Genius cannot find this solitude, because the round globe hums as it spins, because it is alive with haste, with deeds crowding into the fleet hour that is no slower nor more rapid however crowded it may be, but only more hectic. We have come to a point where noise is natural, where we cannot sleep unless trains roar past our windows and news-boys cry murders to the unmoved night.

Literature has felt this of late years, and has retired into the country to find silence, but it so nervous that silence stuns it. That will not last; many men of genius—Rembrandt, Whitman, Bach, Racine—have felt this need to withdraw, even though most of them, in the country or in tiny towns, could well afford to mix with their fellows, because there were not enough of them to make a mob. They had their opportunity and could take it, and so they produced art

which some thought to be an unhealthy secretion of the intellect. Their followers will not be so fortunate, and I have a growing vision of the world in the year 2500, when there may be but one state, one language, one race, when railroads will have pushed their heads over the Rockies, at regular five-mile intervals, when there will be city councils on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, and Patagonia will stand first for technology. First? Perhaps not—it may be worse. I feel there may be no first, but a uniform level of mediocre excellence from which there will be no escape.

The intellectual prospects are better than the artistic, for the spirit of education overhangs the planet. It is true that education does not breed genius, but it breeds a type of man in whom arise intellectual manifestations akin to genius. Modern science has probably a large number of first principles to discover, and may have to destroy a good many principles now established; it will not need education for this, but it will need education to apply the new principles. A large mind can apprehend without special education, and it may be true that Isaac Newton traced the law of gravitation from the fall of an apple, that Mr. Edison was led to the phonograph by a pricked finger, but it is much more true that the research man does not fluke upon the serum that will neutralize a disease-germ; he will discover it by endless experiment and contrivance.

No educated man can discover a serum, or hope to design a multiphase dynamo. To do this astonishing work man needs a substratum of general and technical knowledge. This is being given him all over the world, where the classics are slowly vacating the schools and more quickly the universities, where elementary education is improving, where laboratory work is beginning to mean more than bangs and smells, where science applied to dyes, to foods, to metals, has established itself in a generation as a sort of elder sister to the pure science which came to us from alchemy. This goes further than science, which includes mathematics; not only are there thousands of schools for engineers, but the universities are devel-

oping on morphology, psychology, applied philosophy, history, law, constitutional practice, etc. This is happening all over the world and creating a sounder intellectual mind. That mind is far too specialized, but still it is a trained mind, a little more able than the old passionate mind to accept conclusions which do not square with its prejudices.

In France and Germany education is mainly utilitarian, which I think unfortunate, except from the point of view of intellectual production; in England the desire for "useful" education has not yet gone very far in the public schools, which still bring forth the admirable type of idiotic gentleman, but already in the old universities of Oxford and Cambridge there is a strong movement against compulsory Greek, which will develop against compulsory Latin. As the new universities in the manufacturing towns, Glasgow, Manchester, London, Leeds, Birmingham, grow up, the movement will be precipitated at Oxford and Cambridge, for they have always been kicked into leadership, and no doubt will be kicked again. In America the movement is perhaps more pronounced, but more peculiar, because you appear to desire equally riches and culture. You have not yet had time to make castes; you have been too busy making a great country.

I do not say that all this is agreeable. It is not, for education, once too deeply rooted in the useless, is throwing out equally dangerous roots into the useful. (As if we knew what is useful and what is useless in a life that must end in a passage through the needle's eye!) I do not like to think that a scholar should ask himself whether a subject will pay; it is distasteful that he should learn Russian to trade in Russia, and not to read Dostoevsky. There will be a reaction, for all fevers fall. A period must come when a new Virchow leads a crusade for the humanities, for philosophy, for the arts, and will make fashionable "culture for culture's sake." But before then the world must sink deeper into materialist education. That education will profit the world materially, because it makes the soil in which invention grows. It appears to be a good thing that ten ears of corn should be

made to grow where once there grew but one, and so I suppose we must assume that it is a good thing if a machine can be induced to produce a million tin tacks in ten minutes instead of half an hour, although I do not quite know why we should assume it. It is true that the boys and girls whom we draw from the peasantry, the artisans, whom we fill with dreams of becoming young gentlemen in black coats and perfect ladies, are likely to produce a more nervous and intellectually acquisitive race, that they are more observant, more anxious to apprehend intellectually than were their forefathers, who only wanted to live. That class is to-day producing the industrial chemist, the technical agriculturist, the electrician, the stone and timber expert, etc. The doctor, the solicitor, even the clergyman, are intellectually better trained than they were, more inclined to keep up-to-date by means of the journals of their societies and of the latest books. I think that class is likely to give us a sufficient group of Edisons, Pasteurs, Faradays, Röntgens. The coming centuries will inevitably see scientific developments which we only guess at—synthetic foods, synthetic fuels, metals drawn from the sea, the restoration of tissues, the prolongation of life, the applications of radio-active energy; we may assist at developments such as systematic thought-transference, enlarge valuable organs such as the lungs and procure the atrophy of useless ones such as the appendix. We have practically created protoplasm, and may soon reach the amoeba—stumble perhaps a little further toward the triumph that would make man divine, the creation of life. We have everything to help us. Early genius was handicapped by having very little to build on, by finding it almost impossible to learn anything, because up to the eighteenth century anything and anybody intellectually valuable was burned; early genius could depend only upon itself; it could not correlate its discoveries with those of others; nobody could assist it toward proof; genius always had to begin again at the beginning, and as a result made only occasional discoveries, so that the ignorance of the world was like an uncharted sea, dotted here and

there with a ship of knowledge unable to signal to another. That is over. No hypothesis is too daring, no claim is too great; every specialist is inflamed with an insatiable appetite for more knowledge, and, on the whole, he is willing to publish his own. This means that thousands, some of them men of talent, are co-operating on a single point, and it is quite possible that they will achieve more than the outcast whom his fellows could not understand.

Such a future is not open to the arts, for they endeavor to-day to appeal not to small classes, but to "the public"; this means that they must startle or remain unknown. The outcast was not always so tempted; sometimes he sold himself to a patron, but there were not many of them, and so the artist worked for himself, hoping at best that a limited cultured class would recognize him; to-day he must sing to a deaf public, and so is tempted to bray. It is therefore in science and statesmanship that the romantic quality of the future will be found. Romance is a maligned word, debased to fit any calf-love; romance is pinkish, or bluish, tender, feeble, and ends in orange-blossom, or, as the case may be, tears by the side of mother's grave. That is the romance of the provincial touring company. True romance is virile, generous, and its voice is as that of the trumpet. Romance is the wage of the watcher who with ever-open eyes scans the boundless air in eternal expectation that a thing unknown will appear. Romance is the quest of the unknown thing; it is Don Quixote riding Rozinante, Vasco da Gama for the first time passing the Cape; romance is every little boy who dug in the back garden in the hope of reaching the antipodes. For the romantic goal is always on the other side of the hill; everlastingly we seek it in love, for the spirit of the loved thing is on the other side of the hill, because, more exactly, what we seek is on the other side of ourselves.

In our modern world it is possible to lead the romantic life, even though the equator and the poles be accessible to the touring agencies, even though most loves be contracts, for we live in times of disturbance, where war, international and civil, holds its sway, where democra-

cies stir, where men are exalted and abased. All times, no doubt, were stirring, and after the fall of the Roman Empire they followed almost everywhere the same course. After the invasion of the barbarians romance fell into the hands of the rough knights, who established order by the sword; it passed to the more spiritual knights, who went forth on the Crusade; then the kings dominated the knights, creating states, while the citizens raised their banners and exacted equality with kings; the age of exploration came, the triumph of the merchant in India, Virginia, Hudson's Bay; wealth arose, an ambitious foe of royal and aristocratic power. Then came the revolutions, the American, the French, the European struggle of 1848, the grand battle against slavery, culminating in your country. That was romance, all that excitement, ambition, achievement, carrying its men high. If citizen slays aristocrat, if rich man slays labor, now labor may slay rich man. Divisions of blood have fallen and every day fall lower, as the Portuguese, the Chinese, the Russians set up republican states where no blood is blue. That is not the end, for the modern division is economic, and the romance of mankind will be the establishment of states where strife will kill strife, where tolerance, if not justice, can reign; where discontent will give way to a content not ignoble.

In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries many romantic lives have been led; startling persons have risen like meteors, and a few still burn like suns. Men like Cecil Rhodes, like Mr. Lloyd George, like President Carranza, Mr. Rockefeller, Prince Kropotkin, have lived startling lives of con-

test and desire. In these movements still obscure, where labor will array itself against wealth, where hideous, tyrannic things will be done in the name of liberty, where hatred will smooth the path to love, I think there will be extraordinary careers because nothing is impossible to men, and a few things may become possible to women. Many say too lightly that opportunity is not as great as under Elizabeth. They forget that if the arts are sick, other careers are open; while no man could expect coronation by Elizabeth, he can now aim at the high crown of the love or hatred of Demos. Republics, too, can have their Rasputins.

The future of genius lies with science and the state, because the state has effected a corner in power and romance. For art and letters there is little hope in a growingly mechanical civilization, because the modern powerful depend upon the mob and not upon each other; therefore, as Napoleon said, they must be a little like the mob—be the super-mob. In their view, as in the view of those who follow them, art cannot rival money and domination. The mob hates the arts whenever they rise high, for the arts can be felt, but not understood; at other times it scorns them. Therefore, the arts must suffer from the atmosphere of indifference they must breathe. They will not vanish, for mankind needs always to express itself, its aspiration, its content, its discontent; those three can be expressed only in the arts. But this does not mean that the arts can aspire to thrones or be worthy of them; as science and the state dwarf them they must become little stimulants, sing little songs that will less and less be heard amid the roar of the spinning world.



Foul Deeds

BY JOHN RUSSELL



IF there's one time more than another that a man wants to be careful whom he associates with, it's when he's shipwrecked. You see, a shipwreck is such an intimate affair, and, while you might be glad to eat with anybody before you starved with him, you'd rather know something of his disposition, sour or kindly, and his morals, tough or easy, and also his habits—vegetarian or otherwise. For his tastes might not suit you at all. And that's why Andrew Harben declares that the next time he gets cast away he's going to pick his company well ahead.

Looking back on it now, you can't begrudge him his little fling in this manner of speaking, and his theory is sound as far as it goes. But the mere truth is that when these events happened he didn't have much choice or much notion of choosing. He found himself floating around in the Arafura Sea on a chicken-coop, and without being over-curious about the circumstances, he counted himself pretty lucky right there—which he was.

If you should push west of Torres and escape the innumerable coral - reefs, mostly uncharted, and if you should turn up on a northerly slant and run far enough, without getting your plates ripped, or your bow stove, or carried a hundred miles off your course by the crazy tides and currents, why then you're in the Arafura Sea. And you can have it. Nobody ever uses it except Chinese junks after tripang, and Malay poachers after pearls, and woolly-headed Papua fishers after dugong, and Bugis pirate prowls after all of them, and maybe a Dutch gunboat after every one else. It's just a lonely stretch of blue between New Guinea and the Aru Islands and the most forsaken corner in that Eastern Archipelago, which is to

say the most forsaken part in all the warm waters of the earth.

But it was Andrew Harben's duty, and his delight, to go poking around in queer regions. A dirty little tramp steamer had taken him aboard at Merawkay, only to knock her brains out and sink with all hands in a hurricane, leaving nothing worth the mention except Andrew Harben and the aforesaid chicken-coop.

A curious thing, if you've ever noticed, is that it always does seem to be a chicken-coop in such cases. There are a hundred likelier objects about a vessel's deck, and you might expect the perishing mariner would grab a spar or an oar or a hatch-cover or some other maritime furnishing. But seemingly he never does. And thus with Andrew Harben when the *Geelong*, having dodged a hundred reefs, ran atop of the hundred and first and spread out like a rotten box when you kick it against a wall. It was then the worst of a most furious night, with no hope of aid in the sea, and the wind raging. Andrew Harben went whirling and spinning through the smother like a pea in a stew-kettle. He got caught in a raffle of cordage and run under by one of the boats which was already gun'le under and full of yelling Kanakas; he was tossed about with kegs and crates and gratings until it was a wonder he wasn't smashed. At last he did get a whack from a splintered yard, but just as his strength was going he fetched up against an object riding light and free to which he clung. It was the chicken-coop.

Then Andrew Harben knew that his time had not come yet, for he had heard about chicken-coops in shipwrecks before. So he hung on with all his fingers and toes, and in the midst of that howling hurricane, exhausted by his efforts, he at last fell fast asleep.

In his early years Andrew Harben had lived on a farm near Woolloomooloo.

Here he had developed a most inquiring genius for natural history. He declared that he knew the cows and the cockatoos and the chickens and katydids by their first names, and undoubtedly he was familiar with the language peculiar to each.

And so, on the following morning, when Andrew Harben heard—or thought he heard—"the sound that wakes the honest countryman the world around" he naturally felt as if he must be a boy once more, with the breakfast bacon frying and the farmer calling him to shake himself up out of that and go and tend the calves. Only it seemed as if the mattress was lumpier than usual, and that his bed was swinging like a basket.

When he opened his eyes, there he was on the chicken-coop under a clear dawn that lighted the empty ocean from rim to rim. Just Andrew Harben and the chicken-coop, and not another thing in sight.

He put his two hands to his aching head and stared about him, trying to comprehend what had happened. What with the wreck and the crack he'd had from that yard and the dream of happy times and this revelation coming so sharp atop of all, he was pretty badly mixed. But he understood at last.

He recalled quite well how he'd thrown in his lot with the *Geelong* in an evil hour. Her skipper was big Blondel, whom you'll still hear talk of through the Solomons and down to Cooktown, a blackbirder in the open days and a first-class pirate. And the *Geelong* herself was known and watched for a suspicious character wherever there's a power to police the waterways. But they were new to Andrew Harben, both man and ship, when he met up with them at Merawkey.

He first spied Blondel coming along the shore street at the river mouth, a great hairy hulk of a man in pink pajamas and a sea-jacket, shooting biscuits out of his pocket for the little black cannibal kids to scramble for among the little black cannibal pigs in the yellow sunshine, and laughing jovially in his beard. And Andrew Harben thought he'd never seen such a hearty old tarpaulin nor a better partner for a certain

bold and dangerous game he had in view, and he still thought so when they fell into talk on the stringpiece of the wharf a little later.

"I was wondering what your steamer is good for," he ventured, nodding toward the *Geelong* in the roadstead, and a rusty old hooker she looked a-rolling there on the rusty-brown flood.

"And w'y should you wonder, sir?" asked Blondel.

"I'm a naturalist," explained Andrew Harben. "It's my vocation in natural history to seek after unique specimens which may be valuable to me. I've seen nothing for some time hereabouts to compare with your ship."

"I'll tell you," Blondel began, in friendly, confidential tones, "there was once she were good for eleven knots. But wot with the blasted labor regulations and the missionaries and the sea patrol and the cables and all, w'y—where's the use? At present she's good for anything that promises money. Would you like to hire her, sir, or buy her, maybe?"

"No," said Andrew Harben, "but it's a bet I made with myself that she'd likely be the fastest craft now sojourning in these adjacent waters. The Government gunboat can't do but nine."

Blondel eyed him over in the smiling way he had. "I'll have you note, my dear sir, that I'm a peaceable trader and I've come after wild nutmegs, which is legal, besides being things with plain names as you can see and feel and weigh in your 'ands."

"Well, I'm a peaceable scientist myself," retorted Harben, "and I been experimenting along these coasts for 'most anything I could find. Here's one, for instance. How would you like to see and feel and weigh in your hand a nutmeg like that? And would you care so awf'ly whether it was legal or not?"

Whereupon he flashed in his fingers and held up a pearl, a large, wonderful pearl, like a drop of frozen moonshine, such as a queen might hope to wear.

"*Mong Dew!*" exclaimed Blondel, whose French rose up in him when agitated. "*Mong Dew!*"

"Worth a thousand pounds from the first dealer," declared Andrew Harben.

"Can you get any more?" Blondel



SHOOTING BISCUITS OUT OF HIS POCKET TO THE CANNIBAL KIDS

demanded, catching his breath. "Dear sir, are there any left?"

"I know where the tree is that grows 'em," said Andrew Harben. "Suppose we go pick a bagful together."

And that was how he came to be sailing with the *Geelong* on her lawless occasions in the Arafura Sea.

Now in no sense was it part of Andrew Harben's regular employment to engage in any such desperate doings, for he had been raised in a Free Welsh Calvinist Connection and had never stolen anything in his life, except in the interests of science. But he'd had a slack season. Business had been bad in

pickled centipedes and stuffed alligators and here had come a stroke of good fortune which he could not resist. So he had wheedled that pearl from a negro diver for a price far from honest, and also had learned the location of the pearl-bank somewhere near the Arus. He intended to make a quick but questionable snatch at fortune with the aid of the honest old crook that he took Blondel to be.

An unpleasant surprise, however, was awaiting him next day, when he went aboard the *Geelong* and fell among the whites of her crew. He speedily learned that the ship was no more than a floating

refuge for ruddy thieves and Sydney wharf rats, all pals of Blondel. They inducted him into the ways of his new profession. The whole crew were drunk, and they manifested a sudden interest in natural history, as you might say, by ravenously sacking Andrew Harben's chests, and they would have sacked Andrew Harben, too, if the skipper had not arrived unexpectedly and knocked them all into the scuppers.

"Is this our compact?" cried Andrew Harben, indignant. "Would you murder me on the high seas?"

"It's that pearl," replied Blondel. "You should not carry such temptation for the men to hear of. Best give it me to keep."

"I left it safe ashore," said Andrew Harben.

Then Blondel took him by the shoulder and smiled down at him, for, though Andrew Harben was a fine built chap himself, Blondel was a finer, and he said:

"A lie, but no matter. I'll call it in when I like. And meantime you see your place here? You see what you amount to among men of their teeth, and what chance you stand if you think to bargain with us, or split on us after? Naturalist — natural 'istory — naturally 'istorical dam' fool," he continued, "you went far out of your depths when you came dealing with me. Go up on the bridge now and mind your eye till somebody gives you another order, and then mind that. Sharp!" he commanded. "Look slippery!"

There was nothing friendly about him this time, but only a smiling fearsomeness and contempt. A fearsome man he was, and Andrew Harben was glad to creep trembling away and hide himself, feeling sick and beaten and afraid, which was worst of all. And for two days he had leisure to meditate on the drawbacks of a criminal career, up to the very moment when they all went to wreck, all thieves together, in the whirl of the hurricane.

These were the recollections that crowded upon Andrew Harben the morning he came to himself on that chicken-coop and began his strange voyaging with the same. Instead of thanking his stars on all-fours for present mercies, and taking sober thought for his wel-

fare, he chiefly rejoiced to be rid of the *Geelong*. It struck him as a proper jest that those ruddy rascals had gone diving after their own pearls, and it was a satisfaction to picture the villain Blondel looking for treasure in a hotter sea not on the chart. The first thing he did was to loose his belt and the sheath of his knife and to see if his pearl was safe inside. He took it out and admired it, sitting there heedless of his predicament, but when he put it away again, and turned to the big, round horizon once more, the dreadful loneliness of those waters closed in on him with a sudden clammy grip.

"I'm all alone," reflected Andrew Harben. "All alone in the middle of the sea. Cast away on a poultry-crate—and all alone!"

And just at that instant—"Chaw—adool—adool!" came a blast in his ear.

He spun around as if shot, the hair lifting from his scalp while he clutched frantically at the crate to save himself from pitching overboard. Sticking through the slats at the other end of the coop he saw the head of a huge rooster. Yes, that was the companion of Andrew Harben in his shipwreck, the only other visible survivor of the lost tramp steamer *Geelong*. A full-grown Shanghai rooster, alive and lusty, though somewhat damp, wearing his red comb straight as a brigadier, and regarding Andrew Harben quite pointedly, as much as to ask who in the deuce he was and what he was doing on a gentleman's private raft.

Andrew Harben, in his sudden relief, was fairly caught betwixt laughing and crying in a mad sort of humor. And his heart warmed toward the creature—a landlubber like himself, and reminding him of those rustic days by Woolloomooloo.

"'Tis the fowl of the field sent to comfort me on the raging deep," he exclaimed. "Happy omen!"

He could not be easy in his mind until he had found a name for him; and so he named him Noah, which was good and home-sounding, and borrowed besides from the great navigator who was landward bred himself and the first to sail out in a coop on any sea.

"Noah," he said, "you and me, as shipmates, have got to get better ac-

quainted." Which was true, though how true he could not guess.

Noah, however, gave no heed to the pleasantries, but only looked in a way that made Andrew feel as if he'd been guilty of a social error in speaking without being introduced.

The chicken-coop, though a huge affair, was naturally weighed down by Andrew Harben so that he lay half awash all the time, while the other end, atilt, had left room for one large-size fowl. This had proved the salvation of Noah, although the coop must have broken out below, because the whole of his family and relatives had been carried away in the storm. It was easy to free him by pulling loose a couple of slats. At the same time Andrew Harben took occasion to handle the fowl quite familiarly as he helped him out, poking his ribs to see if they were fat and whether he might yet be tender in spots. But he forgot that Noah was a wise old bird in his generation, and he received a jab on his knuckle from a beak like a ten-penny nail that made him quickly let go.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Andrew Harben, winking back the tears.

As for Noah, he only gave one scornful

glance and perched himself at the extreme end of the crate where he shook himself and flapped his wings in defiance. "*Chaw-r-r-raw!*" he said.

"I know it," Andrew Harben had to admit, sucking his finger. "I know it, and I apologize. It's true we got no galley aboard this craft, and, anyways, I misdoubt if you could be rejuced to an edible state—not if I was to boil you for a week."

Whereupon he began to think of other ways in which he might enlist this shipmate in the common cause. He had a pin in his shirt, and he wondered if he could ravel out a string for a fish-line.

"Noah," he suggested, "suppose you was to lend me a feather or two to bait a hook. We could get a meal, I shouldn't wonder, and it needn't hurt you—much."

But Noah paid no heed, and only offered his beak whenever Andrew Harben made advances. Now he would scratch himself behind the ear with the left foot; now he would stand on one leg and slowly wink and look wiser than Anaximenes, and now he would ruffle up and hem a little in his throat as if he had his opinion of present company and it



HE HELD UP A WONDERFUL PEARL—A DROP OF FROZEN MOONSHINE FIT FOR A QUEEN



THE SHIP WAS A FLOATING REFUGE FOR RUDDY THIEVES AND SYDNEY WHARF RATS

was a trial to him. A less sociable bird Andrew Harben never saw, and not from indifference, either, for Noah never took his gaze off him for one second. He noticed this, and he noticed it more and more as the day drew on.

Well, there they sat, each on his end of the chicken-coop, Noah and Andrew Harben, and they watched the red, red sun rise over the Arafura Sea like a great copper bowl. The wind had blown itself out, and they slid up on one side of the ground swell and down on the other. There came no cloud above and no ripple below, and every time Andrew Harben looked around for a bit of shade, or turned himself over to cool the half of him, or searched the prospect for hope or comfort, he could see nothing at all but that big Shanghai rooster.

In regard to size Noah was impressive, but he was hardly what you would call a handsome fowl. He stood nearly three feet high, and a third of his stature was neck, which might have added to his value in some families but did not help his looks. The most of his upper parts had been plucked in the course of domestic difficulties and was now bare and scaly except for a stubble of little

pin-feathers. Otherwise he was chiefly leg, powerfully muscled, and in hard condition of training. But the feature about him that one would notice first and always, as Andrew Harben realized, was his eye.

It was small and bright and sharp as a gimlet, and at the same time prim and puritanical, which Andrew Harben took at first to be rank hypocrisy on the part of a rooster. But after a while he was less confident. Hour by hour that eye remained fixed on him until it seemed to bore into his very soul. It was severe and accusing and not to be deceived or dodged so that Andrew Harben began to feel that it saw everything and knew everything and forgave nothing, like the eye of a hanging judge.

All this time the day grew hotter and hotter and Andrew Harben's condition worse and worse, for he had neglected to bring a hat with him, and the tropic sun in those parts would curl the planks off a deck. He tried stripping off his shirt and wearing it as a turban after sousing it with sea-water, and thus he kept his brains from stewing in the pan, so to speak. This, however, left him naked to the waist. A severe sunburn and a

torturing thirst followed. He tried dipping himself overboard until he spied a shark's fin browsing casually not far off, and thereafter he had to huddle himself up so that his feet got sunburned as well.

Meanwhile the rooster's eye kept boring at him, probing after his inmost secrets. He hid his face in his hands, but it did no good; he still visioned the eye fixed upon him. It was black with a yellow ring, and it never changed except to blink watchfully now and again. He turned away but it still followed him, though he wriggled and twisted like one of his own beetles on a pin. And finally he began to beg.

"Noah," he pleaded, "here's me with no place to lay myself and here's you

"Will you not help me to so much as your shadow?" asked Andrew Harben, giving up in despair.

Noah gave no heed, but only squared off opposite watching and listening like a living conscience for Andrew Harben.

"*Chaww!*" was all he said.

And Andrew Harben talked, for his sin had found him out.

"In Heaven's name, don't look at me so!" he cried. "I'm guilty, yes—if you must have it. But ain't this punishment enough? Fowl!" he moaned. "Fiend! Take away those eyes from me. I'll tell—I'll tell. It's true I came to rob the Government by dredging up of their shell. It's true I got this fatal pearl as good as stolen for a bottle of



NOAH SHOOK HIMSELF, AND FLAPPED HIS WINGS IN DEFIANCE

with no present employ for a pair of lovely wings. It would be only fair," he suggested, "if you was to spread yourself as an awning aft."

But Noah would not, and whenever Andrew crawled toward him he edged away on the lifted side, and a curious chase they led around the edge of that chicken-coop while the heat waves danced above them in the brazen sky.

rum and a shilling music-box. I confess," he said, "I repent—and now leave me die in peace!"

Whereafter Andrew Harben could only remember falling into a kind of fit, which must have lasted a long time.

Such was the hapless case of the shipwrecked chicken-coop and her crew. Without sail or paddle, on untraveled waters, they seemingly had nothing left



MAN TO MAN AND BLADE TO BLADE, THEY CLOSED AND CLASHED

but to shrivel where they were like overdone herrings on a grill. But this was the Arafura Sea, and the strangest thing about that Eastern Archipelago is its tides and its currents. All through the night under the stars the chicken-coop held a course quite unknown to Andrew Harben. When he woke again he found that he was floating in a little bight of the land on a bobble of sea. A new breeze with the dawn had ferried him through a barrier reef, all snagged like broken teeth behind, and a swing of low hills lay before, green and thick with jungle, and nursing a salt white beach where the palm-trees waved like feather-dusters stuck on end. At first he gazed incredulously, and wondered if it was not a dream or a mirage. But he felt himself, with a burning throat, still hanging to the chicken-coop, and he saw Noah with his head under his wing still sitting there, and, strangest of all, he heard somebody laughing and laughing, which he knew no angel would do.

When he turned his head, there beside the stranded wreck of a small ship's boat sat a big and bearded white man in pink pajamas and a sea-jacket! Yes, there was that big Blondel, his ugly face a-grin like a cannibal war mask, sitting

on a keg with his great hairy fists propped on his knees and waiting for the castaways to come ashore at his very feet, as he must have been waiting this hour past. He'd made himself quite comfortable with a fire to dry his things. When he caught Andrew Harben's slack-jawed stare he laughed, and he laughed again for welcome—a deep sound from his mighty chest.

"You?" he exclaimed. "*Mong Dew*—that it should be you!"

Andrew Harben fell off the chicken-coop, waded in through the shallow surf, and came tottering up the strand.

"Water!" he begged with his black lips. "Water!"

Blondel considered him, all burned and blistered and shivering with the sun fever, half naked in his trousers and belt.

"There's no water here," said Blondel, as if turning something soft and sweet on his tongue. "Dear sir, do you know where you are? This is the Arus, and also the season of drought. You can look," he went on. "Neither stream nor pool will you find, and you'll not look so very far, either."

Andrew Harben knew that he spoke the truth for this could only be the

blakang tanna of the Arus, which means not the back country, but the coast, the country at the back of everything—the uttermost part of the earth. One step into that green wall of verdure and he could wander till he dropped or till the wild black men of the forest dropped him with their poison arrows. He knew this, and he knew that he had no hope except in Blondel.

“But you’re here—”

“Me?” said Blondel. “Oh yes, I’m here and quite well, thank’ee. I been staying to see if the sad sea waves would bring me any salvage. I’ve lost my ship and my crew and my trade and cargo. I’ve lost everything I had. But now I’ve got you, and that makes up for much. My word—*mong Dew*,” he said, “’ow ’appy that makes me.”

“Without water?” asked Andrew Harben.

“Oh no,” replied Blondel, smiling. “I never said so. You see, I brought mine with me. I brought a lot. No less than a scuttle-butt.” Here he patted the keg on which he sat. “It’s quite cool and delicious, but of course very rare and valuable, too. It grieves me you should have left that pearl of yours safe behind at Merawkay, else I might sell you some.”

He smiled again in his sinister way, and just then the chicken-coop grounded beside them at the water’s edge. Noah, stepping off upon the shore in his lordly way, stretched and preened himself in all his dignity.

“More salvage,” said Blondel. “Presently we will celebrate this happy reunion—you and me and this ancient at the board, and maybe I’ll give you a drumstick if you’re nice. Hurry up with that pearl!” he broke out, snappishly. “I’m getting ’ungry.”

“I scorn to deceive,” said Andrew Harben. “I have the pearl, but it’s not rightfully mine, and rather than barter with stolen goods or consent to your foul and bloody-minded plans we will even turn our faces to the wilderness and take our chances, me and my shipmate together.”

Blondel sat staring. “Bird?” he said. “Shipmate?” And he laughed. Then he reached from his pocket a bit of biscuit and began to crumble and to

strew it on the sand. “Here, chick!” he called. “Here, chick—chick!”

“Noah!” cried Andrew. “Don’t listen!”

But Noah did. With the feast spread before him, he made one joyful dive into those crumbs, and Andrew Harben found himself deserted, naked and forlorn indeed.

“I’m done!” he groaned. “Give me the water.” He unloosed his belt and handed over the pearl. And Blondel left the keg to him at his will.

The first drink was just so much steam going down and the next only sizzled in his throat, but by the ninth or tenth his skin began to swell out and his heart to rise. He looked over at Blondel holding the treasure in the cup of his hand, that glorious bulb of moonshine, and gloating over it. He thought of all he had suffered on account of that unlucky pearl. When he looked again at his false-hearted companion, something seemed to snap in his breast.

“No!” he cried, of a sudden. “By God, no! If I’m bound to be wicked anyhow you’ve got to fight me for it.”

Straightway he struck the pearl from Blondel’s hand and quick the knives were out and flashing on the beach. Man to man and blade to blade, they closed and they clashed, circling over the white sand, and always Andrew Harben was pressing in to force the issue. How it might have finished none can say, for in the midst of their scuffling they heard a voice sing out, and when they turned seaward there was an audience that gave them pause.

Beyond the reef lay a tubby little warship, and close in came one of her boats with a natty crew at the oars and a fresh-washed young officer handling a rifle in the stern.

“Zo sorry to interrupt,” he said, as he hopped ashore.

He knew what had happened as soon as he spied the wrecked cutter on the beach.

“We been zweeping up a collection of your survivors from every bay. You are the zaintlemen zat started from Merawkay after nutmegs? I mus’ warn you,” went on the officer. “Our Government hass made a big swear against poachers. If we find zo much as one blessed little nutmeg of zat kind be-



ANDREW HARBEN STRUCK UP THE OFFICER'S GUN, AND THE SHOT MISSED

longing to you—bing you go in z' jail!"

But the officer's search disclosed nothing, and when they looked about them on the beach Andrew's big pearl had vanished. Noah, having bolted everything in sight that looked good to eat, had removed himself into the distant scenery.

They had just one more glimpse of him before they lost him forever. This was some time later when they'd bailed the cutter for towing and all hands were embarked to go aboard the gunboat. The Dutch officer called their notice to a strange commotion on the brow of a green cliff above.

"Such an awful row up yonder," he said. "It looks like a shicken fight—no?"

Sure enough, when they looked, there was old Noah embroiled in deadly conflict with a jungle cock.

Blondel grabbed the officer's gun, but Andrew Harben struck it up and the shot missed.

"*Mong Dew!*" yelled Blondel. "Why do you do so? That rooster is getting away with a thousand pounds in his crop!"

"I know it," said Andrew Harben. "I know he's a thief and a liar, and I'll never go to sea with the likes of him no more. But he saved me," he said—"he saved me to the paths of righteousness in spite of all. Let him go his criminal ways."

And meanwhile Noah had given no heed. He had triumphed over the wild jungle champion and now he stood above the body and crowed in all his exultant wickedness while all the wild jungle hens stood by and admired him.

"*Chawk—adieu—adieu!*" he said.

Which was just what he would say, too.

With the Guns

BY ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

Late of the Canadian Field Artillery



THE artillery is the last dashing phase of the war game. For the cavalry and the infantry the *élan* of old-time combat has passed, but the glory of Mars still lingers with the guns.

He is a slow and timorous spirit indeed who does not feel a quickening of the pulse as he beholds a battery of horse artillery going by at the gallop,

With steeds that neither gods nor man
can hold
And screams that drive your innards cold.

War in the front-line trenches to-day is less glorious than a slaughter-house in Chicago. But to stand in the darkness of the night behind a battery, listening to the sighing of the winds and the rustling of the trees, then out of silence to hear a voice, imperious and sharp, ring out, "Battery, fire!" and to see the lightnings leap and feel the earth reverberate, is a memorable experience. It is as though one had heard and seen the mighty Jove let loose the thunders.

For the poor infantrymen, crouching like hunted beasts under the crashing parapet of the front line, there is little of splendor in modern war. But back with the guns, to hear a quiet voice directing fire, and to look out as from a height upon the storm, to behold far and wide across the night that white and iridescent line where star-shells flame and Vere rockets flash, where red signals of distress call out through bursting clouds of shrapnel—to see and hear all this is to feel the thrill of battle.

That trail of iridescent white is leaping hell for the men who hold the trenches, but for the gunners who loosen the lightnings it is still replete with the splendor of war. Lord Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen, when the mast was splin-

tered beside him, said, "We may be dead in a minute, but I wouldn't be elsewhere for thousands." This is the feeling at the guns, where, over death and chaos, the voice of man still holds the mastery.

To an old artilleryman the gun possesses a soul, a soul that speaks for him. In the rage of battle the voice of the guns is the voice of rage for the men who serve them.

For two years I moved up and down the various portions of our line in France, ever learning more of our beastly foe, until the knowledge of their atrocities produced in my soul not a mere spirit of opposition but a flaming passion.

On the fifteenth day of September, 1916, it wasn't somebody else's quarrel; it was my own fight. With me were a group of the old First Canadian Artillery drivers, every single one of whom had a personal hatred in his soul for the Huns. We were moving up with ammunition for our greatest bombardment on the Somme. Imagine, then, the music to our ears as we tore over the last crest and heard the unbroken voice of a thousand guns speaking down Sausage Valley. It was four o'clock in the morning, and pitch dark, but the long valley itself was one continual stream of leaping lightning. Over a thousand guns were massed there that morning, and every gun was firing at white heat.

At first far away, like distant surf, I heard the bombardment. But as I came over the top of each successive hill the sound grew louder, and as I rode my horse over the last crest and Sausage Valley burst out before me it seemed that the whirlwinds of thunder would sweep me from my saddle.

For a moment I was dazed by the awful shock of noises. Then the meaning of it all flashed upon me, and I was

happy—a creature of the very storm itself. This was England's answer to the Hun, our voice to the Beast. From the smoking chimneys of our arsenals to the reeking mouths of our guns we had one spirit, and now down Sausage Valley with an unbroken voice that spirit spoke.

The rapid-fire 18-pounders were massed with quick staccato; 60-pounders spoke with the crack of a giant whip-lash; 9.2- and 12-inch howitzers bayed like bloodhounds from hell; while the naval guns behind added their roar to the diapason of battle. Altogether, blended in one voice, this was our challenge to the German Song of Hate.

The picture of Sausage Valley on the Somme, as it stretched out before me that morning, was my most splendid spectacle of all this war; it was a spectacle of the glory of the guns.

Few realize that modern artillery in the field still thrills with war's romance. It is the aim of this article to show something of that dashing side of war, and to convey some idea of the day's work for the servants of the guns.

There are three different branches of artillery—light, siege, and heavy. With the light guns one sees the most adventure, for it is fullest of danger and dash. The siege artillery includes the howitzers above the 4.5. The 4.5 is included in the light artillery. The difference between a howitzer and an ordinary field-gun is that the howitzer may be fired at a higher angle, and the charge may be lessened so as to cause a steep angle of descent. The howitzer is used chiefly against intrenchments and redoubts with strong overhead protection. When a field-gun with a maximum charge would pierce through, a howitzer bursts in from the top. It is therefore an ideal gun against intrenchments and overhead defenses.

The heavy artillery is made up of the long-range naval guns of heavy caliber. They are used to take on distant targets far behind the enemy's lines. I saw a battery of 6-inch naval guns in action one day near Albert; or, to be more exact, I felt them in action. I was riding my horse in front of the battery, and did not notice the long barrels pointing high into the air until there came a report with a whirl over my head, and a

concussion that nearly laid me on the ground.

For a moment I strained my ear to the whirl of the shell, and in imagination I followed the great projectile, until it crashed into some peaceful headquarters town far behind the Boche trenches, perhaps causing consternation to a German general and his staff, or perhaps bursting on the cross-roads amidst a group of ordnance people, who esteemed themselves miles outside of danger.

We call the shells fired by the great naval guns "Silent Lizzies," because they pass with such high velocity that one hardly hears them in their flight. Like a bolt from the blue, in places where folks preen themselves on their immunity from shell-fire, the Silent Lizzie may burst with sudden and awful havoc.

We talk a good deal about the 15-inch guns along the line, but we never see them and they are rarely heard. They are moved up and down on a railroad, and are situated so far behind as to be the envy of all the men on the front line. One often hears those who are sick of the trenches declare, "In the next war I'm going to join the 15-inch guns."

In the Ypres salient last year, whenever the Germans bombarded the town of Poperinghe, as was their habit, we always got busy with our 15-inch naval gun in reply. This 15-inch gun was laid on a German general's headquarters miles behind the trenches. A few shots from our Silent Lizzie always caused Fritz to cease bombarding Poperinghe, bearing witness to the accuracy of our long-distance ranging. Fritz, by his sudden ceasing of fire, mutely implored, "Please don't fire any more of those awful things at my general, and I won't fire any more at the women in Poperinghe."

With a battery in action there are three distinct zones of operation: First, the Ammunition Column; second, the Guns; third, the Observation Post.

THE AMMUNITION COLUMN

The supply of ammunition to the guns is a task of crucial importance. The issues of battle depend as much on the proper supply of shells as upon the skilful handling of the guns.

The ammunition comes up from the seaboard base by train. It is delivered at the rail head of the army to motor-lorries, by which it is conveyed to the ammunition-dump, situated on the fringes of the zone of shell fire.

From the ammunition-dump the shells are delivered direct to the guns. The heavy stuff is hauled by motor-lorry, while the light artillery keep up their supply by means of horse transport. Before a big battle an unmistakable evidence of the coming storm is the road blocked with ammunition limbers moving in one continuous stream toward the guns.

When a field battery is situated far forward in a position of difficult approach, all kinds of obstacles have to be overcome to get there. Sometimes the ground is so bad in wet weather that it is impossible to take limbers through, as they become mired on the way. On such occasions the shells are taken through by pack-saddle. Sleds are sometimes used over the mud. Trench tramways also serve as an expedient.

If a battery is situated in a position the approaches to which are under observation of the enemy, the hauling of ammunition must be done at night. Moving across an unknown country in the inky blackness, where the roads are obliterated and the ground pocked with shell-holes, with a long column of horses and limbers, is a baffling task for the officer in charge.

Sometimes, in desperate straits, the order comes to rush ammunition through to the guns in daylight under observation. A veritable Balaclava charge ensues, with the wreckage of horses and limbers and gallant drivers strewn along the way. In a place known as Death Valley, on the Somme last fall, the artillery drivers on several occasions made a grueling hell-for-leather charge in the face of the enemy's guns that equaled that of the Light Brigade.

AT THE GUNS

The guns are generally situated a mile or less behind the trenches. The heavy guns are often at a greater distance.

One of the most important things in a good gun position is concealment. Woods and groves of trees always make

ideal hiding-places for batteries. Sometimes they are in the open, behind a crest. A trellis-work of wire covered with leaves is often erected for overhead concealment from aeroplanes.

Batteries of howitzers, with high-angle fire, may be situated in all kinds of unlikely places, as there is no trouble for them in clearing the crest. I saw a battery of howitzers in a farm-yard, covered with tarpaulin when not in use. In that position they were practically immune from observation. When in action they would merely shoot over the roof of the barn. The poor barn had been shelled over so much that it required the reinforcement of many steel rails to prevent it from collapsing.

The greatest precaution must be taken at the guns to prevent the enemy from observing their position. The science of concealment is now a fine art. One could pass over a country bristling with guns and never dream that there was a battery in the vicinity until, without any warning, they start to pop off in every direction. Such sudden surprises are most disconcerting to one who is not acquainted in that region, as he does not know whether he is in front of or behind the wicked creatures.

Flash screens made of canvas are erected at a distance in front of the guns to conceal their flash from the enemy at night.

The sight of an aeroplane over a battery position causes immediate cessation of all movement. From a funk hole one watches the enemy's plane with apprehensive eye. If he detects the battery it means a living hell for the gunners.

Being shelled out of a battery is a distressing experience. The enemy's guns are registered accurately on the battery position by aeroplane. One may hear the whir of a few shells, never dreaming that they are scientifically searching for him. When the registration has been accurately completed an exact record of the ranges and deflections is kept. Some quiet night the doomed battery awakens in terror to realize the fact that its fate is sealed.

The lines of fire are laid out by an officer from a map by a system of triangulation. A fixed aiming-point is picked out on the base line, and all orders are

given as so many degrees right or left of the aiming-point. During the hours of darkness a night light is hung in front of the guns, to serve the same function as the aiming-point by day.

In registering the guns by aeroplane, the observer flies to a position from which he can command a view of the target, and signals back by wireless that he is in a position of readiness for observation. The wireless on the ground answers, "No. 1 gun firing," and a few seconds later the officer in the aeroplane observes the burst of No. 1 shell. He orders the corrections according to a pre-arranged clock system, and thus finally directs the gun on to the target. I have seen a gun being registered by aeroplane make the target on the third shot, which is fine registering.

The daily round at the guns on quiet seasons is rather monotonous. There must not be any excessive movement, for fear of disclosing the position, and in the dark gun-pits and holes in the ground the hours drag heavily. In the front line there is an air of expectancy, but at the guns one misses this. I always enjoyed the days I spent in the front trenches as forward observing officer, looking forward to them as a relief from the monotony of life at the guns.

The orderly officer of the battery inspects the sights of each gun, once by night and once by day, to see that they are laid correctly on the S.O.S. targets, ready for any emergency.

When not in action the gunners are generally busy keeping gun-pits and dugouts in condition, erecting new or stronger overhead protection, perfecting concealment, or adding to their domestic comfort. It is wonderful what labor and inventiveness will accomplish when it sets itself to making "a happy home" underground.

There are many different tasks assigned to the guns in the day's work. In the morning they may have a job cutting wire for the infantry, who are going over for a raid or an attack. They may be called upon to retaliate on certain vulnerable positions of the enemy in reply to a strafe which he is giving our infantry. If a barrage, or curtain of fire, is being kept up on enemy's back roads, to prevent the bringing up of supplies

or ammunition, one battery may take on the job at schedule time, to be relieved again by another battery later on. This continual keeping up of a barrage around a certain place effectually shuts that place off from all outside communication. In the town of Combles last fall we found the Huns starved to death in the streets, no rations having been able to penetrate our barrage for days.

The bombardment is a time of intense excitement and activity at the guns. A 4.5 howitzer battery, to which I was attached in the Ypres salient in 1916, fired three thousand rounds between 7 A.M. and the following 1.30 A.M. This was at the time that the Canadians retook Sanctuary Wood, which they had lost a short time before. The major was called out at night for a conference at group headquarters; on returning he announced, "We've got a stiff day ahead to-morrow; three thousand rounds is our assignment." The continual shock and roar of the guns during such a bombardment is a terrific strain on the nervous system.

At one o'clock that night we opened up an intense bombardment of every gun in the Ypres salient. From the 18-pounders to "Old Grandmother," away back on the far hill, every gun joined in. At the last five minutes of a time like this the officer's nerves are strained as taut as a violin string. With trembling hand he examines his watch, apprehensive of every last second. To fire overtime would be to kill our own infantry. At one-thirty sharp the cry of "Stop!" rings out, and a silence almost as distressing as the previous roar ensues. We know that in that grim silence our infantry, far up under the star-shells, are going "over the top."

Sentries are mounted at the battery every night to keep a continual watch of the front line for the S.O.S. signal, which is the cry for help from the trenches. From time to time during the night the sentries are relieved, but those on duty always have their eyes fixed on that zone which comes under the protection of our guns. Out of the darkness suddenly a long trail of blue and crimson light may shoot up into the night, bursting above into a crimson spray. At this signal the sentry shouts, "S.O.S.!" and

rushes down the battery, awakening the gunners, who come tumbling out of their dugouts and rush for the gun-pits.

Sergeant "Hellfire" MacDougal of our battery, who commanded No. 1 gun crew, was always in his element in times like this. He would come leaping out of a sound sleep and lash his gun crew into action with astounding rapidity. From down in the darkened gun-pit would come a stream of fervid language as "Hellfire" put the lightning in the heels of his crew.

The guns are laid on permanent S.O.S. targets, and it is only a matter of a few minutes until they can be fired in answer to the S.O.S. But every second counts; perhaps a mine has been sprung, or a front line has been penetrated by a surprise attack, and the complete success of the enemy can only be prevented by the instantaneous action of the guns.

Down in the gun-pits the gunners work like furies at their task. Nothing could excel the rapidity and precision with which each man goes through his movement. With the infallibility of a perfect machine, the fuse is set, shell is rammed home, the charge prepared and placed in the breech, the breech-block jammed, and the layer sings out "Ready!"

"Fire!" orders the No. 1, and the gun-pit shakes to the reverberations and a long tongue of forked lightning shoots out of the gun-pit. As the gun runs up from the recoil the No. 2 opens the breech-block, and a great rush of lurid backfire leaps from the breech, disclosing for a moment an uncanny picture of seven men who make up the gun crew, stripped to the waist and working for dear life.

Sergeant "Hellfire" MacDougal used to make it his boast that he could always get his gun fired before any other in the salient. He generally made good his boast, but the rivalry was keen.

Five minutes after the S.O.S. signal sent its cry through the night a thousand guns might be answering to its call. The effect of such a sudden outburst is most inspiring to the fighting men. I once heard an infantryman, who was passing by our battery when the lid was thus suddenly blown off of hell, yell in an ecstasy of delight:

"That's the idea, bo! Soak it to 'em—hit 'em one for me!"

"Hellfire" MacDougal was addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco. Black Napoleon was his favorite brand. He would bite off a great chunk of Honey Dew, spit with a report like a Maxim, and then send a leaping, blood-curdling oath at his gun crew. I believe that "Hellfire" was descended from the buccaneers. His forebears must have dwelt on the Spanish Main. He, at least, was much indebted to the Kaiser for starting the war, for, as he put it, he was having an unusually good time out of it, and of course he could never be killed. As he expressed it, "They 'ain't made the bullet yet that 'll get *me*."

On one occasion an armor-piercing shell burst through his gun-pit and detonated on the gun. The crew were in action at the time and every man was blown to pieces. "Hellfire" at the moment was having a little target practice of his own, with a squirt of tobacco juice, just outside the gun-pit, and went untouched.

"That's what comes from usin' Black Napoleon, boys!" he announced, nonchalantly, when one referred to his miraculous escape.

THE OBSERVATION POST

Indirect fire is the general method in this war. That is, firing at an unseen target by means of a fixed aiming-point, the fire itself being directed by a forward observing officer, known as the F. O. O., who, from some vantage-point in advance, observes the burst of our shells and wires the correction to the guns in the rear.

The observation post may be situated in any convenient position that commands the enemy's zone—the steeple of a church, the top of a house or a barn, a lofty tree, a high cliff, or a shell crater, may serve as the O. P., as the observation post is called. The O. P. is always a dangerous place, as the enemy's guns are continually searching the opposite side for points likely to serve for observation.

Early in the war, when artillery officers got together, one heard of wild experiences in precarious O. P.'s, most of which have long since been shot to

kindling-wood. On one occasion an artillery officer had just ensconced himself in a lofty steeple, which had been all but shot away, when the enemy opened fire on the steeple again. Before the observer could make good his retreat, the enemy registered a direct hit on the tottering structure and the whole thing crashed to earth, smashing the unfortunate gunner to death and burying him in heaps of débris.

Among the commonest places for an O. P. is the upper story of an old house or barn. These lonely buildings, often all that remains on a razed and shattered landscape, are the most deplorable places imaginable in which to spend the night. In the long, silent hours of darkness it seems as though the ghosts of other days were ever running riot through the place.

We had an O. P. once in a place known as "The Haunted Château." It was situated on a high hill, surrounded by a grove of trees which were stripped bare from shell-fire. Through the bare wood the wind would moan at night like a lost soul, while the rafters of the place would creak, and from the vaulted cellars imagination seemed to catch all kinds of voices.

I have heard Signaler Muldooney, during his lonely watch, cry out as though in pain from the horror of that place at night. Signaler Muldooney would go through a curtain of fire without batting an eye, but "The Haunted Château" was too much for his nerves.

The attic of "The Haunted Château" afforded a splendid Observation Post. Below, everything had been smashed to pieces. Careful hands had gently nursed that rickety attic, and new beams and piles of sand-bags had kept it from crashing down, though, as Muldooney put it, "Ye could hear her sway when the wind blew."

From the topgallant window of this precarious structure a perfect view of the enemy lines could be obtained. Only the concealment of the wood had saved the château from being pulverized long ago. Fritz, however, suspicious of the wood, had a bad habit of suddenly popping off a few rounds in that direction. At such times the rickety attic was a most unpopular place.

To fire the battery from the O. P. the

F. O. O. would first get his telescope on the target, and then call out, "Ready!" which the telephonist would repeat over the phone. From far down at the guns would come back the warning, "No. 1 gun firing," and a moment later the F. O. O. would observe the shell burst, perhaps a little short and too much to the left; so he would call out, "Ten minutes more left—add fifty!" meaning that the gun would be deflected ten minutes more left from the aiming-point, and elevated for fifty yards' more range. If the next was not on, he would make another correction, and continue in this manner until the shell hit the target. This is called registering a battery.

Sometimes the O. P. is situated in the front line, as often in the flat country of Flanders there is no vantage-point in the rear. The observing officer goes forward for a two days' stint in the front line, taking with him a party of signalers and linemen. On arriving in the trenches, the F. O. O. reports to the battalion commander at the headquarters dugout, situated in the support trenches.

While in the front line it is the duty of the F. O. O. to keep the guns in touch with the infantry. The battalion commander may call upon him at any time for retaliation, or to shoot up any new target that may present itself.

After leaving the battalion headquarters, the F. O. O. relieves the officer who has been on duty the past two days, who hands over to him a log-book containing intelligence of all happenings in the front line for the past forty-eight hours.

The gunner officer in the front line is not merely there to observe for his guns; he is also to gather all possible intelligence pertaining to his own zone. A record is kept of all hostile fire observed, by which it is determined whether the enemy's artillery is weak or strong at the time in that particular zone.

In his intelligence duties the F. O. O. is the newspaper reporter of the front line. With periscope and compass, followed by a trusty signaler, he moves along the bays of the fire-trench in his quest for news. Three balloons are observed and he takes the bearings of them with his magnetic compass. Next he

makes note of an aeroplane crossing the line, flying low.

Seeing a group eagerly peering at a looking-glass attached to the end of a bayonet, which serves as a periscope, he inquires, "Anything doin' here, boys?"

"Yes, sir," answers a sergeant. "It looks like a new emplacement, five degrees left of the bare tree."

The artillery officer turns his own periscope, which magnifies ten diameters, on the object named, and whistles to himself.

"Yes, you're onto something, all right, Sergeant," he exclaims. "That's what we call the major's dugout, which we shot up some time ago, and now they've built it up again, only a little lower. But we'll shoot it up again to-night with our howitzers. I think it's a machine-gun emplacement."

A little farther along he observes a great rent in the Boche parapet. This is the work of our trench-mortars, which have been having a little strafe of their own. A sentry in another bay shows him a fuse which he has found. The gunner recognizes the fuse as coming from a certain high-velocity shell, and makes a note of a new gun on his front.

At night all the various items gathered together by the F. O. O. are written down and telephoned back to the artillery group headquarters. On the following day they appear in the war zone newspaper, known as *The Corps Intelligence Summary*. Under the heading, "Information from Our Own Front, I—Enemy's Front and Support Lines," the trench reporter reads his news gathered the day before.

The *Intelligence Summary* is regarded by some as a weighty production, but Tommy, in fine contempt, calls it "Comic Cuts." But, despite the irreverence of Tommy, this sheet contains the ultimate war news, and the unknown cub reporters on that front line Street of Adventure are daily recording history that sometime ponderous professors will sift out with weighty comment.

In time of battle the F. O. O., if he is not observing in the front line, is generally at battalion headquarters giving every latest happening to the anxious ears at the guns. Into the battalion headquarters, as into a whispering gal-

lery, come the rumors from all parts of the trenches: "Our guns are shooting short"—"Enemy are coming over"—"Enemy have penetrated into our front in thirty-seven"—"Trench-mortars are crumping in parapet of thirty-five"—all these items are passed back immediately to the guns, and determine their policy in the battle.

Keeping up communication during a bombardment is a most difficult and dangerous task. Sometimes the lines are broken in several places by shell-fire. Instantly that communication is broken linemen are despatched to mend the wires. They move out simultaneously from both ends, following along the line until they discover the break and mend it.

To move out across a field where death is falling like leaves in an autumn forest requires the finest kind of pluck, but the signalers never seem to fail.

"Hearn, the wires are down!" exclaims the officer who has been for a minute fruitlessly fingering the telegraph-key.

"Very good, sir," answers the faithful Hearn, and immediately leaves the protection of the deep dugout and begins to run along the trench, with shells crumping in every direction. Some time passes. Hearn does not return and the communication is not re-established.

"Mitchell, I guess Hearn has gone down; you carry on his place," is the next order.

"Very good, sir," answers Mitchell, and without a question goes out into the storm of bursting shrapnel.

Sometimes one lineman after another is despatched, and all fail to return. But at all costs communication must be re-established. There are no braver men in the war than the artillery signalers, and none who make a greater sacrifice in the path of duty. During three months in the Somme last fall our battery had its signalers completely wiped out three times in succession. It got so that I never expected to meet one of the old-timers after the second or third trip.

"Where is Mac?" one would inquire, missing an old face. "Oh, he went west last week," would be the answer.

When we are attacking, the forward

observing officer goes over the top just like the rest. He generally goes with the second wave, which also includes the colonel and headquarters staff of the battallion. Once out in No Man's Land, the F. O. O. and his signalers make for a prearranged point in the enemy's line which is to serve as the new advanced O. P.

As the artillery party crosses No Man's Land, a field telephone is carried with them and a wire is run out connecting them with the guns. If the first F. O. O. goes down, word comes back to the reserve officers waiting in front-line dugouts, and a second steps forth to fill the place of him who has fallen. Sometimes before the attack is over the third or fourth may be called out to fill the gap.

It is the duty of the F. O. O. during an attack to keep the guns informed as to the position of our advancing infantry—as to what objectives have been gained, how we are holding, where we are losing, and if any guns are firing short.

One sees bloody sights on first entering the front-line trenches, where the mopping-up battalions are busy with bombs and bayonets. The tide of battle here is always shifting, and what is ours now, within an hour may be in the en-

emy's hands again. Everything is uncertain, and our line is always changing.

One F. O. O., who had advanced with the farthest wave, established himself in a Boche dugout and was busily engaged in studying his map when he heard bombs explode in the next dugout, occupied by his signalers. Rushing to the entrance of his dugout, the officer was startled to see the backs of three Germans, who were engaged in bombing his signalers next door. With a quick draw of his Colt-45, he despatched the three Huns through the back, and, leaping out, found the trench entirely abandoned by our troops, they having retired without giving the artillery officer warning. All his signalers were killed. Needless to relate, Arthur Duffy had nothing on that F. O. O. for speed when he once started to retire.

The artillery still thrills with high adventure—in the precarious and shell-swept observation post, by the roaring, reeking mouths of the guns, or with the ammunition limbers thundering around Suicide Corner or tearing down Death Valley—in all its phases it still presents the colors of romance, against the otherwise somber background of modern war.

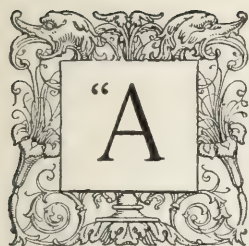
Communion

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

I SEND my love unto my dead each day;
 I know not how; I only know it goes
 Forth from my heart, and, going, ever grows;
 That as it flies, there's nothing can affray;
 That, like a dove, it fondly keeps its way
 Through dark and light along the path it knows;
 That in its faithful flight it never slows,
 And if I toil or sleep goes not astray.
 I send my love unto my dead, and they—
 They know 'tis sent, that I have not forgot;
 For often when I am alone I feel
 Their love return—and, oh, no words can say
 The peace that comes to me! It matters not
 What woes betide, I have wherewith to heal.

A Reluctant Hero

BY HELEN R. HULL



W, gee! Don't I go to school all day? 'S'nough, without studyin' all night, I should think!"

"Look at your report-card! You open that book, Henry, and get to work."

Mr. Potts peered out from his paper at the two—his son, sandy cropped head sulking behind a red "Fifth Reader"; Mrs. Potts, returning to her sewing, a sort of pyramidal calm over her wide forehead and broad bosom. He ducked as his wife's eyes lifted from the stocking she was darning. For a few minutes there was silence around the red-clothed table, a silence punctuated by hoarse breathings of words from Henry. Then the boy clapped the book on the table.

"There! Read their old bunk. All about a he-ro. Po'try, that's all it is."

"Did you read it through?" Mrs. Potts pursed her lips at Henry's nod. "Then you go on to bed."

"What hero was it?" Mr. Potts laid down his paper.

"A guy standin' on a bridge and killin' everybody." Henry hitched slowly away, under his mother's impelling gaze.

"Not Horatius!" Mr. Potts slipped his feet under the table, shoving his chair toward the book.

"Say, you know him, too?" Henry grinned wisely. "It's all old bunk they give us. I'd just as lief read some good stuff—"

"Henry, it's learning to read, not what you read." Mrs. Potts rolled the stockings into a firm ball. "Go on to bed. It's late." As the boy shuffled out of the room, she frowned at her husband. "I got all that ironing to do to-morrow. Don't you begin that book now. There's the stoves to see to."

With a pucker between his blue eyes, Mr. Potts stepped into his slippers and went out through the neat kitchen to the coal-shed. When he came back with

the scuttle, his wife's voice assailed him from the bedroom:

"Put newspapers down for the ashes. You spilled them all over last night."

When he had shaken the stove, let the coals rattle in, and checked it, he gathered up the paper he had spread, blowing at a little heap of ashes that trickled from a corner, and carried the empty scuttle back to the shed. He locked the doors, and tiptoed to the table to turn down the lamp. With a glance toward the door, he touched the book. Moistening a finger, he ran through the pages. There it was—Horatius at the Bridge! He curled one foot up around a thin leg and balanced there, swaying a little, forming the words with his lips. But the dauntless Horatius was interrupted midway by:

"Henry! Put down that book and come to bed! I've got to get some sleep."

His eyes seizing the next line, Henry Potts puffed out the lamp and felt his way to the door. A slight flush appeared at the edges of his sandy mustache at his wife's, "If you paid half as much heed to business as you do to heroes and such, you'd be something more'n a clerk in Baxter's to-day." But he said nothing, and presently lay in the darkness, his arm twitching with the blows of Horatius's sword.

The next morning Mr. Potts carried in several extra armfuls of wood for the ironing. Since Henry had built up his morning-paper route his father somehow fell heir to the house chores. When Mr. Potts had filled the box, brushed the light snow off the front walk, and left a scuttle of coal by the dining-room stove, he wound his muffler around his neck and struggled into his overcoat. Mrs. Potts, clattering the breakfast-dishes out of the way, stopped to brush a thread from the worn sleeve.

"You'd ought to have a new coat, Henry," she accused him.

"Soon be spring." Mr. Potts pulled on his mittens. "Got that insurance to meet next month."

"It's always something." She vanished into the kitchen, Mr. Potts staring after her.

"I'd just as soon make more money if I knew how," he mumbled.

"Huh? What d'you say?" She stood in the door, polishing a tumbler with swift vigor.

"Did you want anything over town?" He edged toward the door.

"That pound of hamburg I told you to bring. If you see Henry coasting on that hill this noon, you bring him home with you. I don't want he should coast there."

Mr. Potts plunged his hands in his pockets and stepped out into the crisp morning. He hurried gingerly along the icy street, stopping once to watch a red-capped boy streak past, "belly-bump," from the crest of the hill a block above down to the village square below. Mrs. Potts was right; that was a dangerous hill, curving into the main street at its foot like that. He smiled as he picked his way along. The town would have to sprinkle ashes there; take more'n a mother to keep a boy off such a coast!

The cold tickled his nostrils as he crossed at the foot of the hill and turned into the sweep of north wind down the main street. He was glad Baxter's was just three doors up, next the grocery. On the windows the frost was so thick he could scarcely see the goods he had arranged there Monday. He closed the front door carefully behind him, hung his coat in the corner, and, rubbing his palms together, squinted up the aisle. It was pleasant, alone in the store. Until Mr. Baxter came in, toward noon, he could almost think it was his own business—as Mrs. Potts said it ought to be. He sighed; he couldn't get her to understand how the trolley-line to the city had dulled trade—a man had to have money—With a clap of his hands he reached for the broom, and marched up the aisle behind a cloud of dust.

Later that morning, as Mr. Potts knelt by a wooden box, checking off goods as he unpacked them, he stopped counting to stare at the label on the

"Extra heavy men's shirts." "Dragon Brand," it read.

"Them old heroes had it easy," he exclaimed. "Killing dragons is nothing! Fighting with a sword!" He brought his fist down on his knee with such force that he lost his balance, and broke his pencil on the edge of the box. He scrambled to his feet, fumbling for a jack-knife. "Always spoiling something, ain't I?" he asked of the pencil as he whittled it down. The rest of the morning he held himself rigorously to the glorious business of selling thread and oil-cloth and one apron, and of settling the new stock in place on the shelves.

That noon Mr. Baxter was later than usual. When Henry saw him at the door, wiping the frost rime from his beard, he bolted for his coat. Mrs. Potts liked dinner on the dot. Buttoning the coat, he hurried up the street, empty except for the few teams huddled under blankets along the park railing across from the stores. Half-way up the hill he stopped, catching a long, tingling breath, and peering out at the mob of boys that went shouting up the road, dragging a line of bobs. Mrs. Potts had said something about bringing Henry home; he didn't seem to be in that bunch. She had said something else; as he caught the tail of that fleeting recollection, he wheeled in dismay and started at a trot back down the hill. A pound of hamburg! It was lucky he had remembered it at all!

From the crest of the hill came the warning shout of the boys. He squinted up at them as he crossed the street. Two bobs abreast, a line of them; the hill was a living boy-avalanche. Then behind him came the honk-honk of a heavy motor-truck which had skidded too near a team of horses. There was a scream from some one, a clattering and wrenching as the horses leaped back, and then a rush straight for the corner, frightened nostrils and pounding hoofs making a world of confusion all about Henry Potts for a terrifying second—and those boys flying into it! He flung up one hand with a curious noise in his throat, a staggering "Huh-huh—" and jumped to catch at something, and dangle, toward the ditch—

Henry Potts floated slowly toward a thing stretched under a white counterpane. He must crawl back into that. Slowly, slowly—a grinding of horrible wheels, a clutching of the agony at the very heart of life—Ah! That was better, that numbness. He was in again. Words ran over him.

“Quickly, Mrs. Potts. I think he’s coming to. He may live only a minute.”

Then a hush again, a hush into which he felt presently that he must look, if he could lift those leaden eyelids.

“Why, Maria!” He had never seen his wife’s face so white, with such red eyes. She stared a moment, and with a “Henry!” slumped down to her knees beside the bed. He would have touched her head, but something held his hands rigid. Was there some one else behind him? The doctor, stepping forward to bend over his chest.

“Guess I done something to it—” Then he remembered suddenly that world of madness into which he had hurled himself. “Did the boys get hurt?” he whispered.

Mrs. Potts pulled herself up, her round cheeks quivering.

“Not a boy, Henry,” the doctor said, slowly. “You did a wonderful thing—steering those horses off; the boys swept past—safe.”

“It’s night, eh?” Henry stared at the lamp on the wash-stand. “What’s wrong with me? I ain’t dying, am I? I can’t seem to move.”

The doctor pulled a chair near the bed and sat there, shading his eyes with one hand. “The horses caught you. Paralysis. You are the town’s hero, Henry. And you have given your life.”

“Me? A hero!” Henry’s eyes grew startlingly blue in his gray face. “Pshaw! Maria, don’t cry. ’S all right. If I’m going, we’d ought to see to things—”

“It ain’t pshaw! It’s true!” The color spread from Maria’s eyelids over her face. “Everybody’s been here. Fathers and mothers, the minister—everybody. They say—there ain’t a man could of been so brave—not waiting a second—”

“Anybody would of done it.” But a strange light shone out through the blue

eyes. “I ain’t leaving you much. The house—and that insurance—”

“And the memory of his father as a great hero! What more can a man leave?” The doctor rose. “If I could do as much for my boy—” He walked heavily across the room, Henry’s eyes following him.

“Henry, I didn’t mean to plague you, over the books.” Maria bent over him awkwardly. “I didn’t know—”

“That’s all right.” Henry listened to the doctor’s voice out in the next room.

“Henry, come here. Your father has regained consciousness.”

Then a small, sandy-haired boy, with frightened eyes, came reluctantly to the side of the bed.

“Well, old fellow! Take care of your mother, eh?”

“Kiss your father,” whispered Maria, and Henry pecked at the quiet face, and disappeared out of the reach of his father’s eyes.

“I’ll give him this opiate, Mrs. Potts, so he won’t suffer.” The doctor bent over the rigid figure. “Some of the women will stay with you. There’s nothing I can do.”

The heavy lids shut down; Henry could not pry them open. Voices floated past him. Some one was saying—the minister that voice belonged to—“Mrs. Potts, let the beauty of the deed help you bear your burden. We have been talking it over”—here the voice fell until Henry could scarcely follow—“A public funeral, Sunday, from the church—All the townspeople—honor—” Then off and off the voices drifted, thinner, and thinner, until there was only black silence.

After an eon, within that black silence rested a small kernel of life. It pricked and stirred, swelled into Henry Potts, hero! Slowly he lifted those eyelids, into which all the weight of his body had gathered, and saw across the white counterpane a thin streak of winter sunshine. A woman nodding by the bed gave a little cry; several women hurried into the room.

“Such a start as it gave me!” whispered the first. She laid her hand on the bed, a plump hand with skin tight over the knuckles. “Mr. Potts—my boy was

there—on the first bob—” She slipped aside as the doctor hung over the still figure.

“Astonishing vitality!” He nodded over his shoulder, and Henry, lifting his eyes, saw his wife, her hair straggling about her face in desperate untidiness.

“Make Maria lie down and rest.” The terror in her eyes disturbed him. “I’ll have them call you.”

Some one whispered to the doctor, who turned again to look at Henry.

“It can’t harm him. There’s a reporter out there, Henry,” he said, gravely. “He wants to make a big story about you—”

The tall youth who came in then peered at Henry through shell spectacles. “Proud to know you, Mr. Potts. We want to make a front-page story. Just a point or two. What did you think as you jumped for the rein?”

“Didn’t think.” Henry’s smile was apologetic. “Anybody would of done it.” But his eyes, as they followed the young man until he disappeared out of their narrow radius, were eager. What was he saying, there in the hall? “I’ll call up the drug-store, then, the last minute. His death ought to be part of the story, of course.” It would be nice to wait long enough to see that paper. On that thought he dozed off. When he opened his eyes again, he found Maria sitting by his side, her hands rigid in her lap. She leaned toward him.

“You—are there, yet?” Her chin quivered. “The minister’s been here all morning. He had to go— He wanted to tell you—” The muscles of her face contracted spasmodically. “It’s awful—me sitting here tellin’ you—”

“There, Maria! It’s nice to hang on long enough to hear about it.”

“They’re raising a monument subscription for you. Ed Collins started it. His two boys was there. They want to know what you want on it. A sort of motto—”

“A monument!” Henry closed his eyes and opened them quickly. Maria still sat there, watching him with troubled awe. The monument was scarcely more wonderful than that expression on her face.

“Tellin’ what you did—”

“No. Nothin’ but my name. Henry

Potts. It wasn’t nothing—what I did.”

“Henry!” She leaned over him, tears running from her contracted eyelids, and kissed him; then rushed out of the room. Her tears were warm on Henry’s cheek. Wishing that some one would wipe them off, he drifted into sleep again.

Later he came floating back. Except for regular breathing somewhere near his bed, the house was quiet; the whispering movement that had filled it earlier in the day had fallen into waiting silence. Night again; the lamp was turned too low; he didn’t like that smoky smell. Something tickled his cheek, and he opened his eyes. Above him hovered little Miss Briggs, the end of the gray fascinator about her throat brushing his face.

“Will I call your wife? She’s lying down a bit?”

“No. I’m all right.” Henry smiled gently. That was her professional tone; she “sat up” with the sick of the village. “No. Miss Briggs—” Henry hesitated. “Was the piece in the paper about it?”

“Two columns on the front sheet!” She straightened her wiry body. “Maria took it up-stairs, but I remember the last sentence. It was beautiful. ‘The eyes of the nation are on that darkened room where lies the man who has met the supreme test of his manhood.’ Then there was something about all fathers and mothers honoring you—”

“Anybody would of done it.” Henry watched for the quick jerk of Miss Briggs’s gray head.

“You was the one,” she said. “You sure you don’t want me to call Maria?”

“Not now.”

She settled herself in her chair, pulling her shawl about her neck.

“The eyes of the nation.” The words wrapped Henry Potts in a warm glory, within which his thoughts gathered slowly. He was the one, he, Henry Potts. They all knew he had done it. A public funeral Sunday! Henry saw the townspeople crowding solemnly into the church, almost smelled the flowers banked under the old oak pulpit. But he had to die to go to that funeral. That was the only difficult part, dying

before you gathered the joy of your deed. Horatius hadn't died, though. He sighed, and then frowned at Miss Briggs's questioning flutter. A monument, too! He had shown folks, at last. Even Maria! It wasn't much, what he had done. But folks knew him, now. Not Henry Potts, clerk at Baxter's. Henry Potts on a monument! A man! Close about him settled the glory, a shining sphere within which he rested.

When, in the early morning, Doctor Washburn tiptoed in, the wrinkles on his face deepened curiously at Henry's quiet smile.

"You're a miracle, Henry." He shook his head. "I gave you an hour—"

Henry heard him, as he pulled on his coat in the hall, talking with Mrs. Potts. They'd better have Baker, the city specialist.

All day, through the door he asked them to leave open, Henry heard the people of the town come in with solemn queries, depart with whispered amazement. Henry Junior's puzzled face stared in once and was whisked away. Remote, smiling, Henry Potts listened. That smile reflected dimly the bubble of light that inclosed him, a bubble swelling, brightening steadily.

After the specialist had gone, Henry heard the minister again. "So he may linger indefinitely? Hm. Then we can't go ahead with the arrangements for the funeral. I'll have to change my sermon." And Miss Briggs's sharp voice—was it a trifle sorrowful?—"The roses in this 'Gates Ajar' won't keep, and I don't suppose the florist would take it back now." Then the voices moved out into the dining-room, blurring together.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday Henry Potts slept peacefully, woke with his faint smile, listened to the stirring of people in the house. The newspaper was propped on the wash-stand, folded so that his eyes could catch the headlines.

Tuesday Maria sent Henry back to school; she couldn't keep him quiet any longer, and as there was no telling—Saturday she dragged an old couch in to the foot of the bed. "I might as well sleep here," she explained, "instead of paying Miss Briggs."

"You ain't working too hard?" Henry's eyes lost their light as they rested on her face, sagging into yellowish folds.

"Work! I don't mind work!" She stumbled abruptly from the room.

That choking sound—was that a sob? Then the light shone out again in Henry's eyes; some one was knocking at the rear door, some one to ask again how the hero lingered. His warm glow wrapped him securely. For a moment he wondered about Maria; she wasn't having an easy time. But he gave up the wondering easily. He had sloughed off that drab Henry Potts, husband. Another moment, now, and everything would be over; she would have a proud memory and comfortable living.

Early the next week the doctor urged her to have a nurse come in. She refused stubbornly, and Henry made no insistence. His needs seemed trivial, few—interruptions, most of them, to the weaving of his brilliant dreams. That same day, as she drew a fresh sheet over him, Henry asked her how many people had been in that morning. "They don't seem to come—so much—" he finished, a little fearfully.

"The children ask Henry at school," Maria explained, her hands jerking at the sheet.

"I hadn't thought of that." Henry smiled. "Of course."

The next noon the boy burst into the house with strident voice. Henry heard Maria hush him quickly, and then a door shut off the rest. He asked her about it when she came in with a bowl of broth, but she would say only: "Nothing but some talk. Don't bother."

The following day she came into his room with reluctant determination, and sat down heavily by the bed. "I don't suppose I'd ought to bother you—lying here helpless—but I don't know where to turn."

Something in her tone racked through the shining sphere to Henry, far within.

"It's money," she said. "That insurance. It's due next week. I had to take what we'd saved toward it—that specialist—and all—"

"Next week!" Henry sucked in his cheeks, with their ragged growth of sandy beard. "I clean forgot."

"Mr. Baxter sent your wages down

that first week, but he's got a new man now. I don't know who to ask. We've always got along respectable. There's Henry's paper route—but that don't pay the grocer bill, let alone the doctor or the rest."

"I clean forgot," repeated Henry. It was an echo of a former life, an old humiliation, trying to seize him again.

"If I knew where to turn, I wouldn't of bothered you. But that insurance—if that goes, where'll we be?" Mrs. Potts stared at Henry, her eyelids reddening. "I thought you'd have to know about it—"

"I'd ought to think about it." Henry's eyes left her face, traveled to the streak of winter sun which sprayed across his bed; it crawled a little farther each day. All that money! He hadn't thought of money. He closed his eyes sharply.

"Henry!" Mrs. Potts's frightened breathing was close to his face. "I ain't made you worse? Does something hurt you?"

"No." Henry looked at her again. "I was just having an idea. Maria"—his voice steadied as he spoke—"there's that monument subscription. It wouldn't be exactly charity—if they gave you some of that—for the insurance, would it? Even if it meant—well, not such a good stone?" The words riddled his golden sphere, offering a piece of it in barter.

Maria sank into her chair, hugging her arms against her breast. "There ain't any." Her lips shut grimly.

"Any what?"

"Ed Collins started it. And then—his boy told Henry at school—said he felt funny about raising monuments when men weren't dead yet. The boys said mean things to Henry. He was awful mad. You heard him hollering—yesterday noon."

"Did they think I ought to die—sooner?" Mr. Potts whispered. All about him lay the ruins of his glory.

"I don't know. I don't know!" Mrs. Potts suddenly dropped her head to the bed, her thick shoulders heaving.

"Why, Maria! Don't, Maria!"

She lifted her face, gulping. "Who even comes to ask about you now? Mrs. Willie, next door— Oh, folks go

on, no matter what anybody did, so long's they ain't hurt."

"Maria, don't take on—" He watched her rub the tears from her eyes. "I'll think about that insurance."

She rose wearily. "I shouldn't of worried you."

"Maybe I can think of a way. I got time to think. You go have a rest."

He heard her closing the draught of the stove in the dining-room before she climbed the stairs. When the sound of her heavy feet had ceased, he glanced toward the wash-stand. The newspaper had slipped down out of sight. No matter. He knew the article by heart now. But that wasn't what he was to think about. He thrust away from him the shadow of doubt as to what lay behind the words.

One hundred and fifteen dollars! If it wasn't paid! Suddenly his eyes strained wide, staring at the crack which ran across the white ceiling. Then he gave a little grunt, doubling in his lips to moisten them. There must be some other way. After a long interim, when he scarcely breathed, he began to talk to himself, a thin thread of words from his rigid body.

"You've been hanging around just to enjoy yourself, old Henry Potts. Bothering folks. Just that one way for you to fix things up. That'd fix everything. An' if it sort of scares you, letting go—well—go ahead!" He closed his eyes. "Can't pretend I'm a hero any more," he muttered. Then he lost himself in a rush of icy blackness. Later his heart stirred slightly. He heard the doctor's voice across the dark:

"The stimulants won't take hold. He must have lost courage—to sink this way—"

Courage! The word enticed him back into the light. He was climbing up the side of a great precipice, terrifying, frozen blackness below him, warm light above. Just as he felt his fingers over the edge, he remembered. Clinging there, he heard the doctor: "Quickly, that needle! He's coming back—" He could have swung himself up into the familiar light. But the other was the only way for Maria and the boy. With a little gasp he loosened his fingers, and dropped.

Our Wild Animal Neighbors

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



OUR game warden was in reminiscent mood. It was Sunday, nobody had reported any set lines requiring a trip to a distant pond and a search for the offending line and the culprits; the shooting season had not opened. He could sit on the porch in front of his house, with its treasures of stuffed horned owls, pheasants of every breed, partridges, woodcock, deer horns and heads, even the shed antlers of a Berkshire moose (there are now thirteen moose living wild in the woods of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, and there may be more before this article is printed), and talk at his ease.

"There are more foxes in western Massachusetts to-day than there have been in many, many years," he said. "There isn't the shadow of a doubt but they are on the increase. They are not hunted nearly so much as they used to be, and while they are trapped, probably, a bit more, they are such crafty creatures that it doesn't serve to diminish their numbers. Did you ever have a fox laugh at you?"

We confessed that we had never enjoyed that experience.

"Well, I have," said he. "It was a Long Island fox, years ago. My dad and I were hunting him, and dad stationed me at the end of a run and told me to wait while he drove him up. The fox came, all right, but before I could get a shot he sprang up on a stone wall—we called it a stone fence on Long Island—and sat there directly between me and a herd of sheep. I couldn't fire without hitting a sheep, and he knew it. He just sat and looked at me a minute, with his mouth open and his sides shaking with laughter. If ever an animal laughed, he did. Then he sprang down right into the middle of the flock, and drove them across the pasture, keeping himself sur-

rounded all the way. I never had a chance at him. When dad came up he was mad, I tell you. 'The old fox laughed at me, dad,' I cried.

"Who wouldn't laugh at you?" dad said. I guess he knew I was kind of glad the fox got away. My job now is saving wild things, not killing 'em, and while the foxes get a lot of chickens and hens every year, along with partridges, pheasants, and rabbits (they've got thousands of rabbits the past two winters), I'm not at all sure they don't pay for what they take by their destruction of mice and other objectionable things. Anyhow, they're too smart to destroy."

Those people, indeed, who have not made an effort to explore the woods and fields, have little idea how much wild life still lives close to our habitations in the old northeastern States, even of the fur-bearing or flesh-eating breeds, from muskrat and mink and weasels up to wildcats. It will probably surprise most readers to learn that from a single village of two thousand people on the Housatonic River in northwestern Connecticut \$15,000 worth of furs is exported every spring, the majority of them muskrat pelts, of course, but many fox and even otter skins being of the number. A Southern dorky, now a resident of this town, told with pride of the catch made by a friend of his.

"'Twas an o'ter," he said, "an' Sam got fo' dollars a foot fo' dat hide, yassuh, fo' dollars a foot, an' it wore six feet long!"

Even more surprising to most people than the size of Sam's otter, and better authenticated, will be the statement that the treasurer of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, has paid out five-dollar bounties for 262 wildcats in the fifteen years since 1903, when the bounty law took effect—an average of 17.5 a year, with the 1917 figures incomplete. To the thousands of mo-

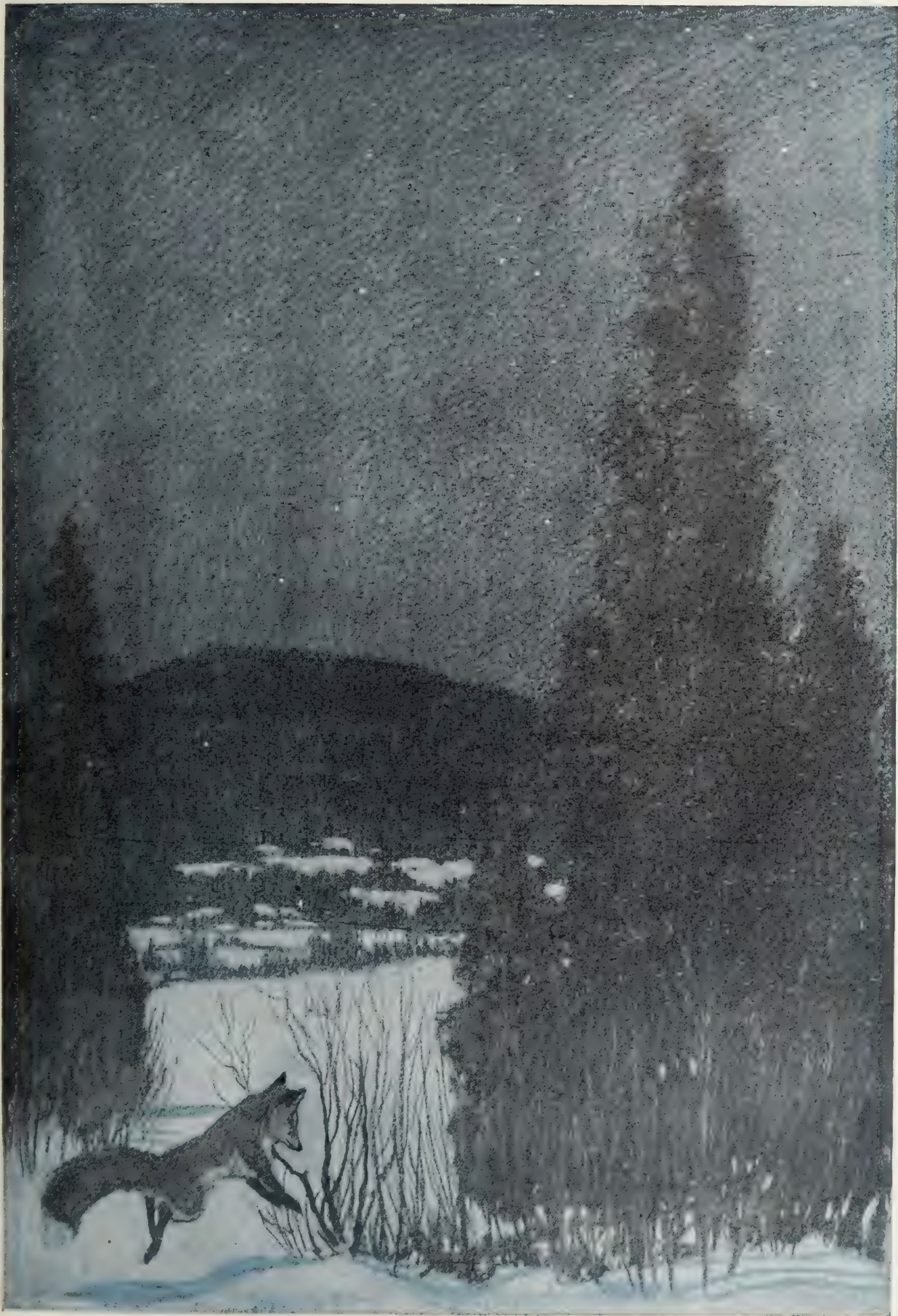
tor tourists who pass through this beautiful section of New England every season, even to the occupants of the summer estates which dot our hills and gracious valleys, it will doubtless seem strange that so formidable a forest beast as the wildcat should still prowl the woods. It only shows how little most of us nowadays know about our four-footed neighbors.

I have recently acquired a two-hundred acre farm in southern Berkshire, under the shadow of Mount Everett, or the Dome, as we more familiarly call it. One-half of the farm runs up the mountain-side, the other half is comparatively level land at the foot, and the two halves are bisected by the so-called Under Mountain Road, the main motor highway from New York to the Berkshires. On a pleasant Saturday in summer I suppose as many as a thousand cars may pass my door. Yet one of the first discoveries I made in going over the land was a fox's den in a stone wall not over two hundred feet from the road. The main entrance to the den was underneath a large stone at the base of the wall, quite hidden from the field by a tangle of bushes. There was a second entrance, however, above this stone, leading into the hollows of the wall, and so down, presumably, into the ground. The top of the stone in front of this upper entrance was covered with yellowish soil from the fox's fur, and there were numerous scratches where the animal had slipped a little and used his claws. There was no path leading away, showing that this fox apparently used the top of the wall as his approach and exit, from which he could leap far out into the cleared field at any point and leave no track.

About three hundred yards back from the road, on top of a rocky nub covered with large sugar-maples and trailing bittersweet-vines, I found a second fox's burrow, this time in the open ground. It was quite fresh and constantly occupied, for a plain path led away from it through the vines to the field below. This path was about ten inches wide, and perfectly plain to a casual glance. Probably the puppies had been using it all summer (it was August 1st when

I found it). I have waited patiently near by many an hour since, when I should have been working, for a sight of them, but so far in vain. About six feet from this fresh burrow is an old burrow, last year's, apparently, and just outside the mouth, on the upper side, is a pile of bleached bones six inches high and a foot across. There were at least three chicken wish-bones in the pile. Yet the farmer of whom I bought the place had an active and sagacious dog. I suppose when I get the farm stocked again I, too, shall pay tribute. But I shall make the old fox reward me with a puppy for a pet.

Did you ever have a little fox for a pet? No animal on earth has such a bright, sagacious face—as, indeed, no animal on earth is so sagacious, so capable of reasoning and of applying experience to new combinations of circumstances, which is but the proof of reasoning. When I was a little boy of six or seven I had a pet fox all one blissful summer. He was one of a litter captured by a farmer, and had been raised by hand. The rest died, but by late June, when he came into my possession, this little fellow was a hardy, active, well-formed foxling, with a big, swinging tail and the two brightest, snapping, twinkling eyes in the world. He lived in a dog-house by the barn, on a long chain, and went into canine spasms of welcome when I approached, leaping at once to my shoulder, where he would sit and chew off the rim of my straw hat like a puppy. Once he got hold of my ear by mistake, and I learned that foxes have teeth. He would go around with me on a leash, nearly pulling me off my feet, and showing no fear whatever of human beings. But as he grew larger he developed a too-active dislike to other people, though never to me (nor did he, as I recall, become inactive and broodingly morose, as so many captured foxes do). At last it was decreed that he must be shot, however. My tears and pleading won for him a mitigation of this sentence to banishment to the woods, and one late August day his collar and chain were removed. He made a couple of glad bounds, trotted leisurely off across the fields, and was never seen by me again.



Drawn by Waller King Stone

REYNARD TAKES TO THE WOODS

But by no means all captured foxes will thus take to the woods. A friend of mine brought up a puppy once which he used to release every day. The fox would trot off to the wilds and the dog would go baying after it. Invariably the fox, after leading the dog a chase for a while, would come pant-

even the lumbermen are such hunters. The efforts of the mother fox to save her little ones are sometimes pathetic. A year or two ago, in the woods of northern Michigan, two lumbermen saw a fox's den and poked into it. Nothing happened, so they went on. Returning at night, they saw that fresh tracks

led from this den to a newly dug burrow not far away, and surmised that the mother fox had moved her family. Thereupon they started digging. As they dug they could hear the fox digging ahead of them in the ground, and it became evident she was tunneling in a circle, to reach the entrance ahead of them and escape. So one of the men dug ahead to cut her off, and the other dug behind her. The latter digger came speedily upon four puppies, and the former reached the old fox herself. She had been forced to abandon most of her litter in her mad effort to escape; but she was carrying one baby with her, all she could hope to save. Two other men from the same camp found a fox's hole in a fallen, hollow tree and started to chop the family out. In this case the mother drove all the family—five again—up the



A MIDNIGHT VIGIL

ing back to his kennel, lie down, and go peacefully to sleep. He knew the dog wouldn't molest him there.

The approved method of capturing fox puppies is to dig them out. It is not much practised hereabouts, but farther north, where fox farms abound,

center of a hollow branch ahead of her. The choppers came upon her from behind. They tied her hind legs together and then tied this thong to a pole, thus pulling her out from a safe distance, for she was fighting mad, and a fox's bite is not a pleasant thing. In front of her



A DASH ACROSS THE OPEN BY AN AIR-LINE TRACK

were the pups, the foremost one so jammed into the rotten wood near the end of the branch that he could hardly breathe. This litter was more than a month old, and every one of them lived in captivity on the near-by fox farm.

It is in winter, of course, that you can most readily track a fox and find his hole. Unlike the average dog, he leaves but two prints in the snow instead of four, unless he is jumping, and his paws are smaller in proportion to the length of his step. When he is comparatively undisturbed, he will often make a regular path to his den. For three or four years now a fox has burrowed on a certain steep and rocky hillside near our village, always close to the top, and as soon as the deep snow comes he establishes a regular trail up to his dwelling. Out in the fields below the hillside forest his tracks may be seen coming from all directions, but once in the woods they speedily converge into a path about eight inches wide, trodden down six or seven inches into the snow, like a tiny snow ditch. This path leads up the rough slope in a

winding direction, taking frequent cover under the tangle of laurel-bushes and passing under the south side of almost every overhanging boulder. Apparently this is because the snow often melts down to bare ground under such sheltering rocks, and the partridges and pheasants huddle there for food or shelter. No doubt the fox comes sneaking down his path, which invariably is concealed from the lower side of the rock till it suddenly swings in under, and pounces hopefully for game when his nose or ear gives him warning. Near the top of the hill the path disappears into a round hole in the snow, dirtied with soil from the animal's belly, and ten feet up is another hole, apparently little used, which may or may not go into the earth or be merely the end of a snow tunnel to facilitate escape. I have never had the heart to disturb it, for this fox is an old settler, and the winter woods would not seem right without his tracks. At night I have heard him barking, a thin, querulous, husky bark, but never emitting the somewhat panther-like scream that foxes do at times give vent



THE WILDCAT IS THE SHYEST ANIMAL OF OUR EASTERN FORESTS, AND YET THE FIERCEST AND MOST FORMIDABLE

to—it is said most frequently in spring. This scream, heard near a lonely dwelling in the country, may be extremely terrifying to the ignorant or nervous. The illustrator of this article once waked his ten-year-old son, a great lover of wild animals and birds, to hear a fox which was screaming on the edge of the woods behind the house. Although he was told what the noise was, the little fellow burst into sobs when he first heard it from the close dark outside the door. It is a sound totally unlike the rather canine bark of the fox, and quite unlike a dog's howl, also. It is much more catlike. Just what its significance

is nobody seems certain. It may be a male challenge call.

There is one ridge of rock and scrub timber overlooking the Housatonic Valley in northwestern Connecticut where as many as a dozen foxes' nests have been found in a season. This ridge is a couple of miles from the village, and from it you look eastward over a swampy country to the wall of a wooded mountain where wildcats live. The foxes make their holes here underneath the large surface boulders, and the snow in the woods in winter is covered with their tracks. They probably go considerable distances for their food, and no doubt rob many chicken-yards, especially in summer when they can stalk under cover; but they must also feed largely on mice and wood-chucks, birds and rabbits, the latter abounding in the

swamp below. That foxes travel long distances to definite objectives can be readily inferred from their tracks. Again and again I have come on a fresh fox track leading across a wide open space which he had traversed the night before or perhaps early that morning, and this track would not vary a hair's breadth from an air line. If you will try to walk across a snow field a mile wide and keep an air line you will realize that only the utmost concentration of mind and vision upon some definite objective on the farther side will enable you to do it. When the fox is startled he usually is so sure of himself that he merely seems

to glide into a faster trot. But sometimes he will gallop, and then he is a pretty sight, all grace and speed and animated nerves. It is a peculiarity of foxes, too, to pretend not to see you. J. M. Barrie tells how he brought a Scotch sheep dog to London, and the dog rushed at the sheep in a London park. When the sheep paid no attention to him, he raised his head with what dignity he could and continued to bark, pretending he had been barking at some birds in a tree all the time. A fox seems to have the same canine trait. I was sitting once on the edge of a wood reading. A fox came down wind amid the thin birches of the forest fringe, not hearing or scenting me, intent on some business of his own. Suddenly he got the scent, raised his head, took one look, and then pretended he hadn't seen me at all, but that his trail led off at a side angle into the woods. He followed it with exaggerated indifference. Coasting down a long hill near Litchfield, Connecticut, the other day, with my engine off, I saw a beautiful big fox sitting on a stump by the road, back to. I was only a couple of hundred yards away when he heard me, and gave an instinctive spring off the stump away from the road. But he no sooner landed than he seemed ashamed of himself, and deliberately turned, crossed the road in front of me, trotted rapidly but calmly up the lee of a pasture wall to a safe distance, and then sat on his haunches and watched me slow up the car to observe him.

The fox hunts, in many ways, like a dog, though his ears are far keener, so that he can hear a field-mouse squeak several hundred feet away. He pounces on small prey like mice with his fore paws, just as a field-trained dog will do, and when he digs out a woodchuck he will keep backing out of the hole and taking a look at the rear entrance to make sure his quarry is not escaping, exactly like a good working Airdale. There are many authenticated instances of wild foxes making friends with farm dogs, too, and playing with them. Whether this is a ruse to make chicken-hunting safer, or merely a sign of kinship, nobody can certainly say. It is hard to believe the former, even of so clever an animal as the fox. When it comes to fighting he is quite as good as a dog, and far quicker;



TREES ARE THE INSTINCTIVE REFUGE OF THE 'COON

but, of course, he finds it easier to resort to strategy. When he has to, however, a fox can stand off three or four hounds.

Over on the mountain, across the swamp from the ridge where the foxes den, is a reservoir, high up in the woods,

spite of the fact that he is the fiercest and most formidable. The full-grown cat is about thirty-eight inches long (including six inches of stiff tail). His hair is shorter and redder than the true Canada lynx, being mixed white and black only on the under side, and his

paws are much smaller in proportion to his body, though they are large enough, and seem out of all scale with his head. Just as the domestic cat differs from the dog, the wildcat differs from the fox. He is self-sufficient, aloof, unsocial, and capable of great fierceness. I have seen but one in captivity, and that was a female caught as a kitten in the northern Massachusetts hills. She never became tame, and as she grew larger she spit through the bars of her cage with terrifying ferocity. Finally she attracted another cat into the woods near by, which used to emit wild yowlings at night, and the neighborhood decreed an execution.

The great bulk of our Berkshire wild-cat population live in the so-called hill towns, some miles from the railroad and cultivated valleys, though they frequently come down to the edge of the plain in winter. They make their



THE OTTER WILL FRISK ON THE RIVER BANK LIKE A PUPPY

and here wildcat tracks are seen every winter, and once in a while one of the beasts, crouching, perhaps, on a log fallen out into the water, watching for fish. But only the craftiest hunter is thus rewarded, for the wildcat, or bobcat (*Lynx ruffus*), is as shy an animal as remains in our Eastern forests, in

homes in the great acreage of second-growth timber and scrub over the rocky slopes, and, the trappers agree, prefer fallen hollow logs for their nests, but will use tiny natural caves lined with dead leaves. In summer, when there are plenty of mice, rabbits, and birds, it is almost never one of them is seen,

though you will occasionally come upon a wild-catnip bed rolled down and trodden. This is not always the case, however, for last summer our game warden and his wife, while camping at a mountain pond near the state motor highway over Jacob's Ladder from Springfield, were followed by a wildcat for several hundred feet. It was in the evening, and they were walking along a back-country road through the woods. The cat, which evidently had kittens somewhere about, followed them in the bushes beside the road, snarling and spitting, and they could not only hear the bushes crack, but now and then could see the two lights of the animal's eyes. The warden had no gun, and declares, "It was an unpleasant five minutes—for my wife, of course!" As soon as they reached the clearing the cat ceased to follow.

But such an experience in summer is rare indeed. In winter, however, the cats are forced by hunger to prowl farther afield, and even to rob hen-roosts. Then their tracks are not infrequently to be encountered, and the trappers and hunters get after them. Last winter a man in Mount Washington Township, in the southwestern corner of Massachusetts, was walking with his dog. The dog picked up a fresh trail and set off in full cry. The man, thinking the track that of a fox (he could not have been much of a woodsman) snatched up a heavy club and followed. Presently he heard sounds of

a fight just under a ledge below him, and without hesitating he jumped over. He was the most surprised man in the State of Massachusetts when he landed with both feet on the back of a bobcat. The cat was in process of disposing of the dog, and was rather put out at



IF HE IS NOT FRIGHTENED, THE SKUNK IS QUITE INOFFENSIVE AND HARMLESS

being thus rudely disturbed. It got in one good lacerating blow at the man's leg before a crack on the head with the club stunned it and it could be killed. The proud hunter limped home and had his trophy stuffed, and exhibited it in a store window in Great Barrington.

There was another wildcat in our

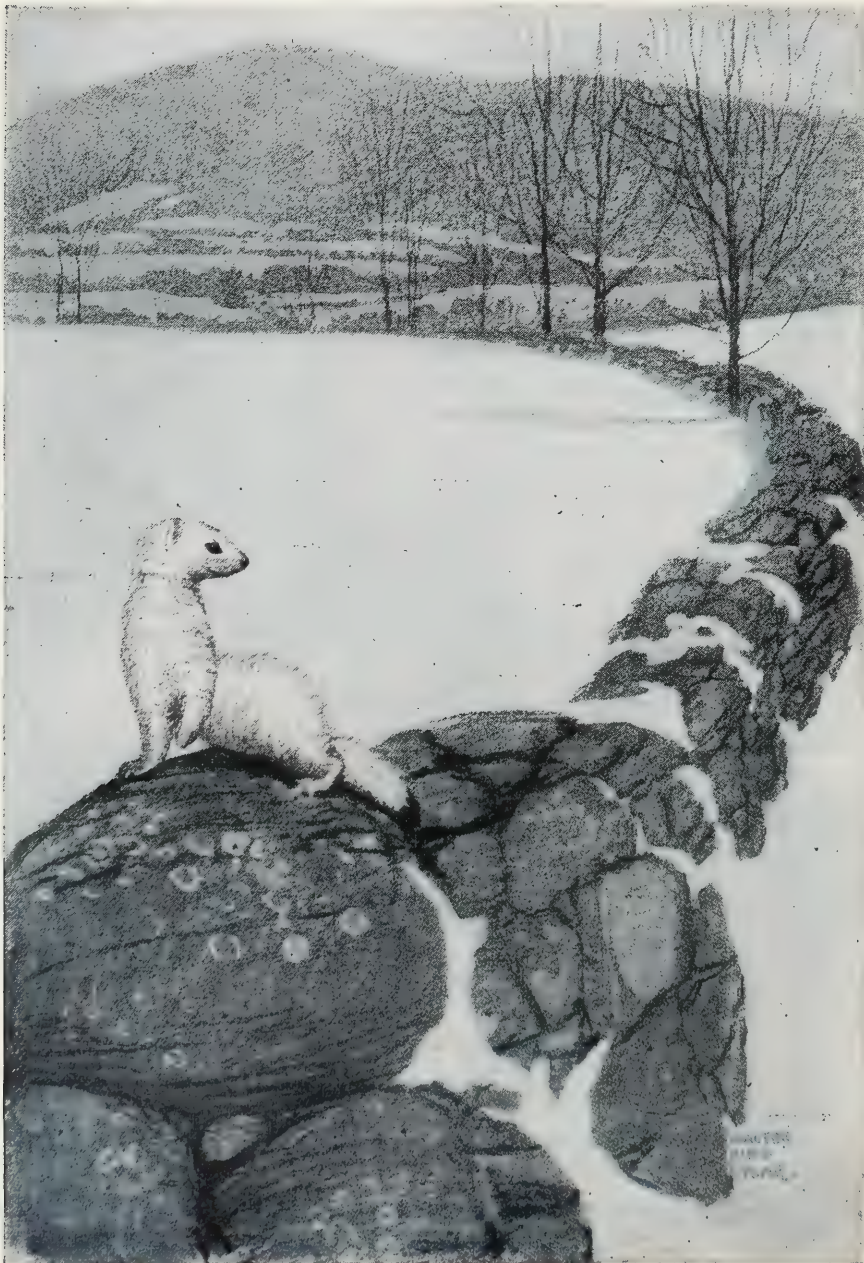
neighborhood known as "Old Stub." He was caught in a trap, gnawed his foot off, and escaped. The stub healed, and thereafter his three-footed tracks were unmistakable in the snow. He was never caught in a trap again, but contrived to extract the bait over and over, to the rage of the trappers, who made common cause against him with dogs and guns. For three years he eluded them, till Old Stub had begun to be a kind of hero. Finally, last winter, he was brought to bay and shot.

How much the snow has to do with the fate of forest animals is well illustrated by the records of wildcat bounties. In 1916, when the snow was the deepest

in at least a generation, twenty-eight cats were accounted for in our county. The previous year but fifteen were killed, and last winter, when the snow was very light, only eight.

Of course the wildcats and foxes are not the only wild animals in our woods which subsist on flesh. To the number must be added mink, weasels, otter (largely a fish-eating mammal), raccoons (which also eat corn and other vegetable products), and skunks. Mink, weasels, and skunks are closely akin. The 'coon (which does not show any serious signs of extermination) is said to belong to the bear family. All of these animals, except the weasel, are

sought for their fur, and the otter, especially, is becoming extremely rare. However, it is a curious fact that in the last three or four years there are signs that the otters are growing more numerous again, or, better, less infrequent; and this is undoubtedly due to the fact that the scarcity of them, and of other fur-bearing animals, has gradually forced the older trappers into other occupations, while the younger generation is hardly trained at all in woodcraft. As their enemies decrease the last few otters, with half a chance for life, begin to restore their breed again. The constantly increasing pollution of our larger streams, with banks most suitable for an animal of his size to nest in, must have much to do with his disappearance, as well as the lust of the hunters.



THE LITTLE WEASEL IS A CUNNING AND ELUSIVE MARAUDER

I saw an otter only last spring on the bank of the Housatonic River where it flows through the links of the Stockbridge Golf Club. He was running along above the water, on the steep, muddy slope, and when he saw me he simply made a toboggan of himself and slid down, swimming off at a rate of speed that would have done credit to a pickerel, and leaving, for a few feet only, a surface wake like a just-submerged torpedo. The river is so polluted, however, that no fish can live in it except German carp, and any sensible otter would seek some tributary to ascend as soon as he could. He might not even wait, but go overland, dragging his long body and powerful tail through the snow or mud. An otter's tracks in the snow are quite unmistakable, and frequently go for long distances overland. I have heard trappers affirm that an otter will travel seventy-five miles in a night, by crossing overland from one head-water to another, or one pond to another. While so great a distance would be difficult of proof, it is easily proved that an otter will cross several land miles from water to water, and he could certainly swim the remainder of the distance in a very few hours, if he desired. It is on their portages, as it were, between ponds or head-waters, that the trappers usually catch them.

Sometimes you will encounter the slides on the steep river bank where the otters play. Like seals, they are extremely frisky and sportive, and will climb a bank to slide down into the water by the hour, like small boys on a sawdust pile, or two of them will pull at a stick like a couple of puppies. In the water they are marvelous swimmers, and can catch any fish they set out for. Last winter a fisherman on Goose Pond, in the hills back of Lee, Massachusetts, caught a large otter on a hook. He had lost three baits, and finally put a huge one on a big pickerel hook. He got a strike immediately and pulled.

"I thought I had the bottom of the pond," he said, exhibiting the four feet of glossy, seal-brown body which was worth more to him than any fish.

But our annual catch of otters now is relatively very small, and few are

the younger people who have ever seen an otter cub playing with a stick in the water or sliding like a small boy down a slippery bank, or found his burrow into the bank, with its entrance below water-level.

Most of us, however, have seen a skunk! Indeed, that family is fortunate which has never owned a puppy whose natural curiosity led him to investigate the strange visitor, only to rush half-blinded into the house, searching for a familiar sympathy which was suddenly and rudely denied him. It is rather odd that an animal so actively disagreeable as the skunk can be, and consequently so persistently shot at, should so successfully survive even close to populous centers. Probably the reason is that his very unpleasantness makes him comparatively immune to molestation by other animals, while he can subsist on a more easily acquired diet than the much more formidable weasel or mink. Far less active than either of his cousins, far less clever and crafty, you will see ten skunks now to one weasel, and twenty to one mink, at least in our section. Skunks are easily tamed, it is said (frankly I never domesticated one), and are not necessarily offensive. If they are not frightened they remain odorless. Some years ago the proprietor of a Berkshire hotel, a tender-hearted man, gave positive orders that no skunks were to be killed on his premises. The animals used to come up to the garbage-pails behind the hotel in the early evening to feed, and after a brief season of protection they became so tame that the guests would go out to watch them, as you go out to see the bears behind the inns in Yellowstone and Glacier parks. At times there would be as many as a dozen skunks in the yard. But this proprietor is dead now, and the custom died with him. Skunks still come up to the garbage-pails in our town, however. In winter I have often found their tracks around mine, and, alas! the dog has found more than the tracks! They also breed near our dwellings.

Two years ago, at the golf club, we were troubled by little holes appearing in a certain fairway every morning,

just large enough to give a ball a heavy lie. At first we thought the crows made them, but one of our workmen insisted they were made by skunks. At last he arose very early and saw an animal at work. We did not find its hole, however, for some days—not until a foursome was astonished by the sight of three little black-and-white kittens (as they first thought them) playing on a near-by putting-green. These kittens were so tame that they allowed the caddies to touch them, while the players, with adult apprehensiveness, kept a watchful eye for mamma. The kittens presently ran under a fence, and then under a small tool-house in the adjoining cemetery. A benevolent (and somewhat timid) greens committee left them in peace. Just what it was the old skunk dug from the turf I was never able to determine; presumably some kind of grub. The holes she made were about an inch deep, and of nearly the same diameter. The next season there was no nest under the tool-house and no holes in the fairway. Skunks also eat largely of grasshoppers and similar insects. But, like their cousins, they are quite capable of destroying chickens, and a skunk's burrow by a hen-yard is a signal for traps and gun. My boyhood is filled with memories of days when the death of a skunk meant a family exodus to the other side of the house, and a stern parental refusal to allow me to skin my quarry.

The skunk's little cousin, the weasel, which is less than a foot and a half of compact muscle and fierce sagacity, which is quick as lightning and as sly on the hunt almost as a fox, never seems to have been much more numerous than at present. It is fortunate that his numbers are not greater, for he is a bloodthirsty beast, quite capable of killing a domestic hen, a sleeping partridge or pheasant, a rabbit. He is hated by the farmer especially, for he is so small that it is almost as difficult to keep him out of the hen yard or coop as it would be to exclude a squirrel; he is shy of traps, and among all animals about the most troublesome to get a shot at. If you have ever seen a weasel poke his sharp face up through a stone wall, get sight or scent of you

(he works largely by scent), and then travel along the wall with great rapidity to get out of danger, you will realize his cunning. He can be almost snake-like in his bodily movements as he keeps obstacles between you and him, and he can absolutely disappear from sight when he wishes with uncanny magic. I have seen a weasel in winter, when he was all white except the black end of his tail, sitting on a stone wall. I have seen him take alarm and go into the wall like a flash, to reappear instantly twenty feet away, and then to reappear once more clear across an open space of snow, which you would swear he could not possibly have crossed without your seeing him.

Weasels progress by leaps, doubling up their bodies as they land, so that the hind feet track in the front paw-marks, and in the snow the trail looks almost like that of a two-legged creature. When undisturbed or at leisure, these tracks are about a foot apart, or three-fourths of the total length of the male animal. (The female is three inches shorter.) But when a weasel is at full speed he can make ten feet at a leap. In my back lot in winter I find these tracks most frequently around the brush heaps or straw coverings on the beds, where the mice live. But they also run through a swampy growth where there are rabbits. It is not infrequent in our woods to come upon a dead rabbit which has been killed by a weasel and his warm blood sucked from the neck.

The mink is four or five inches longer than the weasel, remains a dark brown, almost a black, the year through, and lives chiefly near water, in which he swims and hunts with almost the speed and more than the craftiness of the otter. It was not many years ago that a family of mink hunted in the Bronx Creek where it flows through the Zoo, and lived high on the water fowl caged there, resisting all traps and guns. Their beady eyes are sharp and intelligent, their agile bodies trim and extraordinarily supple, and to see one of them at work by a stream-side, unaware of you as you lie, perhaps, down wind in a duck blind, or sitting quietly with a rod, is to get a peep at the cruelty and grace of nature strangely combined.

It is hard to get a good 'coon dog nowadays—at least in our part of the world. Personally, I'm not sorry, for you cannot have your 'coon and eat him, too. A good many factors are combining, indeed, to make our northern world safer for 'coon democracy. The 'coons are hunted less (possibly because automobiles are making us more and more averse to hard physical labor); the forests are more and more losing their pine at the hands of the lumbermen and coming into hard woods, which give the animals nesting-places; and the 'coons, unlike the weasels, for instance, can vary their diet to embrace vegetable products, especially corn, of which they are extremely fond. Then, too, they hibernate in winter, which is a great protection, and here in the north we have never achieved the humorous, imaginative semi-personification of the 'coon which the negroes have imposed on the South, to make the little creature doubly desirable. Certain it is, at any rate, that the 'coons are still numerous in our northern hillside forests, and I have found the tracks of their hind paws, like the mark of a tiny, shriveled baby's foot, in the spring mud not over a mile from a populous Berkshire village.

The 'coon gains immunity from dogs and foxes by his ability to climb trees, and he also gains much food thereby, for he robs birds' nests and probably even catches sleeping birds at perch. In a tree he can be almost as craftily invisible as a weasel in a wall.

'Coons are of an inquiring turn of mind, and therefore not hard to catch in a box trap. Once caught, they are easily tamed, at least to a state of acquiescence, not pining as a fox often does, nor remaining savage and resentful like a wildcat. In captivity you can watch them obeying one of their most curious instincts, which is to wash all meat before eating it. No matter if they see you wash it first they must perform the operation themselves. They take the meat scrap in their front paws, like a squirrel, and then slosh it back and forth in the water, sometimes till it is white and pulpy. I well remember

camping once on the shore of the Dismal Swamp and hearing in the still night the faint sound of little swishes in the water not far away, apparently close inshore. In the morning we investigated the mud beach and found a dozen or more 'coon tracks leading down to and away from the water's edge. Unfortunately, though there was a bright moon for several nights, the thick mist always lay three feet deep over the face of the lake, and we never got a chance to watch them.

"Varmints," the Yankee farmers used to call these animals of the wild which ate their chickens or destroyed their crops. Presumably the mild, vegetarian woodchuck was included in the epithet, however incorrectly. But we are slowly learning that the balance of nature is something which should not be too rudely disturbed without careful investigation. We have learned the lesson—a costly one—with regard to our slaughtered forests and shrunken water powers. We are learning it with regard to our birds. And it is certainly not beyond the range of possibility that the varmints—the flesh-eating animals like foxes, weasels, 'coons, and skunks, perform their useful functions, too, in their ceaseless preying upon rodents, rabbits, and the like, more than atoning for their occasional predatory visits to the chicken-roost. At any rate, who that loves the woods and streams does not love them the more when the patient wait or the silent approach is rewarded by the sight of some wild inhabitant about his secret business, or when the tell-tale snows of winter reveal the story of last night's hunt, or when the still, cold air of the winter evening is startled by the cry of a fox, as he sits, perhaps, on a knoll above the dry weed tops in the field and bays the moon? To me, at least, the woods untenanted by their natural inhabitants are as melancholy as a deserted village, an abandoned farm, and I would readily sacrifice twenty chickens a year to know that I maintained thereby a family of foxes under my wall, living their sly, shrewd life in frisky happiness, against all the odds of man.

A Round Trip to Crime

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER



THE report of what had happened to Link Weyman crept about town through underground channels, devious and unreliable and dear to the heart of youth. To the outward or adult eye it was a somnolent, dusty morning in late August, but down among the real people, in the twilight zone of half-belief, it was seething with rumor, with cross-currents of hearsay and conjecture, claims and counterclaims. At nine the upper part of Bud Hicks had appeared over Ranny's backyard fence with a harrowing tale of Link's capture by West-End brigands, of torture and violent language. At the same moment, four blocks away, Tom Rucker was raising the temperature of "Fatty" Hartman with the stimulating news that Link Weyman was being held for ransom, and that County Treasurer Weyman would presently turn over the contents of the court-house safe to get his son back. Ted Blake affected to believe, and said as much to Tug Wiltshire out at Tug's home near the rising sun, that Link had been deprived of at least one ear. Tug, out of his wide range of reading, recalled the case of a traveler boiled in oil. It was through no fault of Tug's, but rather it was one of the by-products of free speech, that a little later two boys of no importance, meeting casually on Railroad Avenue, repaired to the moist shade of the water-tank, dug their toes into a pleasant, muddy place, and told each other that the late Link Weyman had been boiled in oil, quarreling slightly over the gruesome details. All this time the adult world went about its accustomed tasks, met and parted, bought and sold, shook its head at the sky, and said, "No hope of rain yet." In all the universe there is no twenty-four inches so vast as that which separates the heads of man and boy.

It was a general rule for those exchanging misinformation to gravitate toward the bereaved home and to hang about in the respectful distance. Ranny and Bud, Tom and "Fatty," were among those taking their comfort within sight of the Weyman residence. Tug Wiltshire and Ted Blake brought with them a partnership theory that Link had been drawn limb from limb. But Ranny held with the idea of ransom.

"I s'pose Mr. Weyman is taking the money out to them now," he said. "I don't see him around any place."

Nobody raised doubts as to Mr. Weyman's right to use the county's funds for that purpose; but "Fatty" Hartman, to whom no subject was sacred, held that it would be a poor bargain. He made it clear that if he had a treasury full of money he would spend it for something more edible than Link Weyman; also for a gold-headed cane. All were duly informed that Bud Hicks's uncle had a gold-headed cane.

Now came a little event that demolished all the more radical and interesting theories—namely, the appearance of Link himself coming out of his own house under his own power. As he neared the watchful waiters, it was noted that he wore his usual complement of ears, and that, far from having been boiled in oil, he was entirely raw. There was nobody among his friends and co-players who would have deliberately wished harm to Link Weyman; yet, so complex is the human and near-human mind, there was something about Link's unboiled and un mutilated appearance that was disappointing.

"What are you hangin' around here for?" he asked the reception committee. "My gosh! Why don't you do somethin'?"

The boys looked to Link for information as to what they should do. Ranny, affecting a deliberate calm, chose to devastate him with lofty language.

"Why is the reason you are speaking so rough?" he asked.

"Rough?" repeated Link, with scorn. "My gosh! I guess if you been through what I been you'd be speaking rough, too. My gosh!"

"What'd they do to you?" asked Ted. "Nothin' much, I guess." He was pardonably peevish because Link had discredited his prophecy by appearing here in one piece instead of like a puzzle-picture with important sections missing.

"If I told you what happened to me—"

"Well, tell us," said "Fatty," who could not stand suspense. "I 'ain't got time to stay here all day."

"Fatty's" threat deceived nobody, for he always had an abundance of leisure, but it was clear that Link's audience was getting away from him. So he started upon his tragic tale.

"I was goin' along down by the ol' foundry, not thinkin' of anything special—this morning, you know, jus' after breakfast. Of course I was just takin' a little walk along down there by the ol' foundry. So I was walkin' along not thinkin' of anything special, and all of a sudden—my gosh!"

"I know," said "Fatty"; "somebody jumped out—"

"Keep still, can't you?" demanded the historian. "How can I tell this if you interrupt? So I was walkin' along there, not thinkin'—"

"Yes, we heard that," said Tom. "You wasn't thinkin' of anything special. Go on."

The story had to be extracted from Link bit by bit. The author refused to be hurried. Every time he was "interrupted" he lost his place and went back a paragraph or two.

The outrage, briefly, was as follows:

He was pounced upon by three West-End characters whose names he did not know, being himself rather a new-comer in town, and dragged back through the yard of the now unused foundry to a mass of scrap-iron and old boards. There he was forcibly introduced to a gang of outlaws who had



HE WAS POUNCED UPON BY THREE WEST-END CHARACTERS

built themselves into the refuse—a house containing an improvised stove and a genuine stove-pipe. This gang was the property of "Butch" Willet, a person disliked and respected by all. "Butch" admitted that they were living there without the knowledge of the town marshal. They had no fire in their stove because the smoke would betray them to the authorities. (At this point in the narrative "Fatty" said that it was too hot for a fire, anyway, and was punished by vain repetitions.)

The place contained reading matter of

a desperate nature, smoking materials, playing-cards, and hiding-places for stolen goods. Link was treated with a great deal of brutality and rough language; his captors threatened him with horrible tortures if he disclosed their lair to the police. Apparently he had been captured for the purpose of being forced to keep silent.

"But if you hadn't have been taken in there," said Ranny, "you would not know they were in there at all."

"I'd have found out somehow," said Link, darkly. "Well, so they took me in there—"

Thus the story meandered on from weak beginning to disappointing end. They had let him go without bloodshed and without ransom. He had no bruises or scratches to show. Ordinarily the yarn might have done well enough for an uncritical audience not pressed for time, but after the glowing reports that had been circulating since early morning it was one long anticlimax. If Link had not been a greenhorn from the country he would have known better than to tell of his adventure to "Sausage" Buckley, who was doing some semi-professional delivering for Alleston's grocery-store this summer and who had garnished the little tale and started it on its pleasure-giving way.

"I told 'em when I went away," Link concluded, "that my gang would come around and wipe 'em offa the face of the earth. I told 'em we'd learn 'em—takin' a fella and treatin' him that way. I wasn't doin' nothin' to 'em. I was just walkin' along down there by the foundry—"

"What'd 'Butch' answer back?" asked Ranny, uneasily.

Link restrained himself with a visible effort. "What'd 'Butch' answer back? Nothin'; oh no, not at all. He only said he'd knock us all in the middle of next week. He only said we was afraid to come in a block of his place." Link made it clear that the present company had been pretty thoroughly denounced and that names had been mentioned. He constituted himself a missionary from the heathen, bearer of insults, maker of discords, singer of the hymn of hate. "So now," he concluded, "we gotta get some whinnicks and darnicks

and things. I'll be the captain, and—"

He stopped in sheer disgust. Ranny, upon whom his burning glances rested, was gazing up into a tree as one free from responsibilities. Tom Rucker, when apprehended, asked Ted Blake whether he thought it was ever going to rain. "Fatty" Hartman was detected in the grave crime of looking pleasant.

"What're you grinnin' about?" Link demanded.

"I ain't so very mad," said "Fatty," pacifically. "I—I feel all right."

"Did they have a cave?" asked Tug Wiltshire. "Gener'ly they always have a kind of a cave."

"No, they didn't have a cave, but—"

"I bet we could make a better shanty than that," said Bud Hicks.

"If we couldn't make a better shanty than that," exclaimed Ted, "with one hand tied behind our back, w'y—"

"Le's see. Where'll we build 'er?" asked Ranny.

"You always have to go exploring first," said Tug Wiltshire, the slave of the printed word. "You look a long time till you find the best place—all secret and everything. If you get lost you look on the north side of trees for moss. If you want to know which way the wind's blowin' [he wet his finger and held it up]—see, cold on one side."

Everybody wet a finger and held it up, though no two investigators agreed as to which side was cold. Poor Link and his grievances were utterly forgotten. When presently they started out to find a place to build a den that would surpass anything in the history of disorderly conduct, it is a sorry fact that they turned their faces in exactly the opposite direction from that of the old foundry. This crowd had no desire to abolish "Butch" and his tough companions, but only to surpass them.

Tug Wiltshire strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage, but the final choice of a meeting-place for earnest scalawags had little to do with his bookish lore. There was an illegal dump-heap at the eastern edge of the marsh, a place of tangled brush and weeds and a wealth of second-hand articles. There was an ancient sign, "Five dollars' fine for dumping rubbish here," a warning which nobody had ever taken seriously.

In fact, some wag had inserted with a brush the word "not" before "dumping," thus perpetrating a tiny but enduring joke. It was here that the desperate characters took their stand.

It was an ideal building-site—though perhaps an adult would never have thought of it in that connection. It had secrecy because of the brushwood and a sinister character because of the sign. Building material was at hand—tin and stone, partial boards, fractional bricks, bits of tar paper, and one surpassing window-shutter—everything the not too grasping heart could desire.

"The police 'll never find us here," said Ted Blake. "He could hunt—"

"What does he want us for?" asked "Fatty." "What 've we done?"

"We're a tough gang, ain't we? Tougher than 'Butch' Willet's gang."

"A thousand times as tough," said Bud Hicks.

"Oh yes; I forgot," said "Fatty."

"We mustn't come right straight in here," Tug explained. "They'd see us and know where we keep our—our—you know—swag. So we got to walk past and not look or anything. And walk right along—and—we got to do like this. Lookee here; this is us." Tug climbed out upon the clear ground and strolled past with a fine, casual behavior like some Link Weyman taking the morning air upon an empty mind. Presently Tug changed his nature, made a big detour, and came to the abode of criminals from a surprising direction. "That's the way to do. That 'll fool 'em fine." Thereafter, whenever they did not forget, the rogues came to their lair in that elaborate way.

"When do we have to commence to be tough?" asked "Fatty." "Right away?"

"We can't waste no time now," said Ranny. "We got to build our shanty."

So the fall from grace was postponed until they had a suitable place in which



THE CITY MARSHALL EXERCISED HIS TALENT FOR SOCIABILITY

to fall. Barring the dinner-hour, the day was entirely given up to construction and its incidental disagreements. At times these quarrels grew loud enough to have given away their whole case if the police force had happened to be in that part of town. But, fortunately for the cause of lawlessness and disorder, the city marshal spent most of his time in the business district where he could the better exercise his talent for sociability. His idea seemed to be that people who insisted upon living in the residential parts of town did so at their own risk.

During the construction of the den of iniquity Link Weyman was suggester-

in-chief. He gave out historical reminiscences, and at times showed an alarming willingness to retell the whole story, beginning with what he had for breakfast. Once Ted Blake, exasperated beyond reason, frankly wished that the foundry gang had kept Link Weyman when they had him.

On the second morning it was discovered that there were certain matters of supplies and munitions that required actual money of the kind recognized by tradesmen.

"You get some money, Link," said Bud Hicks. "Your father is the county treasury."

"How much must he get?" asked Ranny.

"Oh, 'bout a capful. We need quite a lot of things."

Link had only himself to blame for this misconception. He had often boasted about the vast amount of money in his father's vaults, and implied that it was all at his disposal. Now he had to make some damaging admissions.

"It ain't my father's own money," he said; "and, anyway, it wouldn't be my money. [Link's relationship to the county treasury was evidently twice removed.] I can't walk in there and scoop up no money like it was oats." Upon being allowed to talk so long without "interruption" Link grew slightly unbalanced. "My father is just as stingy as *anybody's* father."

This statement caused deep sensation and some disagreement, Bud Hicks boasting that he had the stingiest father for miles around. The result was the decision to get criminal goods and chattels in the normal way, each contributing according to his means, as if it were a church sociable.

"Clarence Raleigh's got a air-gun," said Ranny.

"He ain't tough enough for this gang," exclaimed Ted. "I don't want *him* around."

Nobody wanted him around, for that matter, yet it was an absurd fact that the circumspect Clarence, because his slightest wish was his parents' law, was the only person who had a dangerous weapon.

"It's a repeater," Ranny insisted.

"Mebbe I could borry it," said Link.

"His mother and my mother is good friends. His mother thinks—" here Link's face took on a hard and cynical smile as he snickered into his hand—"his mother thinks I'm a good boy."

So it was agreed that when the clan assembled after dinner, all swag-laden and with changed natures, Link was to bring Clarence's gun, and others such *sub rosa* articles as matches, potatoes, playing-cards, and dime novels. Everybody was to remember to enter the dive by indirection. Tug gave a final demonstration, looking up into a tree as he passed, and saying for the benefit of the gullible world, "Oo! see that little bird!"

Ranny's contribution to the funds of the society consisted of three partly ripe apples and a box of matches—this being all he could get without answering difficult questions. When he arrived at the den of iniquity he found the outlaws in a low state of manners and morals, ordering one another about, and acting, in general, like a family of Simon Legrees. Shortly after his arrival came Link Weyman bringing the artillery, without which no assembly of the lower orders would have been complete. But Link did not bring this weapon in his own hand; he escorted its owner, who clung tightly to the thing as his admission ticket.

"I *had* to bring him," Link explained, pointing without false delicacy at the unfortunate Clarence. "His mother was goin' to my mother's house, and she left him to play with me." Link's reputation with Mrs. Raleigh was evidently in the nature of a boomerang.

"He can't stay here," said Ted, making lower-class demonstrations.

Clarence here gave an unexpected exhibition of the turning worm. "All right for you!" he said. "I'll take my gun and join 'Butch' Willet's gang. And I'll tell them where you are." It was clear that Link, having found a new victim, had poured out the story of his yesterday's adventure.

"Come on back here," cried Ted. "That gang would make mincemeat of you."

"I wish I had some mince pie," said "Fatty," smoothing over the difficult situation. Clarence remained, but he kept control of his munitions by the



EXPERIMENTAL PUFFS WERE TAKEN ALL ROUND

threat to expose these slum-dwellers to a hostile world.

An inventory of the swag disclosed some startling lapses. There were matches in plenty, but no smoking materials. The nearest thing to playing-cards was Tom Rucker's pack of "authors." Nobody had had the dime for a dime novel. Tug's book looked disreputable enough at a distance, but it proved to be the story of a boy who, cast upon his own resources, rose by industry and lofty morality to be the paying-teller of a bank—a book that, with the proper covers, would not have been out of place in a Sunday-school library.

With such unpromising material, but with a firm purpose, the boys set out to be the dregs of society. A fire was built inside the house and potatoes and apples were put on—to burn. Ted Blake, who acknowledged no inferior in morals, collected the dried blossoms of clover plants and introduced cigarette smoking. Experimental puffs were taken all around, and weak pretenses were made of liking the low employment. The fire burned hot, the day itself was torrid, and the little shack was smoky to suffocation; but it was a point of honor to

stay indoors and suffer this ordeal by fire. They were rapidly becoming a mess of broiled, live criminals when Ted, who, for all his wickedness, was not used to smoking, got the idea that the open air in front of the house should be guarded from attacks by enemies. Soon everybody, with or without excuses, was outside enjoying the fresh air.

"It'll be fine in there nex' winter," said "Fatty," mopping his face upon his sleeve.

Thereafter the house which had been so laboriously constructed was never again used. Ted lay down in a shady place and gave himself up to looking delicate. Link Weyman lost himself in fiction. "Fatty" and Tug matched their wits in an educational game of authors, while Tom Rucker sat by and ruined the game by making faces alleged to resemble the literary lights as they appeared, specializing in John Greenleaf Whittier.

Ranny sat down by Clarence Raleigh and admired the weapon. "She's a fine ol' gun," he said, softly. "Let me hold 'er a minute."

With a cautious glance at the anemic Ted Blake, Clarence allowed Ranny to

take the thing in his unworthy hands. Ranny patted its nickel barrel lovingly and sighted along it at some imaginary prey.

"Oo! there's a bear!" he exclaimed.

It was not exactly a bear, but it was a sparrow which was hopping about, all ignorant of the desperate character of these outlaws. Ranny did not know that the gun was already cocked and ready for use. When he pulled that trigger he had no designs upon that innocent bird, which would have been in no danger if he had. For Ranny to hit a movable sparrow with an air-gun can only be put down to the long arm of coincidence, aggravated by criminal carelessness on the part of the sparrow.

"Oh, now look what you did!" cried Clarence as the bird flopped to the ground.

Just in time Ranny remembered the character all had assumed for the afternoon. "I'm a dead shot. My name's ol' Eagle Eye."

All abandoned their more-or-less felonious employments. Ted Blake shook off his apathy and got the dying bird; Clarence bitterly accused Ranny of getting the gun under false pretenses. Bud Hicks stopped being a Simon Legree and looked tenderly at the departed. Ranny's position was unbearable. Not only was he heartbroken at the accident, but he had to keep up a pretense that it was no accident at all, but an example of the ruthlessness of his nature.

"Mebbe it's better off now," said Tom. "I s'pose sparrows goes to heaven. Don't they?"

Ted Blake crushed this hope. "Robins do, but not sparrows."

"What do *you* know about heaven?" Ranny demanded, hotly.

After a decent interval the others went back to their misdemeanors, but Tom and Ted and Clarence and the miserable Ranny sat and talked about the departed.

"Ain't it funny," said Tom, dolefully, "a little while ago he was hoppin' around, all happy an' everything."

"Aw, keep still, can't you?" said old Eagle Eye.

They plunged rather deep into things now. Ted Blake developed some hitherto unsuspected sentiments about the

life beyond the grave. They all looked up into the fleecy clouds and tried to penetrate the mysteries of the universe. Sometimes they fell silent and gave themselves up to long, long thought, there amid the hot, sedgy smells, while the afternoon drowsed itself away to the sleepy droning of insects. Directly eastward, with his feet propped against a tree, Link Weyman was learning from literature the value of thrift and honesty to aspiring paying-tellers. Bud Hicks was idly making a chain of dandelion stems. "Fatty" Hartman was demanding from Tug Wiltshire the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It is doubtful whether any venture in organized wickedness, undertaken with equal earnestness and singleness of purpose, ever failed more completely.

Meanwhile the affairs of the juvenile delinquents had been taken in hand by the Higher Powers—more specifically, Mrs. Raleigh and Mrs. Weyman, who were sitting upon the veranda of the Weyman residence doing embroidery and praising each other's sons at the expense of the general average of boykind.

"I always feel safe about Clarence when he is with Link," said Mrs. Raleigh, who had left her own home to the care of those two admirable characters.

"I'm afraid you must think that Link is quite a barbarian," Mrs. Weyman replied. "Clarence is so refined."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Raleigh, amiably. "It must have been quite a shock to Link to fall into the hands of those rough boys down by the foundry."

"Oh, did he tell you about that?"

"Yes, he spoke of it when he came over to play with Clarence. I didn't have time to listen to the whole story. Something ought to be done about that butcher's boy. He is a bad influence among the children."

"Boys are such imitators," Mrs. Weyman replied.

After five minutes these good ladies had convinced each other that young Willet would have to be suppressed.

"If you'll let me, I'll telephone to Mr. Raleigh and have him speak to the city marshal," Mrs. Raleigh concluded.

She forthwith did her duty by the community and Mr. Raleigh rather re-

luctantly promised to look up the police force as soon as he could get away from the store and ask it to step around to the foundry. Presently, during a lull in business, he unfortunately remembered his promise, which he had rather hoped to forget, and mentioned the matter to Marshal Hiram Jenkins (known to the irreverent as "High Jinks"), who was leisurely preserving the peace along the shady side of Main Street.

"I've had no complaints," said Hi, "but I'll look into it right away."

Thereupon he repaired, not to the scene of the crime, but to the livery-stable where Lem White usually occupied a chair against an occasional job of driving. Lem was a firm believer in law and order and in the dollar allowed by the city for assisting the more regular police force in making an arrest. He was not in the livery-stable, but the resourceful marshal readily found him at the hose-house, where he was playing checkers with Sim Coley.

"Come on, Lem," said Marshal Jenkins. "I got a little job for you. I don't know as it will amount to anything."

Thus "deputized," Lem left his pleasure-loving companion and accompanied the chief of police upon his stern errand. Hi wore nothing by way of uniform except a helmet of antiquarian interest and a star bearing the words, "Lakeville City Marshal." He wore this badge upon his coat, during the coat season, but in the summer months upon his suspender.

"I got information," said Hi, "that Willet's boy has got a hangout back of the old foundry. We'll see what they're up to."

"Quite a number of them kids?"

asked White, whose compensation was on a per capita basis.

"I have every reason to believe so, but I don't anticipate much trouble." Hi had a special manner of speech for official business, though he remembered it only part of the time.



"NO VIOLENCE, UNLESS IT'S NECESSARY," SAID THE MARSHAL

There was no trouble—neither, for that matter, was there any "Butch." Though it showed signs of recent occupancy, the place was deserted and contained nothing of a criminal nature.

"Mebbe they moved," said the deputy. "Le's saunter around a little and make inquiries."

They sauntered eastward and made inquiries. Nobody had seen "Butch" Willet or any of his abandoned companions, but finally an elderly man of nervous temperament reported that some sort of riotous living was going on down at the eastern edge of the marsh.

"More'n likely that's them," said Hi.

As they neared the place indicated the desperate nature of the gathering became clear because of the unseasonable fire.

"We won't use no violence unless it's necessary," said the marshal by way of final instructions as they plunged through the thicket and down among the lower orders of society.

"Here! what's going on here?" asked the official as he burst upon the scene of riotous reading, abandoned authors-playing, and theological discussion. The offenders were too astonished to reply.

Lem White was doing what is known in theatrical circles as "counting up the house"; the result looked like a pretty good day's work. But the responsible officer had no such pleasant reactions.

"Say," he asked the miscreant with the gun, "aren't you Raleigh's boy?"

"Ye-yes, sir; my name is Clarence Raleigh," replied the accused.

The marshal stroked his sparsest whisker in embarrassment while his eye fell upon a youth who was trying to sit upon some damaging evidence in the way of reading matter.

"Are you the son of Treasurer Weyman?"

Link, thus cornered, admitted this charge.

The marshal looked around the circle, identifying the descendants of more or less prominent citizens and taxpayers—people of influence in the town's affairs, and members of the correct political party. His face took on a hunted look.

"Lookie here, Lem," he said, "this here ain't the right gang. Nobody's made complaints against these here boys. We'll just send 'em home and say nothing, eh?"

But Lem was greatly depressed at the degenerate tendencies of these modern times. "They're an awful tough crowd," he said—"shootin' birds and playin' cards an' everything. It's time an example was made."

Hi went into executive session by speaking confidentially through the side of his mouth. "We'll just escort 'em to their parents—I'll see that something is done for you, if I have to pay it my own self."

"Well, of course a person ought to be

paid for their time," replied the prominent checker-player.

"We'll divide 'em up," said Hi. "You take the Raleigh and Weyman boys—it would be a kind of a favor. I—you live over that way, anyhow," he finished, with a dash.

To save the raid from being an utter failure, the officers of the law destroyed the building and burned up the objectionable playing-cards and book. The culprits were then shown to their homes. Ranny was delivered by Marshal Jenkins himself, together with a harrowing tale to mother of the carryings-on discovered at the edge of the marsh. The officer made it clear that only his personal esteem for this otherwise respectable family had saved the boy from arrest—though he did not specify upon what charge he would have haled Ranny into court—perhaps under the ancient anti-dumping act.

To Ranny's surprise, mother took a defensive attitude. "I don't see that these boys did anything so dreadful," she said. "Who made the complaint?"

"Mrs. Raleigh sent in the word, ma'am," said the official, backing away from the door. "She and Mrs. Weyman—" Hi saw that his talent for sociability was rapidly getting him into trouble. "Well, I got to be going. Hot day, isn't it?"

Ranny was greatly touched by mother's loyalty to him in this crisis. "That ol' marshal thinks he's smart," he said, when the law was safely out of hearing.

Here, however, he received his second surprise. It seemed that mother had one standard of conduct for the presence of the police force and another for the privacy of the home.

"You may go to bed," she decreed. "Father will attend to your case when he comes home."

"We wasn't doing anything."

"What about shooting birds? Who did that?"

"They was hardly any shooting," Ranny replied, but the subject was one he did not care to dwell upon, so he withdrew himself from the picture and went to his punitive bed.

Before long there were sounds indicating that father had come home and with too great promptness he was at the



"I'M GOING TO TRY TO LEAD A BETTER LIFE"

bedside. Father, with a skill in cross-questioning born of long practice, soon laid the history of the afternoon pretty bare. Ranny admitted everything, including the death of the unoffending bird and the abandoned theological discussion.

"I guess I been pretty bad," said Ranny. Here a phrase which he had often heard in Sunday-school popped conveniently into his mind. "But I'm going to try to lead a better life."

"Well"—father was apparently having difficulty in controlling his emotions—"I'm glad you stopped before it was too late." He put his hand over his face and started for the door. "I'll see—what mother thinks—of sending in a little supper."

"No, I don't think I'd better have any supper," said Ranny. "I don't s'pose I deserve any."

Father disappeared abruptly, leaving Ranny to the luxury of repentance. He was convinced now that he was a brand plucked from the burning, and there was, surprisingly, a lot of satisfaction in the thought. When mother brought in a tray of supper he thought that he was getting more than his deserts—but nevertheless he ate the supper.

If Ranny could have heard the conversation which took place at the supper-table, he would not have been so sure of the success of his venture into crime.

"I've been taking up the matter with our son pretty thoroughly," said father, using words designed to soar over the head of the child Lucy, "and I find that his crowd, with the worst intentions in the world, did not succeed in being very bad. They had the desire to be criminals without the training or equipment." A faint, reminiscent smile crossed his face as he recalled something in his own desperate past.

"I can't understand," said mother, "why Mrs. Raleigh put the marshal on them—her own boy among them, and Link Weyman."

"That's the joke of it," said father—"it's all over town. She started Jenkins after young Willet's crew down at the foundry. He took Lem White as a body-guard. They didn't find anybody there, so they went and broke up this gang of Ranny's"—father was now enjoying himself thoroughly—"including her own precious boy and the son of our county treasurer. I saw Raleigh coming out of the *Bulletin* office as I came home. He assured me that there wouldn't be any-

thing in the paper—heavy advertiser, you know.”

“Where do you suppose the Willet boy went? Why didn’t they find him?”

“It is the best belief in the financial district,” said father, chuckling, “that the Willet crowd had tired of a life of crime and gone fishing.”

Father summed it all up thus:

“I have come to the conclusion that the moral training of our son Randolph is in fairly good hands, and that I can

safely continue to devote myself to the manufacture of wagons.”

Jesting with mother was always apt to be a dangerous occupation.

“Did you belong to such a criminal gang when you were a boy?”

“Well—yes—in a way,” father admitted. “Yes.”

“It’s my opinion”—mother ostensibly addressed young Lucy, who was trying to swallow a spoon—“that this house is not a suitable place for ladies.”

The Open Path

BY CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT

THE shadows ripple on the waving grass;
The upward paths are open and they pass.

In throngs they pass along the upward ways—
Yet earth-life may be sweet on summer days.

Here stand the living—soon the newly dead:
They know and wait: they are no more afraid;

And here, too, still alert, still unaware,
The dead that lately lived: before the stair

Their feet still pause, their looks still backward range,
Unsure which way is theirs, so swift the change.

The gates stand wide between the quick and dead:
Legions are passing, passing, overhead;

So close—they surely hear our evening bells,
And from their fields blows scent of asphodels.

Light feet upon the wind, light ripples o’er the grass,
They pass, they pass.

On Foot Through Japan

BY LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND



I WAS in Spain. It was spring. I had been making plans for returning home. As a relaxation from such definiteness I allowed myself to wander to Lindaroxa's sunken court in the Alhambra and there to outstretch on the sun-warmed flaggings and to dream; in fact, to dream about Japan. Evidently there is alchemy when one dreams in Lindaroxa's court.

That night I had a cablegram of irresponsible imagination signed by a friend otherwise responsible enough, and it said that he would cross the Pacific to meet me in Japan for six weeks' walking if I should but cable "yes." We had once tramped the English highroad together for a summer, and had perhaps seen things English in a different light from that of conventionality. We had had some talk of Japan, which we had both known after the tourist fashion, but there had been never a thought of transmuting our imagination into action.

I sent the cable. Then I awoke to the reality of space. Europe, Russia, Siberia, Manchuria, Korea, all lay between me and the keeping of my promise.

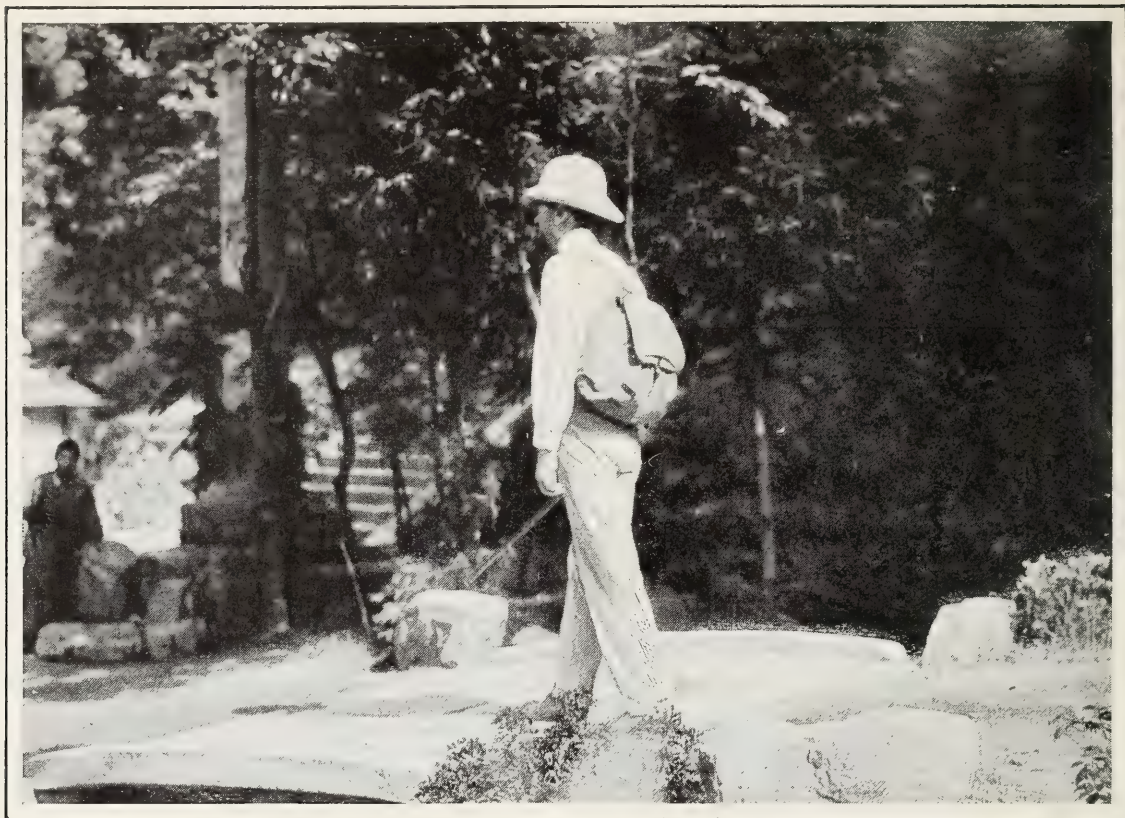
The world revolved under the wheels of the railway carriages and the changing peoples seen through the windows seemed to take on their variety through illusions in my own brain. But at last it was proved that I could reach journey's end. On a rainy midnight I stepped from the train at Kioto to the platform and took a rickshaw to the foreign inn which was to be the meeting-place. I saw the name of my friend on the register. He had arrived that day, and when he crawled out from under the mosquito-netting of his four-poster to shake hands the distance of traveling for that handshake had

been more than twenty thousand miles.

After a day or two of paying calls on old friends, we spent our last night in foreign beds, and at four o'clock in the morning we strapped on our rucksacks and escaped by sheer flight from the pleasant and ingratiating solicitude for tourists. When we turned at the bridge leading over the Kamagowa we found our feet on the ancient Tokaido, which stretches onward to Tokio through the hills and over the rice plains.

Hokusai has pictured the Tokaido in his prints—the villages and the mountains, the plains and the sea, the peasants and the pilgrims, the *ronins* and the priests. But Hokusai only added an overlay to the tradition of the highway's immortality. It was built by the gods, as every one knows, and not by man. But man has now not only cut down the shading cryptomerias for many a mile because they interfered with his telegraph wires, but as a last insult to the weary gods in the task of relieving them of their duties he has built a railroad of steel and has stolen the ancient name and has called his vaulting arrogance "The Tokaido." Its trains pass by the sacred shrines with no tarrying for moments of contemplation. To-day a *samurai*, with a newspaper under one arm and a lunch-box under the other—his two swords have been thus displaced—goes from Kioto to Tokio in as few hours as were the days of his father's journeying.

The first long day carried us alongside the railroad until we came to Lake Biwa, of the famed eight views, but from there the real Tokaido cut south in a swinging circle, and the village and the village inn which we found for the night knew nothing of the cindery smoke of hurrying engines. On the morning of our second day, which we could enter upon by leaving our hostelry after an exchange of gifts and with appropriate



THE PILGRIMAGE BEGINS

farewells and not in the flight of escape, we indulged ourselves fully in a comfortable imposture that we were integrally a part of the environment.

A very famous book in Japan is named the *Ko-ji-ki*, and the word means "A Record of Ancient Matters." I thought, on our second day in the hills of the Tokaido, that, if there were a modern chronologist recording a present time *Ko-ji-ki* for Japan's posterity, those approaching hours of the sun's meridian would be entered without dispute as The - Forever - Never - To - Be - Equaled Day-of-Fire. In the valleys there was no breeze; on the summits there was no shade; and everywhere it seemed probable that the next instant would see the road blister into molten heat bubbles under our feet. However—to anticipate—when on the following day we were well out of the hills and into the rice-fields we admitted our mistaken judgment. Kinetic energy was ever so succeeding in going on still further rampages of vibration that we lost faith in discovering possible maximums.

Our first rest was when the dew was not yet off the grass, but when we began

planning for another recess the world had grown parched. Looking about for some possible spot we saw through the trees the roof of a small temple. We halted at the entrance and tried to push open the gate. It would not move. It was nailed to the ribs of the fence, but the gate was low enough to be vaulted. Our feet fell on the ghost of a path that had once led to the shrine. Harsh brambles and weeds had fought for its possession until they had almost conquered the flaggings. If we thought at all, we thought that that particular walk must have been abandoned for some other entrance, and as the scratches were not very serious we pushed our way through until at last we stepped forth into the temple yard. Not a sign of caretaking devotion was anywhere in evidence, nor was there a nodding priest sitting in the temple door.

Sometimes the Chinese desert their temples, but when incense is no longer burned before their altars celestial practical sense leaves little that is movable behind. We walked slowly up the steps to the door, expecting to find the temple rifled. The door was sealed by spiders' webs. We then walked around the bal-

cony and peered through the wide cracks in the *shogi*. No fingers of man had rummaged there since the priests had said the last mass, but the fingers of decay had been busily working. The rotted fabrics hung down from the altars of the shrines, and the ashes of the incense in the bronze bowls lay hidden by the blacker dust which the wind had carried through the shutters. Surely we were the first intruders to step upon that balcony since the gate had been swung to and nailed.

We walked around the corners until we had seen everything that there was to see, and then we jumped down to a grassy slope on the shady side of the temple and stretched ourselves out in relaxation. It was very quiet. As I knew that my companion could sleep for ten minutes and then wake up to the instant, I closed one eye and then the other. They came open together. I had felt a soft dragging across my ankles and I raised my head to see a very thin, long, green-and-gray snake raising its head up between my feet to stare into

my face. After a beady inspection it wriggled away with slow undulations into the grass. And then, from the spot where that snake had taken passage over my ankles, came the head of another. I jerked my feet up under me.

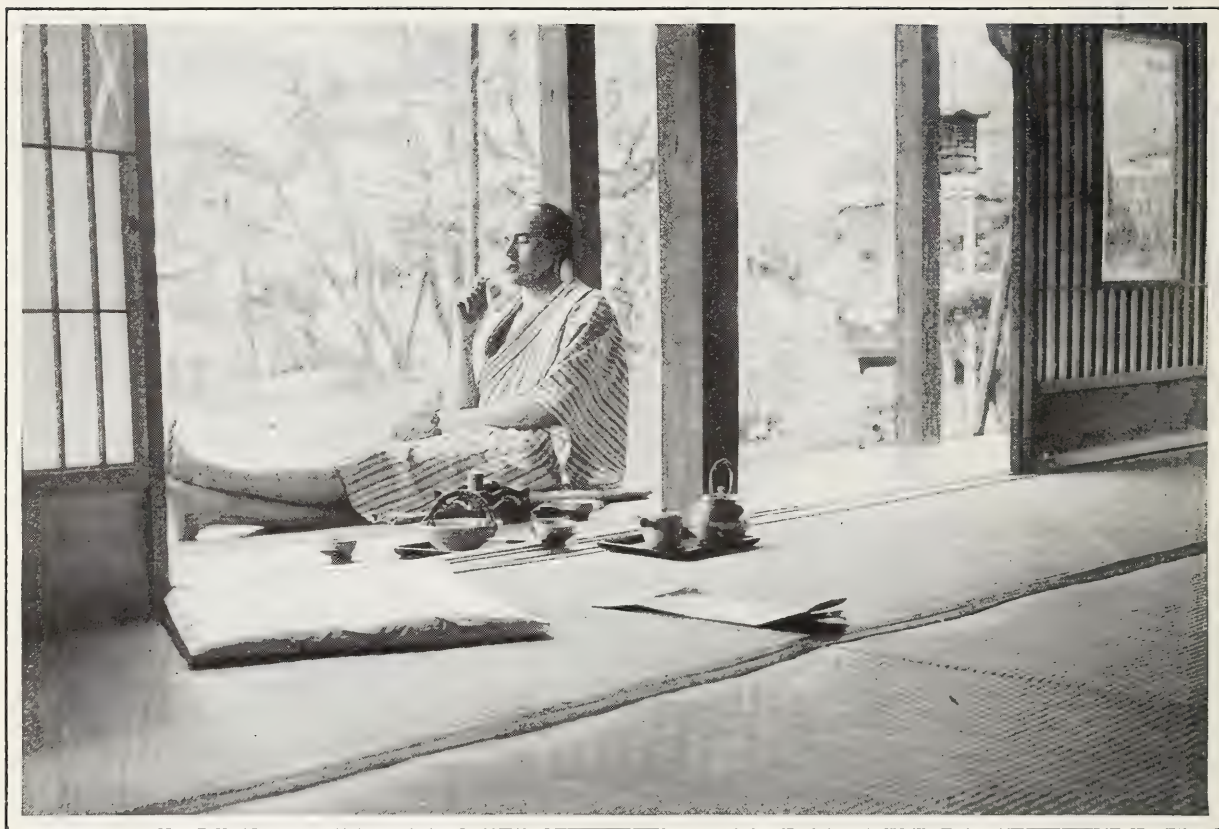
The instant before there had been an oppressive quietness. The silence had been so supreme that we ourselves had scarcely spoken. Now there was a vast hurrying of little noises. Lizards ran along the rafters under the roof and dropped down the wall, as lizards do, to flatten themselves away into corners. Huge buzzing flies rose from the surface of the pond and bumped against us aimlessly. Mosquitoes came from the shadows. I had thrown my helmet on the grass. I picked it up to find it beset with ants. I tried to beat them out of the lining by pounding my hat against the side of the temple. The effort broke loose a roach-infested board.

We grinned at each other a little shamefacedly when we were safely out into the sunshine of the highroad. We had not stayed to argue in the temple



yard. As we stood thus vanquished and ejected, two peasants came passing by. They looked at us, then glanced hurriedly at the temple roof above the low trees, and then eyed us again. They mumbled a word or two. Perhaps they were trying to tell us that an accursed goblin had stolen over their shrine to be the abode of insects and crawling things. I was not so sure, myself, that I had not seen the glowing red eyes of a goblin staring malevolently at us from

There was one ambition to luxury which we always possessed—when we chose a rest-spot we wished one of comfort, and, if it could be included, that it should have a view. We had taken seven or eight miles across the valley at an unusually accelerated pace since our last attempt at a rest. The grass patches always disclosed little ant-hills upon inspection, and the occasional heaps of stone to be found were never under the shade. That obstinacy of



A HALT AT A ROADSIDE INN—THE AUTHOR IN NATIVE COSTUME

the cracks of the *shoji* when I turned to look back over my shoulder as we fled.

For a long way my blood welcomed the sun. The road led down into a broad valley to become little more than an interminable bridge across the terraced paddy-fields. The rice had sprouted, but had not grown rank enough to block the mirror surface of the water from throwing back the heat rays. Ahead were low-lying hills with higher slopes beyond, and from the map we thought that over that barrier would be the broad plain across which we would find the road leading straight to Nagoya.

ours for particularity was of the stuff ambition should be, and finally its persistence met due reward. We found a wide, shady platform built against a long building, half house, half granary. The building flanked the road at a bend, and as we made the turn we could see the family of the house lying on the floor. An old man was telling an elaborate story, and his listeners were so intent upon the tale that none of them happened to look up to see us. The platform was out of their vision and we thought that we might rest there with the comfortable feeling that trespassing does not exist unless discovered.



CHARCOAL-BURNERS' HUTS, SUCH AS OFTEN APPEAR IN JAPANESE FOLK-LORE

The tale that was being told was undoubtedly humorous. The daughters of the family were struggling hard with laughter. The men were emphasizing their approval by pounding on the rim of the charcoal brazier with their iron tobacco-pipes. All were repeating a continuous *hei, hei*. But there was a baby, and the baby was not so much interested in the story as he was in a butterfly. He suddenly betook himself to his dimpled legs and circled into the road in pursuit. The whims of the gyrations of the mighty hunter carried him to a spot where the next turn left him facing the two foreigners on the platform. He stood, with feet apart, and carefully lifted the corner of his diminutive shirt to his mouth for more careful cogitation, as any Japanese child should and does do when confronted by a kink in the well-ordered running of affairs.

The mother called out an admonition, but there was no response from the *akambo*. She left the story to find out what might be the enchantment. She,

too, began staring without responding to admonitions. Another head bobbed around the corner post, and then another and another, until finally the teller of the tale himself forsook the realm of fancy for fact, and followed his audience. We said, "*O-hay-o!*"—which is good morning—and they said, "*O-hay-o!*" Their rigid attention included everything, from our hats to our boots. And then in a body they walked back into the house and were quiet except for the most hushed of whispers.

"Two foreigners are about to receive some mark of respect," said O-Owre-san, as I had dubbed my companion.

"Respect of being told to move on," was my worldly judgment.

"How about betting a foreign dinner to be paid in Yokohama before the boat sails?" said O-Owre-san.

I took the wager, and lost.

The old man who had been the teller of the story now reappeared. He was somewhat embarrassed, but at each step of his approach he had a still broader smile. He was short and he

was thin, with lean, knotted muscles. His limbs had grown clumsy from heavy toil. His face was squat, as if in his malleable infancy some evil hand had pressed his forehead down against his chin. One piece of cloth saved him from nudity. He was a coolie of generations of coolies, but despite his embarrassment, and despite his clumsy limbs, the very spirit of graciousness created a certain grace as he placed a tray before us. He backed away with low bow succeeding low bow. The tray held a pot of tea and two cups and some thin rice-cakes.

O-Owre-san was for leaving a silver twenty-sen piece on the tray. I disputed. My oratory was indeed eloquent. "A cup of tea is of such slight cost to the giver," I declared, "that being of no price it becomes priceless and thus is a perfect symbol of a gift in an imperfect world."

My companion would have none of my argument. "By leaving money," said he, "a sum which means no more to us than does the cup of tea to the peasant, we are making an exchange of

gifts. We know that he is very poor. Twenty sen is probably more than the return for two days of his labor. It will buy him a pair of wooden *geta*, or a new pipe, or a bamboo umbrella for his wife, or such a toy for the baby as it has never dreamed of. After giving our gift we shall disappear down the road leaving the memory of two ugly but generous foreign devils."

We compromised by giving the baby a cake of chocolate of a condensed variety, which probably made it ill, if it at all liked the taste. (I learned later that the Japanese do not have the chocolate craving.) Nevertheless, our present, wrapped in a square of white paper, according to the etiquette of gifts, was received by the family with as many protestations of appreciation as if we had handed them a deed to perpetual prosperity.

The rays of the forenoon's sun when we were crossing the valley of the rice-fields had sent up heat waves from the dust of the road until the road itself seemed to have a quaking pitch and roll. We were now in the full glory of the



THE KORI FLAG IS HUNG OUT TO PROCLAIM A FRESH SUPPLY OF ICE



A VILLAGE ALOOF FROM MODERN JAPAN WHERE FOREIGNERS HAD NEVER ENTERED

noontide. I was becoming somewhat disturbed over certain phenomena which were being presented. Trees and rocks and houses fell into the dance of the heat waves with an undignified stagger. Sometimes the bushy trees reeled away in twos and threes where but a moment before I had seen but one. The most disconcerting part of the development was my peculiar impersonal interest and study of my own distress. I was so fascinated that I did not wish to be any place else in the world, and yet I could be disturbed by the preliminary overtures of a sunstroke. We had had about two hours of climbing since we had left the house of the rice-farmer and we were on the summit of the last high hills. Immediately ahead the rocky path dropped sharply down into the plain. A rest-house marked the point where the climbing changed to the descent. I suggested a halt.

The rest-house was more than a peasant's hut. It was easy to believe that in more aristocratic days it had been an inn of some pretension. Now

it was a spot for weary coolies to throw down their heavy packs for a few minutes' rest in its shade by day, or by night to curl up on the worn mats. We walked into the deepest recess of the entrance. I could look beyond a half-folded screen into the kitchen. The polished copper pots and the iron and bronze bowls were not of this generation; probably to-morrow's will find them on a museum shelf or cherished in some antique-shop. However, I had no desire to discover curios, nor did I have any preference whether the inn was new or old, nor whether it had been its fortune to entertain *daimios* or pariahs. We first asked for something to drink. The hostess dragged up a bucket from the well and brought us bottles of *ramune* which had been cooling in its depths. I drank the carbonated stuff and then pushed my rucksack back along the mat for a pillow and closed my eyes for a half-hour's blissful forgetfulness. When I awoke the throbbing under my eyelids had passed away and for the first time I really looked at

our hostess. She was kneeling beside us and was slowly fanning our faces.

Her teeth were painted black, as was once the fashion for married women. She had known both toil and poverty, but it was not a peasant's face into which I looked. Her thin fingers and

sense of human mutuality smote the three of us, an experience of sheer bridging-over intuition which sometimes comes for a second.

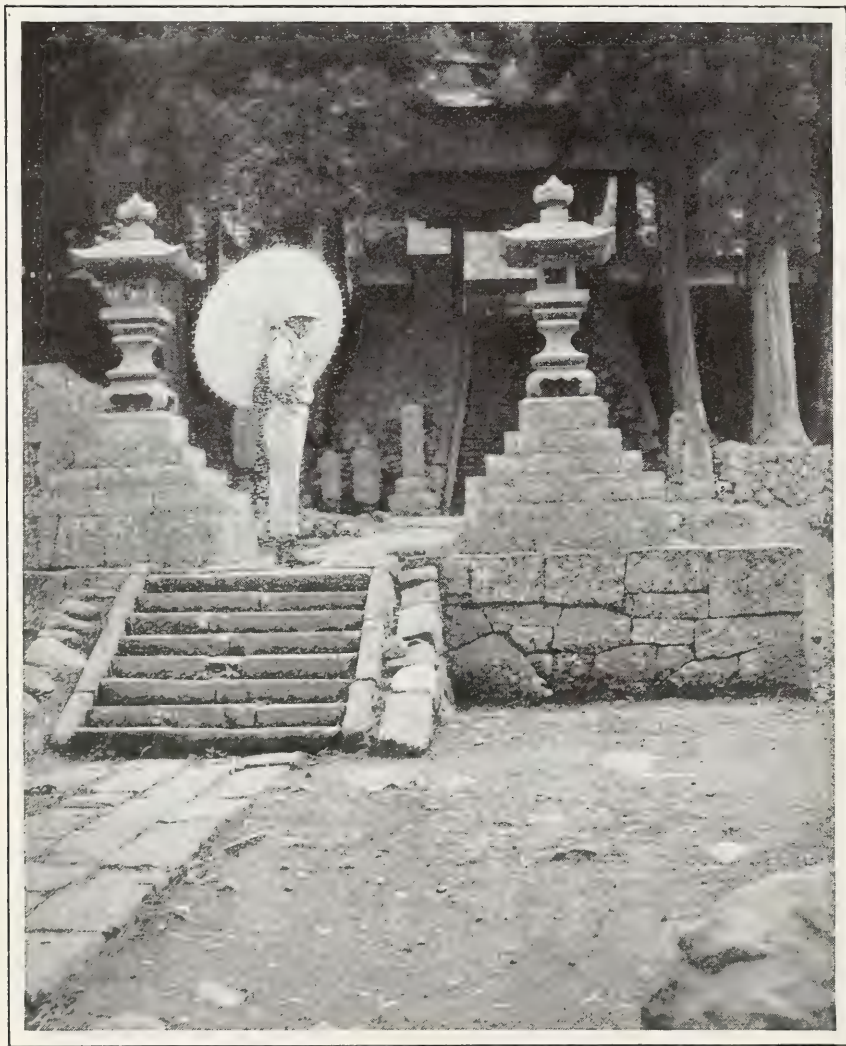
Between a misreckoning of miles on our part and some misinformation which I gathered from a peasant, we reached

the rather large town of Siki almost an hour earlier than we had hoped. We discovered there quite an imposing shop into which we could walk without taking off our dusty boots, but we never again saw this detail of Western custom outside the port cities. In the heart of the most isolated mountain range the most lonesome charcoal-burner knows three things about the foreigner: that he is hairy like the red fox; that he has a curious and barbarous custom known as kissing; that his boots are part of his feet.

In this shop we found a young man in a black-silk *kimono* who understood our Japanese of, "Please, good inn," and who forthwith piloted us to a gateway. Calling for the mistress he made a dignified oration of introduction

and backed away from our sight with innumerable appreciations for the honor of being asked to be of service.

After a steaming hot bath, a *ne-san* brought two small dinner-tables to our room. If ever that maid had enjoyed the frivolity of laughter for laughter's sake, she had long since banished any such promotion of irresponsible dimples from the corners of her pretty mouth, although she was far from having arrived at an age to provoke in itself a solemn and serious outlook upon life. Her eyes wandered up to the ceiling. She was



A VILLAGE TEMPLE BY THE ROADSIDE

wasted forearms found repose in the lines which the ancient artists were wont to copy from the grace of Old Japan. Her calm face was beautiful.

We left a silver coin beside the teapot. She began to tell us that we had made a mistake. We told her no. Shielded by an unworldly, intangible delicacy, I doubt whether any rudeness of her guests ever became so sufficiently real to her as to disturb her passivity or her emotions, but such a guardianship presents a thin callus against sympathy. As we said good-by a sudden

bored. She appeared distressed at having to witness the table errors of two ignorant foreigners. We asked for a few extras to the menu. She repeated our words, caught in amazement that we could change the barking sounds through which we found communication with each other into the music of *Nihon* speech. We asked if she were not afraid of barbarous foreigners, but she rather contemptuously implied that she could see no reason for being afraid in the shelter of her own inn. I then concocted from the dictionary an elaborate sentence which asked whether her expectation of how fearsome a foreigner might be was excelled by the examples in flesh and blood before her. She used her turned-in toes to patter away down the flight of stairs and we saw our disapprover not again until she came to spread the beds.

The bed-coverings were the usual heavy quilts buttoned into sheets. At the end of such a day of fire I expected to sleep on my quilt and not under it. However, when I awoke I was chilled through. I do not know what the temperature of that room was in actual Fahrenheit degrees, but too many truth-tellers have secretly confided to me that they have found just such uncanny nights in Japan for me to disbelieve that the midnight "Hour of the Rat" has not at times a malignancy independent of mere thermometer readings. That night was neither cold nor hot; it was both, and both at the same instant. I finally found some refuge by building a tent out of my quilt.

The Japanese believe that they are a silent people. That faith is one of the supreme misbeliefs of the world. I went to sleep for a half-hour and then awoke to hear a Japanese conversation of several voices through the thin wall. Such a conversation can only be described by telling what it is not. In rhythm it is neither the cæsura of the French peasant woman retailing gossip, nor is it the eluding tempo-harmonic tune of the Red Indian drum-beat; it is not the Chinese intoning, nor is it a staccato. At first the foreign ear does not distinguish the beat of the cadences, but, once captured, the appreciation of the subtle metrical

wave is never again lost. If we needed such experience and training we had the opportunity of full orientation that night. There was the swing of phrases from one speaker, and then, after a decorous and proper dramatic pause, there was an answering swing.

There was something absolutely alien in the monotony of it all to any occiden-



TWO MUD-PIE COOKS OF OUR ACQUAINTANCE

tal conversation. Suddenly the sought-for interpretation of what was this monotony came to me: the effect was *voiceful contemplation*. We of the next room belonged to another world which has ordered its existence without finding contemplation and its manifestations a necessary adjunct.

The mosquitoes which all night had kept up a noisy circling over our net flew off at daybreak. Some speaker spoke the concluding word in the next



IN THE SUMMER THE RIVERS BECOME DOMESTICATED

room and for a few minutes the world was quiet. Then came the high shrieking of the ungreased axles of coolie carts being dragged to the rice-fields. I took my quilt and cushions out upon the balcony for an hour until the inn began waking up. Down in the garden two kitchen-maids appeared. They were arousing their energy by dipping their faces into brass basins of cold well-water. I left my balcony and wandered below to find a basin for myself.

The inn had filled during the night with guests of all descriptions and ranks. They were coming forth from under their quilts. A *ne-san* stepped to the well-side and filled a basin for me and then ran off to find a gift toothbrush. Another maid, lazily binding on her *obi*, stayed her dressing for a moment to pour water from a wooden dipper over my head and neck. Getting up in the morning is a social co-operation in a Japanese inn.

I know that there are anxiously mis-sioning folk among the foreigners of the port cities who would like to meet in an assembly empowered to demand a Japanese dress reform, perhaps some sort of an all-enveloping bag—particu-

larly for those natives of the empire who quite often casually disregard the necessity of any costume at all. It was well that no such anxious folk were walking with us that day through the villages of the broad plain which slopes from Mount Keisoku to Ise Bay.

It was before we were out of the hills that our road carried us through a grove. A stone-flagged walk led into the shadows of the trees and we could see at its end the beginning of a long flight of stone steps which bespoke some hidden and ancient shrine beyond. A small stream flowed alongside the path and cut our road under an arched stone bridge. We heard shouts of laughter from the pines, and the next moment an avalanche of children came tumbling along as fast as their legs could take them. Some were cupids with bright-colored *kimonos* streaming from their shoulders, and some did not even have that restraint. A tall, slender maiden was in pursuit. It was a game. They dashed by us through the light and shadow and were lost again in the pines.

It was the reincarnation of a Greek relief. In that flash of the moment in

which we saw them, the glistening nude body of the girl in pursuit, running through the green and brown and gray of the grove, was passionately and superbly the plea of nature against man's crucifying purity upon the cross of sophistication.

I regretted to O-Owre-san the having within me of so much of that sophistication that I had begun immediately to moralize upon such a sheerly beautiful vision. He, who had been saying nothing, replied with an end-all to the subject. "Your mild regret," said he, "that dispassionate analysis has displaced passionate creativeness is the penalty you pay for the pleasure of studying your own sadness."

The Greeks, I believe, had for one of the two precepts by which they ordered the conduct of wise living, "No excess in anything." I had very fearlessly compared the young girl to a Greek relief, a drawing on a classic vase. But when we were out of the hills and in the meaner villages of the burning plains I began to feel the truth of the Greek dictum that people can mix too much practice into a theory, especially when it comes to an overwhelming surrender to naturalness. I lost my enthusiasm for my shortly before uttered panegyric of a world naturally and unconsciously nude. I began to understand a new meaning in the artist's cry of "Give me Naples and her rags!" Especially the rags. Upon some occasions art and sensibility need the rags far more than does morality.

I mentioned my change of heart to O-Owre-san as we were sitting down in the shade of a *ramune* shop. Unabashed nudity had gathered in a circle to regard the foreigners. He did not seem to be moved to interest by my reformation. I heaped a malediction on his head. Surely, if I were willing to rearrange my opinions seven times daily, at one stage he might agree.

It was during this rest that I came upon the happiest adventure that the mouth of man may hope to experience in this imperfect world. I had been thirsty from that first day in the East when I had begun breathing in Manchurian dust. In Peking I had tried to cool my throat by every variety of

drink offered through the mingling of oriental and occidental civilizations. In Korea, a certain twenty-four hours of wandering alone and lost among the baked and arid mountains had further augmented the parching of my tongue—an increasement which I had believed to be impossible. Along the Tokaido we were free to drink as much chemical lemonade (*ramune*) as our purse could buy, and, despite all warnings in red-bound guide-books, we drank the well-water. But never since the beginning of my thirst had I found a liquid worth one word's praise as a quencher.

A maid was hoisting a flag over the door of the shop. It had a single Chinese character printed on the cloth. I later learned to distinguish this sign from incredible distances. It is the sign of a fresh supply of ice. On a shelf I had seen some champagne cider bottles of unusually large size. The quantity rather than the flavor of that particular chemical combination was the appeal.

She asked us if we wished ice. I remembered the word for ice, and knew the familiar, "Do you wish?" Thus, although we spoke intelligently when we said "yes," we did not reply with the same ebullieny with which she came to ask. She took down the bottles but did not open them, but continued smiling and waiting.

The shop was filling. Mob expectancy is contagious, and we found ourselves waiting tensely, with no idea what we were waiting for except our drinks. The shop was now quite full and all eyes were turned to the street. We heard shouts from the outside that were almost *banzais*, and a coolie came running in. His face was aflame with the happy look of completed service. He was carrying a dripping block of ice in many wrappings of brown hemp cloth. The maid seized the ice, sawed off an end, and then scraped the surface across an inverted plane. Shavings of sparkling snow fell into her hand. She packed this whiteness into two large, flat glass dishes. We were the first to be served. She poured over the snow the effervescing champagne cider and brought us the "adventure."

An adventure is an adventure in proportion to the emotion aroused. I flushed

the ice particles about in my mouth until my eyes rolled in my head. O-Owre-san was alarmed into protests. I had no time to listen. I ordered another bowl of snow and another bottle. It was costing *sen* after *sen*, but even if the price beggared our shallow purse, I knew in my soul that the uttermost payment could be in no proportion to the value.

The fertile rice-fields through which the Tokaido wound had all day been crowded with the sight of man. We found on this plain one avenue of scrub pines, and we curled up on some stones and went to sleep. When we awoke not a peasant was to be seen. There can be, then, a degree of heat under which a coolie will not labor, and we had found the day of that heat.

In the next village we discovered our paddy workers again. They were lying on the floors of their open-sided houses, the elders motionless except for the deep rising and falling of their breasts and an arm lifted now and then in desultory fanning.

We had seen an ice flag over a shop at the very entrance to the town, but O-Owre-san suggested that there would surely be another shop farther along. I accepted his reasoning, but there was not another *kori* flag to be found waving. We had reached the last house. The sign over the shop we had passed was at least a mile back along that burning white cañon. O-Owre-san stopped in at the last house to beg some well-water. I looked at the water and thought of the ice.

"If there ever was any ice back there," said he, "it's melted by this time."

I was venomous. I left my luggage and started back.

The grinding of my heels brought more of the recumbent coolies to their elbows. They appeared appreciative of a second appearance. I walked on, mopping my head with a blue-and-white gift towel. I felt in my limbs the exact strength which could carry me to that *kori* shop, but a foot beyond might well have meant an experience in hallucinations which I had no wish to know.

An old man, who grinned toothlessly, dug down into a sawdust pit and exhumed a fair-sized cake of ice. He moved about his work grotesquely, as if he were an animated conceit of carved ivory quickened into life for a moment by the intense heat. He at last gave me my bowl of snow with sugared water sprinkled over it. I munched the ice for a full half-hour. As I slowly grew cooler the crowd about me grew larger. They stood silently staring, always staring.

I can swear that the ice had cooled me back to the normal. I can also swear that the real world was most unfairly unreal. Great-grandfathers and great-great-grandmothers, who had passed so far along on their journey through life that probably they had given up hope of ever again seeing anything new and worldly strange to interest them, had been carried to the fronts of the houses to behold the outlander. It was as if I had not come to see Japan, but Japan had been waiting long to see me, a parading manikin in a linen suit and yellow boots and a pith helmet. The naked, old, old women, their ribs slowly moving under their dried skin, as if breathing and staring were their last hold upon the temporal world, knelt, supported by their children. There was not a sound from their lips. I began to have a sense of remarkable completeness, that I was a single figure with no possible replica. It was not until I saw O-Owre-san's blue shirt that I was able to snap the thread which was leading me, not out of, but into, the tortuous labyrinth of such speculative folly.

"I was just going back to look for you," he said. "I thought you must have had a sunstroke."

It seemed just then an unnecessary and a too-complicated endeavor to explain the minute difference between standing with one's toes on the edge of the calamity which he had feared for me and the actuality of toppling over the precipice. Thus I merely replied that I was feeling all right.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

“AREN'T you rather late in the day?” he of the Easy Chair demanded of the Christmas characters who came flocking round him in the old familiar attic overlooking the Elevated road where it purls through Franklin Square. “‘Christmas comes but once a year,’ you know, and the Christmas number was out a month ago.”

“Ah, that won't do!” a youngish lady character retorted. “Christmas may still ‘come but once a year,’ but Christmas numbers come twice now, when all the magazines are published ten days before the months they are named for, with the December issue on the news-stands by the 20th of November, and the January out almost a week before Christmas.”

He of the Easy Chair perceived that he was caught. But he tried to hold his ground, and “Oh, then,” he said, “you think you are going to help work a second Christmas number on our readers before they have fairly recovered from the first?”

“Something like that,” she assented, and she bent an arch smile on the other characters, who seemed on much easier terms among themselves than the Chair was in their presence. They were all out of the latest novels and short stories; they bore the mark of a prevailing inspiration, and they were chatting brightly about him, unembarrassed by the consciousness of experiences which used to abash people in public and were not easily got away with in private. The Chair was used at Christmas-time to far different visitors, but he tried to conceal his disappointment at not finding in the present company any outcast girl cowering in her shame, or any guilty wife or husband broken with remorse. There were no tender-hearted-looking old ladies mothering hapless orphans, or ec-

centric elderly gentlemen humorously surprising indigent widows with baskets of attractive food for their children, and bottles of generous old port for sick bankrupts unable to leave their beds in the wretched attics which they called home. There were apparently no self-devoted convicts or noble-hearted gamblers; there were no truant sons returned from an almost lifelong absence, to surprise their aged parents beside the dying fires of the familiar hearth. There was not, so far as the Chair could make out, a single ghost present, and of course not a country-house guest of either sex roused by the strange stirrings and whisperings in their isolated rooms remote from the family of their hosts.

He bore it all as well as he could, and then he broke from the constraint put upon him with a remark of no immediate relevance. “We have often noticed,” he said, “that when some form of the beautiful has been perfected, and its parts have become so standardized that any skilled mechanic can put them together, art will begin to push over the summit and decline toward the ugly. There seems no reason for it, except that when beauty becomes monotonous it becomes intolerable, and there is only one way of escape from it.”

“Well,” said the lively lady, “isn't that reason enough? I'm sure that ugliness is better than sameness any time, or at least one can bear it better. If it were not for the monotony of happy marriages, for instance, there wouldn't be half as many divorces.”

“Very true,” the Chair hastened to assent. “And speaking of marriages naturally reminds one of household furniture. Up to a certain time, in, say, the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the persistent inspiration of Sheraton and Chippendale kept the tables and chairs and highboys and lowboys of a lyrical

loveliness no matter what 'prentice hand they came from. With the form which those great artists established and authorized, everybody turned out things of a beauty which the collector is glad to pay monstrous prices for to-day, and which the antiquity-dealer can always supply from apparently exhaustless sources. But in the mean time there had ensued a long period of debased rockers and marble-topped stands and bureaus and bedsteads which relegated the original things of beauty to the garret and the woodshed until insulted taste lifted her head and bade the purblind world see how hideous those black-walnut shapes really were. Then in slow and devious endeavor the cult of beauty was resumed, and with the help of the bold angularities of Eastlake and the meaningless excesses of encaustic tiles, the banishment of the black-walnut and marble-top abominations began; the Sheraton and Chippendale forms returned in their characteristic mahogany, and then the brass bedstead, in all its gracefulness and cleanliness, came in."

A voice rose from the outskirts of the circle: "But you've passed over a period of high-posters, which the antiquity-dealer dug out of the farm attics and the farm-wives were glad to get rid of for the song which he sang. These were of mahogany, and when that wood ousted the black walnut from our parlors and dining-rooms it prophesied the actual low, light, mahogany bedstead."

"Thank you," the Chair returned, with some hauteur. "We had not come yet to the high-poster in our illustrative remarks. We did not choose to multiply instances, though the inquiry is interesting at every moment. Its prime interest is in the fact that change is the law of the realized ideal. The classic must know that death is at the very heart of its beauty, and must begin to fail there before outward decay has touched it. That is the doom of the anti-classic, too. Michelangelo finds the gentle perfection of Donatello and Mino da Fiesole intolerable, and he startles the repose of bronze and marble into robust activity; then the baroque comes and transforms all the saints and madonnas into swagger athletes and amazons. When excess can go no farther in that

direction Canova arrives and soothes those turbulent presences into the likeness of nymphs and demigods, and restores the spirit of the classic until nobody can bear its insipidity."

"I don't think I know quite what you mean," the lively lady said. "But certainly the fashions change in everything. They change forward and then they change backward, especially in dress. I believe it was the Canova statues that brought in those Greek effects in gowns, and then after a century of absurdities we had the same effects in drapery and called them hobble-skirts. I'm sorry the hobble-skirts went out, for my part; they were much prettier than those cutty, flaring things that followed them, and they were much tidier than the trains that you had to take up with your hand to keep out of the dirt."

"If you get me on the ground of fashion," the Chair said, "I must yield to you entirely. A man can have no voice there, but to my liking there has never been anything so charming as the sort of dress Jane Austen's heroines often wore. 'Slips,' did they call them?"

"Ah," said the voice of a young man who seemed to have been waiting for a chance to speak. "Her girls couldn't help wearing all sorts of charming clothes, they were so charming themselves."

"There I am with you," the Chair returned. "And I don't think the law of change ever wrought anything more deplorable than when it gave us the fiction that followed hers. But the change had to come, and so we had all kinds of baroque figures in the romances, instead of her lifelike creations. But in spite of them there was an ethical ideal struggling into control during the long Victorian period, when Thackeray editorially admonished Trollope to remember the modesty of their girl readers in the serial he was writing for the *Cornhill Magazine*. This ideal purified English fiction for fifty years, though that wish of Henry James's young novelist to know 'how far he could go' in recognizing certain forbidden facts of life was always latent if not patent."

"Yes," the first lady took the Chair sharply up, as from a touched consciousness, "and Thackeray himself was not

so mindful of his girl readers as he wanted to have others. And if you are hinting at women who have 'erred,' as I suppose you would call it—I call it 'living their own life'—they have always been more or less in the best literature from the Iliad down. I should like you to name any great writer who has got on without them."

"There is something in what you say," the Chair politely, if unwillingly, assented. "But don't you think that if they had been less in literature they might not be less in life? That was the Victorian notion, we believe; and during its long prevalence it was not thought useful to celebrate those erring ladies, however lovely. Do you think that society is better now that the novelists in their wish to ascertain 'how far they can go' have found they can go all lengths, and seem to have gone them? What have the works of imagination gained by having become books which cannot be read aloud in the family, and which mothers would not wish their girls to read in secret, or talk over with young men? After all, isn't hypocrisy rather a good thing? Isn't being 'content to dwell in decencies' a vital characteristic of civilization?"

The Chair cackled his sense of victory in a senile treble, but it did not win him so much sympathy from the Christmas characters as he could have wished.

That voice from the outskirts of the circle now ventured, "It doesn't seem quite possible to apply any hard and fast principle. We can't read all the passages of the Bible aloud in the family. Tolstoy himself has chapters which we have to blink in mixed companies, though they all make so intensively for morality. There are moments of Milton which the Victorian taste would rule out of *Paradise Lost*; and as for Shakespeare he cannot be expurgated without being irreparably damaged. Some of us have read *The Spectator*, and we have to own that Jane Austen's reproach of its more than occasional indecency was just. Yet even she invented the shamelessness of Lydia Bennett."

"You are right," the Chair assented,

"about hardness and fastness in the rule. The question really is, whether imaginative literature has gained in ceasing to be common ground where minds of all ages and sexes may modestly play together, and in becoming the refuge of those who prefer to enjoy their knowledge of good and evil at the cost of innocence and inexperience. Has fiction become 'stronger' for a return to the facts which the Masters treated before the Victorian era, or has it really become weaker now that it is no longer a question with the 'Prentices 'how far they may go,' or how boldly they may affirm in their fiction that what we may call anti-virtue brings neither sorrow nor shame? We understand that in going all lengths they have discovered that sin—as we may call it for argument's sake—does not entail remorse, or even serious unhappiness. It seems to us that in this point the post-moderns have gone beyond the old masters who rather taught that there were penalties for—"

The Chair apparently hesitated in doubt of how far it might go in frankness, but experienced a saving relief in a suggestion from the speaker in the outer circle of the company.

"But isn't there hope, then, in your notion that when any tendency in esthetics or ethics has fulfilled itself it must pass the climax and begin to revert? The beautiful must begin to be ugly because change is the law of life; and why shouldn't evil obey the same law? Why shouldn't fiction return—slowly, almost imperceptibly—in its vicious circle, till it arrives again at the lost ideal which all ages and sexes can delight in together?"

The Chair was sensible that its own relief at this suggestion had spread through the whole group of the Christmas characters surrounding it, and it was about to put the hopeful question to a vote, when it suddenly awoke. The thing had all been a dream, of course, and the Chair's impression of moral decadence in fiction was merely a moment of nightmare incident to the joyous excesses of Christmas cheer.



HENRY MILLS ALDEN

WE have entertained the custom of writing, at this time of the year, a Christmas Study. The idea of the Nativity is dominant. It is something different from Nature's own nativity in the springtime—always the same thing perennially renewed. It was "in the winter wild," against a barren world, that the New Light dawned; and with every returning season some larger human hope is intimated—hope for us men living on this planet as well as for that in us which is more and more clearly seen to be forever deathless.

At this moment we are without vision if we do not see the larger hope of our rising humanity. As Milton, in the "Nativity," makes Nature seem to doff her rich apparel in this presence, for its brighter investment, so do we now find, in this first Christmas since our direct participation in the great conflict, in the waste which war has made, a like divestiture, disclosing the shining human treasure. Even a Unitarian might to-day concede, as Martineau did many years ago, a Trinity in which Humanity is the Second Person; and that which chiefly concerns all Christians in the Son of Man is the knowledge of what a Man should be.

Last Christmas, we of the American Republic were still merely spectators of the devastation by the war of a great part of the continent of Europe. The waste of human life extended far beyond the lands actually invaded and included considerable portions of every continent. Except upon the seas we were intact, and our increased prosperity more than compensated for any injury suffered by us, apart from loss of life through mines and submarine outrages.

With a view alone to our immediate material interests, there seemed more to lose than to gain by our abandonment of

that position. There were those among us who took this view—who cared more for profit than for human rights or who preferred peace at any price. Whether that view should prevail became early in the year the test of our democracy.

The peril to the lives of our citizens, as to those of all neutral nations, from submarine warfare conducted irresponsibly and contrary to all established international law, was for all these nations a legitimate cause of war; and after repeated warnings, and only when the outrage became in its worst features a deliberate and relentless policy, our Government accepted the defiant challenge. Injuries to property incident to such irregular warfare, though justly resented, might await adjustment and indemnity—not so the lives of American citizens.

This was not in any peculiar sense a test of our democracy, but only of ordinary national valor, whatever the form of government. So far we were impelled by necessity, not by an eager choice. Yet there have been, and still are, great powers which, for a lesser grievance, would gladly use the leverage offered for advantage or conquest. It was thus that this war began in Europe, despite all attempts at arbitration; and the extraordinary military preparations made by Prussia rendered the Central Powers careless of any issue but that of their own mastery—though they hoped to be permitted to beat their enemies, as they should severally interpose, in detail.

All of this is well-known history, spread before the world in the first three years of the war. Our object in the retrospect is to show how, at the beginning of the fourth year, and before our people, who had declared war in the spring, were fairly in the field, the test of our democracy was luminously disclosed, as something distinct from a

great injury attesting our valor. We had already measured the menace of German militarism threatening the whole fabric of civilization. What was not thus clearly evident was the change which had come upon the war itself, not merely as to its extent, but mainly as to its character.

We have dwelt upon this change in previous Studies, and we recur to it here as the ground for a new hope for our human world—one with the hope born with the first Christmas, and with the same note, "Peace on earth."

What is it in this war that, at length, has come to distinguish it from any previous war in human history? Clearly to us now it was the emphasis that had been put upon human freedom. This phrase cannot be expressed in any merely political term—it implies and embraces so much that it is the atmosphere of all our life, physical, intellectual, and spiritual. As the Master said, "The truth shall make you free." It is because this war has stirred humanity to its depths as no previous martial conflict ever has, not even the Napoleonic wars, that every spring of human activity has been laid open to vision—a Vision of Judgment.

It was precipitated, as all other wars for national aggrandizement had been, at the moment of vantage—"Der Tag"; and the nations that opposed the invader on the Continent had, each, besides the goad of compulsion, some bright goal in the distance stimulating to supreme effort. These bright, particular goals, held primarily in view from the outset by some of the nations that joined the Western Allies at a later period of the war, distracted them from an effective concert of effort toward the main issue, which then they did not even clearly see. England, well content in her already attained position, was pledged to her allies, in view of just such a menace as threatened, and was impelled by her sympathy for ravished Belgium.

This predominant sympathy, in which America shared, showed how far humanity had advanced in truth-made freedom since the Napoleonic wars, which, after all, had resulted only in the revival of Bourbonism. In the new conditions of

this twentieth-century, war, to the developed human sensibility, is an anachronism. But this war has come, in 1917, to seem essentially of our time and, we may add, of our eternity. It did not thus seem at first, but rather as something ruthlessly thrust upon the world out of some old fateful Pandora's box we had thought sealed. Once again, as of old, we were to witness a display of national valor and of the sacrifices incidental to valor. Now it seems the world's proper business, and we are beginning to see that Hope was left behind in that old Pandora's box, whence all these horrors had escaped.

The most obvious and the soonest noted aspect of this hope regarded the world's political future. The marshaling of forces on the one side and on the other very soon indicated a sharply drawn line of division between freedom and absolutism in the government of the nations engaged—a distinction based on the radical principle of sovereignty rather than upon the technical form of government. The overthrow of the Czar rendered the division clearer. Naturally, free Russia immediately repudiated every special object the Czar had in view in entering upon the war, and, in the extremity of reaction, almost seemed on the point of repudiating the war itself. The entrance of our republic into the war at this juncture helped to guide and restrain the new-born democracy, since, plainly, we could have no motive in our action save to throw all our power into the balance in favor of the menaced liberty of all peoples.

It is the war that had for its first fruits the emancipation of Russia, and the only thing that can save her now and establish her freedom is the new vision of what that war has become for the freedom of all men. For that realization it is only necessary that the forces already marshaled for its achievement shall stand together to the end.

But, as we have already said, it is the truth-made freedom of the whole man, and not mere political equality, in the hope of which we glory as the result of the fusion of humanity in this Armageddon. Just those things which war, as a display of mere might and valor and vast sacrifice, has been powerless to ac-

comply, this war is bound to accomplish, having in its course been seized upon as the occasion of a righteous purpose, consciously comprehended and spiritually reinforced. It is such a world revolution as registers evolution. Therefore its triumph is inevitable. The free peoples of the world now arrayed against the forces of absolutism, in a conflict precipitated by the latter, so long as they maintain that "concert of action and purpose" which President Wilson has insisted upon, will not yield the field, as Europe, unripe for freedom, yielded it in 1814 and again in 1849, when, significantly, Bismarck entered upon his political career as the champion of Prussian autocracy.

The reality of a democracy—that is, of nationality used by freedom, in its largest meaning—is based upon the evolution of humanity as measured by the development of human sympathy in foreign as well as in domestic relations. It is manifest in our spiritual and intellectual no less than in our economic and political life; but, in the consideration of visible world movements, even in a period when humanity is so deeply stirred that evolutionary currents seem open to observation, we still naturally use the political term, democracy.

To-day it is the world that is menaced and invaded by the arms of absolutism and by its intrigues, which in their bungling would have put its old master Pilot to shame. But, whatever its aggressive incursions or its strategic advantage of military operations on interior lines, it is absolutism that is encircled and besieged, and, because it is on the wrong side of human evolution, it is, in the natural course of things, beaten so long as the siege is maintained. Physical might cannot save it. It is not the war which the world has adopted, and which is now the only way of peace, that to-day seems anachronistic, but absolutism itself. There is nothing so really pacific on earth as this war, nor so freighted with human hopes and aspirations. It does not need to be punitive, since it has become a world-concerted movement for the salvation of all men, including our enemies; and neither salvation nor pun-

ishment lies ultimately within the compass of human resolution, but beyond.

It is well to associate the hope of a new order of human civilization from the war with this season of the Nativity. We thus bring it nearer to the sense of renewal from an eternal source. It is a more brightly illuminating hope, shining against our immense sacrifice and material divestiture, which are more accordant with the winter solstice than with springtime and Easter. We do not bargain for hope through sacrifice, but we feel a sure conviction of the supreme preciousness of what we hope for by the readiness with which we give up for it our dearest possessions.

Without vision the peoples perish. Nothing so surely blurs that vision as absolutism, which lives upon aggression, intrigue, and frightfulness. It is ever professedly on the defensive, and plausibly so, because all the forces of the human spirit antagonize it. Reason, imagination, and faith must react against its paralyzing materialism or themselves die. We cannot even fight against it, since we must ourselves accept the weapons it forces upon us, without peril of attainment in the encounter. Only the clear vision can save us from this and other demoralizations that assail us. This alone, for one thing, will help us while making the world safe for democracy, to keep democracy safe for the world.

If we do not see clearly what—in accord with our reason and our sense of all that is gracious and beautiful—this war has come to mean for humanity, we can neither worthily fight it to its true issue nor worthily conclude it by a peace consistent with the highest human aspirations. Happily, our people cannot be distracted from the real issue by any temptation for national self-aggrandizement.

In such a marshaling of forces victory is not easy; and if it were merely a martial triumph of brute force it would mean little. It is the right we contend for and the enthusiasm for humanity which inspires our contest and our sacrifices that alone can make the victory significant.



The Ballad of the True Sportsman

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

SINCE Walton first in sport began
To lure the scaly prey,
Was ever any Fisherman
To match with Albert Hay?

The Weakfish weep and wring their fins,
The Porgies' tails grow cold,
The Herring shiver in their tins
When Albert's name is told!

For skilled was he in wiles to take
The Salmon fierce and free,
The Muskallonge that haunt the lake,
The Cod that rove the sea.

And every port where fish abound
He knew surpassing well:
He knew Setauket-by-the-Sound
And Gloucester by the smell.

He knew Aroostook, by the by,
And went there by the train,
For most he loved to cast the fly
Upon the streams of Maine.

The bamboo rod, his joy and pride,
Was supple as a lash;
His line was all of silk, his Guide
Was Tom of Allagash.



THE WEAKFISH WEEP AND WRING THEIR FINS

He cast four flies of feathered wing
 And lucent single snell—
 "Professor," "Ibis," "Grizzly King,"
 And "Parmachenee Belle."

But even at the seventh cast
 When that his leader sunk,
 The hooks were holden hard and fast
 Beneath a mossy trunk.

He tugged the line from side to side,
 He bent the rod in vain.
 "Yay! Play 'im, Albert!" yelled the Guide,
 "Ye've caught the State o' Maine!"

What bard shall sing, in years to come,
 That wondrous scene aright!
 All Nature stood aghast and dumb
 To view that awesome fight.

The Umbazookskus ran up-hill;
 Unwonted tremors shook
 Thy lake of waters clear and still,
 Chemquasabamticook!

Katahdin veiled his summit proud;
 Umbagog lost its gleam,
 And Fear descended like a cloud
 On Ripogenus Stream.

While Ambajejus (lovely spot!)
 And more of equal claims
 Were all so scared they clean forgot
 The way to spell their names!

Cried Tom the Guide, "Ye've met y're match
 At last, as sure as Sin!"
 But Albert sternly played his catch
 And grimly reeled it in.



HE TUGGED THE LINE FROM SIDE TO SIDE



SO BACK HE CAME WITH EMPTY CREEL

But when he viewed the weakening prize
 He let his line go slack:
 "The State of Maine is undersize,"
 Quoth he. "We'll throw it back!"

"Oh, were the State of Texas there,
 Or even Arkansaw—
 Yea, though my line were maiden-hair,
 My rod were barley-straw—

"I should have fought that worthy foe
 With all my skill and strength;
 But who would catch a State below
 The legal breadth and length!"

So back he came with empty creel
 And told his tale to me.
 And when, I ask, will Time reveal
 A truer Sport than he?

Tact

MRS. PRICE had long anticipated the delightful time they would all have on her yachting party. As sometimes happens, however, the affair was running rather flat. The guests, when assembled at afternoon tea, seemed to find no other subject of conversation than the weather, and even in this talk long, painful silences would ensue.

Suddenly Mrs. Price, a large, powerfully built woman, lost her balance, fell heavily against her mother-in-law, who was seated beside the low rail, and with a shrieking wail the dear old lady tumbled headforemost overboard.

She was successfully rescued, and, afterward, Mr. Price, who was painfully agitated over the affair, took his fair wife privately to task.

"How clumsy you are, Ethel," he complained, "to knock mother into the water

like that. The poor old dear, I'm afraid, will never fully recover from the shock."

"I know, Al; but do be reasonable," murmured Mrs. Price. "I just had to do something. Didn't you see how hopelessly our party was dragging?"

She Lacked Experience

A FARMER went one day to buy a bushel of buckwheat for sowing. The man who sold the grain was away, and his wife waited on the customer. She took a peck measure and they went to the granary. After filling the measure twice she poured the contents into the bag and began tying it.

"But," remonstrated the farmer, "it takes four pecks to make a bushel."

"Oh, does it?" returned the woman, untying the bag. "You see I never had any experience in measuring grain before I was married. I always taught school."



Captain Jones makes the mistake of kneeling to propose with his spurs on.

Masculine Tact

RITTERBY was speaking of Flitterby's lack of tact. "Why," said he, "that chap is always getting himself in a pickle in that way."

"What has he done now?" asked some one.

"Why, he told a young mother, when she showed him her baby, that his sister had three just like it!"

It Pays to Advertise

A BROOKLYN man, who owns a country place on Long Island, once decided to place it on the market.

Shortly after the announcement of this intention he met a friend who asked whether the place had been sold.

"No," said the Brooklyn man, "I am not going to sell it now."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, I gave instructions to an agent to advertise its sale, and the description he wrote of it was so enchanting that I just couldn't make up my mind to part with it."

Sanitary

IN an Arkansas river town built largely on reclaimed land most of the houses had to be built on pillars four or five feet above ground. One resident, with a longer head than his neighbors, inclosed the space under his house with pickets and in the pen thus made kept his drove of scrawny hogs.

"Do you think it is sanitary—healthful—to keep your hogs under the house like that?" he was asked.

"Aw, I do' know, stranger. I reckon so," replied the native, and hitched up his overalls.

"Never notice any bad effects from it?"

"W'y, no," he drawled. "I been a-keepin' my hawgs there for fourteen year, an' never lost a hawg."

Observing the Preliminaries

THE Sunday-school teacher was astounded to see one of her small pupils sitting on a younger playmate and holding him tight to the ground.

"Why, Johnny!" she exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you not to strike any one till you

had counted one hundred?"

"Ain't hit 'im yet!—Sixty-five—se'enty—se'enty-five—eighty—"

Work for the Constable

FEW persons in Pine Top, a Southern town in the mountains, had ever seen an automobile; so when a big car stopped for a few minutes in the isolated village, the curious inhabitants gazed at the devil-wagon with a mixture of fear and awe, and the owner, who had entered the general store to make a purchase, heard one rustic remark:

"I'll bet it's a man-killer."

"Shore," assented the other.

"Look at the number on the back. That shows how many people it's run over. That's accordin' to law. Now, if that feller was to run over anybody here in Pine Top, it would be our duty to telegraph that number—1344—to the next town ahead."

"And what would they do?" demanded the interested auditors.

"Why, the constable would stop him and change his number to 1345."

Sure to Remember

A VERY absent-minded young professor, recently took unto himself a wife, and for some time she evinced no signs of uneasiness with respect to their future happiness.

One afternoon, however, when he was leaving her for a short trip, she sighed and said to him:

"I am afraid, darling, that you will very soon forget me."

"How can you think so, my dear," the professor rejoined. "See! I have tied two knots in my handkerchief!"

Looking for Trouble

TWELVE-year-old Tommie was helping his uncle gather tomatoes from the garden. He started to work energetically, but by the time his basket was half filled he grew tired, and he put it down on the ground. For several minutes he stood still, without doing anything.

"Well, Tommie," said his uncle, "I'm afraid that you are not a very good worker. You must work faster than this, or I'll have to fire you!" he added, laughing.

After a few minutes he looked up again. Tommie was still standing in the same place, watching him intently.

"What's the matter, Tommie?" his uncle asked.

"I'm waiting to be fired," said Tommie.

An Inducement

A CHICAGO woman had entered a newspaper office for the purpose of inserting an advertisement in the want column.

"I wish," said she to the clerk, "to put in this advertisement for a cook. It will go in three lines, won't it?"

"No, madam," said the clerk, after counting. "We will have to charge you for four lines, but you can add four words if you wish."

Whereupon the lady had an idea. "Just add," said she, "Policeman stationed opposite corner!"

Similar Financial Conditions

A NEW copy of *Empty Pockets* had just been entered at the library in the catalogue of recent purchases, when a shabby-looking foreigner came into the library. He looked dazedly about for a few moments, then walked over to the desk where the book still lay open. After earnestly studying the last line, he picked up a pen and began to write. Upon inquiry as to what he was doing, with hesitation and much effort he replied, "I—reg—is-ter," and the librarian found in the catalogue, these two items in juxtaposition:

Rupert Hughes.....*Empty Pockets*
Olof Amundsen.....No money at all

The Home Team

THERE was rejoicing in a certain household in Ohio when Mr. Smith's seventh son was born. Two or three days after the event, one of the neighbors, meeting Dickie, the eldest son, asked if he were not sorry that his baby brother was not a baby sister.

Dickie shook his head. "No, ma'am, not me!" he replied with great decision. "You see, we are trying for a baseball nine."



LITTLE BOSTON GIRL: "Mama, how many calories in a bug? I swallowed one in my soup"



Family Pride

ABNER: "That's a mighty smart dog you got, Hank."

HANK: "Yes, I 'ain't never seen but one other dog smarter than this dog."

ABNER: "Whose dog was that?"

HANK: "Oh, that was a dog I used to have."

A Long Trip

PROFESSOR GRAVES was a member of a college faculty who had the not uncommon scholastic failing of absent-mindedness. One day, it appears, his married sister favored him for a long time with loud praises of her first-born. When she paused for breath at the end of her recital the professor felt that it was incumbent upon him to say something.

"Can he walk?" he asked, with affected interest.

"Walk? Why, he's been walking now for five months!"

"Is that so?" murmured the professor, lapsing into reflection. "What a long way he must have gone."

All the Same

A CHARMING girl of Philadelphia recently became engaged to a young man from the West who, however, seemed skeptical at times as to the depth of her affection for him.

"And am I the very first man you have ever loved, Marie?" he would ask.

One evening this got on the nerves of Marie, who replied, petulantly:

"Why, of course you are, Frank! How tedious you men are! You all ask me the same question."

Her Excuse

THE four-year-old was spending a night away from home. At bed-time she knelt at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding the lady unable to help her out, the child concluded thus:

"Please God, excuse me. I can't remember any prayers, and I'm staying with a lady who don't know any."

A Butter-In

MRS. CARICO, a middle-aged and talkative ruralist, was appearing in a suit brought by her husband. She insisted on loudly commenting on each answer given by the first witness. Repeatedly the judge requested her to keep quiet, but she persisted in audibly disputing the

words of the witness. Finally the judge said:

"Mrs. Carico, the court demands that you remain quiet. Unless you do so you will be held in contempt."

Giving the judge a savage look, the woman turned to her attorney and vociferously inquired:

"Who is that old guy that keeps buttin' in all the time?"

Quality, Not Quantity

THE young housewife was complaining of the small piece of ice that had been left in response to her order for fifty pounds.

That the iceman was convinced that she was young and inexperienced is evidenced by the nature of his reply:

"But notice, ma'am, the firm and excellent quality of it. In buying ice your motto should be, 'Not how much, but how good.'"

Untrained

IT was Goldstein's first dinner party, and when the hostess began pairing off the guests she addressed him, saying:

"Mr. Goldstein, will you please take Miss Jacobs out to dinner?"

"Vy, vy," returned the guest, visibly embarrassed, "I thought you were havin' the dinner here in the house."

Master Malaprop

THE late Admiral Dewey was a lover of children, and when he took his constitutional, always spoke to those he met.

"Well, my little man," said he, to a small boy of the neighborhood, "what are you going to be when you get to be a man?"

"Oh, an *Animal* in the Navy, just like you," replied the child, promptly.

Company Oleo

DASHING into a grocery, a little boy asked for half a pound of oleomargarine. He was being served and the grocer's man was about to wrap the margarine up in paper when the youngster exclaimed:

"Mother wants to know if you won't stamp a cow on it, because we're having company."

Nautical

A NEW YORK bride and groom began their honeymoon by making a trip to one of our Southern ports by a coastwise steamer.

The young woman, who took a lively interest in the passengers, said one day to her husband:

"Did you notice the great appetite of that stout man opposite us at dinner?"

"Yes," said her husband. "He must be what they call a stowaway."

Near-Spheres

THE story is told of two traveling salesmen, detained in a little village hotel in the West. They were introduced to a crazy little billiard-table and a set of balls which were of a uniform, dirty-gray color.

"But how do you tell the red from the white?" asked one of the drummers.

"That's easy," said the landlord. "You soon get to know 'em by their shape."

Handy Things to Have

A VISITOR to the household of a colored man in Georgia was much impressed by the thriftiness of the mistress of the house.

"That's a hard-workin' wife you've got, Joe," said he.

"Yes," said Joe, with the utmost gravity, "I wish I had a couple more like her."

Still a Mystery

THE children of the neighborhood had been greatly interested by the news of the arrival of a baby at the Joneses', and one of them put this question to little Willie Jones:

"What is your new brother's name?"

"They haven't found out yet," replied Willie. "He can't talk."

None On Hand

IN Alabama they tell of one "Doc" Marsh, a queer old "yarb" doctor of decidedly limited education.

One day some one said to him, "See here, Doc, haven't you any diploma?"

"Well, no," said the doctor, "I 'ain't got none on hand just now, but I'm goin' to dig some as soon as the ground is right in the spring."

Where Nature Fails

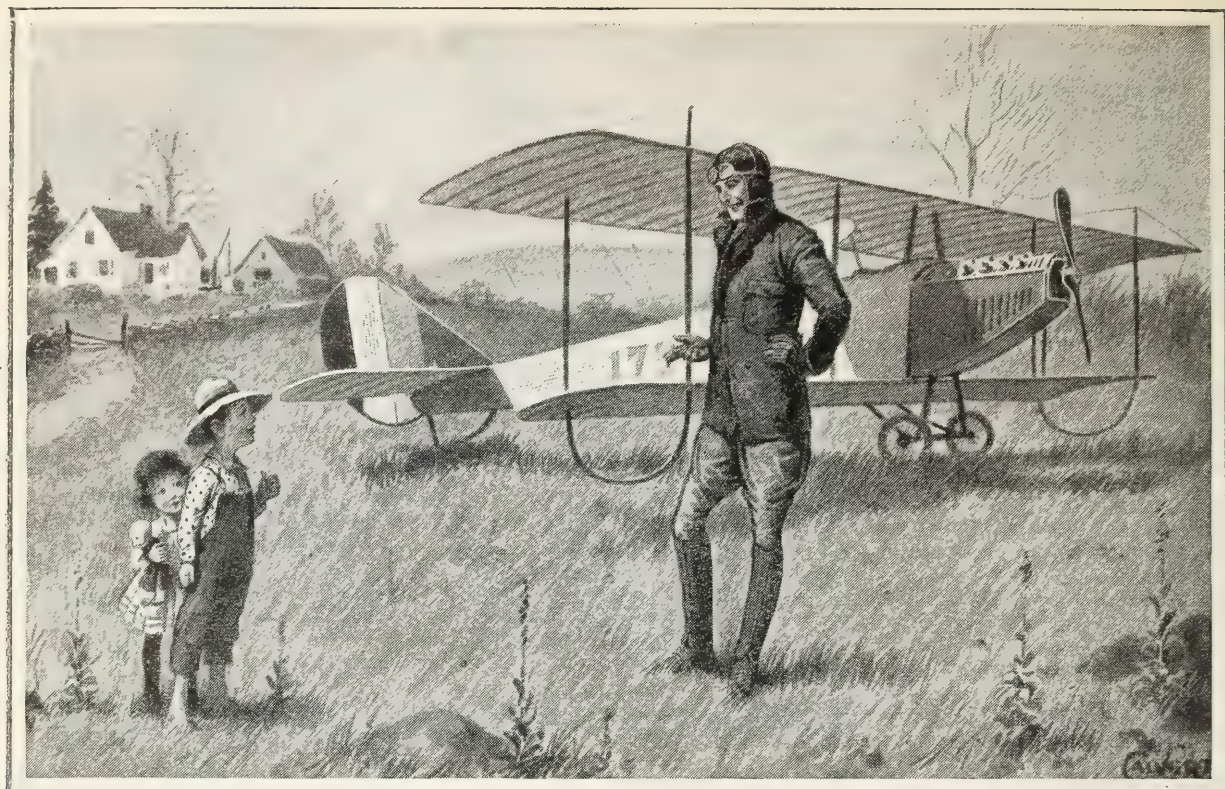
THE tired business man had gone on a camping trip with his six-year-old son.

The two were in the depths of a forest when the youngster startled his father by the following:

"Dad, I can hear the cuckoo, but I can't see any clock."



VISITING BOY: "Aw, it'll be all right to take some, Nellie—we don't want your ma to get pinched fer hoarding food."



"Can you tell me, little boy, where I can get some gasoline?"

"Sure, my Aunt Marthy over there has got some in a bottle, what she cleans her gloves with!"

How She Would Find It Out

WILLIE and Jack are two youngsters who are pugilistically inclined. The other day the following conversation took place between them:

"Aw," said Willie, "you're afraid to fight; that's all it is."

"Naw, I'm not," protested Jack, "but if I fight my ma 'll find it out and lick me."

"How 'll she find it out, eh?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

Too Late to Change

"WHAT were you saying, Homer?" asked a mother of her six-year-old son.

"I was praying God to kill all the Germans; then our men wouldn't have to fight."

"Oh! you must not pray to God to kill all those men—"

"I can't help it now, mamma; it will have to go, 'cause I already said 'Amen.'"

Rapid Transit

AN old Virginia negro had just received from the son of his old master in the North, his annual gift of a bottle of Bourbon whisky. Leaving the express office, he slipped and dropped the package.

The old man scratched his head and gazed ruefully at the precious liquid trickling across the pavement.

"D'Law! D'Law!" he cried. "My Chris'mus is done come an' gone!"

A Dangerous Combination

WHEN barbers and surgeons were one and the same

It must have been risky to go to a shop. The man who dared enter one must have been game.

Few barbers or surgeons know just where to stop.

Imagine a place with its chances for harm Where they'd amputate either your beard or your arm.

You'd enter, perhaps, for a hair-cut or shave, And a barber would say to you, "Stick out your tongue!"

And he'd look very wise and determined and grave,

And lead you the surgical cleavers among. You'd leave, maybe, minus an organ or two, When all you'd been seeking was just a shampoo.

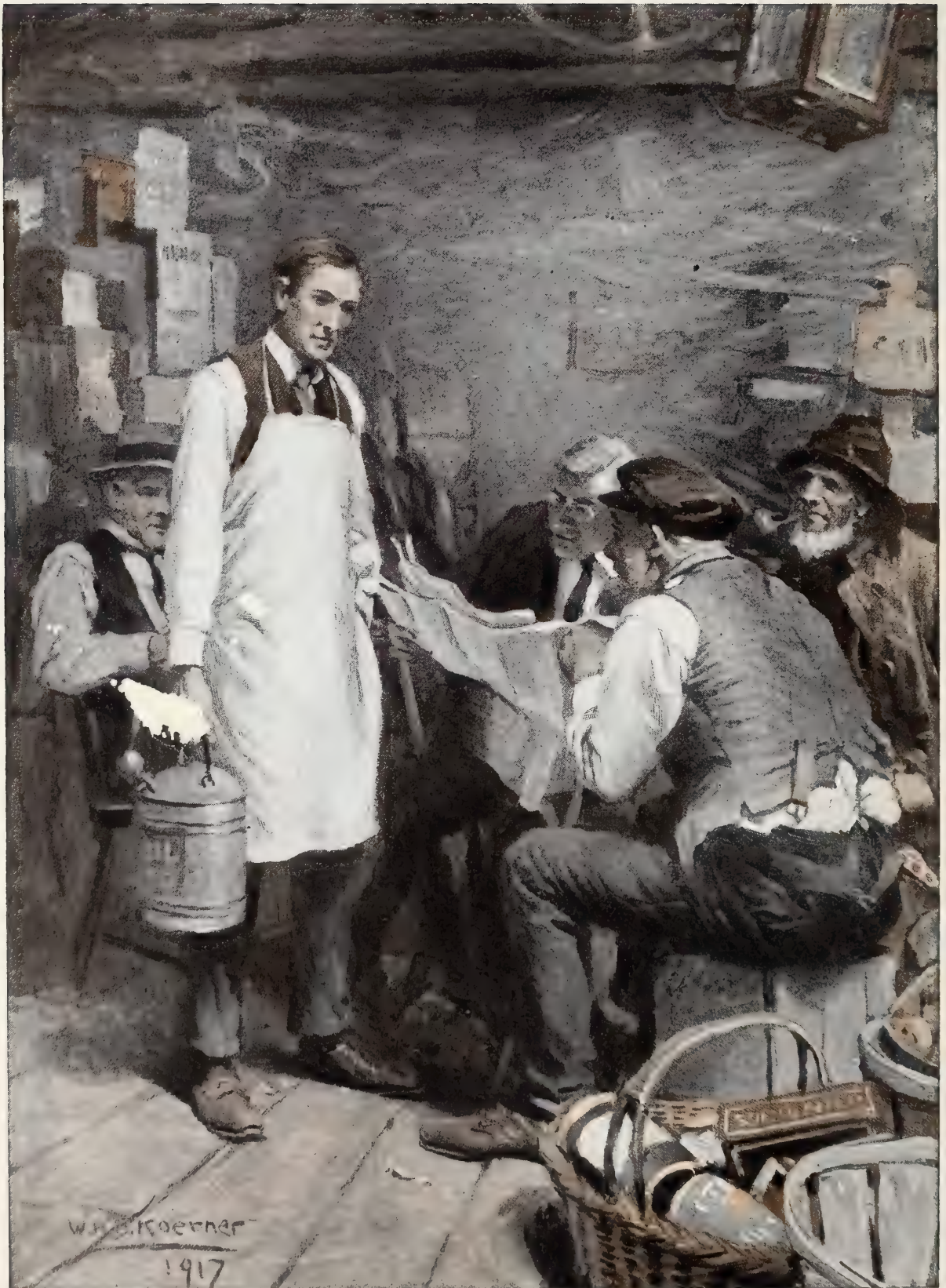
Just think of the picture presented, I beg: One barber-"doc" shaving and talking the while

And the next fellow sawing away at a leg And putting bay rum on the stump with a smile;

Then both of them standing with hands on their hips

And making it plain they were waiting for tips!

WALTER G. DOTY



Painting by W. H. D. Koerner

Illustration for "Huntington's Credit"

THE STORE WAS A SORT OF INSTITUTION, WITH ITS PLEASANT DISORDER

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The Letters of James Whitcomb Riley

THE POET IN THE MAKING

Arranged, with Comment, by EDMUND H. EITEL



THE youth of James Whitcomb Riley seemed to many at the time a sorry failure. Most of his boyhood friends went systematically to work or by dint of application attained to college, but the boy Riley drifted about in a nebula of dreams until his father set him at a trade. He was eagerly trying to have verses printed, or roaming around, half-rejoicing, half-despairing, and with hopes for a bigger future was painting signs or romancing from a patent-medicine wagon. To know these years as we see them in his letters is to understand how Riley became a poet.

James Whitcomb Riley was born in Greenfield, Indiana, on Sunday, October 7, 1849, the day on which Poe died. Later in life he whimsically remarked: "Poe was hoodooed all his life. I took up the hoodoo where he left off!" Young Riley did not get on well at school, particularly in arithmetic. "Little children came and little children went, but I stuck there in the first class in numbers," he said. "I was always a good reader, only reading counted for little in *those* days." A significant incident of his boyhood was running away from school when "The Death of Little Nell" was the lesson. "It was a matter of eternal wonder to me," he said, "how the other children could go strong-voiced and dry-eyed through

those tragedies that almost broke my heart."

The earliest letter that we have shows him as not the most promising boy in the community. Sixteen found him out of school, "truanting up and down old Brandywine" and lost in Longfellow, Trowbridge, and Dickens. "I read them all day long," he said. From his reading of literature Riley was to secure his real education. Among townspeople "Jim" Riley came to be known as a "do-less" kind of boy who was "wasting his youth." Manual industry was to the early Hoosier settlers a duty idealized, and to them idling was a sin more reprehensible than drunkenness or blasphemy. "An idler is the sure quarry of the devil," ran the old saying. The boy was not what to so many of his townspeople he seemed to be; they were not aware of a world of dreams and hopes behind his mischievous blue eyes. The youthful Riley learned to play the guitar and "fiddle." He sang, gave readings at church benefits, and in his time acted in heroic parts. He drew well, but for work with his hands he had little liking or aptitude. It is not strange, then, that he earned "a bad name." This word from an early letter shows a plaintive reaction from the superficial judgment:

... Your father forbids your associating with me. Well, with his understanding of my character, he did what was right. Well, so long as he thinks me a mean boy, just so long you must abide his law, for he thinks it

for your good. Sometime, maybe I can show him my real character. . . .

And so he loitered his time away along the creeks, or won applause in amateur theatricals, or, with one eye half asquint, poked his face curiously into interesting happenings of the town.

He was not happy at home, where the father's favorite maxim was:

You can command the mind from play
Through every moment of the day.

The stern, old-fashioned Reuben Riley had been in the years before the war a leading lawyer and politician, sure of a seat in Congress. He had helped to nominate Lincoln, and had cast one of Indiana's electoral votes for him. At the outbreak of the Civil War he led the first Greenfield company and later became a captain of cavalry in the "three years' service." Seriously injured by shell shock, and partially deafened and paralyzed, he returned home with the best of his vitality spent as a sacrifice to his country. He lost his farm and the comfortable old Greenfield homestead, and moved his family from one rented house to another. At this time his wife died. Of an artistic temperament herself, she alone understood the boy Riley and sympathized with him. To the poet those days of distress were ever vivid, heart-breaking memories. "I was her child in color of hair and eyes, in heart and soul," he once said. "I worshiped her, and to see her in poverty and suffering was agony for me—and a mother so worthy of the best!" Not many months before his death, when the memory of those days had possessed him, he sat for a long time in silence, and then, as if made stronger by his musing, he exclaimed: "Sometimes I think mentality is developed by such things. Some terrible experience comes and worries and worries you until your mind seems stretched like the head of a drum. Well, you bear up bravely, and say to yourself, I can stand just this—but no more. Then some greater horror comes and turns the screws and turns the screws until you feel that your mind is surely strained to breaking. And so on, and so on, and if it doesn't break, it becomes very strong."

Eloquent of the anxiety of the year

following his mother's death is this letter to the older brother, John, who was at work in Indianapolis:

GREENFIELD, IND., *Friday [July] 14, 1871.*

DEAR BRO:

Yesterday morn I failed to write to you—I found "the folks" all well—that is, "on their pins," but all pretty blue and no wonder! There is no one to help May, who still continues to "gaze in vacancy" the greater part of the time. I "waked" her for a little time yesterday by reading a sketch or two from Dickens. Father is chief-cook-and—bottle washer I was going to say but Hum washes the dishes. Father has to go to the court house and be fined 10\$ for contempt of court. John, I tell you, our noble House is on the wane—everything is going—going—the same old carelessness marks our "progress."

. . . I am going to work for Harris in a day or two. Father, I guess don't want to get, or keep a girl to assist May—economy, you know. . . . I've been laughing forced laughs and dancing forced jigs till I'm about gone up—they don't appear to take—it will take a deeper trick—"simulating" happiness, to be a success.

Augustus and Mattie were up last evening and Dora from Pendleton—we had a pleasant time in our front parlors—the kitchen door open and father with his sleeves rolled up to his knees, getting supper for his clamorous offspring who ate crackers and water for dinner—maybe I don't talk right—I can't any other way—

Your affectionate bro.

JIM.

"Hum" is Humboldt Alexander Riley, a younger brother, and May is the sister, Elva May, who at fourteen took the mother's place in the family. Harris is the kindly schoolmaster to whom Riley gave sincere acknowledgment for literary encouragement during those trying years. In his little school-house at Lewisville, near Greenfield, Riley read Tennyson with him through half the night, or hopefully wrote and rewrote youthful verses."

Soon a half-dozen of his rhymes, some humorous, some romantic, appeared in the county weekly over the pen-name "Edyrn," taken from "The Idylls of the King." Riley's older brother, John, offered encouragement, and volunteered to make an effort to have some of his verses printed in an Indianapolis newspaper. Riley joyfully

forwarded two pieces, explaining that he wrote them

with the greatest of ease and avidity, as "young Pierson" would say. Of late I am startlingly prolific in composing, and, as you hinted, "Who knows, &c, &c."

At the same time he cautioned his brother to copy the verses and not to show the original to the editor, who might throw it aside, "thinking it a manuscript speech of Horace Greeley's, telling how little he knew about penmanship." It may be said in passing that Riley's early handwriting was not the artistic print-like script which he later developed, partly for the benefit of careless compositors. The letter closes with a couplet in which Riley adopted a new pen-name:

And say, dear brother,
er, you will sign
Jay Whit,
Providing the papers
will publish it?

The acceptance by the Indianapolis *Mirror* of a few of his rhymes, prompted him to write to his brother.

I would like to publish my "Ballad with a serious conclusion," but it's rather lengthy to risk unless they admire my style right well, and I don't want that refused—I'll publish it in *Harper's Weekly* first! I wish I could, and Nast would illustrate it.

The favorite poem did not appear. Then Riley wrote:

"This suspense is terrible!"—I daily may be seen with solemn expression following the mail-bag from the depot, as tho' it were some dear-little-fat-corpse-of-a-relative who had perhaps remembered me in his will—but alas! I turn away from the tomb (P.O.) with regrettings vain that I am not even favored

with the scratch of a pen when I have scratched so much! Then

Come, come, come,
The summer now is here,

and is rapidly filling my coffers—I mean my creditors', tho' alas! I will soon be out of debt, then—ah then, I con wag of dot head unt say I don't care for der expenses!

When the ballad finally appeared the poet was heartsick:

[May 14, 1872.]

John, all the little articles, pronouns, etc., that have become changed, were chief characteristics of ballad style: I refer you to any ballad of Longfellow's, or any good poet's—it makes it simple, plain and natural, and I wouldn't have had it changed for anything, in that particular, excepting those "ands"—you were right there—I do not know whether you or the printer changed the other—I regret that more than anything else. It hurts me more that the poem was my favorite, and I had built an airy castle for it! Well! enough! . . .



THE FUTURE POET AND HIS MOTHER

In another letter to his brother, Riley said, "I have avoided everything overdrawn, and tried to make my characters all natural—in language and everything." This feeling prompted two attempts at dialect, though nothing successful came of them.

All this time young Riley was trying to earn a livelihood. At his father's suggestion he abandoned his attempts at portrait-painting and found himself, as he described it, "with a five-ought paintbrush in his hand one day under the eaves of an old frame house that drank paint by the bucketful, learning to be a painter." In a few weeks Riley had nothing more to learn from the old Dutch-

man who had been engaged to teach him his trade. Then a new departure, sign-painting, fired the youth's imagination. At that time the landscape of Indiana lay in its primitive state, and fences, barns, bridges, and boulders had not yet been adorned by the hand of man. Riley went to work to decorate Hancock County with unique advertisements. A breezy young sign-painter, James McClanahan, opportunely came to Greenfield. "He was an upheaded fellow," said Riley, "and wore loud clothes, and he was traveling merrily about advertising the remedies of 'Doc' McCrillus of Anderson, who prepared and sold 'European Balsam, Tonic Blood Purifier, Oriental Liniment, and Hoarhound Expecto-rant.'" Riley wrote to his brother:

GREENFIELD, IND.
[May] 31st, 1872.

... I have been advertising for The Farmers' Grocery for three or four days, and am feeling pretty sore, physically—but quite the contrary mentally for I have now removed a load of about 6\$ from my mind and so—

"Patience, and shuffle the cards,"—and I'll soon be out of debt.

John I have an offer from a young advertiser, who was attracted by my card in the post-office, to travel and do Medicine advertising and such, and I believe I will go. I can be at home as often as you, I guess; so we won't be broken badly. I think it will be the best thing I could do: I'll be in the open air all the time, and I *do* like advertising—especially where I have a chance of making 5\$ and 6\$ a day. I send you a photograph of my card—How do you like?—I received a complimentary squib in both our worthy papers. The young man I am going with is a good business agent and sharp as the proverbial tack. He is not much

on the letter, but knows how to get work and handle "expenses" and all that. He is an entire stranger to me—but he is from Anderson, and refers me to dozens of the best men the town contains. We will do general advertising; he has had experience and knows all about it—I will go as a partner or not at all. If we succeed it won't be a great while before I show advertisers what advertising is! like the card I send you for instance—I can design them, and we can have them engraved and furnish cards novel, new, and unique for so much a thous- look out!

Your's &c

JIM.

With McClanahan Riley set out for Anderson. He wrote that he had secured

some sign-work which will last me till the weather breaks, and allow us to perfect our arrangements for a scathing summer tour—things are looking propitious, and I can't but feel that my wildest dreams will be realized.

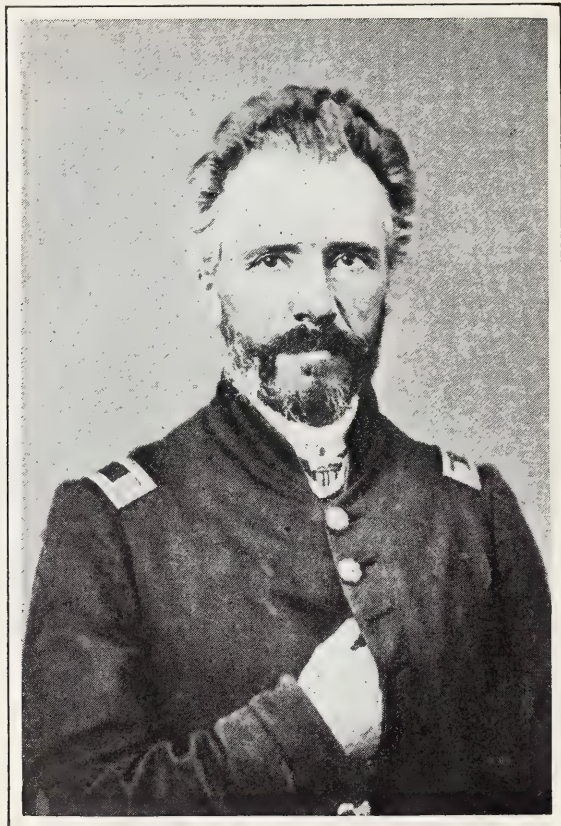
Soon he sent this word:

ANDERSON [IND.]
July 17, 1872.

DEAR BROTHER:

... In about an hour we start for a week's trip to neighboring towns, and we are busy preparing for same.

I received a letter from May the other day—it was written on Fourth and therefore no news in it—I wish some one "would go to them—tell them for me to write me a letter from home." I've a curiosity to know how they all are. I wrote some days since, but, as yet have heard nothing—well yes, I did! Some itinerant lover was over there and brought back the bewitching tidings that some one had married there recently but "on his life" he "couldn't say who it was," and I am left to drag through a long silence of uncertainty as to the possibility, or probability rather—of my having a stepmother and being unconscious of it—"A little stepmother now and then Is"—&c—I wouldn't care—for then perhaps May could come out and sun herself. I get quite purple when I



THE POET'S FATHER, CAPTAIN
REUBEN ALEXANDER RILEY



RILEY AND HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS

From left to right: John, Mary Elizabeth, James Whitcomb, Elva May, and Humboldt

think about it, and therefore try to "forget to think."

I would like to have my ideas a little more concentrated that I might dilate on divers topics—How I am getting along—(tolerably) how I am going to get along (finely) and how I expect to "bring up in the end," O.K.-ly! but I must desist—leaving you to say for me when you write home that I am very well and doing well, and so busy I cannot write for a little time yet. . . .

Yours affectionately
JIM.

Riley and McClanahan traveled through many Hoosier towns with much theatrical display. "On entering a town," said Riley, "McClanahan went first to the livery-stable and with un-failing instinct picked out the best horses. It was not long before we were in the good graces of the livery-man and

had as our reward the best team in the barn free of charge for the afternoon." Thus set up, two young sign-painters made a dashing entrance before the public. Then they proposed to put the names of the leading merchants on every barn, fence, and boulder on each of the roads leading into town, with the very eloquent prophecy "these signs will stand as long as the fence or barn or stone remains." Human nature could ill withstand such an attractive proposition even at the big price named by the members of the new advertising agency. To any close-fisted objector they exclaimed: "Why, you spend that much each year on newspaper advertising, and, what is more, your newspaper allows your competitor to advertise in the very next column in a more conspicuous

place. He can't do that on the road, because you'll have every fence and barn, and if you don't take the contract he will, you bet!" And yet, despite their cleverness, the young men on occasion met discouragements. From the town of Peru, Riley wrote, early in August, 1872:

DEAR BRO:

We have been here one week tomorrow night—We came from Kokomo here,—after doing a flourishing business there—expecting to do equally as well here, but alas! We will fail to amass the handsome little fortune bequeathed us by Kokomo. I have even fallen so low, as an advertiser, as to contract for the lettering of a few Home Sewing Machines—gold letters at that! "Old Joey B[ag-stock] is wide awake!" I'm safe!

I've been in good health and enjoying myself—hope you have! I should feel better, however, if I could hear from home. I wrote May from Kokomo, but have received no answer. I hope she is at school, she and Hum and Mary. There is a little girl here at the hotel that looks quite like Mary and, "You bet" she gets lots o' candy and nickels from "'at dood fe'wow dats dot a yittow girl like me."

This town is full of business,—politics—and everything almost—but advertising. We understand that it has had a party or two here in that line that skinned them—cut on board and livery &c. &c. and they're afraid we'll do the same. We'll pay tonight a

little old \$18.00 for board anyhow;—Oh! we ain't bu'sted yet! Riley and McClanahan are "billed to show" and "the performance will positively take place whatever the weather!"

I have made the acquaintance of a Band-teacher here who is engaged to take charge of a band that is to travel this winter with a theatrical troupe that is organizing. He says he can get me a good thing with the party and wants me to go. I want to go, and with his assistance may get a place—he assures me that it is strictly first class in every pa'ticula'. I can get a big salary for I'm the kind of a man they want—low-comedy—Recitationist—comic song—scene-ptr.—tenor, drummer, etc. etc.

Your affectionate bro JIM.

Write to me and kiss the children.

This first venture soon came to an end. It was a merry journey, into which the young poet put much imagination and enthusiasm. Once, suspended by a rope, he painted a sign upon the bottom of a bridge, inverting the letters so that the country people approaching the scene by a turn in the road were startled to read insistent words of advice reflected on the surface of the water. The big barns took from the work much of the charm and inspiration. Painting there in the blaze of the sun through long afternoons, and stretching upward to reach the tops of the letters till his

EXPERIENCE ENABLES US TO DO

All Styles of Signs and Painted Advertisements!

—AND—

ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN FANCY CARDS,
AND BULLETINS AND BANNER SIGNS OF ALL KINDS

Whereby you gain the wrapt attention of the wary public eye.

To those who patronize us we would wish it understood we use but such material as we can warrant good.

We strive in each particular to give our fellow-man Entire Satisfaction.

RILEY & McCLANAHAN.

"arm seemed to break from weariness," had no romantic value. At night his back ached and he dreamed of his soft bed at home. In a few weeks he was again in Greenfield, where he wrote to John Riley at Indianapolis:

DEAR BRO.

August 28th, '72.

Perhaps you'll be surprised at my being still at home. I get letters and dispatches almost every day from McClanahan, urging me to come on and join him, but I have worked hard all summer, and — and — in fact—I "smile as I was wont to smile" while 'ome and so I tell him I'm at work here—which I am, tho' I don't work very hard. . .

I worked all forenoon to-day, on some cards for War Barnett—and then "turned out—*en masse*" to a Greeley meeting—ogled some terribly damp Goddesses of Liberty—waded in mud over my shoes; saw a fight and kept out of it, heard the Fortville band and Dan Vorhees, and would rather hear "our old band" than either one of them. And have come home kindo' tired, and am trying to "recruit up" by writing this. I was thinking some—if the opportunity is available—of going to Columbus to assist that scene-painter I told you of with a new opera-house he is "fitting." . . . It would be a cap' thing for me! About two weeks with him, I think, would enable me to put scene-painting in the list of my many accomplishments.

Wrapping-paper's out—must close—children send kisses and wishes that you will come, and I, with mingled sighs and tears relinquish my pen-cil. Affectionately your bro.

JIM.

Riley soon rejoined McClanahan, driven forth, perhaps, by the need of money:

MARION, IND., Nov. the —, 1872.

DEAR BRO:

Your first letter was received about three

weeks ago at Anderson—since then I have been leading my accustomed itinerant life, rambling,

"North and South and West and East,
Winds liked best and winds liked least,
Here and there, and gone astray
Over the hills and far away."

"Hard up" for a time, but for two weeks and "better" Fortune has been smiling blandly

on me and I prosper. In this place (we finished to-day) we've done \$130 or more—been here a week and worked four days, but you can't tell—maybe it'll be the last good weather so we don't bet high on much big money.

We won't have much "prize money" from this last lift, for there's a trifling little bill at Anderson against us for some 35 or forty dol. (We had to even borrow money to get out of there, and a board bill left unliquidated.

"Facts are stubborn things" as I'm aware, but I do my best so "whatever is, is right!" don't it? I am in splendid health, and spirits—hope you are in like fix, and I have a kindo' gnawin' hunger to see you—

for it's been TIME since I've had that pleasure and I hope that the next time I do we shall both be happy of easier circumstances. Write to me and tell me how the "old folks at home" are. I have become quite used to doing without news—and I'm sometimes fearful I'm forgetting home almost, but when I do go there it seems like a strange town and I catch myself making mental calculations of the probable amount of work we'll do there—and then another thing, several little bills there, as sharp as Poe's Raven's peck ravenously at my conscience (a bad one).

If I had a thousand dollars to-morrow I would drive into Greenfield headed by a brass band, and I would "bill the town" with the following placard:

Jim Riley is here today—
With plenty of money to pay
All that he owes, to an iota!!!!



RILEY AT 20

Wouldn't it make them stare, though! Well, I can lean back in my chair at the barber shop and fancy the well-dressed fellow in the glass that smiles at me oilily is worth money from his general physique. Well, John, it's late and I've worked hard to-day—so *au revoir* for a time.

Your affectionate brother

JIM.

I've had this letter in my pocket for a "week or so" but there's nothing new but cold weather that promises to "swamp" us—but I'm used to hard times so don't be uneasy—for I'm equal to any emergency.

Riley spent a disheartening winter in Marion, the coldest in his recollection. "I didn't have enough covers on my bed," he recalled in later years, "only a counterpane. I laid newspapers between that and the sheet to keep out the cold. Oh, I was living in an old rat-trap and didn't see where the money for my Saturday's board was coming from. And I was homesick. One day a letter came from my small brother 'Hum,' a boy letter about old 'Nuisance,' our dog, who had died. When I got that broken-hearted letter I simply crawled away to my room, threw myself on the bed, and cried." That winter Riley composed "Dot Leedle Boy of Mine." "Writing verse was the only fun I had," he confessed. Perhaps in this he revealed the secret of how he became a poet in spite of every discouragement in the calendar.

ANDERSON, IND., Feb. 9th, 1873.

DEAR BROTHER:

...I think this winter's rub has taken all the rough out of me, and, under the chamois-skin of your companionship, I believe I might be susceptible of a high polish—something that would shine out of the dark a great, broad, golden pathway leading into a brighter future—

... I expect you'd rather not have me enter into *details*, so I won't put any down. But let your fancy follow us a marchin' into town—Greenfield—if such a terminus should occur! Wouldn't I wear a plug! and shouldn't May and Mary

"Walk in silk attire
And siller ha' to spare!"

and Hum—well, I've got a seat for him—I don't think I'm dreaming when I believe in better times!

I expect you find my letters rather prosy—one reason I don't write oftener—I *say* so much and *do* so little!

I met Squire Barnett—to come from the S. to the R.—the other day—said my folks were all well, and that father was away—looking for a wife, he thought; but wives are scarce—as diamonds and if he meets with no more success in the search for the former than of the latter, why, God help the children! I wish he may get a good wife if he does contemplate matrimony. I'm sure she'd have two loving sons in you and me, but, if Rumor's correct you'll have another mother ere long anyhow! How about it? I'll be glad to hear that if it please you! What'll you say if I should marry? the idea makes an old man of me!

"Needles and pins—needles and pins

When a man marries, his trouble begins!"

and I couldn't but admit the truth of this now, if a woman were to put her arms about my neck and say "Dear Husband!" and for another word "papa!" Oh! I should go "raving—*stark-staring* mad!"

Your affect Bro.

JIM.

The following summer Riley and McClanahan, accompanied by Will Ethel, of Anderson, painted signs through northern Indiana. Riley said, quoting from "The Spanish Student," "We were as merry as a thunder-storm in the night." To this day the pranks which they played are a tradition in that part of the country. Once his friends, who were aware of his genius for mimicry, conceived the sport of beguiling the simple inhabitants by presenting Riley as a blind sign-painter. Half the town assembled to watch the unique spectacle. Riley, assuming the patient, weary look of the blind in his pale-blue eyes, groped about and upset a can of paint, whereupon his associates called at him roughly. Some one said: "Listen at the way they treat him. Isn't it a shame?" Another rejoined, "Why, he's not blind!" The first retorted: "Yes, he is, too! Didn't you see him stumble over that paint-can?" In the mean time Riley climbed the ladder, fumbled over the surface of the wall for a few minutes, and at last, without first "laying out the letters" as was customary, flung a splendid, free-hand sign upon the side of the building. As he worked, a pretty girl looked from a window below. It is related that she saw one of his eyes open and close significantly. She never gave the young poet away.



RILEY'S CARD WHEN HE WAS AN ORNAMENTAL PAINTER

The figures in silhouette spell Riley's name

From Mishawaka, he wrote to his brother:

Aug. 7th, 1873.

. . . No wonder you are a trifle uneasy because of my long silence—I dread this letter composition—I stand poetry better.) The fact is, I've been having a mighty fine time at South Bend for five weeks—a continued round of social enjoyment—"The Smiler" [Schuyler Colfax, vice-president with Grant] lives there, you know—yes,—see him every day—he's only thist a man!—

"About as large

As I or Uncle James."

[Will] Ethel and I—Ethel is a young erratic law student, we've been together all summer, and Jim Mc[Clanahan] had charge of the advertising "bis"—but I guess she's gone down—like the wreck of the *Lady Elgin*—haven't heard from him for two weeks. I've been ranking high among the South Benders—quite a celebrity for being smart and eccentric (is that right?) You bet I'd like to see you very much. I tell you, sir, there are times when the cock-eyed Monster, "Home-sickness" knocks the tail-piece out o' my feelin's with a perfect lawlessness of common courtesy.

I'm doing sign-work—the best west of New York. I'll tell you what I did in South Bend—the best painter in town—and there are several first-class ones there I assure &c.—the best painter in town came to me—got me to design South Bend in 1833—and

S. B. in '73—allegorical, you know—life-sized figures—the former represents the early pioneer surrounded with all the crudeness of frontier obstacles—the latter represents the same man, supposed to have "made his Jack"—surrounded with all the conveniences of life—the theme is carefully studied—*contrasts* in Almanacs "before taking" and "after taking" not a circumstance compared with this gigantic work of art—for instance the old well sweep and a red hot squirtin'—gushin' founting—marshy unbroken country—and brussels carpet—the stump—and the easy, cushioned chair—the ax and the gold-headed cane, the log cabin and the palace, and no news at all, and the South Bend *Daily Tribune*. Oh! it's a fine thing. Two of us painted a square week on the pictures. . . .

Your affecte bro.

JIM.

For two weeks Riley was ill with a fever which he ascribed to "an over-taxed brain which dreams too much of home"! He returned to South Bend and wrote:

Oct. 25th, 1873.

DEAR BRO:

My birthday I suppose you are aware glided by with the beginning of the month. I didn't have a dinner, either. It's surprising—the brevity of the years—eh?

"For while we plan and plan, our hair Is gray before we know it."

I am not at work for myself. I am at work on sign-work however exclusively. Stockford & Blowney is the name of the house and it turns out the best work in the state, "In fact is not second to Chicago." I quote from the *S. B. Daily Tribune*. I have the thorough confidence of both men, and what I say they "go a good deal on." They can get signs, you know, that no one would trust *me* to write, and when they want a "hot" design—something original they say, "Here, Rile'—I guess you'd better do this!" and when an old sign-painter of 50, and a good one, too!—talks like that, I sometimes think, "Well, I guess I ain't so slow after all," then I make the hands stand around, and myself disagreeably important if I don't keep a sharp lookout—vain as a peacock. . . .

We had a picture taken of the interior of the shop a few days since, where Stockford and I may be seen in the glare and glitter of over two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of sign-work. . . . I don't know what else to talk about but signs. Well, yes—I see Colfax occasionally—looking like all great men—Hard to distinguish from the common herd, and for that reason, I presume, he has failed to notice me—well—once he did too! He was driving by just as I was crossing the street and smiled and spoke the compliments of the day, but I saw he didn't recognize me. I had intended calling on him, but have neglected it so long I'm ashamed to go.

By the way! Bret Harte is to lecture here on the 31st. How's that? Maybe I won't shake of the hand that built the MS of that thousand dollar story of Scribners'—"An Episode of Fiddletown"! I am enthusiastic enough to try anyway if the opportunity offers. Well, I've rattled off I don't know what—Write—tell me all the news about Greenfield & give my love to all—to all!

Affectionately

JIM.

Riley heard Bret Harte read "The Argonauts of Forty-Nine." Referring to this incident later in life, he observed: "Although the best people in the town were present and enjoyed the reading after their fashion, there was no applause. After a particularly beautiful description I clapped my hands with enthusiasm, and everybody turned about and looked at me in astonishment. So I kept quiet the rest of the evening, and, subdued to the very end, missed the only opportunity I ever had of meeting Bret Harte. As the audience was leaving the hall I stood on one side of the main aisle and he paused opposite

me, waiting for his party to overtake him. I observed him carefully as he stood before me. He was rather small in stature, five feet eight, I judge, of extremely neat appearance with a little penwiper overcoat—an Inverness cape, you know—wrapped about him, and a soft felt hat of very light weight in his hand. He was always elegant, especially on the platform as he now and then turned gracefully to his manuscript. I wanted to speak to him for he had been a great inspiration to me, but some fear within restrained me. Longfellow and Dickens were his masters, and they were mine." To the public of that day, readings of this sort were a novelty. Such an occasion as this and others during these miscellaneous years gave Riley an opportunity to study the audience which he learned so well to please.

From South Bend he drifted back to Anderson.

Nov. 16, 1873.

DEAR BRO:

. . . In reply to a question of yours—McClanahan is not with me now, nor hasn't been for months, and in lieu of myself—as per lady-book-agent statement,—is traveling in the Vinegar Recipe line and making big money. He controls a party of 13 agents who sell recipes while he is employed selling Territory.

I have been working for McCrillus, principally, since my return to Anderson, but have surprised the folks occasionally with a sign: I am at work now on an advertising card that will be superior! I won't enter into a description of it—wait till it's done and I'll show it to you—it will be my masterpiece as I have "mixed my colors with brains." Oh, it's artistic—not letters in gold alone, but the "female form divine" graces the center of the design, while the letters around her twine and glimmer and gleam and shine

Like the limpid, laughing waters
Of the Classic Brandywine.

The drifting of that period made Riley very unhappy, for he wanted to write. "In those dark hours I should have been content with the twinkle of the tiniest star," he said, later. Early in 1874 McGeechy, editor of the Danbury (Conn.) *News*, then a well-known periodical, accepted several early rhymes and so encouraged him that Riley turned with good heart to his literary studies. That year he wrote "The Bear Story"

and "Tradin' Joe," both of which he read in school-houses and churches. "I was afraid my hearers would not like these verses if I said they were mine," said Riley, "and let them appear the work of some one better known to fame."

The next year "A Dreamer" appeared in *Hearth and Home*. Ik Marvel himself accepted it, and sent Riley the first money which he ever received for a poem—"six or eight dollars," Riley recalled, "I forget which." He wrote to tell his brother of his success, saving the good news to the end of his letter, but not concealing his satisfaction:

[GREENFIELD, IND.]
April foolst, '75.

DEAR BRO.

... I have had, and still have plenty to do in sign-work—I've got old Greenfield spangled off like a circus clown. ...

I am improved to some extent in a moral particular.

I am a confirmed Sunday-school goer.—Yes! did Secretary business for two Sundays, and blackboard lesson—You just ought to see me clothe a blackboard in artistic raiment and yaller chalk—Last Sunday's was as good as a magic-lantern show to the children. The trustees talk of an admission fee.

Well, here's the "best of the wine"! I yesterday received a letter, with check inclosed, paying for poem published in *Hearth & Home* of April 10.

I want you to secure for me a few extra numbers, as they cannot be had here. Write to me and "told me all about it."

JIM.

"I thought my fortune made," Riley recalled. "Almost immediately I sent off another contribution, whereupon, to my dismay, came this reply, 'The management has decided to discontinue the

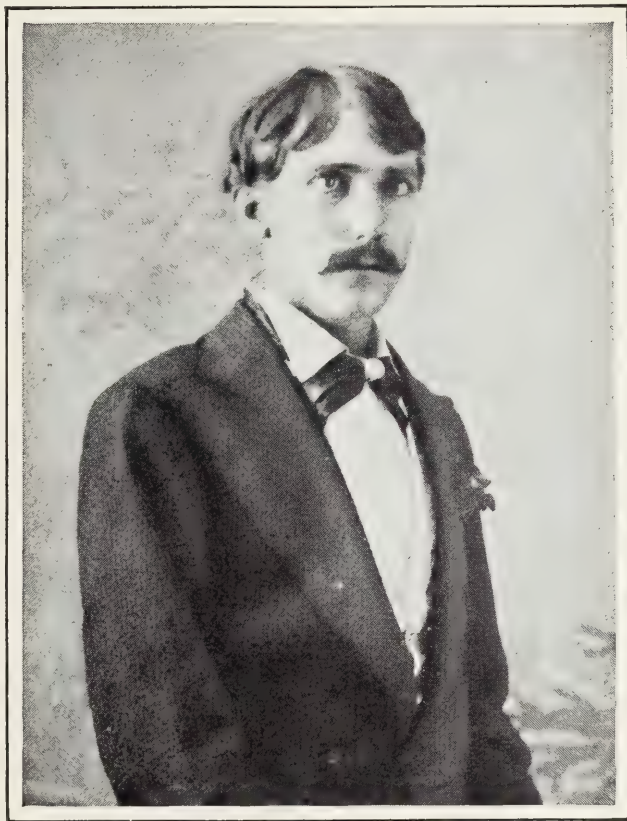
publication and hopes that you will find a market for your worthy work elsewhere.'" Then followed many dark months. And yet after this Riley never ceased to dream of being a poet.

In the mean time, the old father became more and more discouraged about his son. He believed the boy's verse-

writing was of a piece with his other "frivolities"—singing, drawing, fiddling, and acting—and urged him to develop a practical way of meeting the world. "My father wanted me to study law," said Riley, "and I honestly tried, but I forgot it faster than I read it." While his father was away in court, Riley would bring a manuscript to light and work upon that. In this manner "If I Knew What Poets Know" was written.

Into it the young writer put a world of longing for the goal which above all earthly things he desired, even though the path to it then seemed darkened with "impenetrable gloom." And doubtless his lack of interest in the law, the pressure of his father for his shortcomings, perhaps, too, a more than occasional thought for the girl that had set the voices singing in his heart, and a warning by a physician of a latent heart weakness—these induced a melancholy that was almost overpowering.

One hot autumn afternoon, as he was poring hopelessly over a law-book, there swung into town to the jubilee of bugles a covered wagon painted in gay colors. The body of the wagon was ultramarine blue, across which glittered the golden letters, DR. TOWNSEND'S MAGIC OIL COM-



RILEY AT 23

PANY. No more law for Riley that afternoon. He was at the town square with the wagon. There before him appeared the proprietor, bowing, on a little back platform, Stetson hat lifted, frock-coat flapping, and hair trimmed to make him wonderfully like General Grant. Behind him, in linen dusters, a band of three young fellows, each playing two instruments, poured forth martial tunes, interspersed with sacred music from an organ within the wagon. A free concert was announced for "early candle-light," but before it was given Riley had arranged with the proprietor to go on to the next town with him. "With that glittering cavalcade" Riley rode off without a good-by to any one.

In the period following the Civil War medicines were expensive, the people were poor, and educated doctors were scarce. "Though my patron," as Riley once remarked, "was not a diplomaed doctor, he had a natural instinct for the art of healing, was a man of excellent habits, and the whole company was made up of good, straight boys, jolly, chirping vagabonds. . . . Sometimes I assisted the musical olio with dialect recitations and character sketches from the back step of the wagon.

He wrote back to an old school friend, John Skinner:

UNION CITY, Sept. 14, 1875.

DEAR JOHN:

We have just driven in here, and you bet I feel good at finding your letter in waiting for me." . . . I am having a first-rate time considering the boys I am with—they, you know, are hardly my kind, but they are pleasant and agreeable and with the "old party" you know, for sensible talk occasionally, I have really a happy time. We sing along the road when we tire of talking, and when we tire of that and the scenery, we lay ourselves along the seats and "dream the happy hours away," as blissfully as the time-honored "baby in the sugar trough." We "struck" Fortville first, as you already know—staid over night and came near dying of loneliness—and would in fact if it had not been for meeting Horace Russell and Mr. A. P. and Mrs. Williams [from Greenfield]. There's where I "squealed" on street business—that is,—that portion of it where I was expected to bruise the bass-drum. Well, I made myself thoroughly solid with "Doxy" (a playful patronymic I have given the proprietor) by introducing a blackboard system

of advertising, which promises to be the best card out. I have two boards about three feet by four, which—during the street concert—I fasten on the sides of the wagon and letter and illustrate during the performance and throughout the lecture. There are dozens in the crowd that stay to watch the work going on that otherwise would drift from the fold during the dryer portion of the Doctor's harangue. Last night at Winchester I made a decided sensation by making a rebus of the well-known lines from Shakespeare:—

"Why let pain your pleasure spoil,
For want of Townsend's Magic Oil?"

with a life-sized bust of the author, and at another time, a bottle of Townsend's Cholera Balm on legs, and a very bland smile on its cork, making the "Can't come it" gesture at the skeleton Death, who drops his scythe and hour-glass and turns to flee. Oh! I'm stared at like the fat woman on the side-show banner.

Sunday night we stayed at Morristown, a little place with two stores and a church—I shan't include Hotel, although the proprietor of the coop we lodged in insisted on calling it that. There was nothing left us here but to plunge into the vortex of dissipation the inhabitants,—or natives rather—indulge themselves, and so we went to church

"And heard the Parson pray and preach
And heard his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,"
For we had no other choice.

We gave them a little music in the morning—in our glee at leaving them. Ah, my boy!

"The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops,
Then I am free and strong."

We shall stay here during the fair. . . .
JIM.

Riley traveled with the troupe to the doctor's home in Lima, Ohio, where he remained several weeks. Here he wrote to John Skinner:

Oct. 7, 1875.

DEAR JOHN:

After my long waiting your letter came at last. . . . I fairly gorged it "blood raw," I was so hungry to hear from you.

And what a gust of news it did contain! It almost raised my hair, two first class sensations of the most blood-curdling character, spiced with little breezy gossip that are devoured with 'special relish. I tho't this place without an equal in regard to its "increase in crime," but I must knock under for the present to old Greenfield. A saloon-keeper was shot here last week and no particular stir made about it, nor the man

missed! There may be an ordinance tho', that all saloon-keepers be killed when found without muzzles.

. . . I "stand in" with the best men of the town, and am rapidly growing in public favor—I'll be out in book form yet. I wish you were here at the nobbiest little boarding-house in the world—everything is perfect even to the old girl, "the hostess." She wears a crutch, but I don't know how many of her legs are off. She capers under the jocund patronymic of "Aunt Jane"—Everybody calls her that, so if she isn't Aunt Jane who is she? I think of you often, and of the rare old times we had, and I still nurse a hope that we may have a grand rehearsal of them again. Say to A—— that she haunts me. I saw her in a dream the other night and she had wings seven feet long, and I was just going to ask her to fly some when the breakfast bell rang and

"She vanished as slick

As a sleight-o'-hand trick."

. . . Yours truly,
JIM.

Among the experiences of this trip were those which awoke young Riley to his poetical ambitions. His recitations caught the fancy not only of the crowd about the wagon, but, as suggested in the above letter, were heard by some people of discrimination in their homes, where thoughtful encouragement was given him. With the son of the old doctor, young Townsend, Riley had long talks through the night, dreaming of the future. To be and to do something worth while in life impelled these youthful dreamers to give themselves over to many a heart-to-heart talk, in which they resolved big things. Upon Riley's return to Greenfield, he wrote to the girl mentioned in the previous letter in

a vein that indicates he found the old-fashioned Sunday at home by no means as inspiring as roving:

Your letters always come to me when I need them most. *Sunday*—of all days—is the most unsatisfactory in all respects—and mark—should I ever clip my jugular, or puncture my heart with a pistol-ball, it will be on that holy unbearable day—when even the chickens cackle and crow in their most

melancholy tones, and the skies look haggard and faded for all the paint and powder of sunshine and snowy clouds, and that emblem of peace and tranquillity, the dove, will drive me to it.

*And the brown owl
calls to his mate
in the wood*

*That a man lies
dead in the road.*

This, however, shall not occur upon some Sabbath your letter has come to me, for that protects me from all harm and shields my heart like an amulet. . . .

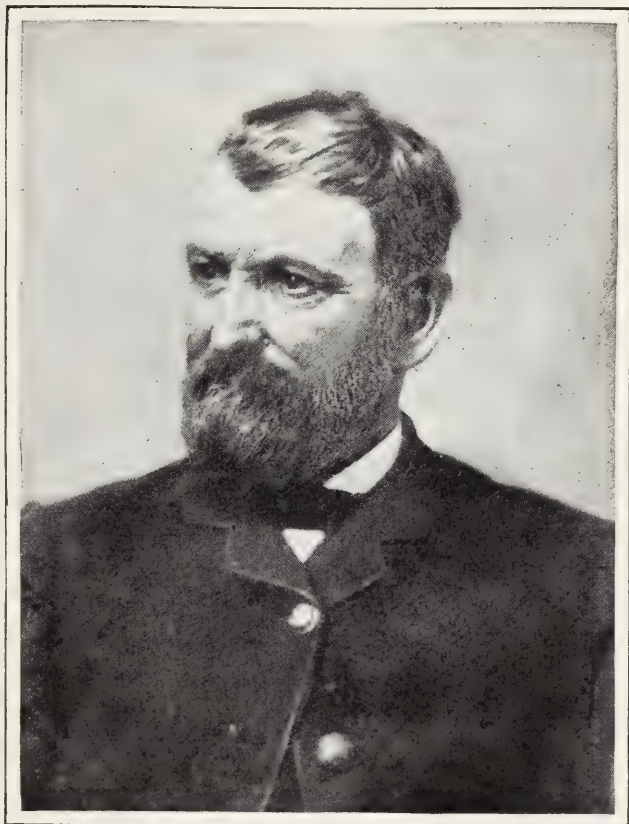
You should be at Sunday School with us again—it is so jolly stupid there! and so monotonous it seems to me a nightmare self-inflicted and

stoically indulged in from mere force of habit.

I am glad to see by the general tone of your letter that your life is a pleasanter one now than your surroundings made it for you a while back. That's right, for after all we make or mar our own happiness ourselves—don't you think so? and the world's a show we pay to see and we're *fools* if we don't take front seats and enjoy the performance! . . . So live, and love, and be happy while you may! and

"For fear ye die tomorrow
"Let today pass flower-crowned and singing."

. . . Think of me kindly, and as often as you can without interfering with higher duties, and believe me, I am yours most affectionately,
JIM.



THE OLD DOCTOR WHO SOLD "MAGIC OIL," AND LOOKED LIKE GENERAL GRANT

Riley was back in his father's law-office now, writing verses more industriously than ever. He was glad when his father was away, for there was one manuscript concealed in the old table drawer that insistently called him. "The poem wrote itself," said Riley. And so, with "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" written, but all unconscious of its universal worth, the young man groped toward an appointed goal. In one of the many moments of deep discouragement at this time, he wrote that "all the world was dead to him."

From Captain Lee O. Harris, his old schoolmaster, Riley had literary companionship and encouragement in those trying days. The editor of the *New Castle Mercury*, Benj. S. Parker, a dear friend of Riley to the very last, gave him heart by sympathetic and appreciative letters. But the way was dark for him. Between poems he took up his brush. In a letter to Parker he wrote:

I am very busy—sign painting—I wonder am I destined to succeed T. Buchanan Reid in that title "The Painter Poet?" Ha! Ha! Ha!

But the laugh was often simulated at this time when the future was most uncertain. At length Riley gathered together the poems, "In the Dark," "The Iron Horse," "The Dreamer," "If I Knew What Poets Know," and perhaps "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," and sent them to Longfellow. The result, which he awaited as anxiously as though a verdict in some high court, is recorded in a letter to Parker:

GREENFIELD, IND., Nov. 4, '76.

DEAR PARKER:

I'm in a perfect hurricane of delight, and must erupt to you, "O gentlest of my friends." I sent you a postal recently stating my intention of addressing Longfellow—well—his response to my letter lies open before me, and as it is brief, I will quote it verbatim:—

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 3d, 1876.

"MY DEAR Sir:

Not being in the habit of criticising the

productions of others, I cannot enter into any minute discussion of the merits of the poems you send me.

"I can only say in general terms, that I have read them with great pleasure, and think they show the true poetic faculty and insight.

"The only criticism I shall make is on your use of the word *prone* in the thirteenth line of 'Destiny.' *Prone* means face downward. You mean to say *supine* as the context shows.

"I return the printed pieces as you may want them for future use, and am, My Dear Sir,

With all good wishes,

Yours very truly

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

To Riley, in his hunger for sympathetic appreciation, the letter from Longfellow, though simple and reserved, was a turning-point in his life. After the master had seen in his verse indications of "the true poetic faculty and insight," Riley felt that faith in his ability had some reason for being and that there was an eventual pathway to success. He was finding himself. Through a great variety of experiences he had groped his way—through the works of Dickens, Longfellow, and the poets, through the humdrum experiences of country life, through making the most of such pitifully poor opportunities as amateur theatricals in the town hall, and through the intimate contact with life that was possible to the half-hopeful, half-despairing sign-painter. Always, with an inquisitive eye and open heart, he was learning, from books one thing, from a never-failing interest in the people back home another. Through all these years, however confused the design of hopes and discouragements and tangled purposes, a thread of gold runs. No matter what Riley tried, there was only one satisfaction, one dream unfolding despite discouragement, poverty, and lack of opportunity. At length it shone out as an indomitable purpose.

[The letters to be published in the subsequent articles of this series are addressed to such friends and acquaintances of Riley's later years as Longfellow, Trowbridge, Robert J. Burdette, Charles A. Dana, Walt Whitman, Matthew Arnold, John Hay, Joel Chandler Harris, Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, Richard Watson Gilder, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. They show the widening recognition of the poet's genius and the steady development of the man and his art.—THE EDITORS]

Huntington's Credit

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



HAVE never been able to decide whether Huntington was a brave man or a coward, a quitter or a man who had the courage to fulfil himself.

In either case, neither his cowardice nor his courage would be of the obvious sort; his courage would be in doing what he felt like, in terminating a situation which had got the better of him, and which he knew had sapped his manhood.

That he acted as he did was certainly Mrs. Huntington's fault. There are some things which must not be said out loud, some facts that one must never face openly, if one wishes life to proceed on its old terms. The putting into words of a thought is a strange and dynamic thing; it is like the lighting of powder. That she did to him what she did was bad enough; she shouldn't have underscoring it.

I fancy there are a great many men who would, if they could, have acted as Huntington did with the coming of the war. It is the older men, I notice, who look most wistfully toward war's intensity. It would be for many a man in his forties such a magnificent adventure, such a fine way of getting out of it all.

You know when you're forty-odd pretty much what you're going to be, and in which of those dreadful little tables of success or failure you belong—those tables which tell you that if you hold your own you're doing well, that most people fail, and that to be "dependent" along toward fifty-five is pretty much the normal thing.

Then there's something about most growing families—we keep up the polite fiction about parents and children. We love our children—but there are plenty of us who don't *like* them. Huntington didn't like his. How could he have been expected to! That pretty girl with her smart clothes and her "poor father"

manner, and that rag-playing lubber of a boy of his—dapper was the name for him. How could he like children like that—wistful, poetic type of man that he was?

There are people enough like him and to spare who find themselves with middle-age at their heels and several uncongenial adults for whom they are responsible, but that have to be paid for, and paid for again.

Maybe some day there will come along a psychologist of the derelicts—a man who will analyze for us how many people there are whose mediocrity has been embittered by the fetish of success. Our families don't let us be unsuccessful in peace. They didn't Huntington.

Now, wistful and poetic may seem odd terms to apply to a country storekeeper, but that was what he was; rare, if you like, a person of unusual sweetness. He was—though it is rather an absurd term to apply to a grown man—lovely. People had enthusiasms about him; you couldn't mention his name without smiles of kindness coming on people's faces, or without some one having a story to tell about him that matched my first encounter with him.

He did some vague real-estate business along with his store, and I went there to inquire about summer cottages.

He was sitting reading before his desk, and as he read an expression swept over his face that was like the sun traveling over the sea on a dark day, for he was dark—rather a shy, veiled person but for the flash of his smile and the intelligence of his eyes; though his hair was thinning a little, he had a young, interested air.

He put the book down, and I saw it was *Lord Jim*—odd reading for the keeper of a country store.

When I told him that I wanted a cottage he looked me over. I had a feeling as though a sort of spiritual measure was being taken of me.

"I've got a cottage," he said, finally, "that I think you'd like. It isn't what you asked me for—it hasn't got conveniences—"

"Haven't you any with conveniences?" I asked.

"Oh yes," he responded. "Yes, I've got 'em with conveniences, too; but this cottage, it's got a view. I'd like to live in that cottage myself." He didn't underscore the view, but there was a tenderness in his tone, an inflection that made me feel as though I was being let into a secret of a peculiarly gracious sort.

"Not everybody would care for that view," he said, reflectively. There was flattery of the most poignant sort in those words, and all the more that he did not mean it as flattery.

When I saw the view I knew exactly what he meant. It hit me as he had known it would.

From the little house one looked down over a wide moorland, which fought with the encroaching sand-dunes; one could see them beyond in their shining desolation. Below us lay the tops of gray houses with the odd perspective of a Japanese print, and the painted bay with ships upon it; that was the obvious view—the view for everybody to like; but I knew it was for this desolate and remote aspect of the back country that he had brought me. It was not a reassuring view, for not far off and tucked away between what had been two dunes was an abandoned cemetery whose gray-slate stones scarcely differentiated themselves from the encroaching clumps of bayberry. Here and there a grayish-white stone of a later epoch flagged one's attention, and there was a procession of distracted cypress-trees which on the stillest day waved their branches as though to some hidden wind.

"Queer view, ain't it?" he said, gently. "This house is hard to rent on account of it—that and its inconveniences."

Far off, apparently above the horizon, was a line of silver—the outer shore, and along it, as though sailing in the sky, was a distant fleet of fishing-vessels bound to South Channel. It was beautiful and desolate. It had the charm of a strange woman.

"Are you going to take it?" he asked

me. "I got lots of other houses more comfortable—"

"Yes, I'll take it," I told him. The view had got me; I was lost. It seemed sacrilegious to weigh plumbing in the balance with the desolate charm.

And even as I looked the face of the landscape changed. High clouds threw off shadows on the moorlands and softened the cruel glittering dunes with a veil of lavender. It had been as swift as that change of expression over Huntington's face. He smiled at me.

"One sits and watches for it," he said.

I went back to the store with Huntington, a victim of his dim charm, and in some way The Store—I had time then to notice its quality—expressed his personality. It was at once ship-chandler's and grocery, real estate and hardware. There were odds and ends of second-hand furniture, too, as though to be obliging he had got in a small line of anything he had ever been asked for. A pathetic sign hung in the middle of the room. It read, "*Please Loaf in the Back Room.*" In that one had the key to Huntington's nature. He couldn't have put up a sign, "No Loafing." He liked loafers and the people who sit all day on wharfs.

Just as I was savoring this store with its smell of fruit and marlin a woman came in. She was small and vivid. She seemed rather like an angry robin with her tempestuous, suffused face.

"I've got to have some money!" she announced.

I could see Huntington shrink into himself. There was a softness in his glance as it met hers that played some witchery with her—she loved him.

She repeated, in a softer tone: "I've got to have some money. . . . You must be able," she went on, "to collect some." She was oblivious of me and of his mood, rendered obtuse by her intensity. "You must collect those old bills!"

"I don't see as how there's anything I could collect this afternoon," he gave back.

"When you sell so much and you run a business like this, it's mean to the family to keep us so short. Why should we be so short—all of us—all the time—just so people can loaf! I don't call it

fair—I don't!" She had included me in her look, as though expecting my approval. Now she cried out, including everybody, "You know how he does it—credit—credit to everybody, and I have to beg to get something new! I'm short all the time!"

With her lack of reticence and her anger she should have been intolerable, but she was so honest with it all that if Huntington had been a shade different she would have had one's sympathy.

Again their eyes crossed, and again it came to me that they cared for each other.

"One would think," he said, smiling at her, "that you went hungry. Didn't I hear you say you wouldn't change your house for any in town?"

One could fairly see her resisting the charm he had for her. "There's got to be money!" she insisted. "I've got to get the children fitted for school, and you know I've got to. It would serve you right if I made debts and sent you the bill!" One knew she never would do that. "I bet you anything that Morris owes you a big bill."

He looked away; he didn't answer her directly. When her indignation had spent itself, "Folks pay when they can," he said, pacifically.

"Folks pay when they're made to," she gave back. She shut her mouth like a trap. The moment when she appeared sympathetic had passed; she seemed like the dark shadow of this luminous man.

It came across me that he paid heavily for all his kindness.

To turn the subject, "I just rented a cottage this afternoon," he said.

"What cottage did you rent?"

"I rented it to Mr. Grey—the one on Tom Nevers's hill."

She looked at me with the swift look of an angry little bird. She turned from me to Huntington.

"You didn't!" she cried. "Why on earth didn't you rent him one of the good cottages?" She sized me up in a moment. I might have paid so much more. "Why, he's the one with a car! How'll he ever stand it there?"

"How'll you ever stand it up there?" she cried to me.

"I like the view," I explained.

"The view! The view!" she cried. "A view that would give you the creeps! I bet you never took him to Bay End at all—that's a view for you! Sweeps both ends of the harbor—that view—and a rose-arbor! Why, there aren't any improvements! What 'll his wife say?"

He looked at her curiously, a little expression of wonder in his face. He had a gesture which included me—I had been included enough already, Heaven knew—which asked mutely what ailed her and indicated that one must be patient with women.

I went away certain of two things—that somehow she would get her money, and that he would never in the world collect one of those bills whose existence infuriated her so.

That was how I first saw him, when he was still intact, but I realized later that he was intact only because she permitted him so to be; because she still loved him the most, though she loved him ardently, passionately, to the end. How could she have helped it? Even when she despised him for a fool she loved him, though she wasn't intelligent enough to see that he couldn't have had his perfection and not be what she considered a fool at the same time.

I got the habit of dropping in often at The Store. There were plenty of other stores in town, but The Store meant Huntington's. It had a peculiar atmosphere—a cross between a club and a private house and something else which made it The Store, a sort of institution, with its pleasant disorder, its curious mixture of things that smelled of the sea, its trickle of children after their perpetual candy, the youngsters loafing in the back room and the old fellows sitting around swapping yarns with Huntington.

It was when I, too, was loafing around The Store one day that I stumbled on the answer as to what had been the matter with Mrs. Huntington, and what it was that had inflamed her habitual impatience with her husband to fury.

Maida, Huntington's thirteen-year-old girl, was sitting gravely at his desk, when she burst out with, "Why haven't we got a motor?"

He looked at her with his humorous brown eyes. "What on earth do we want with a motor when we have such nice legs to move us here or there with?" he inquired.

"Everybody else who's got a store in town has a motor," she gave back—"everybody!"

Mrs. Huntington had come in just in time to catch this. "We've got the biggest store and we're the only ones who haven't got a motor," she put in.

He looked on them both, from one to the other, with the puzzled air that a man who has never cared for material possessions has for those who are thing-minded. He stared at Maida, too, as if he had never seen her before. Perhaps he never had. She had just been that charming thing, a little girl. I knew then that it was Maida and what more money would do for Maida that ailed Mrs. Huntington.

They stood side by side, the women of his family, with their accusing eyes on him, Maida handsomer than her mother, taller, greedier—just about to perform that extraordinary and overnight metamorphosis of becoming a young lady—and an accusing one; and her mother behind her, ready to fight for her child, for Mrs. Huntington was of the type of women we call primitive, meaning by that that they live by their instinct—if not by force, then by cunning.

It has been the habit of late years to admire the primitive, but the attributes of the prehistoric female and the cave-man, her mate, do not appeal much to me, still less when she is in acute juxtaposition with a product of civilization like Huntington; a thinking man, Huntington, whose kingdom was of the spirit.

It happened that I left with Mrs. Huntington and Maida.

"Oh, it's a shame," I heard her say, "that he won't put that store on a modern business footing! If I had it to do—" She closed her mouth.

It may have been at that moment that the idea was born that she could perhaps run the business.

When Huntington's mother, who lived up New York State, fell ill and sent for him, she got her chance.

It is hard to describe the difference

that three weeks of her régime made in the place. There are a few things that don't need a "woman's touch"—a boat, for instance, and an engine—quite a lot of things, when you come down to it—and a store like Huntington's was one of these things.

From the first there was something permanent about Mrs. Huntington's position in the store. She was awfully proud of the way she had done it, and it would have taken a harder-hearted man than Huntington to have disappointed her when he came back, so obviously she expected his "Well done!" to her little innovations—yes, and to the fact that she made people pay up more quickly.

"I know I'm not soft like you," she told him, gaily.

Indeed she wasn't!

I don't think that in the beginning he knew what was happening to him. I know that I did not. She was a pretty, cheery body, and the first "line" of notions and drygoods that she coaxed him into getting made only another bright spot of color. She was as up-to-date in her methods of courtesy and prompt delivery, in knowing "what the public wants," as any of those smart personal accounts by bright young business men that appear from time to time in popular prints.

It was not until the next year when I came back that I realized what was happening. The first time I went into The Store I felt the difference; a spiritual barometer warned me.

Huntington and his wife were having a wordless, bloodless struggle for The Store. Huntington loved it; it was his life; he had made it the peculiar thing that it was; and under his eyes she was altering it and changing it. People didn't loaf in the back room quite so much. There were more women there; business went on briskly. Yet it was still essentially his—she couldn't take it from him.

There were times now when I could see that she was openly hostile to him. He was there, an obstacle to her doing just what she liked to the store. It was his creation, a work of art; she wanted it to be her servant, and to serve her and her children. From a purely business

point of view I suppose she was right; she had increased its earnings.

Then, just as I thought that she would overwhelm him, she stopped. It was like the tide coming in; it could come no higher. She had lapped at the foundations of the edifice of his life, but she could do no more. Wordless, he had resisted her; the spiritual victory was his.

Why he had prevailed in flavoring the place with his own rare personality, sweetening the acts of buying and selling with kindness and humor, was that he had withstood her upon the essential question, which was one of credit.

The new accounts he let her round up; he let her try her experiments on selling her own drygoods for cash, but the books were his; he kept them, and he resisted her efforts to get at them with a sweet finality.

It was a queer duel, what she wanted pitted against his whole serene philosophy of life. She drove him and harried him. There was a time when he was curiously worried and disturbed, and then he "came back." He had had it out with himself. I think that for a moment he questioned whether she wasn't right or not. And just what his conclusions were he told her before me one day. He chose an audience instinctively because she would have to hear him through, no matter how impatient it made her.

"Ella here," he said, "is always rowing me about credit."

"It isn't good for folks," she cried. "Folks had ought to pay their bills." She had evidently had some success with this line of talk before. "The real kindness is to make 'em do it. They're happier that way."

"Folks *do* pay bills," he gave back, "only they pay 'em in their own way and their own time. The world's built up on credit; there's credit in big business—there's credit everywhere. I've never been stung." He turned to her now; he had the voice of repeating some lesson to a child, but which the child, through some stupidity or obstinacy, has refused to learn.

"Oh yes, you have been!" she cried.

"I've always had every bill paid," he said, with a tinge of sternness in his manner, "every single bill paid that I

wanted paid. There's a few bills every now and then—and tiny little bills they are, too—that no honest man would want paid, not in a business like this. Credit built this town. This town used to victual ships that 'd be gone a year before they'd get their pay. And no man's got a right to change his policy all of a sudden. Credit's been my policy, so if I'm the loser it's my fault, but I'm not going to be the loser."

"A married man's got no right to talk like that. You ain't the loser alone! You don't mind the things you lose. Maida does—so does Ralph."

"'Twon't hurt 'em," he said, dryly, "the things that they'll lose."

"You could get half the money that was owing you and invest it in six months' time just by sending a few bills out regular."

"I know it," he answered. There was finality in his manner. He had dismissed her.

I had the feeling of having heard more than a philosophy—something more like a creed, perhaps. He believed in his way of doing things, and if he couldn't teach his creed to her, at least he was going to insist on respect.

I had that afternoon witnessed some moral victory—goodness against greed, for instance, and I know, too, it was not as though he were indulging in his peculiar kind of goodness while his family paid. He paid, and he would continue to pay in terms of spiritual discomfort, with all three of them against him.

There came a time when it seemed as though they had made a truce. In those days Huntington was out of The Store a good deal. He was developing a section of the town in which he had always believed, rather a remote section that partook of the desolate beauty of my own view. He had always believed that one day people would live there, and now some out-of-town capitalist had come along and Mrs. Huntington with suspicious eagerness had encouraged him to go into it.

"He's got a way with him when he believes in a thing—no matter how queer it is," she confided to me. "He'll make folks like the *stranges* things!" I had the feeling that she included me among those who came under Hunting-

ton's influence. "I used to be like that, too; he'd read queer books to me and just the sound of his voice made me think there was something in 'em." She smiled tolerantly at herself, as one who smiles over a belief in fairy tales outgrown.

I had gone out with him one afternoon, for at this time we had become friends—one couldn't help caring for him for the justness of his vision—and I went back to The Store with him. As I opened the door I got an actual physical impression as if I had gone into a room full of sulphurous smoke. It must have been through some swift registering of the expression of Mrs. Huntington's face. It was always suffused and dark, ready for laughter or for anger, but now there was something terrible in her fury, and all the more dreadful that she was a little woman—a "cheery body," is what would usually describe her.

"So!" she cried. "You've been lying to me for all these years! Here I've been slaving and pinching to keep a lot of idle women!" She couldn't have been more angry had her words been literally true. "Three hundred dollars they owe you—*three hundred*—and they keep a girl! And every shiftless body in town owes you money—behind my back and over my head!"

He stood there speechless, still with a curious rigidity coming over him. It was as though her anger froze him. At last, in a tone that gave me a sensation as though he had hit her deliberately:

"*You've been at my books!*" he said.

They had forgotten me, and Huntington stood with his back against the door, cutting off my retreat. What did they care, anyway? They had forgotten their spiritual modesty as one forgets one's clothes in a fire; their whole life and understanding were burning up.

"Those Daltons!" she cried again. "Those patronizing, uppity women! What do I care that they've had sickness—let 'em work like other folks! Why should I carry 'em on? Why should me and my children deny ourselves for them!"

"*Deny yourselves!*" The words came with awful sarcasm.

And then I saw what I have never before seen—a woman possessed. Anger

invaded the house of her. She was like a terrible force. No other betrayal of his could have unleashed the innermost heart of her anger as did this.

He didn't quite withstand it. It was as though it shriveled him up, as though something essential to him withered before it. It was as though always before this time he had had the stronger emotion, and she had found nothing in her to match his belief in his philosophy of credit. But now anger had forged itself as though into a weapon in her hands.

"Do you know what's going to happen? You're going to send them a bill to-night! You are going up yourself to ask them for it! Oh, don't look at me like that. I don't care how you look at me! You can't put it over on me again with your airs. I'm not going to slave and sacrifice for your fine manners and your squirmishness, and do without while you act the bountiful—not me! . . . Do you know why you're going? Because if you don't go, *I will!* I would like to! Maybe you'd rather have me! . . . You'll round 'em up—ever 'em—or else I will! Which is it going to be—me or you?"

Here was his defeat. This was the battle-field of his spirit.

I saw only two courses open to him—one, to have left her and them, too—the people that he had befriended for so many years, the incompetent, poor, fluttering Daltons, two gentle, middle-aged maidens who had suddenly been deprived of their income by the untimely death of their men, and who had not learned to adjust themselves to a new way of living, and the fatherless, the widows, the struggling young people—all these he would have had to leave to her, or do what he did. I had to stay and see it through—and it was with a peculiar horror I watched them, for I was seeing a beautiful spirit suffer defeat.

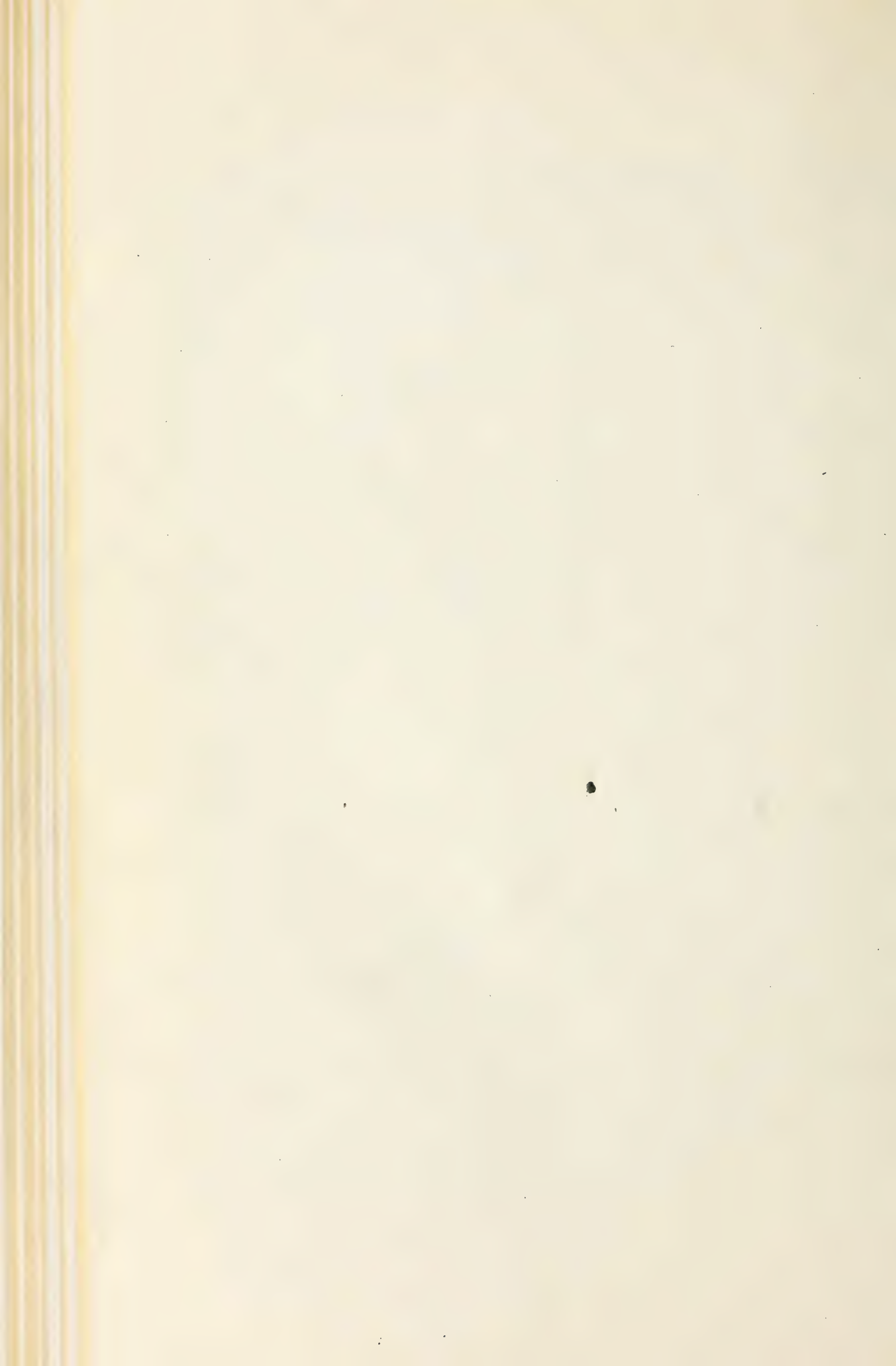
He made his surrender quietly, not without a certain stern nobility, but he was broken—he had lost. Perhaps if he could have matched her anger with a greater anger he might have won. She was stronger than he. They proved it between them that day—her greedy desire stronger than his love.

I knew she had taken from him his joy in his work; that quiet, easeful way of



Painting by W. H. D. Koerner

SHE WAS EXPLOITING THE STORE AND HUNTINGTON'S PERSONALITY



his that had made The Store what it had been—she had robbed him of that.

One would suppose that this was about all she could have managed to do, and yet when I came back another season she had found even another way of making him suffer.

I cannot tell exactly what she did to The Store, nor how she was clever enough to find out that he and the older men and the despised loafers were an asset. Probably the women of the summer colony who had got to coming there had made her conscious of how quaint the loafers were and what "a character" Huntington was.

The Store outwardly was more as it had been when I first knew it. It had its air of disorder; the ship-chandler's was cunningly in evidence—some sea-chests to sell, and some whales' teeth and whales' vertebræ—how can I explain it! It was as though one had turned an old-fashioned house into a museum; it was like a town becoming so conscious of its quaintness that its inhabitants tell you themselves that it is like Cranford.

She was exploiting the store, using it and Huntington's personality, playing them up.

This didn't come to me all at once; it took me time to analyze it. And at the same time slowly the sinister conviction forced itself on me that he knew what she was doing. She ran the whole business now and he was just there, doing his real estate and helping around.

From the beginning of the European War he had, like many men of his age, followed each detail, and now, since we had joined, it had become his passion. He had an extraordinary number of books on the war—a whole war library, in fact, and this in him was odd, because he had formerly been close in his own personal expenditures, as though he must pay through his own asceticism for his habits of generosity.

There were no more scenes now in public. Both Maida, who was now quite grown up and beautiful, and her mother went in for appreciation, and his wife's present caressing manner toward him was as instinctive as her instinct for punishment had been before. Mrs.

Huntington was a primitive woman, you see, and of course it was pleasanter to love her man than to be angry with him. Indeed, now that she had it all her own way, she prided herself on the fact that, as she put it, "Mr. Huntington was not practical." She herself was busy and happy, really a pleasant spectacle, and that is why I am sorry for her now, in spite of myself, though I loved Huntington and though I saw, step by step, what it was she did to him.

I was there the afternoon when she gave him his *nunc dimittis*, his leave to depart in peace. That she was totally unaware of what she was doing I knew. After all, she only put into words a perfectly obvious situation, but one that he had not up to then quite faced, because, after all, he was busy all the time and had the illusion of usefulness.

It was the time the envoys came to Boston, and Huntington, with his eager following of every detail, wished that he might go. He confessed himself sentimental enough to wish to see Joffre.

"Why don't you go?" said Mrs. Huntington, cordially. There was no harm in this fad. Books and little trips cost much less than credit. "Why don't you go?" she repeated.

"And leave you all alone?" he protested. "And the season just beginning!"

"Oh, my dear," she said, lightly, "I don't need you a bit. Run away and stay as long as you like." There was in her manner that which said, as far as the business was concerned, he need never come back at all. And yet she enveloped him at the same time with a look that was all warmth and tenderness. She loved him, you see, though she thought he was a fool.

She had turned away and didn't notice the somber, speculative gaze he bent upon her. He stood looking out of the window a long time. He was seeing himself in relation to life as it really was. He might have been facing his death sentence. Indeed, he had just learned that he had been attacked by some disease of the spirit. He had been crowded out of his work. There wasn't a place for them both in The Store. She had taken from him even the illusion of work.

No, there are some things that should never be put into words.

He came to me that night. He sat down and we smoked together in quiet, veiling ourselves from each other by trivial and commonplace comment. At last—

"I've come to say good-by," he told me. There was a gravity in his manner that made me ask:

"You are planning a long stay?"

"I'm not coming back," he said, simply. "I'm going to enlist."

He knew how much I had been in the whole thing, and then I had been very close to him in the years that had passed since I had first rented the house on Tom Nevers's hill. There was nothing to be said.

"My wife—" he brought out at last. "She won't ever understand. She will probably come to you about it." He

hadn't come to ask me any favor; I took it that it was more a warning than anything else, that she would try to come and seek some enlightenment.

There was something in his manner that made me sure he had told her, and that her despair at losing him had lashed her to fury, since she could not understand how completely she dismissed him that afternoon—gave him, as I said, his leave to depart in peace.

I know that he will never come back. I wonder often, when I pass The Store and see Mrs. Huntington inside, making the most, you may be sure, of her husband's valor, how many other men of forty-odd there are who would not take this door of escape if they could do it as honorably as Huntington. There are more men than he who are not going to war to make the world safe for democracy.

The Path

BY MARY SAMUEL DANIEL

MILK-WHITE clover, scented and sunny,
A little green pathway winding through;
Bees in the clover making honey,
Kissed by the sun in the midsummer blue.

Gleams of gold, where the green hills cover
Nestling roofs of a hamlet gray;
Tall wheat ears which caress each other,
There where the whispering breezes play.

Snow-white butterflies, flashing, fleeting,
Catching the light on gossamer wings.
Soft and near, like a lover's greeting,
A lone redbreast from the hazel sings.

Why came the break in his song, I wonder,
What had silenced those notes so sweet?
Was it the roll of the distant thunder,
And the deadly tramp of the foemen's feet?

To me he had piped of a path to glory
Which men may traverse when wars shall cease,
And shown me a page of a heaven-writ story,
And taught me a note of the Song of Peace.

The Russian Revolution in a Police Station

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

Special Representative of "Harper's Magazine"



THE first thing I did on reaching Petrograd was to call up my friend, Vera Petrovna. It was her mother who answered the telephone. "Vera Petrovna," she said, in reply to my question, "is at the police station."

"What on earth have they arrested her for this time?" I asked.

"She has not been arrested," her good mother said, indignantly. "She is assistant to the *commissaire*."

This indeed is a revolution, I said to myself, as I set out to find my friend. In the old days Vera Petrovna had hated the police and all their ways with a unique and fervid hatred. I am sure that, when I knew her twelve years ago, she would not have entered a police station willingly. She had, however, been dragged there once or twice by force. The trouble was that she had studied scientific agriculture abroad and wanted to teach the peasants how to improve their method of raising and preparing flax. But the old government had smelled sedition in her enterprise, interfered with her, and so had made a revolutionist of her.

I had foreseen that this new Russia I was revisiting would be profoundly different from the Russia I had known, but the last thing I would have expected of the revolution was that I should find Vera Petrovna installed in a police station. All that had been bad in the old Russia, all that had stood in the way of the up-struggle of her people, had been typified for her in that one word—"police." I would not have been more surprised to hear that she had become secretary to the Czar.

I found that her mother had not yet

learned the phraseology of the revolution. The sign "Police Station" had been painted out when the double-headed eagle of imperialism had been pulled down. The grim old building had been rechristened "Militia Headquarters." But in spite of this change of names the place looked very like other police stations.

A young student was "at the desk." He lacked the cold, hardened calm of the typical police captain. He seemed unhappy. He was torn by a continual struggle between a natural irritability at unreasonableness and a determination to be sympathetic and brotherly. He addressed the people who came to him as "Comrade," but he had been tricked so often that he regarded them with profound suspicion. The people who bring their troubles to the police station are alike the world around—wives whose husbands did not come home the night before and wives whose husbands came home to beat them, lost children, pickpockets and those whose pockets have been picked, beggars and burglars, sneak thieves and worse. The revolution had not produced any panacea for such unfortunates.

I found Vera Petrovna up-stairs in what had been, in the old days, the bedroom of the chief of police. She was surrounded by piles of cards which represented bread and meat and sugar. They had to be counted and stamped that day, for distribution on the morrow.

"You look tired," I said, when the greetings were over.

"It's only these food-cards," she said, apologetically. "There's a terrible rush with them once a month. Last time somebody stole five thousand sugar-cards, so I'm checking them up myself. It's extra work. I've been at it till two or three in the morning the last few days."

I suggested that it was lunch-time, but she said she must finish this job, so I set to work on it, too. With the help of occasional glasses of tea we checked up the month's food-cards by five o'clock, and then went out in search of a restaurant and a real meal.

"I can't tell you much about the revolution," Vera Petrovna said, when we had found a table. "I've been too busy to see any of it. I was working in a hospital—night duty—the month before the revolution, so I couldn't attend any of the meetings. I was to have a week off, after this month of night duty, for a rest, but the first day I was home—it was two days after the revolution—they called me up on the telephone and asked me to help with the bread-cards at the police station. It was awful." She made an expressive gesture of chaos. "Such a crowd! The old police had run away. The station-house had been closed for two days. All these people struggling to get in. I had never realized how many people there are who *need* a police station!" Some of the first bewilderment of it showed in her face as she thought again of that discovery. "It's a social institution—just like a church or a school.

"I telephoned to all the lawyers I know, but they were sick or busy. None of them would come. So I had to take charge myself. It was rather terrible. There were three days before they appointed a *commissaire*.

"And I've stayed here ever since, working as his assistant. Desperately busy—too busy to see much of the revolution."

But it seems to me that Vera Petrovna has seen more deeply into the revolution than many of the editors and politicians I have met here in Petrograd. There has been too much romanticism, too many high-sounding words, too much disembodied idealism, about the revolution. She has been in constant, passionate, fatiguing struggle with reality. And, of course, the real problem of the revolution is how to make the new government work. It is a glorious thing to have overthrown the rotten old régime. But it is necessary to contrive a new machine, in accord with the new ideals of liberty and human dignity, which will

work. High sentiments and sonorous phrases will not make the revolution succeed. All these uninspiring details, which are not mentioned in Magna Charta and Declarations of the Rights of Man—the distribution of food, the prevention of crime, the regular operation of street-cars, the sanitary disposal of sewage—all these things must be attended to. The most eloquent orations on liberty, equality, and fraternity—even the singing of the "Marseillaise"—are as stone to those who want bread.

A perilously large number of Russians thought that freedom could be secured by a decree. It was a new and painful lesson to many of them to learn that "eternal vigilance" is the coin we must pay for liberty, that the maintenance and perfection of free institutions demand harder work, more sustained, earnest, and disciplined effort, than submission to tyranny.

There was an intense soul tragedy back of Kerensky's speech in which he said that in the first days of the revolution he had thought of Russians as "free men" and that now he was beginning to fear that they were only "revolted slaves."

Vera Petrovna has had to face these real problems of the revolution in the vivid, concrete experiences of the police station.

The very first day she was in charge, before any regular authority had been constituted, the janitor of a lodging-house rushed in with the news that a little stream of blood had appeared under the door of one of his rooms. He had knocked, but had received no answer, and so had come to the station-house to report. Vera Petrovna with two student boys of the volunteer militia hurried to the house, and on the way she scolded the janitor for not having broken in the door. Perhaps a life might have been saved by quick action. He had crossed himself and said that he had no right to break in a door without the presence of a magistrate. There were no magistrates to be found those troublous days, and Vera Petrovna, always impatient of official red-tape, ordered the boys to break in the door. It was a case of suicide. The man was quite dead. She left one of the boys in charge and

sent the other for an undertaker, and returned herself to the rush of work at the station-house, and forgot to make any formal report of the affair. Now a woman who claims to have been the wife of the suicide asserts that he had a diamond ring and a gold watch, which have disappeared, and accuses these amateur police of having stolen them. After all, free countries as well as despotisms have passed laws forbidding unauthorized persons from breaking down doors.

"And the funny thing about it is," Vera Petrovna said, "that in the old days, whenever any one said the police had stolen something, I always believed it."

That first day at the police station she had another painful and instructive experience. A youngster of fifteen was brought in by a crowd of citizens who accused him of theft. He had just persuaded her that he was a victim of unjust suspicion when one of the student militia, who had read *Sherlock Holmes*, thought of looking in his pockets. They were gorged with the proceeds of the theft. This led to a search of the records, and it was found that he had been a professional thief since the age of eight.

"And so," Vera Petrovna said, with a sigh, "I had to sign his commitment to prison—the first after the revolution. I couldn't have turned him loose just to go on stealing. It wouldn't have been fair to honest people, would it?"

I reassured her as well as I could, and she sipped her tea for a minute thoughtfully.

"It is lack of time," she said, bitterly. "That boy might have been reformed. He wasn't all bad. I wish I could have tried. But there was too much to do. I didn't have time. And the revolution had to send him to jail."

"He was a legacy of the old régime," I said.

She was desperately perplexed. The revolution, which to her was a high and noble ideal, was continually coming into conflict with grim and sordid facts.

"That's it," she said, finding some comfort in my phrase. "We did not finish with the old régime just by overthrowing it. It left us so many legacies."

The first night of the revolution there had been two highway robberies and one murder with theft in that district, and popular rumor said it was the work of the "Black Wolf"—a notorious, almost legendary, criminal. After the revolutionists had liberated the political prisoners, the warders had opened the doors of the jails and turned loose the common-law felons as well. And so the "Black Wolf," who had just been sentenced to a life term in Saghalin for a long series of ghastly crimes, was free.

The next night there was more evidence of his activity. A detached house had been broken into, an old lady killed, and much money stolen. Vera Petrovna and her student volunteers had no idea of how to find the culprit. About eleven in the morning the telephone-bell rang and a member of the old detective force, who was in hiding, reported that he knew where to lay hands on the "Black Wolf." There was nothing else to be done. This offer of help from the old régime had to be accepted. The "Black Wolf" was recaptured and one of the old policemen reinstalled in the station-house.

"He is dishonest, vile—unspeakable," Vera Petrovna said, "but he is also invaluable. We could not get along without him. He knows all the old criminals."

"And there is another one of the old force back—a clerk. None of us knew how to keep the records, and there are licenses to issue, and passports, and funeral permits, births to register. Life goes on just the same in spite of the revolution—oh, so many papers. He came back after a few days and asked for work. He said he would support the revolution, and, besides, he had a wife and three children and no work. He is a queer little dried-up office man, but a wonder at keeping the records straight. But he doesn't know what honesty is. Three times we've sent him away for taking what he calls 'tips.' It is rank bribery. But after three or four days everything is in confusion and he turns up, repentant, promising to be honest. And we have to take him on again."

"I told you about the theft of those sugar-cards. I've really been afraid to investigate it. It must have been this

clerk or the detective—and we can't get along without them.

"It is horrible to have to work with such people. I never thought of this before the revolution. But we must make a success of it and there are only two kinds of people to do the work—inefficient amateurs and clever scoundrels trained under the bureaucracy—legacies of the old régime."

Some of Vera Petrovna's police experiences have, although she refuses to see it, a certain element of humor. Under the old régime there were stringent laws against open immorality. They were enforced by a special squad of *police des mœurs*—the most infamous of a bad lot. With the disappearance of the old order and its despotic restrictions, vendors of objectionable books and pictures came out in the open. At last an enterprising manager of a moving-picture palace announced "Une Soirée Parisienne—For Men Only." An indignant citizen pulled down one of the posters and brought it to the station-house. A council of war was held and the law-books studied. One of the worst features of the old régime had been its abuse of "precautionary" measures. All sorts of good books and laudable societies had been suppressed on the ground that they might violate the law. There was no crime in the poster itself, so it was decided not to take any premature action.

As Vera Petrovna was working on her bread-cards that evening the proprietor of the show appeared, in a great state of excitement. He had failed to satisfy his audience. The performance did not come up to their expectations. They had done what all Russia does these days when dissatisfied—they had held a meeting. And they had passed a resolution that if they did not get their money back they would burn the theater. The manager had come to demand police protection.

Vera Petrovna went to the theater and addressed the audience, which was by this time more of a riot than a meeting.

"What did you say to them?" I asked.

"What could I say? I told them I was ashamed—ashamed of the manager, ashamed of them. I said he was disgusting, and so were they. I told them that

the revolution meant climbing up out of the abyss to liberty and enlightenment, and that they had no right to freedom, because they wanted to use it to sink down lower into the muck—lower even than the old tyrants had allowed.

"There is only one good thing I can think of about this manager," I told them; 'he cheated you. You are angry because he has cheated you, but you know he would have been much worse if he had not! But the revolutionary police will not protect the profits of a scoundrel who uses liberty to debauch the people!' I made him bring the money he had taken in upon the stage. The crowd cheered at that and became friendly.

"But then I gave them an awful scolding, and when they began to look as if they were ashamed, I told them about the hospital where I had worked, and how badly they needed money. I said that if they were good children of the revolution they would give their spare money to the wounded soldiers instead of spending it on dirty shows. I asked them to elect a committee to take the money to the hospital—and they did it."

It is only occasionally now that Vera Petrovna has to attend to the ordinary work of the police station. Since a regular *commissaire* has been appointed she has had charge of the bureau which attends to the distribution of food.

"I was glad to get away from downstairs. I thought this food-control work would be pleasanter—a chance for real constructive work—but it is every bit as discouraging. The best government in the world, the most experienced experts—even your Mr. Hoover—could not keep some of our people from starving this winter. And we are inexperienced amateurs.

"Almost every day some one makes a speech about how the revolution will be a failure if the food problem is not solved. But what can we do?"

"Isn't there enough food?" I asked.

"Plenty—more than enough. We generally export food. On the whole, the crop is good, but in some places it is a failure. Absolute famine in some districts if we can't import food from other provinces. And, of course, it is

worse in the cities—in the big cities, Petrograd and Moscow.

"The trouble is that the transportation system has collapsed. You people, abroad, do not realize what it means. This winter some of our soldiers at the front will starve. It takes an immense number of trains to supply a great army like ours. Think of the millions of tons of flour we must move across the country just to give the soldiers bread! But they must also have meat and clothes and, above all, munitions. What comfort is it to know we have enough to eat? We haven't enough trains to carry the food to the hungry soldiers.

"And it will be even worse in the cities. The peasants have stopped bringing their food to the markets. Look!" She pointed out through the restaurant window. "See that crowd. They are in line for bread—city people. Go down the street and you will see other lines, just as long, of peasants—women waiting for a chance to buy a few yards of cotton cloth; men standing in line all night in the hope of getting some nails. There is nothing left in the stores to give the peasants in exchange for their farm products.

"Every way we turn we are faced by this breakdown of transportation. If our stores had cotton goods to sell, the peasants would bring in their food. We had a large cotton industry in Russia. We raised our cotton in Turkistan. The people there got such good prices that they stopped growing food, planted their fields in cotton, and brought in their foodstuffs by train. Well, last year the railroads had begun to go to pieces and were too busy with military work to carry food to Turkistan. The Turkomans starved, and this year they have pulled up their cotton to plant vegetables. The mill-owners bought cotton in Egypt and America. It is piled high on the docks in Vladivostok, rotting, because the few freight-cars have to give precedence to shells.

"And the shortage of cars means a shortage of fuel, too. The Moscow and Petrograd manufacturing districts will only get about a third of their normal coal-supply this year. So between lack of raw material and the scarcity of fuel the cotton-mills, instead of increasing

their output, are shutting down. More unemployed—more hungry people! It is a vicious circle.

"It is the same with shoes. The peasants would bring in food on wheelbarrows if they could buy shoes with it. If we could get a hundred thousand cheap American shoes in Petrograd we would have all the food we need. But what's the use of talking? Even if you gave them to us and delivered them at Vladivostok or Archangelsk, it would do no good. We have no means of bringing them the rest of the way.

"We're blockaded—blockaded worse than Germany. There are hundreds of us here—all over Russia—working day and night, but in spite of all we can do there will be famine and famine riots, I fear. But, it isn't the fault of the revolution. It was the old régime which sent all the skilled mechanics to the front—because they were able to read and write and so were "dangerous" politically. And now, when a locomotive breaks down, there is no one to mend it. They are asking us to make bricks without straw."

In the blackest night of the old régime I never saw Vera Petrovna so hopeless about her country as she was this day.

"Part of the trouble is," I said, "that you are horribly tired."

But she did not want to be comforted. "Yes," she said, "I am tired. But I am not any more tired than everybody else in Russia who is trying to save the revolution. It was wonderful the first weeks. But now every one is tired—overstrained—haunted. You spoke of 'legacies' of the old régime. I know a better word—'ghosts.' We buried the old régime, but their ghosts still walk—so many ghosts!

"That pitiful little pickpocket. All the crooked old officials we have to use. Chaos in finance, in industry, worst of all, this disorganization in transportation—they're all ghosts of the old régime. Ignorance, inexperience in self-government, oppressed habits of mind, suspicions, hatreds—we're haunted with them.

"It isn't an easy job, to be free."

All over Russia hundreds, thousands of people are learning these same painful

lessons which have tired and perplexed and disheartened Vera Petrovna. In police stations, in town councils, in railroad unions, in schools, in editorial offices, even in meetings of the Provisional Government, the partisans of the revolution are struggling with the concrete problem of paying off the debts of the old régime before work can be even begun on the building of New Russia.

If ever there were a people who needed our sympathy—our patient, unfaltering sympathy—they are the republicans of Russia. Their country is as a bone gnawed dry by the dogs of war. For three years now they have been fighting. Their loss in blood has been appalling—more than in any other country. But this is the least of their problems. They have been more seri-

ously crippled and maimed by the incapacity and dishonesty of their old government than by the enemy. And now, in this weakened condition, they must construct a new world.

There are dreary days before Russia—perhaps days of desperate, despairing hunger riots. The new freedom has to face enemies within as well as those without. But in the end Russia will come through her trials triumphant. No one who really knows the country can doubt that.

And this future with its glorious potentialities will be the work, not of those whose names are now to be read in the newspapers, but of those modest, anonymous patriots who, like my friend Vera Petrovna, are willing to work for Russia and the revolution—even in a police station.

Winter Music

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

AGAINST a sky of slumberous white,
Above long slopes in white arrayed,
The pointed pines upon the height
Stood out like jade.

I hearkened; there was not a sound.
I listened; there was not a breath.
The silences that girt me round
Were deep as death.

Then swift I felt my spirit thrill,
For suddenly there came a call,
And hill made answer unto hill
Antiphonal.

Like music from some star remote
It drifted o'er the drifted snows,
And lo, I knew it for the note
Blithe April blows!

Tragressor

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY LAWRENCE PERRY



HERE is an impression of abandon about a runaway horse, a sense of unrestrained momentum that none of the swift-moving inventions of this modern age can duplicate. When the horse happens to be a thoroughbred hunter, to whom a rail fence or other obstacle is as a hassock, when, moreover, he carries in his mad flight a girl with blond hair blowing wild, feet flailing out of the stirrups, and eyes staring, the impression naturally is heightened.

It most assuredly was in the mind of a certain horseman, loping around a bend in the highway, confronted thrillingly by the spectacle as set forth. He was a stalwart young man, and the love of action which one might have read in his face was exemplified in manner as he swung his mount abruptly about and spurred him into a gallop. The intention of the rider was to seize the bridle of the runaway from the side and thereupon bring the careering animal to a halt, after an accomplished manner of his own.

But the plan was foiled when the hunter turned suddenly from the road, cleared the stone wall that bounded it, and plunged through a stretch of meadowland toward a copse of wood. Sailing over the wall in the wake of the mad steed, the man watched with hard eyes as the girl deflected her mount's course from a stunted apple-tree. A few seconds later the hunter dived into the woods. The pursuer saw the girl drop on the horse's neck to avoid branches that would have swept her to the ground—then the foliage shut her from view.

Directing his pony through the underbrush and second-growth trees, the man saw lying upon the ground a riding-crop. Riding farther, he picked a seg-

ment of lace from a branch. Proceeding among the trees, following the prints which the flying hoofs had marked deeply in the soft soil, he came at length upon the girl herself. She was lying upon the ground, stunned, bewildered, not a little frightened; a bit farther on was her mount, stripping the bark from a white birch, quite content, apparently, with the results of his temperamental outburst.

The man's first emotion as he leaped from his pony was an admixture of relief and admiration. For his experienced eye told him that the girl in all probability was not seriously injured, while, on the other hand, the picture presented by this dazed beauty lying prone upon the mossy earth was beyond all possibility the most attractive he had ever looked upon. She lay upon her side, her cheek resting upon her outstretched arm, the other hand lying across her hip. The vague green of her riding skirt and coat merged tellingly with the infinite variety of greens on all sides, and yet did not fail to emphasize the slender graces of dawning adolescence, and upon her hair of pure raw silk, which spread in partial disarray about her face, the sunlight, filtering through the arched leaves, shimmered—Diana brought to earth.

Yet the man's mind, no doubt, was far from the realm of classical allusion. For the presence of a little woodland brooklet suggested obvious preliminaries in the way of treatment, and the cavalier shortly was in a position to contemplate the success of his ministrations. A growing intelligence crept into her eyes; this was attended by an astonishing phenomenon. They had impressed him as the one flaw in her beauty, having a sort of ground-glass effect which contributed a note of blankness to features otherwise beyond criticism. But now, widening and reflecting the clearing of

dazed apprehension, glancing and sparkling "like a gem of fifty facets," the girl's stone-gray eyes gradually became almost, in fact quite, the dominating note.

"I don't think you have any bones broken."

It was one of several remarks, cumulatively banal as he felt, and unquestionably so in the mind of the girl, whose mobile lips were trembling in a slight smile.

"Oh, I shall be quite all right, I'm sure!" she said.

He raised his hands rather awkwardly, and he spoke awkwardly, with the accent of the cultured Englishman. "Oh, quite so! That is, no doubt—not the slightest doubt, I'm sure."

His eyes fell before her level gaze, which now was frankly appraising. He was nearly six feet tall, somewhat spare of frame, but with extraordinary chest, shoulders, and legs. As to his face, one noted high-cheek-bones; clear blue eyes; small, well-kept mustache; and square, if narrow, jaws. You have seen hundreds of cavalry officers—of the old British army—for whom he might have stood as type—slashing, hard-riding huntsmen, polo-players, gentlemen; most of them are dead now, from all accounts.

"Hadn't—hadn't you better try and see if you can stand? I'm sure no bones—" He paused abruptly and felt for his mustache. "I mean—"

She smiled up at him. "Oh—really, I'm perfectly fit! . . . I shouldn't have ridden Hector; it was against orders. I was so sure I could manage him, the brute. If you'll give me your hand—"

"You're sure you can manage it?" He leaned down and, placing his hands gingerly under her shoulders, supported the girl to her feet. "There—"

She swayed slightly for a moment, placing her hand upon his arm. "It's so silly, you know." She moved away from him. "Now it's better. You've been so good, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Tragressor," he supplied. He stopped abruptly, flushing.

A puzzled expression crossed the girl's face. "Tragressor? Tragressor? I'm sure I have heard the name some where. It—it seems so familiar. Yet I

haven't—at least, I'm sure we've never met."

"Oh no! not at all!" he shook his head emphatically. "It's"—he stammered a moment—"it's rather unconventional, to be sure—beastly unconventional. But if your name—if—I should say if I knew—"

"Curzon," she said, with rising inflection. "Miss Curzon."

She acknowledged Tragressor's slight bow with a smile, and nodded toward an opening in the trees through which was revealed the red gabled roofs of a group of estate buildings. "Fortunately I am not far from home."

As she glanced toward her recalcitrant steed Tragressor spoke eagerly, even peremptorily: "But you're not going to ride that horse again. He's altogether too much for you. You might try my pony; he's docile, almost to a fault. I think you can use the saddle. Certainly I can use yours." Without awaiting reply he approached Hector, seizing that mercurial animal none too gently by the bridle, and then walked to his own mount. "You're quite sure you can get along?" Receiving her nod, he led the two animals to the clearing, pausing there to give the girl a leg up on his rather placid, if springy gelding.

The next instant he had vaulted to Hector's back, who, showing unequivocal signs of resentment, whirled and gyrated and kicked until the young stalwart, without undue effort, made himself master of the situation, the girl, watching the battle with glistening eyes.

It was, of course, natural, all things considered, that as the two took up their course along the road the processes making for acquaintance were abridged, and bonds that unite interests speedily established. Short, it may be stated axiomatically, is the journey to a heart as made by any engaging young man who in the rôle of modern cavalier brings rescue to damsel in sore distress. He penetrates at a leap the crassness of modernity and lifts the classic veil. He revives an incident that was old, no doubt, when Athena saddled Pegasus for Bellerophon—the age-long equine romance of the sexes which will go on thrilling ever anew until the gasolene-motor—perish the day!—has relegated

the cavorting steed to the limbo of the legendary. The serene light in Dodo Curzon's eyes, the flush upon her cheeks, required no words to project the conviction that she was living in the very essence of the situation. Yet there were words.

"You are an Englishman, of course." She was smiling radiantly.

"Yes—yes—of course."

"And you've been in the war, naturally."

He faced her curiously. "How do you know that, pray?"

"Why," she cried. "I—I knew it simply because you *would* be. You were, weren't you?" she added, after they had cantered along through a moment or two of silence.

"Why—yes," he admitted. "At least I am told so."

She glanced at him curiously. "You were told so!" Then quite abruptly she laughed, exclaiming, eagerly: "Oh, now I know! Reginald Tragressor—Captain Reginald Tragressor. Mother and I saw you playing polo at Hurlingham in the regimental series just before the war. You were quite the hero of the game."

She regarded him with flaming face, but his blue eyes were fixed upon the road ahead.

"It seems so strange," she observed, "to find you in this country—I mean in Hempfield—or, for that matter, in the United States."

He turned to her with a faint smile, speaking staccato, as though speech were an effort—as, indeed, it must have been.

"I was rather badly wounded and shell-shocked, they tell me, in the Somme fighting. The Germans appear to have picked me up. When they fell back from Noyon they left me. It was a messy sort of a shock and left me without much memory of the past. It's only recently I have come to realize about the war, and, in fact, just who I am. Not much more. A sort of aphasia, isn't it?"

"Of course," cried Dodo, who had the vaguest idea on the subject. "It's a beastly shame. . . . You are week-ending hereabout?"

"Well," he smiled, "I did want a real ride—I mean outside of Central Park. Then, too, one or two persons—well-meaning, of course, and all that sort of

thing, but beastly bores—accompanied me to the States. Frankly, I ran up to the Acquackononck to be rid of them." He laughed infectiously, glancing at the girl. "I'm rather glad I did, don't you know. . . . You don't blame me, I hope."

Most patently she did not.

The talk insensibly developed an undercurrent of relative personality, while for both, no doubt, the pageant of hill and valley resting in the serenity of mid-June, the pomp of flowering fields and the swimming sunlight, bore an unobtrusive influence which heightened their common mood and made it intelligible one to the other.

Here, of course, was romance, pure romance. I am sure I have left nothing out of the picture and am equally confident that no single *nuance* of thought or feeling has been either exaggerated or slighted. Yet at the same time it is but fair to say that the foregoing recital should be credited with neither more nor less authority than may be attached to evidence gathered piecemeal and at widely removed intervals by a deeply interested third person.

However this may be, I present it as a fact that my name was not mentioned in the course of the ride. I am positive as to this. Under the circumstances it was quite impossible that it should have been.

And yet my place in the situation was in a way definite, if only because of the fact that it was I who was riding with Dodo Curzon when the fiery Hector became enraged or alarmed at a French touring-car which roared past us unexpectedly after making a sharp turn from a cross-road. That I should have been napping when the beast gathered feet unto himself and pounded off in helter-skelter pursuit of the vanishing dust-cloud was altogether characteristic.

It was likewise characteristic of my abominable fate in all that concerned the unknown sex to have been behind the bend in the highway when the hunter took to the woods and Tragressor perpetrated his knight-errant specialty. It follows that my search of the highway was futile, and at length, holding, as hostage to an unquenchable optimism,

the theory that Dodo had got her mount in hand and had proceeded home, I set forth for Overbrook, the Curzon estate, at top speed. Curzon and his wife were entering a motor as I charged up the winding drive to the *porte-cochère*, and their expressions of blank inquiry were more than sufficient to annihilate the theory I had so happily formulated.

"Philip Toler! What have you done with Dorothea?"

There was invariably a species of commanding-officer dominance in the woman's voice and manner which reacted to my inward discomfiture. At present it was both inward and outward, and I was finding difficulty with the opening sentence of my disturbing news when to my vast relief the missing girl with Tragressor at her side swung through the grilled-gateway from the highroad. It was not until I saw her and heard her voice that I realized how alarmed I had been and how much her well-being counted with me.

"Dodo! thank God!" I cried, foolishly enough, no doubt. But she never glanced at me.

"Mother—!" Her lips were parted, her gray eyes flashing, as she drew rein alongside the motor. She gestured toward the man at her side. "Mr.—I mean Captain Tragressor, my mother, my father"—she turned her head slightly in my direction—"Mr. Toler."

"Captain Tragressor." Mrs. Curzon nodded civilly, manifestly engorged with curiosity, however. Curzon grunted, staring at his daughter with widening eyes, while I, who had dismounted, walked to Hector's side and extended my hand to Tragressor.

My action, I fancy, appeared perfectly natural; and it was. Yet there were several motives aside from that of formal courtesy. When a man's leg is taken off by a cannon-ball, so I'm told, he regards the injury as one aloof, wondering, perhaps, that he feels no pain. So with me. This whole thing was a knock-out, pure and simple. Dodo had been rescued, brilliantly saved, by a cavalier in a million, a being so superbly exotic, so absolutely a creature of chivalrous tradition, that I was loth to believe he was really flesh and blood.

I cared for Dodo Curzon, yes. It was

then that I came to know how much I cared for her. Yet nature's anodyne was powerfully effective. So much so that I could stand there painlessly wondering how and where I could possibly stand in relation to Tragressor.

Again, after all, Dodo Curzon had been only slightly encouraging, while I, trailing in her wake, had been thankful for small favors, hopeful of greater ones—living, in brief, that alternately drab and lurid experience known to every man who, having advanced thus far, flounders on in the belief—or hope—that he will yet win something more tangible; the dupe and gull, very often, of his own ego. In my handclasp, thus, might have been read, whatever the real motive, a symbol of abnegation—the handing of Dodo to this upstanding Briton with all the compliments of a game loser.

And the while, gazing up at him, there was limned by his side the figure of a rather spare, if athletic, young man with straight, unromantic dark hair and plain, bronzed high-cheek-boned visage of the rough-hewn sort—which was I. It was all so graphic, so epochal in its significance, that I stepped physically—as I already had mentally—into the background as soon as Tragressor released my fingers.

Meanwhile Dodo, explaining breathlessly, was bringing her recital to a handsomely dramatic conclusion—her mother listening with the abstracted mien of a mind wrestling with memory—when, suddenly gesturing the girl to silence, she drew herself up in her seat, preening elegantly.

"Why—Captain Tragressor! Of course! This—this is indeed a very great pleasure."

My sensibilities were quite sufficiently keen to appraise almost in precise degree the ineffability of her pleasure. Tragressor of the Queen's Own, with a string of five given names! A nine-goal man in the Hurlingham rating—a dashing favorite of London society—a direct scion of British nobility! And who will suppose that Adelia Curzon did not recall a vague story of the rebuke of a certain exalted lady by the War Office for a too ardent interest in Tragressor's advancement in the service? Here, after all the years, was reality; here at last



"HADN'T YOU BETTER TRY AND SEE IF YOU CAN STAND?"

the warp and woof of undeniable fabric; here was embodied all the stuff that Adelia Curzon had long fashioned into dreams and shaped into fancy. Let the gods rejoice and Hebe fetch her choicest nectar! The mistress of Overbrook fairly billowed and surged to the situation.

So did I. While I yet retained stature, steadily diminishing, to be sure, I was fain to bear my part in the divinely ordered arrangement. I gestured with benign comprehensiveness.

"Captain Tragressor, I drove an ambulance on the French front last sum—" But there was no audience. Dodo and the hero were eye to eye; Curzon was rubbing his hands wonderingly; his wife was beginning to formulate inquiry—manifestly with hospitable design—as to Tragressor's present place of abode. I

fell upon silence while the Briton, without going into details, explained that he had run up to the Acquackanonck for a change.

He spoke simply, easily, in his half-breathless staccato; obviously Adelia Curzon was not the first high lady with whom he had held converse from the back of a mettlesome charger. And yet, as I watched him, listening, there was a sense of mistiness about him, an impalpable vagueness which I seemed to feel rather than observe.

"I am not at all acquainted in the States," he concluded, as though apologizing for his present quarters; at least I thought he sounded apologetic, while at the same time wondering why he should think apology necessary, since the Acquackanonck rates are such as to invite shame in no guest.

What possibly could have ensued but the invitation to Overbrook, interlarded with a murmur or two concerning unconventionality, and yet, "the brave act of distinguished service in behalf of my dear daughter—"

I didn't wait to hear it out. Tragressor's sang-froid was not mine, and at all events the situation was beginning to wear upon me in a subtle way. It was time I decided to ruffle over to the hunt club with my news.

Hempfielders lived on news one about the other—absorbing news, very often, as became a community whose divorces and polo and hunting did not go back more than a generation, but which had extreme adaptability, quite qualified to cover the absence of real perspective.

That is to say, it could be covered when Adelia Curzon, who boasted—albeit vaguely—of ancestry dating back to the Albany patroons, was not tête-à-tête and in a confidential mood. Undoubtedly she regarded Tragressor as the only real, simon-pure gentleman she had ever seen in Hempfield. And he was a gentleman. The quality invested him like a mantle—he wore it as one. Yet I would have been a cad not to feel that there were many of us who could meet him on the common ground of culture, breeding, and natural instinct. Comparatively speaking, Hempfield was indeed a mushroom, but the roots which produced it had been in American soil a long time; we were not, in any event, the toadstool which Adelia Curzon would have us. Her ideal of gentility was a leisure class. Hempfield—at least the male element—took the train to business from Monday until Friday, at least—the American way. It was a tribute to the woman's shallow-thinking snobbishness that she failed to recognize the distinction of national custom. The yew-tree does not thrive in the United States; the goldenrod won't grow in England; that's nothing against either, Mrs. Curzon to the contrary notwithstanding.

As the wife of Erastus Pullen she had led in Hempfield's social activities at a time when the community was beginning to burgeon from the mansard-roof period. Pullen, a progressive man, one of the organizers of the hunt club, went

down in a financial panic and died very soon afterward, leaving little but an imposing list of creditors and Adelia Pullen, who shortly went West to live with a sister—in Denver, I think.

Hempfield had forgotten her as completely as a woman of her dominant personality could be forgotten, when suddenly we heard of her as descending upon New York and Newport, accompanied by a stalwart, rough-and-ready copper-miner of fabulous means and a radiant, golden-haired daughter, who was more than ready for anything the East had to offer. Neither the metropolis nor the summer capital of wealth and pleasure had allowed itself the gratification of the impress of the Curzon wealth and personality, and in logical consequence old scenes, old friendships—in other words, Hempfield—began to exert an appeal not to be resisted.

Overbrook was laid out and built in record time, from a private golf-links and sunken gardens to a stone mansion with turrets. The golf-links were for Curzon, but rumor—only rumor—had it that when he really desired to work off steam he took a pick and assaulted a rocky hill on the extremity of his estate. Otherwise he was engaged in swinging the products of several immensely productive copper-mines from the vantage point of an office in Wall Street a very busy and, as we all understood, a very unobtrusively important man.

Riding slowly toward the hunt club, I came to see how my natural feeling for situations and the humorous and dramatic side of things had stood me in stead in the recent incident, my mind instinctively reacting to the immense comedy of Mayfair knocking at the door of a woman to whom Fifth Avenue and Newport and Tuxedo had been closed.

But now, with the red-tiled roof of the hunt club showing through the trees, came the knowledge that it was not in me to carry my story about field, paddock, and club veranda with the grimly smiling face of one who bravely seeks to conceal torture. In a vast revulsion the splendid tale turned to ashes and I knew my soul for what it had concealed. Why, only last evening Dodo and I had ridden from that club toward the sunset side by side, each holding the end of a riding-

crop—outwardly one of those mere silly little nothings, and yet fundamentally marking trends that hold so much of personal significance.

Subtly, but none the less palpably, Tragressor became less glorious, became, in fact, an alien interloper directed by intolerable fate. Where had my manhood been, to run away giggling and mouthing over a situation which only thickness of hide had construed into a study in humorously romantic psychology? Where is the humor in losing the girl you have grown to care for, and where the manliness in running off to make a good story about it? There are some things that have to be taken decently and with dignity; there are things that any man with red blood will fight for.

With an exclamation of disgust I swung my mount about in the road and spurred him into a gallop, hardly realizing my destination until our stately white Colonial house, topping a tree-clad hill, came into view around a turn in the highway. The thought occurred that the Curzons had offered to buy the place when they first appeared in Hempfield, a piece of impudence which my father, who was a banker and gentleman of the stately old school, had never forgiven. Nor, as a consequence, did he approve greatly of my obvious devotion to Dodo. This was at least one streak of silver lining in the leaden clouds.

I sat in the library for an hour or two, mulling over the situation, and, as usually happens in such cases, managed to evolve a process of thought which



HE CONVERTED THE VERANDA INTO A SCENE FROM A HENRY ARTHUR JONES COMEDY

struck me as rational—certainly most cheerful—philosophy. First of all, I decided, Tragressor was not the sort of person who would be bowled over at first shot by a girl of Dodo Curzon's type, attractive as she undeniably was. He was a man of the world, accustomed to English and probably Continental society. He knew his way about, as they say on the other side. As for Dodo, she had a forthright view of life and common-sense was her long suit. So, all in all, I didn't intend to be run out of this thing without raising my hand. I wasn't as good a loser as all that.

Accordingly, some time after dinner I motored to Overbrook, ostensibly to see how Dodo had recovered from the shock, but in reality to give notice to all concerned that I was still very much in the ring.

Tragressor, as I had suspected, was installed, quite at home. He sat in a huge wicker chair on the side veranda, smoking a cigarette and lazily smiling at Dodo, seated near by, busily plying her knitting-needles. He glanced at me cordially enough.

"Ah, Toler," he said.

It takes an Englishman of Tragressor's sort to establish atmosphere. Thoroughly poised, elegantly nonchalant, gracefully detached, impeccably garbed, he converted that veranda into a scene from a Henry Arthur Jones comedy. He had so thrilled the footman that there was a new rigidity in his demeanor, as though at last the young cockney had encountered something in America worthy of his powers; he had inspired Adelia Curzon to flights hitherto unattained, and she played up to her guest with the faultless precision of a *grande dame* who wore the purple by right of heritage. She was a new person to me, utterly. So was Curzon with his drum-major dignity. Dodo alone was perfectly natural, and that Tragressor was delighted to have her thus was unmistakably suggested in his manner. Knowing her as well as I did, I could see she was not overly pleased at my advent, but, of course, she was civil enough.

The urbanity of the mother, however, was the worst possible sign, so far as my prospects were concerned. All in all,

my stock of cheerful philosophy didn't last five minutes.

"Philip," she purred, "we were so sorry you got away. I wanted you to dine with us. Captain Tragressor, I'm afraid, found us rather stupid—"

"Oh, come, Mrs. Curzon!" Tragressor waved his cigarette and laughed with a significance designed to show just how remote even the slightest element of stupidity had been.

I expressed all proper concern, and then turned to Dodo with the rather soulful confession of gratification at her escape from injury. She threw it off lightly. She had not even been scratched, she said.

"That's bully. You know you've drawn me as a partner for those silly stunts at the pony gymkhana to-morrow afternoon."

"Yes, of course." She gazed at me curiously. "I called up and entered Captain Tragressor. Mr. Edgar, however, seems to be doubtful about a partner for him."

My cue, plainly enough, was to meet the tacit suggestion by begging permission to withdraw as her partner in favor of Tragressor. But I let the hint go over my head, replying carelessly that he would no doubt find some one.

"You know partners are always turning up at the last moment," I added.

"Oh yes." She faced Captain Tragressor with a shrug and thereafter gave him her undivided attention.

As soon as I decently could I departed, running down to the Hempfield Club in the village, where I sat around with several of the crowd until midnight. Curious isn't it how interest in a girl spoils a man for the ordinary indoor male pursuits—at least until after he has been married awhile. For months past almost everything in the way of diversion had been done either with Dodo Curzon or with Dodo in mind. I hadn't realized how boresome and stupid a gang of chaps could be with their arguments and badinage, their long silences, the ordering of fresh highballs, and all that sort of worn-out rot. But I knew I wouldn't sleep, so I stuck it out to the last. . . .

The gymkhana was got up in behalf of the Belgian relief fund, a rather picturesque and oftentimes thrilling series



SHE WAS DRAGGED CLEANLY FROM THE SADDLE

of feats performed on the back of a hunter or polo mount.

When I arrived at the field Tragressor and Dodo, who had ridden over—the Britisher quite characteristically mounted on that ill-omened beast, Hector—were already on hand, while Curzon and his wife sat in their motor, one of at least a hundred or more cars that lined one side of the arena. Mamma Curzon had done her work well, beyond doubt, and Tragressor was the cynosure of all eyes. Try as the committee would, they had been unable to dig up a partner for the man—although more than one girl, I thought, cast baleful eyes at the partner who had been so *gauche* as to keep his assignment when such an extraordinary cavalier was going begging. I didn't look at Dodo—I didn't have the hardihood to face her Minervaesque disapproval, not even after the committee, abandoning the search for a partner,

did Tragressor the honor of adding him to the list of judges.

All in all, I was thrown completely off my chump and I knew that Dodo—barely gracious to me—was extremely distraught. In the musical stall feature for women, which she should have won, being the most proficient horsewoman and having the best-trained mount, she put up a ridiculous exhibition and was the only rider who had not been placed when the final whistle blew.

Then, in the ancient and honorable game of spearing brass rings, a male specialty, I not only missed the first ring and the second, but ran my bamboo pole full against the cross-bar of the third rack, shivering the lance and toppling over the flimsy structure. Tragressor was near by as I plunged past and incontinently I glanced at him, looking for the smile of derision. But his face was expressionless.

"Fine, Phil!" jeered Hal Larendon, who had never sat on a horse in his life and was now leaning over the wheel of his automobile. "Why don't you charge a barn the next time!"

Every one was laughing, of course. Ordinarily I shouldn't have minded at all, since my reputation was that of a rather fair horseman and I had a three-goal handicap at polo, but this day of all days the gibes got under my skin and added to my discomfiture. Inwardly cursing everything and everybody, I stole a glance at Dodo as we lined up for the Gretna Green stakes. Her face was a study; but then she had nothing on me in that respect if my features reflected my feelings.

In the Gretna Green stunt, as most, perhaps, know, a couple dash from the starting-point to a table a hundred yards or so distant. Arriving at this point, the man dismounts, writes his name and that of the woman who has accompanied him, on a pad, remounts, and, seizing the hand of his partner, the two gallop home—always a very thrilling and picturesque feature.

Two of the couples preceding Dodo and me had made extraordinary time and it was decidedly up to us to retrieve ourselves.

"Phil," she muttered, unsmiling, "let's buck up and really try to put this over."

"I buck up!" I glared at her. "How about you?"

"I said *we*. . . . But never mind." She jerked her reins impatiently.

We tore off at the crack of the pistol and ramped up to the table, where I threw myself to the ground in gallant style, holding the reins with my left hand and with the other scribbling our names, Dodo in the mean time impatiently calling for me to hurry.

Vaulting to the back of my pony, I reached out and grasped Dodo's fingers, and as I did so she cut her mount with her crop. The beast leaped forward before my pony had got started. I should have let go her hand, or she mine; I never could determine which was at fault. At all events, she was dragged cleanly from the saddle and went to earth heavily. As I glanced downward I saw, to my horror, one of the rear hoofs

of her pony descending upon her head. But she was rolling, and the steel-shod mass just grazed her hair.

She lay still for a moment, while I took a flying leap from my pony and ran to her. But it was Tragressor, again, who was there first, the leader of a group who had rushed out on the field. He was helping the girl to her feet, and she was laughing gamely enough and declaring that she was absolutely uninjured. As I came up Tragressor turned to me, and I braced defiantly, even belligerently, expecting something such as "clumsy ass," or the like. But his expression was of vast relief.

"She's quite all right," he said.

"I'm a fine mess," I replied, bitterly, not knowing what else to say.

He smiled, and a beautiful smile it was. "Oh no, not at all, old fellow! Accidents will happen, don't you know." There was your real British sportsman as you find him the world over—British sportsmen of the Tragressor sort, I mean.

Relieved, but by no means cheered, I broke through the circle to present my regrets to Dodo. But Mother Curzon held the center of the stage. Her manner suggested to me that her agitation was due more to the fact that the mishap had occurred in Tragressor's presence than anything else.

"Two falls in two days!" she was saying, reproachfully. "Dodo, really I think you had better give up riding if you cannot stay on a horse's back."

"It is going rather strong," laughed the girl, pushing a wisp of her corn-colored hair from her forehead. "I hadn't had a tumble in years—"

"Nonsense, Dodo! I pulled you off," said I. "And if—"

But Adelia Curzon broke in with a command that she retire from further events of the day. When Tragressor threw the weight of his influence upon the woman's side, Dodo yielded with pretty reluctance, while I, distinctly in a suicidal mood, cut the whole show and rode my pony over to the club stables to get him out of my sight.

As I was leaving the paddock for my motor-car, bent on driving somewhere east of nowhere in the shortest possible time, Penworthy, the first whipper-in,

who had been down to the village looking after a shipment of hounds, drove up in a buckboard. Penworthy was a thoroughly interesting and intelligent chap whose original recommendation with us had been his association with Lord Murgertroyd's famous pack in Kent. I nodded to him and was bending my course toward the club when I recalled the man's vast knowledge of English society and his studious attitude toward the war. Somewhat curious as to Tragressor, to whom I had now finally abandoned Dodo Curzon, I accosted him.

"Penworthy," I said, "did you ever know anything about Captain Tragressor of the British Army? I believe he was a crack polo-player."

The blue eyes in Penworthy's russet-apple face took fire as he jumped from

the buckboard. "Polo-player! Indeed he was that, sir. And one of the best that ever sat on a horse, sir, in England. . . . He was a great loss. Aye, he was all of that."

"A loss!" I regarded the man strangely. "What do you mean, a loss?"

Penworthy, evidently looking for the sort of chaff that sometimes passes from master to man, blinked warily.

I gestured impatiently. "I'm perfectly serious, Pen. You spoke of him being a loss. Just what did you mean?"

He stared at me a moment. "Why, sir," he said at length, "if you're meaning Captain Reginald Tragressor, he was killed in the fighting on the Somme." Reaching into his pocket, he drew forth a pocket-book, taking therefrom a packet of clippings relating to the exploits and fate of prominent British horsemen in the war. Rapidly fingering over the excerpts, he handed me a cable despatch to the *Times*, yellow, creased, and worn by constant fingering.



"OH, PHIL! THAT WAS BEASTLY HARD LUCK THIS AFTERNOON"

Under date of some six months back it contained the official War Office announcement of the death by wounds of Capt. Reginald Tragressor of the Queen's Own in the culminating attack of the British at Thiepval.

Mental reactions are utterly beyond the range of human prevision. Show

likely as not to strike a humorous chord — such are the complexities of the human mind.

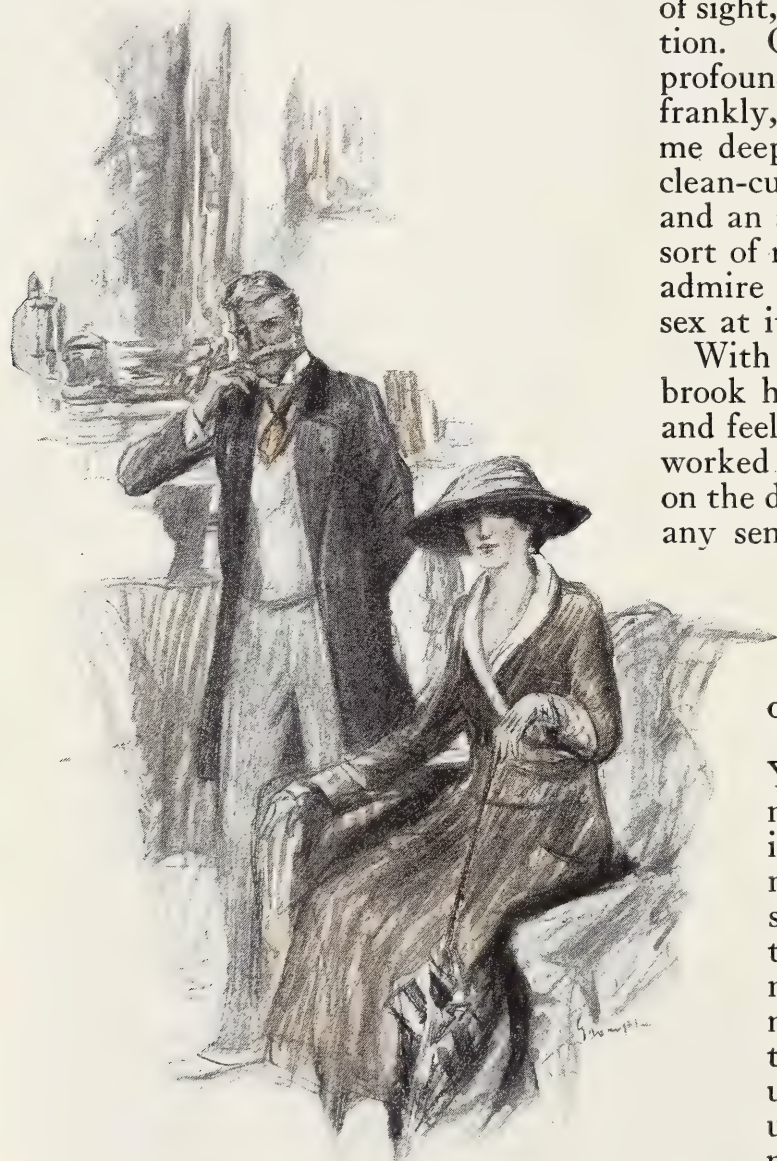
Personally, with this absolutely final evidence that Tragressor was an imposter in hand, with the practical assurance that I now but had to speak and cause a successful rival for a girl I cared for to slink ignominiously and finally out of sight, I experienced no thrill of exaltation. On the contrary, there was a profound melancholy. For Tragressor, frankly, had impressed me, impressed me deeply. He was big, and fine, and clean-cut, with a most captivating smile and an air of distinguished reserve—the sort of man whom all other men should admire because he was typical of the sex at its biggest and best.

With our second meeting at Overbrook had vanished all the antagonism and feeling of bitter rivalry which I had worked up in the course of my ride home on the day of the runaway. If you have any sense of fitness or proportion you

cannot be jealous of a paragon. When the gods intervene mortals have no alternative to an attitude more or less resignedly philosophical.

Not that I was altogether so. Yet at the same time I could not condemn Dodo. I am not innately modest or shrinking; none the less, I should have been surprised had Tragressor's appeal to her been less obvious. So that now, with weapons in my hands, my first emotion was regret at the necessity which dictated their use. For, of course, they must be used and with deadly effectiveness. So far as Dodo was concerned, it was the considerate, the kindly thing to do. And that was the only thing now to consider. Any thought of the possible effect of Tragressor's retirement on my own prospects would have been nothing short of puerile.

The Curzons were giving a dinner that evening. It had been arranged long before Tragressor was heard of, but naturally enough his presence gave to the coming function a fillip of zest to both host and guest. In my mood of somberness following the *contretemps* at



OUR VISITORS AWAITED ME IN THE LIBRARY

me a person who can count upon his primary instinct in any given emergency and I'll show you either a falsifier or a superman. If the ticker suddenly and unexpectedly informs you that certain market affairs have gone your way, you are as liable to a strange and apparently causeless flush of irritation as to any more amiable emotion; conversely, first knowledge of a grievous cropper is

the gymkhana I had fully determined to feign a sudden indisposition and remain away. But now, of course, I must swallow my sensitiveness and go to the dinner and do a duty which, however necessary and valuable and kindly, would be none the less disagreeable—and thankless. There wasn't an element in the entire situation which thrilled or inspired me.

With conclusion thus formed, I jumped into my car and potted about the country for an hour or two, trying to outline a definite course of action. The idea of a public exposé of course occurred. That would be dramatic and generally conclusive. But drama was not in my line, and, besides, it would hurt Dodo unnecessarily, while at the same time giving me unlimited opportunity for playing the fool. Adelia Curzon was out of the question; her husband equally so. The more I thought, the more clear was the realization of how delicate and devious the situation was.

But I got even a clearer conception as to this when, acting upon sudden decision, I dropped in on my sister and put the problem up to her. Ethel Huntington was a young matron whose pinky porcelain face and bisque statuet figure rather belied her excellent mind and her strong common-sense. She had just arrived from the club and was in the hall, removing her veil, as I entered.

"Where's Jack?" I asked, referring to my brother-in-law.

"Hello, Phil!" Ethel gave her attention to winding the veil. "Why," she explained at length, "he stayed at the club, to check up with the gymkhana committee—"

"Good. I want to talk to you a moment, Ethel."

She eyed me sharply. "All right, but it mustn't be long, Phil. I have to begin to dress for the Curzons'—and you know how long I take. . . . By the way, why did you buck out so suddenly this afternoon? Nobody blamed you. You're so dreadfully sensitive—"

"That isn't what I want to talk about," I replied, sulkily.

"Well?"

"Well—" I hesitated. "You know about Tragressor and Dodo—"

"It has been rather marked, hasn't it?" She grimaced. "Poor Phil!"

"Never mind about 'poor Phil.' You realize my peculiar position—"

"Why, I don't know," she mused. "Every one, of course, regards you and Dodo as awfully good friends." She studied me curiously. "Was there anything between you—beyond your hopes?" She knew, of course, there was not. Ethel can be the limit at times.

"Well," I said, "my position is peculiar, whether you see it or not—especially so since I have the best reason to believe that Captain Tragressor is a fake, an impostor—"

I mouthed the information, no doubt, like any hero of the stage, but to my prodigious surprise Ethel never batted an eye. She didn't even change her expression.

"So you know that, too, eh?" Her manner was altogether matter-of-fact. As I stared at her a smile rippled over her face. "Come, Phil, you mustn't think you're the only one who can see beyond Hempfield."

"You mean," I managed to say, "that you knew Captain Tragressor was killed?"

"Why, I—I knew it when Jack told me. Several of the crowd were talking about it. Rather thrilling, isn't it?"

I frowned. "Rather! You haven't missed the way Lady Curzon has got her teeth into this thing, of course. Good Heavens! When she finds out!"

"Some one, of course, should tell her," Ethel said. "She is usually so keen about such things that I wonder she didn't know at once. But who's going to tell? Jack says he'd rather be burned at the stake. And I am positive that I should. But some one should certainly say something to the Curzons."

"Don't you worry about that," I declared, stanchly. "I'm going to do it. The only point is, how and when and to whom. The old people are out of the question. I guess it will have to be Dodo—even if she never forgives me."

"Why not Tragressor himself?" suggested Ethel.

"Why"—I gazed at her strangely—"why, I'd never thought of that! Certainly—that's the manly thing to do: simply go to Tragressor, tell him we're

all on, and advise him to get a running start while the road is clear. What?"

Ethel nodded. "I should think so, by all means. Now, Phil dear, I must go to dress." She paused on the stairs, smiling impishly down upon me. "Oh, Phil, whatever you do, wait until after the dinner. It's too good to spoil before that."

"Is it?" I brandished my hand at her. "Well, I'm not running a light comedy for your benefit."

As a matter of fact, I couldn't see any comedy in it; and as the time to proceed to the Curzons drew near the closer the whole beastly mess bordered upon tragedy. It would drive Tragressor away, beyond doubt, but where would it drive Dodo, who was high-spirited and proud and sensitive? And where in the seven kingdoms would it drive me?

Despite my sturdy intentions, however, I found no opportunity of having immediate word with the man who called himself Tragressor, even though I arrived a bit early with that purpose in view. Mrs. Curzon was already downstairs—I could hear her giving some final injunctions to the butler; and her husband was in the drawing-room, pawing over the late evening editions. Curzon was a big man with straight, high shoulders and long, slightly bowed, mis-mated legs, one of those men who seem to be walking in any direction save that in which they are going. Shock-headed, clear-eyed, big-nosed, he was the sort of individual who could not sit in an automobile without making it look like a Ford car—if you understand what I mean. But beneath his exterior he had a lot of good stuff. I always got along famously with him.

"Oh, Phil," he said, pressing in his bulging shirt-front, "come on in."

I told him I was looking for Tragressor, and as Curzon suspected he might be somewhere about the grounds, I was on my way to the door when I nearly ran full into a picture which might have appealed to a disinterested person as rather attractive. The Britisher was descending the stairs, and had nearly reached the bottom when Dodo, on the landing above, coughed playfully to attract his attention. He paused and turned, gazing up at her smiling, she

looking down, eyes sparkling, face radiant. Her evening gown was of some soft, flowing, vague sea-green material which set off her perfect arms and shoulders and emphasized the Dresden tints of her complexion and the glory of her gleaming coiffure. It was all so Romeo-esque that I dived through an adjoining door into the drawing-room, filled with the conviction that there are some things that mortals—speaking in the sense of the third person—should not look upon.

And somehow there was the conviction that, whatever might happen to this spurious Tragressor, Dodo would never in the wide world look upon me with that expression. Filled with depression, I walked into an alcove and stood staring gloomily out upon the lawn, when a rather forced laugh of Dodo's, punctuating something that Tragressor was saying in his crisp, staccato voice, startled me. While the corner of the alcove shut out view of the door, it was most evident that the two had entered the room carrying on the conversation they had begun in the hall. Dodo's low, clear voice came before I could move into view or make a sound.

"I wonder," she was saying, half playfully, "if you would ask that if you thought I would take it seriously."

Tragressor laughed shortly. "I meant it seriously, Miss Curzon."

"Be careful. I'm apt to be awfully frank."

"American girls usually are, aren't they?"

"Are they? And this morning you said they were too clever to be frank."

"*Touché*," he chuckled, and then his voice changed. "But I don't want you to be clever now. I want you to be—"

Here, of course, were all the easily recognizable preliminaries—all that patter of mutual attraction which increases in facility, poignancy, and force from day to day, from week to week, until—given happy circumstances of propinquity, kindred emotion, common impulse—the fates join hands and two lives are sealed.

In the tremendous surge of feeling, of indecisive impulses, that swept through my mind their words became a blur. There was, for one thing, the strong urge to run out, waving my arms like one of

Abbey's mural prophets, launching reproach and denunciation upon the head of this cool Rosicrucian as a villain, a charlatan, and a thief.

Why I didn't I can't imagine; certainly I was wrought up to it. But I held back, quivering, trembling, realizing that it was too late to make my presence known and pretend ignorance, even had my mood been adapted for the fine social art of dissembling.

In the end I did absolutely nothing, standing tense with my ears double flapped until it was evident that the arrival of guests had brought an end to their dialogue.

As soon as I could I made my way out of the secluded corner and, working my way to Tragressor's side, touched him on the arm.

"Captain Tragressor," I said, trying to clear my throat of a damnable huskiness, "could I speak to you a moment?"

He regarded me in smiling surprise. "Why, certainly, old fellow!" He glanced about him. "Do you mean privately, or will—"

"I mean privately," I interrupted, grimly. "At least I should think—" I was going to say that I should have thought seclusion would best suit his wishes, considering what I had to impart, but I checked my Sherlockian humor and turned abruptly toward the smoking-room.

"Tragressor," I opened, as we faced each other under a dado frescoed with hunting-prints, "I'm sorry to have to speak to you—" I paused, feeling my way.

He was regarding me warily, or curiously, I couldn't tell which. At length that wonderful smile drifted over his face. Then with a movement infinitely beautiful in its suggestiveness of fellowship he moved toward me and put his arm about my shoulders.

"Toler, I see it. I've done some messy, piffing thing to offend you. I'm no end sorry. Hang it! I *am* getting better, and yet—yet I seem always to be cutting somebody or doing some beastly fool thing—"

In the spell of his charming personality I was all but tongue-tied. Raging inwardly, there was the knowledge that, impostor or not, I was loth to hurt him.

Yet it had to be done, and at once. As I was bracing myself for a cold, pungent statement of fact he walked away a bit.

"All right, old chap; out with it. Let me apologize and then we'll conclude this business over one of Curzon's inimitable cocktails."

"Tragressor—!" I blazed. But before I could say another word Dodo's voice bore in.

"Oh, Phil, here you are! That was beastly hard luck this afternoon—I mean at the gymkhana. It was all my fault—"

"It wasn't, Dodo," I replied, glumly, "but it's nice of you to say so."

She eyed me laughingly. Her spirits were radiant. "Don't be a grouch just because you have to take me in to dinner."

"Have I?" I ought to have been enthusiastic, but I wasn't, not a bit.

"Captain Tragressor is going to take mother in," she added.

I couldn't help glancing over my shoulder at the man. His face was absolutely impassive.

"Captain Tragressor and I were talking," I said, too anxious for her to leave to care about rudeness.

"Well," she said, imperiously, "you'll have to wait until later. Dinner's announced and we're all going in."

I nodded to Tragressor, offered Dodo my arm, and escorted her to the dining-room.

I am afraid I was the poorest sort of company as we made our way to the table, my mind filled, as it was, with Tragressor, whose methods of deceit, designed as they were to circumvent not the intellect, but the heart, struck me as a brand-new sort of confidence game.

There were some fourteen guests at table—the very best that Hempfield could do, and not unworthy by any American standard, Adelia Curzon to the contrary notwithstanding. It is a speaking commentary upon conditions as they exist in this country, as opposed to those which this woman would erect, that the least eminent person dining was Steve Elliott, a middle-aged no-account, who was spending a life of elegant country leisure on the proceeds of a rather magical emollient

which his wife's late father had compiled and promoted.

With the knowledge of something fishy about Tragressor fairly well distributed among those at table, it may be imagined that the atmosphere about the board was vibrant with tensivity.

Anything might be said at any time. anything might happen at any time. Never was that subtle shaft, the chance remark, so laden with potential energy; it was always due at any moment and from anybody. And there sat Dodo, blazing with vivacity, and Tragressor, coolly insouciant and well bred and distinguished, and Adelia Curzon, never so *grande dame*, practically the only ignorant persons in the company, with the exception, of course, of Curzon, who didn't count at the moment, however much he might count later.

Imagine, thus, the effect of some such unconscious *jeu d'esprit* of the hostess as her remark to the rector, who seemed bent upon plying Tragressor with questions concerning the war.

"Now, Doctor Brent, you really mustn't. Captain Tragressor simply won't talk war. You've heard, of course, of British modesty." She glanced archly at the man in question, who smiled good-humoredly.

Of course he wouldn't talk war! We all knew why. The rector manifestly knew why, and, being a stanch upholder of all the convenient and more obvious virtues, was plainly bent upon testing out the rumors he had heard.

"What proportion of time, Captain," he persisted, "do the men at the front spend in the trenches and back of the line?"

Tragressor's brows knitted, and I, not knowing why, leaped in to save him, receiving a grateful nudge from Dodo.

"It's ten days in the trenches and thirty days back, isn't it, Tragressor?" I suggested.

He shook his head painfully, and as we watched a change seemed to come over him, so that he was no longer the cool, languid, graceful gallant, but instead a most pathetic figure, which I, at least, found extremely difficult to observe with equanimity.

"I don't know, really, Toler," he said, ignoring the divine. "The fact is that—

that I got a beastly shell shock somewhere and—"

"And you're simply not to talk about it," Dodo interrupted, flashing a glance at the rector, a cartoon of whom adorned the hunt-club smoking-room with the rather irreverent caption, "Our Sporting Parson." The girl was flushing vividly. "You know you're remembering oceans more every day, Captain Tragressor."

All ears, of course, caught the proprietary note. But the Englishman with his charming smile averred that he jolly well *was* catching up on his past—thanks to the most accomplished physician he had yet encountered.

"Catching up" was not bad, I thought, my mind running over the tales—"of most disastrous chances; of moving accident by flood and field; of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach; of being taken by the insolent foe"—wherewith Tragressor had, no doubt, beguiled our fair Desdemona. How paltry my stories of ambulance detail on the French front, wherewith I had originally interested Dodo, must have seemed in the flush of evidence as furnished by a real fighter! But Ethel, nudging me, bore in upon my reverie. She was seated at my left.

"What more convenient pose than aphasia?" she whispered. "I really think, Phil, you'd better get hold of that chap. Affairs are getting a bit too thick for comfort."

So I thought. But there was nothing I could do for the time being but to watch for danger signals and save Dodo, and, yes, Tragressor—who, after all, was my particular meat—from as much annoyance as possible.

As for Tragressor, I had just reached the decision to corral him as soon as we rose from the table and broach the matter in a spirit of easy fellowship, which I fancied would carry me farther than the ten, twent', thirt' tragedy hero whom I had emulated in the original instance, and was settling down to the roast and champagne when a footman advanced to my side.

"There's a telephone call for you, Mr. Toler," he said.

So electric was the atmosphere that almost every one started bolt-upright, as

though in the simple summons were the detonator which would set off this whole situation with a roar. Somehow or other I left the table with the same idea, but I hadn't realized how fanciful my subconscious mind had held the idea to be until, in response to my hello, I heard my father's deep, precise voice rumbling over the wire.

"That you, Phil? I want you to make your excuses and come home at once. There's something rather important here. . . . No, your mother is quite well. Hurry."

"What is it, Phil?" My sister's voice trilled with eagerness as I entered the room and approached Mrs. Curzon with the request for my *cong  *.

"Father wants me—something that has come up in business, I suppose," I growled to Ethel as I passed her.

She grimaced sympathetically, knowing how I detested finance even under the most favorable conditions, being a literary man by inclination, temperament, and avocation. But I had no real idea he had anything of business moment in mind; it was Saturday night, for one thing, and business problems of acute nature usually run from Monday until Friday afternoon. On the other hand, whatever it was could not be other than of extreme importance, since my punctilious father was the last of all persons unnecessarily to butt in on a formal dinner party.

As I toolled my runabout up to the house I had to turn out for a limousine which occupied a space directly in front of the veranda steps. Visitors, evidently. A moment later I was in the library, confronting a gray-whiskered gentleman of heavy British respectability—and one

of the most interesting young women I have ever seen.

I am one of those who believe that Du Maurier used to draw some perfectly hideous girls; but sometimes he hit it, and when he did there was nothing whatever to say. He hit it in one or two of his sketches of Trilby. This girl sitting here in our library reminded me of them. She was supple, graceful, finely shouldered, and neither tall nor short. But her level blue-gray eyes, looking out from beneath a brow not too broad, but squarely modeled, her lips inimitably sculpted, and her cheeks faintly revealing color, her chestnut hair—these were the dominating features that caught my eyes and held them.

"This, Philip," said my father, gesturing in his stately way, "is Sir Arthur Ballantyne."

I bowed, somewhat enlightened, and yet resentful that my father should have summoned me from a formal dinner on a matter of business; for this, of course, was what it was, Sir Arthur, as I readily recalled, being a banking connection which Toler & Co. had formed soon after the outbreak of the war.

"He is," my father went on, "an old friend of the family of Captain Tragressor, of whom you have spoken so frequently. He, in fact, accompanied the captain to this country." He paused and turned, while I endeavored to force my features into some semblance of polite repose.

"And this, Philip," he went on, "is Miss Ballantyne—Captain Tragressor's fianc  e. I believe I understood you to that effect, Sir Arthur?"

The man gestured. "Oh yes," he smiled; "quite so—quite so."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



The Y. M. C. A. at the Front

BY FRANCIS B. SAYRE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN R. MOTT

General Secretary of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A.

IN the trenches which reach from Flanders to the Swiss border, and back of these trenches in the reserve and base camps, in the training stations, in the villages and towns where the Allied troops are billeted, in the posts of debarkation and at naval bases, a multitude of men wearing the Red Triangle of the Young Men's Christian Association are serving the Allied fighting forces in multifarious ways. The effectiveness and range of this service far exceed the achievements of the Association workers in earlier wars and have won the fullest approval and heartiest admiration of the officers, enlisted men, and government leaders of the various nations concerned. Great Britain, including her self-governing dominions and colonies has more than five hundred Association centers among the troops in France who fight under the Union Jack. In dugouts, cellars, stables, ruined houses, and, in regions less devastated by shellfire, in tents and huts, these constructive activities that bring comfort, utilize leisure time, and conserve health, character, and faith, are being conducted. During the earlier years of the war, through ways of friendly co-operation, America aided in the maintenance of similar centers for the French Army. Now that the

United States is an active participant in the vast tragic drama, many hundreds of Association leaders have gone overseas to carry on this ministry for American soldiers and sailors. On January 1, 1918, about eight hundred such workers had reached France, including more than one hundred and fifty women who serve in the canteens and so keep before our fighting forces a reminder of American ideals of womanhood. Other American Red Triangle workers are making possible a great increase in the number of similar centers for French troops and for those of Italy, for in both these armies the commanders-in-chief have asked for a maximum of co-operation from the American Y. M. C. A. The expense of all phases of this work in France and Italy as carried on by American workers will soon amount to about two million dollars a month. The story of the Red Triangle achievements on the Western front, only a part of the far larger story of Association activities in this war, has nowhere been more finely or more dramatically told than in this article by Mr. Francis B. Sayre, who for months was an exceedingly effective member of the headquarters group of American Association workers in France. JOHN R. MOTT.



IF it wasn't fer the bloody blokes in the bleedin' 'uts, it 'u'd be a 'ell of a time in the British Army."

The speaker was an English Tommy in one of the Y. M. C. A. huts "somewhere in France"; he was voicing an appreciation in his own genuine way of a work the vastness and complexity of which, I fancy, can be but little understood or appreciated in America. Our imaginations can function only in the smaller units or groups to which we are accustomed; so that the statement that over 37,000,000 men are to-day under arms does not profoundly move us. The human mind is unable to grasp the appalling magnitude of the war—least of all

the mind of one living three thousand miles away from the scene of the conflict, in a country where the real tragedy and sacrifice of war have not yet appeared. It is with a sense almost of the impossible, therefore, that one attempts to bring home to Americans a realization of the magnitude of the need among the armies abroad and of the vastness of the work undertaken by the Y. M. C. A. to meet that need.

In a certain corner of France to-day, behind one small section of the long battle-line, there are massed one million men. What that means no one can grasp unless he has moved in and out among the lines some evening when a push is on and watched the endless movement to and fro—has seen the mile after mile of muddy camp-ground swarming with

soldiers preparing to go up into the trenches, or has ridden past the acres of supplies, guns, ammunition, and horses. He must stand beside the road and watch the long line of traffic that goes on all night without cessation—the ceaseless columns of soldiers in khaki with their steel helmets on their heads, their gas-masks and kits slung across their backs, and their rifles on their shoulders, swinging by with grave, set faces; the huge guns ponderously lumbering over the roughly paved street; the trains of clattering ammunition-wagons; the great fleets of lorries loaded with unending supplies; the soup-kitchens; the empty ambulances—a great and endless stream of life surging forward to meet ruin and agony and death; and on the other side of the road, moving in the opposite direction, another endless stream of the broken and crushed, returning from the trenches—great trains of red-crossed motor-ambulances, carrying hundreds and hundreds of limp forms, wrapped in dirty, blood-soaked blankets; marching soldiers, dirty, disheveled, and dog-tired, returning from the trenches; disabled guns; empty lorries; broken wagons; and all that is worth bringing back after the touch of war. Or he must stand just back of the line at night and see the sky alight with the flashes of the great guns, not in one or two or three places, but the whole horizon aflame with that weird light as far as eye can reach; and he must feel the tremble of the very earth as the great guns hurl their tons of projectiles miles away into the enemy lines. It is vastness on a scale which the world never imagined before—vastness such as multiplies a hundredfold the difficulties of any organization which undertakes to play a real part in the lives of those endless lines of soldiers, and to make its influence profoundly felt throughout that stupendous and gigantic array.

Furthermore, the problem changes in its aspects with every movement of the soldiers. The methods of meeting the needs of troops in home training-camps will not suffice when the soldiers are in transport. Still other methods must be followed when the soldiers reach the great base camps in France, or as they move on “up the line” in railway transit,

or dwell in quarters under shell-fire in the shattered towns, or take their places on the firing-line. At each stage the problem requires a different solution.

Never in all history has there been such an assemblage of the manhood of the world as that met on the plains of France to-day. In one of the great English base camps are gathered countless thousands of men in khaki from every county of England; hordes of dark-skinned East-Indians in picturesque turbans and native uniforms of khaki; men with tanned faces from the wind-swept plains of far-away Australia; Scotch Highlanders in their khaki kilts and gray tam-o'-shanters; New-Zealanders in their broad-brimmed felt hats; Canadians; West-Indians; South-Africans—men from every corner of the far-flung British Empire; gallant Belgians; Frenchmen in their blue uniforms; swarthy Arabs from northern Africa in their red fezzes; Chinese coolies from the Far East; German prisoners in their faded gray-green—men from every reach and quarter of the world. There has been nothing like it since the days of the old Crusades; since the time of Peter the Hermit there has been never such an opportunity to minister to the congregation of the world. In a vast tented city, covering the French plain for miles, this motley throng dwells for two or three weeks, receiving the last word of instruction in bombing, in the use of gas-masks, on where and how most effectively to thrust the bayonet home. It is easy to imagine the thoughts of these men who are, most of them, thousands of miles from home in a strange land, and stripped of all the comforts of life, and who are preparing themselves to enter the most horrible experiences that this world can offer. Little wonder that they are thinking as they have never thought before, and wondering, amid the tragedy and the ruin all around, what, after all, in life and death is worth while and fundamental. Was there ever such an opportunity for a creative, healing work for the bodies and minds and souls of men?

Into such a field the Y. M. C. A. has been privileged to enter. In the center of each group of tents is erected a huge

wooden structure, known as a "hut," marked at each end with a bright-red triangle. The hut usually contains a "canteen-room," a large lecture-hall, and a number of smaller rooms for classes and group meetings. In this building and on the athletic field close by centers the camp life of the troops. The canteen-room, a large lounging-place, fitted up with board benches and tables, decorated with gay bunting or bright pictures of home life, or possibly with wall-paintings done by some soldier decorator, is usually thronged with troops at every hour of the day when soldiers can be found off duty; for it is generally the only place in camp where soldiers can gather for recreational or social purposes. At one end, by the canteen counter, lined up to get their hot coffee, their buns, crackers, sweet chocolate, sandwiches, or the like, are crowds of soldiers; others are sitting at the tables, writing letters home on the stationery furnished them; still others are at the other end of the room, gathered around the piano or victrola, playing the tunes they used to play at home; many are reading the home newspapers and magazines which are given out at the counter, or selecting books from the library, or matching their wits in friendly games of checkers. Outside on the athletic field, during such afternoons as they are not on duty, crowds of soldiers are delighting in games of baseball, handball, or volley ball, or watching a lively boxing or wrestling match, or taking part in intercompany field contests. The silent psychological influence of the few Y. M. C. A. secretaries upon these masses of troops is a striking and interesting phenomenon. Because of their presence, there seems to prevail all unconsciously, a finer spirit, an atmosphere of good-fellowship, of clean sportsmanship, of manliness at its best, that is no small factor in making up the tone and morale of the camp. In another part of the hut is a large lecture-room with a stage at one end; here are given in the evenings educational lectures, soldier minstrel shows, musical entertainments, cinema shows, patriotic addresses, and religious talks; and here, too, are generally held the Sunday religious services and meetings. Scarcely

an evening goes by that does not see these halls packed to the doors. I have seen them so crowded, on the occasion of some stirring religious talk, that after the benches were all filled and the standing room taken, soldiers kept crowding in through the windows to sit on the floor of the platform, and others remained standing outside to listen to the speaker through the windows. Surging in and out of the thirty huts in one of these base camps there pass daily actually sixty thousand men of every race and creed; every night between ten and fifteen thousand men are listening to educational lectures and entertainments; on two nights every week a like number are crowding in to hear religious talks. That is why the Y. M. C. A. feels called upon to secure the best talent in the country for this work, the most accomplished singers and musicians, the most gifted lecturers, the ablest and most winning religious leaders. The briefness of the soldiers' stay at the base camps necessitates peculiarly intensive programs of educational and religious work; besides the large meetings and lectures, small Bible study classes and informal discussion groups are carried on. So effective has this work proved that literally hundreds of men have gone "up the line" and faced death with smiles upon their faces, because, at last just before the end they had found what death cannot take away—they had come to know Jesus Christ.

Closer to the firing-line all large buildings become impossible. Not only would they be seen by the enemy aeroplanes and shelled to bits, but it would be unsafe, from a military viewpoint, to mass so many troops where they could be seen and shelled together. The "huts" becoming impossible, and, large meetings being unsafe, the Y. M. C. A. must devise smaller units, and, in company with the soldiers whom it seeks to serve, go underground. If the conditions under which it must work in the great base camps are unusual, they are infinitely more so in the desolated towns under enemy shellfire.

We are walking through the streets of one of these ruined cities some two or three miles behind the front-line trenches. Only a short time ago it was



BASEBALL AT THE FRONT

athrob with life and activity and production. Now it is silent and desolate, and its streets, save for a few stray soldiers, are empty; it is literally a city of the dead. Every few moments we hear the whine of a German shell being hurled into what is left of the shattered city, followed by a loud explosion and the sound of falling debris; and we know that another house has gone. The streets are lined with tattered walls and shattered masonry; here a great corner is torn out of a building, leaving the roof hanging; there the whole side of a house is completely gone. As we pass, we can see into the deserted rooms. Some of them are mere masses of debris; others remain just as they were left that wild night when the occupants fled in their terror before the oncoming Huns. In some rooms we can see the pictures still hanging on the walls, and books lying on the tables. In others, lace curtains are hanging by broken window-frames, and bureau drawers are half-drawn out as though to allow the hasty snatching of a few belongings; in one room is a little cradle with the coverlet still thrown across. Tragedy everywhere, and desolation.

We walk down to the central square; gaunt ruins are all that is left of what were once magnificent old public build-

ings. A machine-gun emplacement commands the square, and barbed-wire entanglements are in evidence for use in case the Germans should attack. We walk past the cathedral; it is now a ruin with tremendous walls and naked arches standing out stark against the sky, what was once its nave now a huge pile of fallen masonry. We pass on and turn a corner; on the wall of what was formerly a French home of the well-to-do class we see painted a large red triangle. As we reach the door, several Y. M. C. A. secretaries welcome us and take us inside. Here they have lived through all the furious shelling of the preceding months, serving hot coffee and caring for the needs of thousands of soldiers; and, strangely enough, this house, the ground-floor rooms of which have been crowded with troops night after night, is the only one in the vicinity which has not been partially wrecked by German shells. The upper stories, scarred with shrapnel and flying shell fragments, are not in use; the secretaries are sleeping underground in what was once a wine-cellar, with the floor above them sandbagged and bomb-proofed. They tell us, to our surprise, that the seemingly deserted city is filled with troops; we learn that under the city is a vast network of labyrinthine cellars

and connecting passages, and in these underground mazes, with the rats and vermin, the soldiers are living. No wonder that that little friendly Y. M. C. A. building is thronged with troops night after night. We hear that in some way, I know not how, the secretaries managed to secure last week 15,000 fresh eggs which they supplied to the troops going

certain famous ridge which we came to one evening about sunset. We were crossing a battle-field but freshly taken from the enemy; it was like a nightmare of desolation. The trees had been mostly shot away; only a few dead trunks and twisted limbs remained. Picking our way past great shell craters, many of them twenty feet in diameter and twelve

feet deep, we came finally to what was left of the old English front-line trenches. There they still were, damaged and broken by shell-fire, but plainly visible, where poor human beings had lived for months. We start across into what was No Man's Land; there is not a yard of earth here that has not received a direct hit; the ground is as tossed and broken as the surface of a storm-beaten ocean. The stench of the dead is still in the air; the horror is indescribable. We pass the remains of a body; a can of beef and a clip of shells is still beside it. The ground, plowed and



SPARRING ON A Y. M. C. A. FIELD IN FRANCE

up to the trenches; they are giving out ninety gallons of hot coffee every night. We ask what chance for rest they have, and are told that a few days before one of them spent his time unloading boxes of supplies from five in the afternoon until three the next morning, and turned in at last, only to be called out a few moments later by the arrival of fresh troops, whom he spent the rest of the morning serving. As we watch them at their work we begin to understand that a cup of hot coffee and a bit of cheery atmosphere may sometimes preach the most eloquent of sermons.

Still nearer the firing-line, often only a few hundred yards back of the front-line trenches, are the little Y. M. C. A. dugouts for serving the troops as they enter and leave the trenches. I think of a typical dugout near the crest of a

churned by titanic forces, is a terrible mass of twisted barbed-wire entanglements, steel shell fragments, timbers and bits of concrete emplacements, pieces of clothing, shrapnel, broken rifles, unexploded bombs, rifle-shells, human blood and bones—all shattered and ghastly and horrible. We are in front of the English batteries and can hear the English projectiles go whining and hurtling over our heads. The German shells come screaming back, seeking out the English batteries, and throwing high into the air great columns of earth and smoke. Farther and farther we make our way up toward the present front line; the atmosphere grows so unhealthy with flying shrapnel and bursting shells that we are not sorry to reach the little red-triangle sign beside the entrance to a dugout; we dive into the dugout, feeling our way down the steep steps. At first we can

see nothing; then by the dim light of a sputtering candle we can make out the forms of troops in their steel helmets gathered around us. Over in the rear a secretary is serving out hot coffee. The men are just in from the front trenches, which are only eight hundred yards away from us; they are silent for the most part, or talking in low, subdued tones. The darkness, the foulness of the atmosphere, the cramped dimensions of this rat-ridden den, make indeed a squalid setting for a ministry that is like a pearl without price. Twice the week before orderlies were killed here while serving the troops; a neighboring dugout only a short time before was smashed to bits with every one in it. Yet the secretary in charge shows us a map of all the trenches and explains how he is crowding more and more dugouts to the front. "The 'Y. M.' must follow the troops wherever they go," he tells me. "The thicker the shell-fire the greater the need."

So adaptable to ever-changing conditions is the organization of the Y. M. C. A., and so varied is its work, that it is possible to give only a few random pictures of the Y. M. C. A. in action throughout the army zones in France. I think of the Indian "huts," crowded with East-Indian troops, in their turbans and native uniforms, being served with native food brought by the British government all the way from India, all caste dropped under the shadow of the Y. M. C. A. I think of the countless soldiers kneeling in the

"quiet rooms" of the various huts throughout the army zones, pouring out their hearts in silent prayer. I think of the railway-station huts where tired and hungry troops, being transported by rail from the base camps up to the front, and compelled to wait during long night hours between trains, find their only shelter and sleeping accommodations in the Y. M. C. A. I can see the travel-stained soldiers, loaded down with their full kits, pouring out of the French railway carriages, at two in the morning, dumped out on a cheerless station platform at a junction point not far from the front, and then, catching sight of the Y. M. C. A. hut, all crowding into what seems like the one cheerful spot on the horizon. I can see their tired faces lighting up with genuine pleasure at the cheery words of the English ladies at the canteen, serving hot coffee and sandwiches all night long to each arriving train-load. I can see them as they pass into the dormitory and walk past rows of bunks filled with sleeping soldiers, till they find

some empty places, and there stretch out in their blankets, with their knapsacks for pillows, to secure a few hours' sleep.

I think of the Y. M. C. A. emergency work when a great push is on and the wounded soldiers are streaming back from the front literally by the thousands, maimed and torn and bleeding. The numbers are so vast that the stretcher-bearers can only attend to the prostrate wounded; all those who can manage to



FRANCIS B. SAYRE

walk or crawl, known as the "walking wounded," must make their own way as best they can to the first-aid stations. By the side of these first-aid stations the Y. M. C. A. takes its place; and all the walking wounded who come in are given hot coffee and made as comfortable as possible while they wait, sometimes hours, for the overcrowded ambulances to take them to the hospitals in the rear.

Or, again, I think of the work in the English army for relatives of wounded men. In certain cases where soldiers are gravely wounded the surgeons report that the best tonic—perhaps the only hope of recovery—would be the cheering sight of a loved face from home. The word then goes out to the military authorities, who usually give the requisite permission, whereupon the Y. M. C. A. undertakes to bring the wife or sweetheart or mother from the Channel coast by Y. M. C. A. transport to the cotside of the wounded man. I see the little Y. M. C. A. hostel by the side of one of the hospital camps, where lie thousands of gassed or wounded men. In that little hostel are met together relatives from all over England, made one by their common grief; their hearts, torn between hope and gripping fear, are centered in the great hospital encampment across the road where Destiny is busy settling the great issues of life and death. Here each one is waiting, perhaps to help her loved one struggle back to life, or else, if that cannot be, to be with him at the end, and finally, in the pathetic little room at the corner of the encampment, separated by a small glass window from the body laid out before a little altar, to bid a last good-by. Can one ever describe what the Y. M. C. A. means to them?

Such is the work as it has developed among the English and Canadian armies, and as it is fast developing among the American soldiers in France. When the first detachment of American troops arrived the military authorities had had no opportunity to send previous notification to the Y. M. C. A.; and so the first troops found themselves quartered in little French peasant towns, with no Y. M. C. A. huts or tents in sight. The soldiers, most of them from comfortable American homes, were billeted in dirty

barns, in dirtier outhouses, or wherever a roof could be found, sometimes with the cattle below them and the chickens above; they were eating their mess in the middle of the street and washing their clothes in neighboring streams. There was no place in the whole village where they could gather to write letters, to play games, or to read; no books or magazines were to be had at any price; they could purchase no tobacco, chocolate, or soft drinks; the little towns seemed absolutely barren of recreation or amusement of any legitimate kind. Furthermore, they had had no letters from America since they had left; and they were in a strange country whose language and customs they did not understand. With only evil ways in which to spend money burning in their pockets, with seemingly nothing to occupy their minds or to relieve the dull monotony of idle evenings, small wonder that many of them began to get lonely and homesick or to drift along dangerous paths. It was not many days before officers began to send to our Paris headquarters hurry calls for the Y. M. C. A.: "For God's sake come down before it's too late and do something for my men!" We strained to do our utmost with the limited resources at hand; we endeavored to cover every place where troops were stationed in substantial numbers; for we well understood the significance of those calls. Ten days after the arrival in camp of one of the secretaries whom we had hastily despatched, he sent back the following typical program, which he had arranged "as a starter to show the boys that the Y. M. C. A. is on the job."

Monday evening—Scotch stories and lectures by Dr. Robert Freeman, of Pasadena.

Tuesday evening—Regimental band concert.

Wednesday afternoon (half-holiday)
—Inter-company athletics.

Wednesday evening—Minstrel show arranged by a sergeant.

Thursday evening—Musical evening under the leadership of Jerry Reynolds. Local talent, violin, harmonica, banjo, and quartet discovered in the regiment.

Friday evening—Men busy with military night manœuvres.



A PORTABLE Y. M. C. A. MOTOR KITCHEN

Saturday night—Moving pictures. Wild West and Charlie Chaplin received with a whoop of delight. The first movies the men had seen in France.

Sunday 9 a.m.—Chaplain's Bible class.

6 p.m.—Evening service, with good singing and a strong practical message.

Soon after the arrival of General Pershing in France a letter was sent him outlining what activities the Y. M. C. A. was prepared to undertake to be of service to the troops, and asking his advice and co-operation. To this letter General Pershing sent the following reply:

MY DEAR MR. CARTER,—Your memorandum of July 9th has been placed before me by Major Murphy. I have carefully considered the different headings and heartily approve the program.

I wish to congratulate you upon the energy with which you have taken hold of the Y. M. C. A. work in connection with our forces.

I should be glad to run over the program a little more in detail, at your convenience, if you can find time to call upon me at my headquarters.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN J. PERSHING.

Since then there has never been a time when General Pershing has not given us

every assistance and facility that we have requested—often more than we requested. Always he has been ready to counsel and advise with us, proving himself our friend at every turn. The Y. M. C. A. has been militarized and thus made practically a part of the army; and not only is it officially recognized and indorsed, but army officers are directed to assist and make possible its work in innumerable ways. I suppose the most ardent supporters that the Association has are the military officers and men themselves; indeed, it is largely due to their enthusiastic assistance that the Association work is what it is to-day.

One of the early matters which we took up with General Pershing was a subject very vitally connected with the welfare of every army—the consideration of those dread diseases which stalk in the tracks of sin. I spent a day in a hospital in one of the armies in France in which there were 1,500 patients. Every man there was suffering from those diseases. I spent a day in another hospital containing 5,000 patients. All these were suffering from the same diseases. I can still see some of the drawn faces of the patients as they sat under the pine-trees in an open-air Y. M. C. A. meeting one evening at sun-

down, listening to a famous speaker preaching to them that "Christ can make men," and showing them how there exists no one who cannot be healed by His touch. There is nothing in the front-line trenches to equal the tragedy of these despondent failures, the men who have gone down in the struggle and who are paying the terrible price that not infrequently ends in suicide. "All I care about now is to get myself killed," one boy blurted out. "You don't know what suffering means. God! what wouldn't I give if only I could go back home as I came away!" Yet the number of these cases runs into the tens of thousands. A high authority has stated that in one of the armies, during the first eight months of the war, more men were disabled by this disease than by the shot and shell of the enemy.

Here lies one of the great unsolved army problems—a problem fraught with the most vital consequences for the troops themselves, and for the nation to which the troops will return after the war. It is useless to shut our eyes to such a situation. It will not do to cast the blame upon the soldiers and let them take the consequences. One will seldom see a finer body of men the world over than the American soldiers now in France. But only those who have been with the troops in France can realize the burning fierceness of the temptations through which our men must pass. The pity of it is that these temptations are far worse for the American soldier than for any other, for he is blessed with higher pay. The French private is said to receive five cents per day, the German, six, the English soldier, the highest paid in Europe, twenty-five cents, much of which has to go for supplementary food. The American private, in addition to his food, clothing, shelter, and expenses, receives a little over a dollar a day; his pay is more than that of a Russian colonel or a German lieutenant; and frequently he receives two or three months' back pay at a time. A very wise law, recently passed in Washington, provides that half the soldier's pay shall be withheld temporarily. This very much betters, but does not cure the situation. The American soldier still receives more than twice as much cash as

the European; and hence is very naturally singled out from all others by the unscrupulous as a prize well worth striving for.

General Pershing is keenly alive to the subtle dangers and the enormity of the whole problem. He has issued an extremely vigorous army order, which should go very far toward saving the American soldiers from going down in the same numbers as those in some of the other armies. Furthermore, he is giving every assistance and lending his fullest co-operation to the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. to fight the evil.

If the Y. M. C. A. is to play a vital part in soldiers' lives, it must face this problem very squarely and frankly, and find some means of practical help. The mere telling of the soldier what he must do and what he must not do is of little use. Instead the Y. M. C. A. has adopted other means more effective for attaining the desired results. Education is one of them. Through a vastly extended and constantly maintained campaign of education, the Y. M. C. A. is confronting the soldiers with the facts as they exist, informing them of the intensity with which certain interests are seeking to enrich themselves through their downfall, and bringing home to them the realization of the far-reaching consequences involved. Moreover, strong counter-attractions are set up. Musical entertainments and cinema shows are given, lectures and educational work are arranged, boxing-matches, wrestling-exhibitions, and all manly athletic sports are encouraged. In a certain camp before the Y. M. C. A. came in there was an average of twenty-five cases of venereal disease a week. At the end of the first two weeks after the Y. M. C. A. had been established in that camp the week's new cases were reduced to ten. During the next week there were only five. At the end of the fourth week only a single man reported sick. To-day the weekly average is two. The rough-spoken colonel in that camp was never known as a particularly religious man; but the Y. M. C. A. to-day has no more ardent admirer or warm defender than he.

Another means of attack is to keep the soldiers, as far as possible, away

from the danger-spots. After our soldiers have been in the trenches several months, it will become necessary to grant them ten-day furloughs. To prevent these thousands of American troops on leave from flooding into Paris, the streets of which are literally more dangerous than the trenches themselves, the Y. M. C. A. is developing a great resort in the French Alps, under the shadow of Mont Blanc, where exhilarating winter sports will be established—snow-shoeing, skee-jumping, mountain-climbing—and where theaters will be maintained with American and English actors and actresses, concerts arranged, moving-picture shows given, and everything done to make this spot more attractive to the average high-spirited man than any other place in France. Here in this great playground for the American army the soldiers may forget all about war and shell-dodging and trenches, and at the end of their ten days return to the front refreshed in body and mind.

The Paris problem, nevertheless, will still remain a serious one. To meet it, the Y. M. C. A. is taking over hotels, and operating them for the American soldiers under a special arrangement with General Pershing. Through sight-seeing parties and expeditions during the daytime, and American plays and mov-

ing-picture shows in the evenings, it will also seek to keep the soldiers interested and occupied.

There are problems enough and to spare in seeking to care for the physical welfare and needs of the men. The mere problem of securing material is enough to tax one's ingenuity to the utmost. The erection of huge wooden structures in a very limited time and the maintenance of canteens throughout the army zone are not easy tasks in a land where three great armies have been scouring the country for supplies of every kind, where lumber is becoming increasingly difficult to buy even at the most exalted prices, where no civilian labor is procurable, where transportation of lumber and supplies depends chiefly upon automobiles, and automobiles, if one is fortunate enough to find any at all, are selling for fabulous prices; where "essence" (gasolene) cannot be procured for any civilian purposes, and only in uncommonly limited quantities for military use; where sweet chocolate, in fact, anything containing sugar, cannot be procured in quantity at any price; where athletic goods and the thousand and one articles which American soldiers will want are not to be found in the country; and when tonnage on ships sailing from America is so limited that weeks are consumed in getting



Y. M. C. A. TENT ON THE FLANDERS-FRENCH BATTLE-LINE



THE Y. M. C. A. IS THE SOLDIER'S CLUB IN CAMP OR FIELD

supplies over. Yet the work does not end with ministering to the physical needs of the soldier.

Far more important and significant, yet inestimably more difficult, is the ministrations to his mental and religious needs. "We are here," said Doctor Mott, the other day, to a notable gathering of Y. M. C. A. representatives, "to devote ourselves to the means of raising, strengthening, and preserving the morale of our men, and those of the allied countries." I believe it was Napoleon who used to say that morale is to other factors in war as three to one. Some weeks ago in France I was riding with a well-known colonel of the American army. "There are two things," he was saying, "of vital importance for military success. One is adequate military knowledge; without that success in modern warfare is well-nigh impossible. The other, and I believe it to be of even greater importance, is the spirit, the psychology, the morale of the troops." He paused, and then added, thoughtfully: "And the organization which is doing more than anything else to put spirit into the troops and to stimulate the morale of the men is the Young Men's Christian Association."

Six months ago it fell to the lot of a young Association secretary working in

Russia to encounter a regiment of Russian soldiers who had refused to fight any longer and were returning home. He asked if he might speak to them. They assented. For two hours he harangued them in his broken soldiers' Russian. When he had finished they voted to return immediately to the trenches. According to the latest reports we had of them they were still serving at the front among the loyal Russian troops. Possibly it was the knowledge of this occurrence which prompted General Hugh Scott, a member of the recent American Commission sent by President Wilson to Russia, to declare, after his return, that one of America's greatest services to Russia would be to stimulate the morale of the Russian soldiers by sending over to that country more Y. M. C. A. secretaries.

But of even more vital importance than the ministrations to the moral and mental life of the men at the front, because it is at the root and foundation of all else, is the ministrations to their religious life. When men are stripped of almost everything they have loved and depended upon since childhood, when most of them are not expecting to live a great while longer, when they are daily amid agony and death, and all the world seems crashing around them,

then the natural tendency is to turn to religion—not to creeds or dogmas or formal rituals, but to the simple seeking of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men in uttermost need. Life has become fierce and elemental; all shams go, and only the eternal realities remain. Men far away from the battle-line perhaps do not quite realize the call of religion at a time like that. During the first eight days after the arrival of the Y. M. C. A. secretary in one of the American camps where 1800 men were stationed, no less than 400 made personal requests for copies of the New Testament, handing in their names and addresses, and promising to read a few verses every day. And when the secretary began holding very brief and informal prayers at the close of the evening, the building, to the surprise of many, was crowded every night.

The closer one gets to the front the less he finds of ritualism or formalism in

real religion. The Y. M. C. A. does not have to spend its time trying to solve problems of dogma or ecclesiastical doctrine, because it is too busy helping men in need to stop to talk or argue. When a man is facing death it does not make much difference whether he is Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant.

I shall never forget the story that was told me of a certain incident on Vimy Ridge. We had been making our way one morning up Souchez Valley, where thousands of brave French troops had lavishly poured out their lives to stem the German thrust, and shortly came into full sight of Vimy Ridge. There was the ridge whose name has echoed around the world, its soil made very sacred by the washing in human blood—a long, low, scarred hill, swept bare of any sign of life except for its deserted zigzag trenches and a few gaunt, naked tree-trunks. Up over those shell-torn slopes we went, carefully picking our way



SERVING HOT COCOA AND BISCUITS IN A TRENCH DUGOUT



A "FOYER DU SOLDAT," THE FRENCH EQUIVALENT OF THE ARMY Y. M. C. A. HUT

around the shell craters and through the maze of tangled barbed wire. We passed the old front-line trenches and started across the furiously torn ground of No Man's Land, covered with the dreadful debris of the battle which had raged there. And then we came to the spot where this thing had happened, as related by a Canadian officer: "Within half an hour after the ridge was stormed," he said, "before the line had even been consolidated, there suddenly appeared among us from no one knows where a Y. M. C. A. secretary, serving out hot coffee to my men. Every one else was lying flat under the storm of shell-fire; but he was standing at his work, utterly oblivious of everything except the men he was trying to serve. 'I've never been much on religion, God knows,' he went on, 'but somehow the sight of that young Y. M. C. A. secretary standing there, the only man erect in all that rain of shells—well, that is what gave religion to me.'"

It was in the trenches in Flanders that an English soldier wrote this poem:

We had forgotten You—or very nearly—
You did not seem to touch us very nearly;

Of course we thought about You now and then,

Especially in any time of trouble,
We knew that You were good in time of trouble,

But we were very ordinary men.

And all the while in street or lane or byway,
In country lane, in city street, or byway,

You walked among us, and we did not see;
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—

How did we miss your footprints on our pavements?

Can there be other folks as blind as we?

Now we remember over here in Flanders
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)

This hideous warfare seems to make things clear;

We never thought about You much in England,

But now that we are far away from England

We have no doubts—we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—

Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—

You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness;

We're glad to think You understand our weakness—

Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the garden—
O God! the agony of that dread garden.

We know You prayed for us upon the cross.

If anything could make us glad to bear it
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—

Pain, death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—

We feel so sure that You will not forget us

But stay with us until this dream is past,
And so we ask for courage, strength, and
pardon—

Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—

And that You'll stand beside us to the
last.

I have tried to picture in some slight way the Association work in France; it would be a pity if the picture obscured the vast opportunities opening up in other parts of the world. If the need is great in France, it is a hundred times greater in Russia. Probably to-day in that vast country, the one thing most needed is a group of vigorous men to infuse into its armies the spirit of unyielding opposition to false and traitorous prophets, to lead the soldiers in sound thinking, to infuse into them new morale and spirit. This has been recognized by the Russian leaders themselves, and they have officially asked the Y. M. C. A. to help them in their need. Was there ever such an opportunity for the helping, if not the saving, of a people? Already the first contingent of Y. M. C. A. secretaries has reached Russia; the number of secretaries there will be increasing with every month of the war.

Almost contemporaneously with the Russian invitation, the door of opportunity swung wide in another quarter of the world. General Pétain, the commander-in-chief of the French Army, invited several of us to dine with him and his staff; and at the conclusion of the meal he asked us to outline what facilities would be necessary for an extension of our work into the French Army. Before we left he had promised to grant us practically every facility we had named, and had invited us to undertake the work. The answer of our New York headquarters to this opportunity was the pledging of three million dollars to finance the undertaking, and the sending of the first of several hundred French-speaking secretaries to be enlisted in the French Army work.

Yet once again the call of opportunity came, this time from Italy. A small group of us were privileged to visit the Italian front, along the Carso and the Trentino, and to witness the splendid

feats of our Italian allies in their remarkably difficult mountain warfare. Yet throughout that great army we could not but feel the impressive need of some healing, helping work similar to that of the Y. M. C. A. In our conversations with Italian staff-officers and governmental officials we described the Association work in the British, Canadian, and American armies. When we returned to Paris, we found a telegram from the Intendant General of the Italian Army. "To inform you," it read, "that we have communicated your program to commander-in-chief, who accepts the maximum co-operation of your Association." The answer of the Y. M. C. A. was the undertaking to throw 200 secretaries into Italy before winter, and the appropriation of a million dollars to cover the expenses of the work.

Yet the call of opportunity is not limited to these countries. It is estimated that there are to-day between six and seven million prisoners of war. In some prison camps the conditions are excellent; in others they are about as terrible as they can be. The problem of saving from deterioration this large proportion of the world's available man power is indeed a gigantic one. For military reasons the belligerent countries allow almost no one to visit prison camps; they have made a noteworthy exception in favor of a limited number of Y. M. C. A. workers. Through this prisoner-of-war work the Y. M. C. A. has literally saved countless thousands of lives and made more tolerable the existence of hundreds of thousands of unhappy fellow-men.

Through its constructive healing work for the relief of suffering mankind all over the world, the Y. M. C. A. has taken on a new meaning. It has become an international force; it is breaking down the barriers of race and sect exclusiveness, and is giving proof once again of the great healing and uniting force of Christ's love as interpreted in terms of modern service. In these days of dark distress it is ever looking forward. With its face in the light, it has caught the vision of the future; it is reaching toward the democracy of the world and the brotherhood of man.

Miss Amerikanka

A ROMANCE—PART I

BY OLIVE GILBREATH



IF the angel Uriel were casting an all-seeing eye on the Manchurian plain to-night, he might observe a feeble fly crawling across its great white coverlet. If he were omniscient as well, he might answer the riddle that revolves in my mind,—why this vast whiteness does not rush in and blot out the one thing that dares move and have being in the face of its immensity—and what madness it is that sets a woman wandering a night like this. Twenty-four hours ago I sat content behind the walls of Peking. Why to-night am I a roamer in these white wastes? From my window in the Chinese express, steadily scurrying northward, I watch the moon climb up out of those lonely borders of China we are just leaving. Is she saying us farewell, or does she, looking down on a land too wise to be restless, only smile at the folly of wandering? And there in Peking the kites hang over the courts and the sound of the wind is in the sycamores. One moment more and I had been deaf to the call of the world outside—so faintly it falls there in the gardens of Asia.

Across the aisle, the General dozes in his red-lined cape-coat, his piratical mustache doing solitary duty in his military face; over the top of my seat, a tall Astrakan cap blots the dim window space like an advertisement of "Popoff's popular tea," signifying Dmitri Nikolaivitch Novinsky, attaché of the legation in Peking. Could *une jeune Américaine* possess two stranger guardians? The whole affair is incredible.

As I watch the hurrying steppe, my memory flashes back to a night in a mud-walled inn beyond the Great Wall of China, when the news of the war came creeping in to caravaners there on the

fringe of things, like rumors of the Judgment Day; a messenger splashed the white dust of the road, despatches in his bag for the living Buddha in Urga, but no idea in his flat Mongol head of who was friend and who was foe. All along the road the next day it was the same tale; the Chinese hawkers with cages swung on poles across their shoulders had no news beyond the price of thrushes; the Russian tea-merchant, too, was uninformed—but the canny merchant was folding his blue summer tent and stealing away to the North! In the sun-baked border city Kalgan, the tobacco-men—young Britishers and Americans—announced, "*Der Tag*." Adventist missionaries prophesied the coming of Christ, and prepared to ascend in chariots of fire, while we scurried for the first train to Peking.

Far and swift a man may travel alone, but when danger threatens, he heeds the call of his own; he answers the pack. The fierce hunger of kind for kind which ran through my blood, as we struck through the Great Wall and raced by train down that narrow pass for Peking, shot a light on some of old Nature's secrets. Every moment the air thickened with the sense of something sinister, like a dust storm from the Gobi. Something was happening over there—the world was breaking up—not this barbarism, but civilization—our world—and we were barred *outside*! In Peking the storm broke; Peking seething with chaos such as dazed us, children of the desert. The banks, the legation, the Wagon Lits swarmed angrily; knots of French, Germans, British, Austrians gathered on the corners. Over there, across Asia, the world was breaking up. Legation street, where rickshas passed to afternoon tea, clattered with the horses of the French guard in red and blue capes—off to Europe; Sikhs at the

gates of the British Legation tightened their red turbans and caressed their carbines with lustrous eyes; and the industrious little browns, under cover of a legion guard, poured in sufficient troops to take the Chinese capital. Peking is a mountain-top; but the old gray city has seen few finer spectacles in the valleys below than the first records of the cosmic earthquake—all under the apricot-tiled and tilted roofs in the sunny August weather!

Et moi! I, too, wished to stream toward Europe. And why not? Russia has always been my desire, since I could remember my god-mother's first reading to me Russian poetry.

Shall I ever forget the smell of that Chinese rain swirling down Legation Street as I picked my way across to the double-eagle bronze gates behind which the Russians had handsomely consoled themselves after the Boxer indiscretion? Even before the trek into Mongolia, and before the war lords had frowned, I had paid my gold for a ticket across Siberia. Why should one's government send ministers abroad so firmly and paternally to forbid one's heart's desire? The Russians would be more kind. I passed the wildish, dun-colored Cossack guard at the double-eagle gate. In *ante bellum* days I had once dined with friends behind these same bronze gates, but the great white houses, barren as bird-cages, seemed to have increased in number and imposingness. The blond First Secretary, who maintains Russia's reputation for diplomacy in the East, was far less fearsome than the Cossack guard—his eyes, a Botticelli blue even against the blue walls of his study; the hands, which toyed with a bronze paper-knife, white and

powerful, with fine golden hair at the wrists.

"To cross Siberia! *Ny, Mademoiselle!*" He shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands in a Slavic gesture. "The road is crowded, jammed with men and horses and guns. Who knows? You might be left for weeks in a Siberian village."

"*Chto dyelat, Monsieur?* I have long ago given my heart to Russia. I

have all but put my eyes out over your queer, diddling alphabet, and now that it is really fascinating, you forbid it! *Chto dyelat?*"

"*Chto dyelat!*" Ah, *Mademoiselle!*" He put down the paper-weight; he smiled; his eyes searched me acutely for a spy, and he smiled again—the smile of a big country. "*Ny vot!* the road may clear. I will send you across, but it may be months. Have you Russian patience?"

Patience! I could give points to Job in several languages. Three months I have sat behind the walls of the old gray city. I am so disintegrated with patience that the sight of a *chit*, delivered this morning by a coolie from the Russian legation, sucked at my breath like "the sight of a tiger's tail in the spring." Had any one supposed that I really wished to leave this apricot-tiled city, the "last rampart of romance"?

"*Mademoiselle*" (the note ran in Russian—an inconvenient compliment),—"the trans-Siberian is still crowded with troops. It is no time for a traveler—least of all a woman—to be abroad." I could see the giant First Secretary driving the words along under the signed portrait of Nicholas II. "One of our generals leaves to-morrow, however, with an attaché. The General will be



WHY AM I A ROAMER IN THESE WHITE WASTES?

pleased to look after your safeguard. If you must go—*bon voyage!*”

Bon voyage!—into these desolate wastes!

The sun was tumbling out of a Chinese-blue sky when I awoke this morning. Since the General has looked in to inquire after the health of the Amerikan-ka, I feel less certain of extinction. Very *distingué* the General, with his lean body, his Hindenburg mustache and his eagle look, hurrying to join the staff at the front. He wears fatigue dress—blue trousers with a red stripe at the side, a khaki-colored coat and a cross of St. George where the collar closes. I had not met him until I became his protégée, but I have a vivid image of this military figure clattering down Morrison Street with outriders. M. Novinsky, the attaché, is a slim, exquisite Russian with long eyes and a serene smile, as immaculate as if he had just stepped from Piccadilly; a type of Russian incredible to Americans bred on lithographs of stout gentlemen in Cossack beards and flannel shirts. We sat opposite at dinner once in the great white *glavnaya missiaya*, and have bowed since from our passing rickshas. Curiously enough, I remember him from among the other attachés and secretaries.

It was while I was standing at the window this afternoon watching the purple hills of Shan-hai-kwan blocking themselves ruggedly in the sunset and wishing that I might see the Great Wall, after fourteen hundred miles of moun-

tain-tops, take its leap into the sea, that this finished product of civilization joined me.

“You are sad to leave the East, Mademoiselle?” he asked, with a quaint precision of enunciation and a timbre of voice distinctly un-English.

“Yes,” I admitted, a bit disconsolately, lifting my gaze to an immaculate collar. “Is it not absurd? With every

moment the old gray walls unroll, I realize that I am leaving what are no longer symbols of a strange civilization, but signs of a land dearly beloved.”

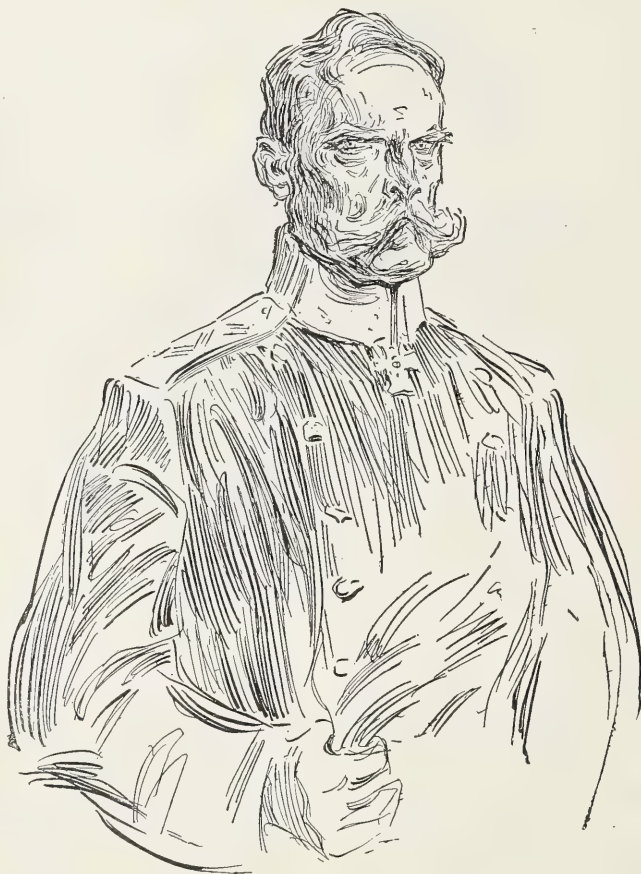
“No, it is not absurd,” he returned, gravely, with his eyes on the liquid amethyst of the mountains, deepening as the train rushed on into the hollow north. “It depends upon what you ask of a land. If it is to forget days that are ‘sullen and gray and bereft,’ China, more than any other land, except Egypt, can gild life with romance.”

I glanced at the neatly knit figure, the beautifully cut mouth, the melancholy eyes turned on the steppe. A figure I could have imagined in Japan, but in great dirty, picturesque China, never.

“Is it that one may not ask for romance?” I inquired. “What will your Great Russia give?”

“Russia?” he repeated slowly, as the temple roofs of a walled city emerged from the dusk—“Russia? Something far more poignant and homely than this!”

Ny—each to his own East! The Slav to his, whatever it may be, and I to mine!—the junks, and the pagodas among the azaleas, and the sound of the wind in the bamboo groves.



THE GENERAL, FIERCE BUT DISTINGUÉ

Twenty-four hours to the north as the geese fly! Twenty-four hours of blue figures bending rhythmically in fields, and of quaint roofs angling the sky. Twenty-four hours I had been lost in the dream that the Chinese themselves dreamed for thousands of honorable years—the dream that never, never could one pass the boundaries of the Middle Kingdom—when something new shot out of the day's end. The gas-lights of a modern station, trains shrieking, porters hurrying luggage.

"Mukden!"

The General's red-lined cape gleamed in the dusky car at the door of my compartment. "Civilization and soap, Mademoiselle!"

Civilization and soap! It was being rolled from a silken scroll into a twentieth-century serial.

"Civilization and soap," I shuddered. Over there in the dark some-

where there were ancient Manchu palaces. I peered into the darkness pendant with silver mists.

When the two had departed to consult the little brown Swiss of the East, I voyaged about the station, sniffing the variegated *potpourri* of the Orient. The station was unpromisingly modern, but its occupants were drawn from the oldest reservoirs of life in the world. Chinese and Japanese sprawled in sundry attitudes and varied garments; a Korean sat in the corner, in his bird-cage hat; on the floor lay bundles of fur. Bundles of fur! After these, nothing held me. Sleeping Russians they were, in from that mysterious *terra incognita* into which within an hour we ourselves should be whirling.

The terror of that first plunge into the bitter shadowy night of the Farther

North! Peking had been but a prelude; this was the precipice. Mukden itself is wind-swept enough,—Heaven knows!—huddling there in the pale of the Arctic storms, but at least it has humanity and roofs. Its soft-winking beacons called across the snow, like lorelei—lorelei of fires and hearths. I confess that I watched them dim and vanish across the widening white with no slight misgiving

and a frenzied desire to rush back and claim sanctuary. But there was no turning back. The mists had begun to shroud us in their phantom pall. We were committed to the steppe.

They are wonderfully sympathetic, these Russians, and deeply and properly impressed, with the responsibility of *l'Américaine*. The General says that I am not American but north Italian; M. Novinsky does not comment



M. NOVINSKY IS A SLIM, EXQUISITE RUSSIAN

upon my type. They were standing guard over my place when I turned from my vigil at the window, and then I discovered the reason. The world was present—but not his wife. With the exception of the feminine, it was a miniature cosmos. Seven fat Chinese disposed their fur-lined brocades and settled their *embonpoint* comfortably on the seats; nine Japanese tucked their feet under cumulative kimonos; the Standard Oil men, trimmers of the "lamp of Asia," the Swedish Minister, the General, and M. Novinsky settled in their greatcoats. Each traveler drew about him whatever mantle race had provided him. The car stared internationally and then fell into slumber. That is, all but M. Novinsky, whom I could see from the corner of one sleepy eye, proud as Lucifer, pale as Hamlet, immobile as the Buddha of

Kamakura, while opposite him a wadded Chinese slept the unconcerned sleep of the East. The aristocratic tradition is, I have observed, sometimes inconvenient.

Mukden had been cold, but this place where I awoke surely went below thermometer range. The British-American tobacco man and the Standard Oil men had vanished in the night—the last symbol erased from my familiar world. Frost eliminated the landscape. From a drum-like distance came the sound of bells, deep-toned Buddhists and momentary ecstasies punctuating the boom of the great ones. The General had disappeared, but M. Novinsky stood at my elbow, wan from his vigil, but glossily booted and shining as to hair. It seemed an unconventional morning encounter with an immaculate attaché of the Russian legation!

"What is it, a Charpentier opera?" I

enlightenment. "The far shore line of Great Russia where the 'gray stream of men, carrying ikons, children and wives crawls down upon Manchuria never to retreat.'"

"*Tochno*," agreed M. Novinsky. "If your feet never stray to the Back of the Beyond—at least, Mademoiselle, you have stood where the East and the North tryst."

The hotel is only a stone's throw from the station, but the General and M. Novinsky stowed me in a *troika* and we dashed up in the manner of a De Quincey stage-coach, as befitted our rank. It is next to being a cousin to royalty to travel with a General. The Russian has a taste for the dramatic, and everybody, from the manager to the smallest *malchik*, draws himself up when we appear, while the General sails through the line, very fierce, very *distingué*, like the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaivitch himself.

And now the escort pays etiquette calls at the Russian Consulate while I finish my Amur caviare and read the Manchurian wool market to the bells of the Near and Far East. Extraordinary paradoxes, these Russians; the most easy-going people of the globe, and the most punctilious. At least that is the General. M. Novinsky, though of far older blood, I fancy, seems deeper rooted in gentleness. Two Samoyedes steal past me in long surtouts and close fur caps. Are they also of the same nationality as the General and M. Novinsky? Already I sense a nation which is "not a nation but a world."

"I shall burn a candle in that Chinese temple to this strange journey," I announce, as the escort departs.

"Better a taper for Nicolas, the Wonder-worker," the General calls over the top of his fur collar. "The Russian gods are jealous gods!"

A war-special! An *édition - de - luxe*



TWO FUR-CAPPED SAMOYEDS

demanded, trying to make a clearing in the white rime of my window.

"No Charpentier, but Chang-chun," said M. Novinsky, rescuing my Mongolian rug from the claws of a rapacious coolie.

"Chang-chun?" I had a painfully confused sense of Beveridge and Putnam Weale. "I know!" I cried, with sudden

war-special for Russia! Am I dreaming? I rub my finger along the leather seats and the mahogany casing. The white perspective of Harbin streets through the window vanishes a bit unreally, but the *izvostchiks* are solid enough, and the shaggy ponies, and the Cossacks clumping about with bread. And there through the world, in the direction my heels point, prosaic creatures are sitting in offices, attending committees and taking the Elevated.

Ivan Caspitch, the General's orderly, a taffy-colored Grenadier, has just brought a samovar and red-currant jam. Ivan Caspitch's idea of the world is sorrow, which must be drowned in tea and jam. It is the Russian post-train that has left me like this, a fossil of prehistoric man, caught through the ages with my knees under my chin, and the object of Ivan Caspitch's pity.

"Like the Russian Government," M. Novinsky declares it, "meant to develop an eyeless, mindless, collapsible creature."

For myself I should not have cared, but it offended my sense of things as they should be to see the General's glory eclipsed in a crevice. Deep frost covered the window, eliminating the landscape. It was too dark to read and one of the Forbiddens was to lower the candle which warred with the Powers of Darkness in the upper regions of the car.

The train-master had announced that we should be in Harbin by eleven, but this statement was Oriental tact and not truth. It was two before we saw a delicate coronet of lights scattering on the shining disk of plain. I buried my nose in my dog-skin; the cold would crumple me up like a mimosa leaf, while the Russians would step forth heroically into their element, their native North. And then I discovered another of old Nature's secrets. The Russians pulled their furs around them and shivered in

their greatcoats. Too many centuries had winds from glaciers blown in their faces, and laid deep in their memory a race-terror, while I, with a less bitter ancestral memory, breathed greedily of freedom and the ecstasy of space! Sky, black velvet and crystal; stars, pendent points of light, and the plain a luminous blue-white reflector; horses with high-arched collars; furs shaggily blotching

the snow. A magnificent fantasie; it rushed upon me, an engulfing sea. It rocked in my ears like a storm, the brilliant, the savage North! I looked to the horizons; in every direction sped these terrible white distances. Somewhere there in those prehistoric gulfs, Breshkovskaya had kept burning her lamp of freedom.

The station was dank and dreary after the sonorous steppe—dank and dreary and futile as are all things human after great spaces. I was glad the

General was Viking-tall and easy to follow, for the crowd moved about with a weary, troubled confusion. Everything was written anew in symbols of the North. Everybody was fur-clad, *cap-à-pie*, even to the news girl. I liked the skin-side-inside-fur-side-outside coats of the *nosilshchiki*, perhaps because I liked the *nosilshchiki* themselves; burly bearded chaps, with the vigor of the North in their sinews and the fear of God in their faces. But it was murky after the steppe. And the smell! It rose in clouds like incense; it descended like London fog. An intermingling of the odors of horses, sheep, *koumiss*, and unwashed humanity; the smell which the Mongolian tents take on from sheltering the little "brothers of the field"—calves and new-born lambs; the "distinctive but not unpleasant" odor of which the great Tolstoi writes. I was tired with the rocking of the train, and sleepy, and I had grave doubts



CASPITCH, THE GENERAL'S ORDERLY

whether Tolstoi were not, after all, a barbarian.

The General and M. Novinsky plucked me from contemplation of the skin coats.

"No train to-night!" The General drew his great red-lined cape about him and led the way outside to the hotel sleighs. What would the Savoy or the Plaza say to such a trio at such an hour? Doubtless a superb contrast to the resignation of the bearded genie who presides here on the edge of things where the Ten Commandments are not.

"One piece A number one laidee," he murmured to the Chinese boy in blue "One piecee A number one room." Curiosity but no comment!

"How," acquiesced the Celestial, and with a simple *how* I was committed to a room, sealed but for one hinged pane; there I slept the sleep of the East under a goatskin rug. The sheets, I discovered the next morning, were exquisite table linen. I cannot explain why, but it is Russian that they should have been so, especially Siberian Russian. Harbin has the atmosphere of a gold camp. But the memory of that night—the mingling of alien voices, Japanese and Russian, that rose from that fetid hot-box below, the howling of the wind and the sharp, cold terror of those gulfs of gray mists!

It is amazing how naturally I have accepted M. Novinsky's serene figure in my world. Glossily booted and impeccable, he was looking up at me from the foot of the stairs when I appeared this morning.

"*Ny! Américaine*," he said, his long gray eyes stirring with a smile. "The road is blocked by a tangle of trains. We may miss the one express that crawls to Irkutsk. You know what Kipling calls us—'the most westernly of Easterns.'"

I felt a sudden access of enthusiasm. Did Rachel and Bernhardt, I wonder, learn their furies from these boundless, timeless Orientals? For an hour strange words hissed and scratched—expletives purely Slavonic and unintelligible burned off over the wires in every direction. I have no quarrel with a Russian rage. Behold for us at least a result *magnifique*! A war-special stands on the

siding being caparisoned for a dash across Siberia; one coach, an 1830 engine piled high with wood, which is also roped on at every conceivable angle, the whole looking like one of those overburdened donkeys one sees along the wall in Peking.

The vista ahead drops away in a vast white fog. Down that phantom distance the wind is rising, the snow eddies past the windows in plummy swirls, and with every swirl the unknown there grows fleecier. The General strides up and down the platform, a gaunt figure, his great red-lined cape unfurling behind him like the wings of a monstrous bird while Cossack orderlies provision the car, their striped trousers moving briskly over the snow. The General brings always the same curious vision before my eyes: armies marching and counter-marching, spreading myriadwise over the plain; the passion of war; millions tramping to their death; the music of the battle-hymns. Certainly through the General courses little of Pushkin's "dove-blood of the Slav"!

Three young officers have come down from the barracks to greet their superior officer, and stand about in delightful trepidation. One little captain's wife, who evidently knows her way about the world, arrives armed with roasted *riabtchiks* and a bottle of Madeira. The car is a first-class car filched from the Russian express, fitted with mahogany and velvet, and luxuriously appointed—as the Russians know how to appoint. The General stalks through the car, followed by the orderly.

"This half of the car, Mademoiselle *Américaine*," he decrees, with an authoritative wave of his hand, "is your domain—drawing-room, bedroom, room to spare. Monsieur Novinsky and I enter only by your permission. Ivan Caspitch will stow away your bags." And he withdraws in form and with distinction—a masterly retreat.

Ivan Caspitch appears with the Siberian crab-apple maid I have borrowed from the hotel for the sake of *les convenances* until we reach Irkutsk, red-aproned and a bundle under each arm. More officers, more *kvass*, more food, more wood! Katya eyes both the steppe and me with foreboding and crosses her-

self broadly. It would be difficult to say which she fears most—the steppe or *l'Américaine*.

Ahead lies the dim abyss, filled with a misty whiteness which showers from the sky moment by moment, hour by hour, a strange, uncharted, soundless sea. Ten thousand miles of silence, ten thousand miles of white and tideless ocean. Snow—flying, drifting, swirling snow! The belted *kresti-anki* and *izvost-chiks* wave as we leave the siding.

"*Gospodes teb-ye! Gospodes teb-ye!*" shout the hairy giants as we pull slowly out.

"It might be Peary's dash for the Pole or Shackleton's relief," I murmur as the strange trio of us stand at the window, off for Europe.

"It might be anything thrilling and romantic if it were not for that absurd engine," grants M. Novinsky. "It so resembles a donkey that I cannot believe but that at the last moment it will have to be led into the mystery."

What a strange fabric of impressions this journey across Siberia leaves in one's hands! A naked level flowing to the far horizon, white above and gray below, and in that rim between earth and sky, something dark that flies and flies before the wind. It is the mystery of all great spaces—of Mongolia, of Egypt. But there is no touch of gold here, no sun, no heat, no shimmering sand, no intense physical mystery. All is dead, misty white; the mystery of *tundra*, of forests and night and death; the mystery which the Russian has written into his literature—of Raskolnikoff, of Orloff, of Anna

and Vronsky. Silence, space, death—and furious movement. I never shall lose the memory of these snow-dunes. For me there is healing in these spaces, release for the fretted prisoner of self, and escape from the emphatically individual. It is one with the assurance that the Orient had given me—the peace of the knowledge that life is but episodic, a fragment of cloud scudding across a night sky and soon to be merged with Infinitude.

The General pores all day over maps and war manuals, while M. Novinsky and I explore the world like a pair of Robinson Crusoes. In spite of our importance, we are on a military schedule, and sometimes we sit on the steppe for hours while the Cossacks stretch their legs and walk the sturdy Siberian ponies about in the snow. They are not handsome, these trans-Baikal troops with whom we fraternize while the trains tangle. Sun and wind and rain



THE SIBERIAN CRAB-APPLE MAID

have reduced them to the monochrome of the steppe until they might almost be said to have protective coloring. They are gaited, too, like Mongols; the gait of men bred to ride, not to walk, and unfamiliar with their legs.

"They do not look particularly fierce," I observed to M. Novinsky, as we clambered off the train yesterday to cross the tracks.

"No man can look fierce with a loaf of bread under one arm and a pan of milk under the other," answered M. Novinsky. "The Czar's special fighting men, nevertheless; they wear the Cossack stripe from cradle to grave—and

like their fighting well enough. Of all the troops, they alone can never understand why they should make prisoners. If a man is dead, you can take his boots."

The General strides about like a giant sand-piper, pulling his military mustache. "The hardiest troops in Europe," he vows. "Black bread and a bit of straw; it is sufficient. But fools!"

For myself I must confess to a certain strangeness about that makes our utilitarian civilization pale visibly.

Sometimes we explore the stations for food. If I did not know by a hundred other proofs, I should be convinced now that M. Novinsky is a gentleman from the cheerfulness with which he blots the future ambassadorial escutcheon by eating *stchee* (greasy cabbage soup) at long tables in company with peasants and *izvostchiks*, to humor my whim.

"You see," I explained to-day, looking about the murky station dining-room for a means to vindicate my taste, and



A WILDISH, DUN-COLORED COSSACK

wondering what Russian etiquette demanded one should do with a slice of meat and an egg which my spoon had fished from the bottom of my soup—"you see they are all old friends of mine, from Gorky and Tolstoi and Dostoevski and all the rest. Ten years I have known them, but I never had a samovar

with them or *smelled* them before. You know, that one over there at the end of the table is Turgenev's Ermolai—you remember, with the dogs. And that lazy one is Vankya on Levin's estate—he went to sleep in the hay. Don't you recognize him? Look at the way they fall upon their food and devour it! I have seen boatmen on a Chinese junk eat like that when they have been poling for days against the wind until they snarled and screamed like beasts with the effort. It's not our way—it's hunger—"

"Yes, it's hunger—red hunger," rejoined M. Novinsky, "but, Mademoiselle *Américaine*, don't imagine they are not old friends to me!" he added, earnestly. "My grandfather owned several thousand of them, and my mother still holds a sort of matriarchy down on her estate in Tver. They come to her for everything—food, medicine, justice. It's rather nice to see her holding court among them. . . . Old friends! Ny,

they are such old friends as you in your shifting America cannot comprehend. My boyhood memories are all bound up with them; fishing with Petya, dragging out in the early morning and walking off my legs in the marshes for grouse, fighting forest fires with the foresters until I was blacked and blistered, without eyelashes, and ordered off to the great house. And lazy summer days, lying on my back under the limes, while old Agatha, the housekeeper, jingled her keys among the storehouses and smuggled me gooseberry tarts, which I, being delicate, was forbidden. Ny, they are friends of generations. It was one thing that made the old landlord decent—the responsibility of them. What to do with them now, there's the rub. They are further down the scale than the

Chinese peasant; of an ignorance that you cannot imagine; uncouth, canny, but superstitious, and filled with dark mystical and political passions. The *intelligentzia* have fought back and forth across them until now the whole land is sullen and distrustful. And why not? To move them, that is not impos-

sible; but to determine their direction and momentum—ah! With the first touch of freedom they are dangerous and impractical—the *malaise* of too-long thwarting.”

“There is something here that I never felt even in the far regions of China,” I ventured. “It is to descend into the earth as it was in the beginning.”

“That is Russia,” said M. Novinsky, with his eyes on the melancholy horizon. “*The earth as it was in the beginning.*”

The mates of these men we often see selling milk and game at the stations, the wind whipping their skirts, broad-hipped, broad-cheeked creatures, eyes shadowed with an indefatigable sadness. I watch them for hours and M. Novinsky often joins me. Yesterday the three of us stood at the window looking at two huge artichokes of shawls supported by felt boots, coquetting with the *izvostchiks* after the manner of young bears. Between these uncouth figures and M. Novinsky I feel a certain something in common, but the General is different

“Bah!” he scowled. “The most wrinkled old crone in China tosses off a street scene with more relish than these peasants. An Italian, a Burmese, a Chinese—yes, but these Russians have no zest for life.”

“Plain, endless winter, gray sky, does not make for *esprit*,” commented M. Novinsky, without lifting his eyes to the General. “No mountains, no sea; the rivers are the only romance they have except such as they find in their own souls. To understand the Russian is to remember that the Russian word for beauty is *red*. Read the Russian geographically; and that means to see him against the background of an endless monotony. My conviction is that he drinks and kills only because he is bored.”

“But these are the brawny figures that pour tides of men toward Europe,” I ventured, looking up at the autocratic face of the General.

“*Da, Slava Bogy!* They breed as

fecundly as Mother Earth herself. Their *raison d'être*. And now that the men are gone, they must bring forth bread as they have brought forth men.”

“Men and bread—bread and men.” The words wearied my imagination. I felt myself sinking slowly to the earth under some monstrous burden.



BURLY, BEARDED CHAPS WITH THE VIGOR OF THE NORTH IN THEIR SINEWS

“Don’t trouble yourself, Mademoiselle. It’s their lot. A *muzhik* who needs a *baba* for harvest, I assure you, loses little time in courting. They are used to it,” and the General turned away from the window.

I regard the General and M. Novinsky and then I look at these *babas* outside in the snow. Again I am struck with incredulity. Are they of the same race? M. Novinsky is finely modeled; face narrow, eyes with more than a tinge of Eastern inscrutability, skin fine in texture, fingers nervously intelligent. In the canine world he would be a *borzoi*. The cigarette-case he has just laid down is shagreen because he likes the feel, and

stamped with a tiny monogram in gold. A piece of peachblow or *sang de bœuf* he handles as if he were worshipping. He has a passion for French novels. The story he told me yesterday of a Japanese girl near whom he stood for morning ablutions at an inn in Tokio was related with the subtlety of a Frenchman and the *naïveté* of an Italian, and probably no one but a Russian could have given it point in so many different languages. The flower of an extremely sophisticated civilization, superficially everything that the peasant is not, he is. Russia with all her sullen monotonies offers the most brutal of contrasts. And yet, between M. Novinsky and the *muzhiks* I feel an indefinable something in common; perhaps only a simplicity.

The General is more baffling. Dinner we always have at night in his compartment. There is caviar and soup with fish and olives and Siberian game. Ivan Caspitch places two candles on the table, between which the decorations of the General's uniform gleam like the jewels of the Mother of God. The effect is somber, but rich and Russian. I like to watch the shadows play across the General's face, his eyes darkening, his gaunt body relaxed against the cushions, his fingers dexterously rolling a cigarette, speaking English rapidly, brilliantly, and with more distinction than an Englishman. One forgets the indifference of the steppe, the darkness closing down like a cowl. He is interested in American women—he says they sip the honey from the flowers of the world—a man for whom, I am certain, life has run swift and deep. Twice when I have discussed a man, he has dismissed him with a shrug and the final damnation, "He knows nothing of life." Always he seems quaffing greedily at life before some cold finality overwhelms him. I wonder sometimes if he fears to meet his death. Yesterday, when he had been moodily watching the steppe, he turned away. "The dark door," he said, almost with superstition. What life means for him I do not know; nor what it means to me nor, perhaps, to M. Novinsky, smoking quietly in the corner and watching him with enigmatic eyes.

As for M. Novinsky, I hazard that something other than a fling at the

capital hurries this keen Slavophil toward Europe.

Christmas in Siberia! That is, of course, for a vagabond American. Russian Christmas lies thirteen days ahead. It is a Christmas which, I dare say, when I am old I shall count an illusion. Even now it seems a flying chimera. At least we are on what one, without a yellow-journalist conscience, might term a dash. The demand for the General at the front has cleared the tangle, and all the trains of horses and ammunition, sections of gray-coated Cossacks and of Austrian prisoners bound for the Siberian salt-mines, have been drawn up on sidings, while our little special rushes past like Thompson's Hound of Heaven. All day yesterday the track lay along Lake Baikal, that fragment of sea imprisoned here by some strange chance in centuries past, tossing yesterday in a black rage. Even the General, who pores all day over maps, laid down his papers, and the strange three of us—with Ivan Caspitch and Katya at the other window—stood watching the weird scene. M. Novinsky I could feel ravaged by its splendor.

As night fell, the mystery of the lake deepened. Lighted headlands jutted out into the waters and the whole took on a new profundity, surcharged with the savagery of night and the North. I fell asleep at the window still watching while darkness covered the face of the waters. When I awoke it was two o'clock, Christmas morning in the West. The General stood in my doorway looking, to my sleepy gaze, like a fur-clad angel; outside lights were foregathering.

"Irkutsk, Mademoiselle. The express waits!"

I shall always treasure that sally. It was the General's one bit of humor.

The thrilling delicacy of that early morning in the North! I looked up at my tall Russians. M. Novinsky was breathing the air of home; his long, gray-blue eyes shone with a nervous excitement. The General showed less emotion. Through a silvery snow tissue the lights of the big white station gleamed with the festive air of an enchanted castle. With its silvery blues and grays, its ethereal other-worldliness,

it might have been a scene from Maeterlinck.

The General and M. Novinsky saw to a ticket and a place in the post-train toward Harbin for Katya, a little dazed but mainly stolid, whose going wrung a tear from a Cossack's eye, and then we wandered inside the station. M. Novinsky and I sat down under the dusty artificial palms to drink black coffee from tall glasses while the General found acquaintance among the sworded and booted officers with whose greens, blues and crimsons the crowd was irradiated.

After the wintry solitudes of the plain, the interior of the station seemed almost gay; but it was a delusive gaiety, which betokened the infection of humanity. Plainly we had left the steppe. For some reason, difficult to define, it was less Siberian and more Russian. The General and M. Novinsky, too, seemed more Russian than in Peking, as if in mingling with their own race they had acquired a new access of nationality. On the whole, the officers were well set-up looking men, and somehow one felt one's self nearing a mighty vortex. The hosts were gathering; strange ethnological types such as I had never seen before—foreshortened faces with copper skins; tall, hawk-nosed men, long-skirted and green-girdled; sleeping *muzhik* faces under close caps—all sucked

and dragged by cosmic forces there beyond their world, neither of their willing nor their ken. I can almost put my finger on the moment when the realization of Great Russia moved into a large upper chamber of my imagination. It was there in the station at Irkutsk, and it came in one clear moment like a vi-

sion, as if I had really sat on the rim of the sun with Uriel from the beginning of the world. I saw a white level sweeping from the Pacific to the Urals and rushing then from the Urals to western Europe, spreading north to the Arctic Circle, and melting to the south under the blue skies of Crimea—cool, crystal spaces greater than the surfaces of the moon which watched over our voyagings. Across the wan surface drifted saffron horsemen out of the East—a tide that ebbed and flowed, advanced and retreated—receded to the East and there for centuries



BORN AND BRED A FIGHTER

rested. And now again the cycle begins; again a yellow tide flows toward Europe; variegated races, aliens among themselves, eying one another strangely, forsaking their tents, their *izbas*, the dreams of their youth, the work of their hands, now—ten centuries later—to gather under one standard, to fight under one command—of the Great White Czar. “Not a nation, but a world.” I went to sleep dreaming of chill surfaces of the moon across which



STOWED IN A *TROIKA*, WE DASHED UP IN THE MANNER OF A DE QUINCEY STAGE-COACH

rayed shadowy variegated figures, streaming in a mighty flood toward a giant mill-race—somewhere—there—beyond.

A grotesque Christmas! The sun was shining when I awoke in the express, and the whole landscape looked like a monster Christmas-card, silvered and frosted and ready to mail. There through the world, in London and New York, Christmas chimes were ringing. Packages were being untied, and gay little notes opened, and children were pulling toys out of their stockings. I looked out at the monotony of the steppe, at a row of birches fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

But there was one bit of holiday. A plum-pudding had been thrust into the car by a kind English friend the last moment in Peking. From Chinese train to Japanese, from the Japanese train to the post—bad cess to it!—from the post to the special, from the special to the express, we attended that pudding—his Excellency, the General, M. Novinsky and I. The Russians had never tasted English plum-pudding, and I was eager that this should be irresistible. My first mission this morning was to consult

the chef. "Like so many other things Russian," the General assured me, "he will not be Russian at all, but French." And French he was, smilingly, piquantly French, as incongruous as a Paris hat in the Siberian steppe. With a flashing smile, which had lost none of its French *savoir faire* in the wilderness, he promised me that his sauce would make other puddings taste like brown paper. It did. I knew that it was a triumph the minute I saw the General's face. Under the new law there was no champagne, but the Russians ate to Christmas liberally.

"To America!" The General commanded the table like a swarthy ikon.

"To Russia!" offered M. Novinsky, cosmopolitan, *élégant*.

"To the Entente!" I proposed, clutching at the side of the rocking train.

"To an English plum-pudding made by a Chinese cook, sauced by a French chef, served by a Tartar on a rocking trans-Siberian train" — M. Novinsky rose again to the delight of all the enormously dining guests, smiling at us across the red table-cloths in the murky little car—"and British to the end!" What an infinitesimal point of gaiety we were in that somber brooding!

The Russian express is not so luxuriously appointed as the *wagon-lits*, but I should not hesitate to commend it to a traveler. In fact, to me it is depressingly comfortable—but my standards are not those of Mayfair, but of Vagabondia. No more scurrying off the train; no more soup from which one may fish a whole course dinner, *sans* sweets and cigarettes, eaten with red-bearded giants who might pray to their own images for those of the saints; no more candle-lighted dinners *à trois*, with the darkness tipped over one like a bowl. No more ministrations of Ivan Caspitch.

Our train halts frequently now and we cross the tracks to talk to the German and Austrian prisoners—tattered “creatures who were once men.” The rank and file of them are different from our friends, the Cossacks; a trifle more sophisticated, a little less aloof, more quickly given to an intimate—a too intimate—smile than the Cossacks. Their clothing is thin for Siberian winds. I saw one man yesterday leaning out of a box-car window with only a vest and no shirt, but he looked so cheerful that I wondered if it were from choice and not compulsion. They swarm to the windows and doors of the box cars, where they are packed like traditional herrings, with a keen interest in what may be forthcoming from our side. They even board our train and straggle through the cars—unkempt gray men with bold, exploring eyes, begging always the same thing, always and without variation, cigarettes. *Papirossi* will be as thoroughly embedded in the vocabulary of the German as coffee was rooted in the palate of the Viennese after the Napoleonic wars. It is only the men who thus fraternize. The officers are a handsome, scowling lot, who seem always to look beyond, into the heart of the Tyrol.

“Where were they taken?” I asked the General yesterday of an uncouth band who were fighting to get within the range of my camera.

“I never ask,” the General answered, with pointed brevity. I had blundered in the soldiers’ world, indelicately.

“There are no guides in evidence.”

“The steppe itself is a guide that never sleeps,” scowled the General.

And I knew that he spoke grimly true. Any invasion of that white sanctity spells swift and inexorable death.

Sometimes the wind moans across the waste until I cannot sleep, but high above the wind and the rush of the train come the fragments of a song—in a flash our express has passed and gone—but the memory lingers. Whatever else slips through memory’s fingers, never will it be those snatches of melody heard on the steppe in the watches of the night—the melody of men crossing the void to keep their tryst with death.

Even a fine style may grow monotonous, and the steppe is akin to *le grand style*. For days—more than ten, now—my eyes have implored the plain for an elevation, even the slightest aspiring point in the level, but the only answer has been—more level. This morning Ivan Caspitch awoke me at five to behold the Urals, the *cæsura* between Europe and Asia. If seas flow between the Wests, what a mighty break should yawn here between the West and the East! Together we stood at the window, scanning the hollow gray light, Ivan Caspitch stolid and bulky in the half-light, and I shivering in my *shuba*, straining my eyes for the pause between the two continents.

“Where are they, Ivan?” I demanded. “I cannot see.”

My acquaintance with the Urals had been mainly with lapis lazuli in the jewelers’ windows, but I should have been content with the earthiest earth had it been mountains. But for all my vigilance, there was only a placid flowing.

“There, *barishina*.” Ivan Caspitch pointed to a darker scattering of forest swelling slightly to the left and right. “There, we are crossing them now. *Bozhe moi! bolshoi vyeter!*”

“*Bolshoi vyeter!*” Indeed it was; a great wind. To that I agreed. It shrieked like fiends from the Deserts of Nowhere, though I had not known how to say it in Russian. But mountains! No mountains, only a barely perceptible flaring up and then quickly dying down into lethargy. How like Russian nature is the steppe; without plan, prologue, chapters, or theme!

"The Urals," Ivan Caspitch affirmed, briefly.

I looked at Ivan Caspitch as he stood in the early morning darkness, neutral in color, without a single incisive feature; the product and the symbol of that somber, implacable, infinite heath.

"Ivan," I cried, "it is terrible! Do you never fear and hate it—the steppe?"

"*Ny, barishina;* we are used to it." Ivan Caspitch shrugged his shoulders stolidly.

The background is always the same, but against its white monotone is imprinted a various design. The last few days the pattern has changed noticeably from the new of Siberia to the old of Russia. We have left the pencil sketches of the birches and now we are among the somber oils of the deep forest. There are more villages now, and more frequently the spires and domes of Russian churches seen dimly through the flying snow. More often little log huts, *izbas*, edge their way out of the forest and blink at the world like curious owls; and the peasant himself comes out also to blink at the world or moves along the clearing—but another fruit of the forest like the mushrooms and the lichens among which he grows. Assuredly, this is different. Siberia I felt young, vigorous, the pioneer. But Russia I feel old and weary, the melancholy and mellow: Russia, the mother.

This is the sixteenth day since we went out from the walls and towers of Peking. Every one agrees that the journey is *skychno*. The train rocks abominably. I think I shall never get it out of my brain.

There is a stronger feel of civilization in the air now, and more spurred and booted officers are joining the train. To-morrow, if all goes well, the train-master announces that we shall be in Petrograd; all the home-going Russians have been telegraphing the news of their imminent arrival. It wraps me with a realization of how far there through the earth lies America. We must always fly thus, it seems—perhaps into eternity—so many days have we fled in this narrow space between earth and sky. Perhaps I should be content, if it were so, for I am "used to it." And to-day I

feel a waif standing before strange gates.

Who ever enters an unknown land without a sense of mystery both alluring and repelling! There on the plain, somewhere in the dimness, lies a city I have not seen, but whose existence has drawn me seventeen days across this desert whiteness, a city whose streets I shall wander, roofs that will lodge me; sky and snow and river that will be mine; friends and tides of influence—a whole new world of thought and feeling—perhaps change—which in my natural world would never have been. How dare we boldly evoke these unfamiliar worlds out of the void, forsaking our paths for their mysterious ways!

Petrograd! That is, I *feel* a city there, though my eyes are still baffled by the curtain of darkness which has not as yet lifted. It is morning, eight by the French clock on the wall, but there is not the least rift in the gloom, only a sense of something strange outlying there—a trampling of boots, men pouring endlessly through the streets, and a rumbling of guns. They are shifting troops. I hear a hoarse song and a sharp *yra*. How different, how exceedingly different, this turbulence, from the peace of the East, the heart of the whiteness from which we have come!

We were nearly the whole of the night finding this miracle of the marshes. Eleven came, twelve, one. The gaiety that had sprung up like a breeze at the announcement of our arrival died down. The General was wrapped in his own thoughts, and M. Novinsky smoked, moodily silent, and I felt a strange homesickness, not for place but for spiritual kindred. The General is still an enigma, but M. Novinsky has become a charming friend and companion. Yesterday he was not; to-day he is; to-morrow he will cease to be. How strange it all is!

Clouds were crossing the face of the moon, shaping, re-shaping, merging again. The wings of the Angel of Wrath beat past us as we fled down the valleys of time, and only a miracle, it seemed, could save us or discover a city, other than mirage, in that wild incandescence. But at three the sky was illumined in the west as if by a huge candle, as the

train flew on and the flare brightened and resolved itself into myriads of points scattering on the flame. They were the first lights of "Peter's window toward Europe." The trans-steppe journey was finished. At four the train discharged its burden of Asio-European travelers into the echoing Alexander III. Station. It seemed the portentous arrival of ocean travelers rather than that of a train. Every one met welcoming faces which, translated into Russian, means *arms*.

That is, every one met welcome except one *Américaine*, and I took refuge among the luggage and stared at the feather-bed *izvostchiks* tied about the middle with rainbow sashes. The General was engulfed in the embrace of two tall sons, and M. Novinsky had vanished behind an Astrakhan coat and cap. The sight of women embracing publicly always embarrasses me a trifle, and as for men—I have considered it a good reason for not being Continental. Perhaps, to speak the truth, I had a touch of three-in-the-morning forlornity. But the absence of welcome meant no lack of warm farewell. La Polskaya wept Slavonically on my shoulder. "*Moya milaya*," she wailed. For the moment she was parting with a friend of a lifetime. The General clicked his heels together in military fashion and waived my expressions of gratitude with a French compliment.

"Shall we meet again, Mademoiselle? Ah, it is on the laps of the gods. *Proschaitie*. Forgive my sins. I leave tomorrow for the front." He kissed my hand; I wished it had been a white perfumed hand, such as I am certain the General loves. A stiff bow to M. Novinsky, and then, the luggage having been collected and laden on the leather-aproned saints, M. Novinsky and his brother led the way through the echoing station to the dark bundles of fur outside, stowed me in a swaying shell and we clattered off down the "main street of All the Russias."

How Russian M. Novinsky and his brother looked in their Russian setting, pouring forth a stream of language on each other; this brother who comes for one day's leave from the Grand Duke's

staff and returns immediately to the front. Most of the talk was French, but the ejaculations were Russian. I was too occupied with the square velvet sofa-cushion hat of the *izvostchik*, too agitated with the street, which I found to be the Nevsky, and the signs, which I discovered I could read, to heed the conversation. A river of street here, a continent of square there, geologic strata of houses.

"And how do you *feel* it?" M. Novinsky's brother asked, with a smile like Dmitri Nicholaivitch's, as we turned into the shadow of an immense cathedral that somehow wafted back the memory of Egypt and the temples on the Nile.

"If Japan is a miniature, Russia was done by a scene painter," I hazarded.

"Quite true," he laughed, showing his white teeth. "Nothing is small in Russia, not even the virtues or the vices."

"And least of all the cobble-stones and the darkness—or the loneliness," I could have wept on M. Novinsky's elegant and unāware shoulder.

M. Novinsky and the General had debated all the way across the steppe as to which hotel to commit me, and the decision had finally fallen on the Angleterre as the dullest hotel in Petrograd. I understood when I saw it. But for the boy with peacock-feathers in his cap and a red *roobashka*, and the general assurance of Russian literature, I should have resigned myself to an English Sunday pall. A whiskered porter has assigned me to this room, and here I have been deposited by a green-baize apron and sit in the glow of a porcelain stove.

Black-earth Russia, armed Russia, Holy Russia, potential Russia, Russia the bread-giver of nations—all lie out there in the void. I wish the bread-giver would vouchsafe me a morsel. There is not even a crumb and I am famished. The darkness is Stygian; one might loop it up, but it would always tumble down, immense and suffocating. The last familiar letter of my alphabet has vanished; everything is written in Cyrillic letters and punctuated with bearded Scythians. Could even the angel Uriel say why for this I rocked seventeen days across Siberia!

“Boy with the Torn Hat”

by Thomas Sully

IT is not without significance that Thomas Sully's delightful picture of the “Boy with the Torn Hat” is one of the most popular paintings in the permanent collection of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. It is a work which is not only peculiarly charming in its delineation of the candid innocence of boyhood, but it approaches this lovely, fleeting phenomenon through the sentiment of a century which possessed none of our qualms as to the perils of sentimentality, unabashed, and without taint of saccharinity.

Doubtless it has much of the quality of sweetness, but it is not of the cloying kind; it is saved from that by its utter simplicity of spirit, its spontaneity, its naturalness. Aside from its charm of personality and expression, however, Sully's picture attains to a high plane of merit as an example of sheer workmanship. It has the admirable limpidity, in its clear flesh tones, of that painter's best heads; and the rendering of the shadowed passage of the upper part of the face is a remarkably sound, transparent, luminous piece of direct painting, perhaps as perfect in its way as any of the technical achievements of the American school of figure-painters of the first half of the nineteenth century.

WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES.



"BOY WITH THE TORN HAT," BY THOMAS SULLY

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Boston Museum of Fine Arts

The Visit of the Master

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON



HAVE you ever read any of Mary Haviland Norton?"

I didn't expect, when I put the question, to fall right into a mine of information. It was out of my line, moreover, to talk about authors and books at dinner. But the topic had popped inconsequently into my head, and there was certainly something about the quiet, sly-looking Jane-Austenish woman at my left that inspired confidence.

"I'm distinctly curious about her," I added. "She's sprung up so soon, so authoritatively. And she's so new."

Up to this point my companion had only listened more quietly, more slyly, than ever; but her eyes now opened wide, her eyebrows went whimsically high, and she turned to me with a twinkling smile.

"New? You really think so?"

She gave me no time, either, to correct my statement.

"I didn't suppose any one still thought that—except, possibly— Have you ever read Hurrell Oaks?"

I nodded gropingly.

"Miss Haviland was a teacher of mine at Newfair when it happened. That was eight, ten years ago. Do you see?"

"I don't 'see' anything!"

"But you do Hurrell Oaks—you're, you're really all 'for' him, I mean? So you'd adore it! It's pathetic, too. Though it *is* funny!" she cried, avid to tell me more about whatever "it" was.

But the inevitable shift in table talk veered us apart at that moment; and it wasn't until after the long meal was over that we came together again, and could choose a quiet corner away from interruptions.

"Here goes, now," she began, "if you're ready!"

Miss Haviland must have been about

thirty when I first saw her. She was tall, handsome in an angular way. Her face was large, her features regular, though somewhat heavy, her coloring brilliant, and her dark hair grayish even then. She was of a stocky leanness, a ruggedness, that only made her pretentious garb and manner the more conspicuous.

To see her at those college parties! She wore black evening-gown, and a string—a "rope," I think you could call it—of imitation pearls, and carried a fan always, and a loose wrap with some bright lining, and fur on the neck and sleeves, which she'd just throw, as if carelessly, over her shoulders. We used irreverently to say that she had "corrupted" (one of her favorite words) the premise of the old motto, "When you're in Rome" to "Whether or not you're in Rome," so did she insist on being—or trying to be—incongruously *grande dame* and not "of" the *milieu* she was privileged to adorn. Without ever letting herself mix with those gatherings really, she'd show her condescension by choosing a place in the most mixing group, and there carry out her aloofness by just smiling and peering reservedly at—the way a man set a glass of water upon the table, for instance, as if that constituted enough to judge him by; as if he'd laid his soul, also, sufficiently bare to her in the process. And she must have been, as you've seen, a resourceful observer; she had a gift for reacting from people; though how much depended upon the people and what they did and said, and how much upon what she unconsciously—or consciously—adapted from Hurrell Oaks while she gauged them, is a question. The result at least fits the needs of a gaping public. But I'm drifting.

All this—in fact, everything about her—took George Norton by storm when he turned up, fresh from a fresh-water university farther west, to fill the Slocum professorship. He found in her the

splendor that he'd been stranded away from in "real life," and had never had time or imagination to find in books. She represented great, glorious things beyond his ken—civilization, culture, society, foreign lands across the sea for which his appetite had been whetted by the holiday tour he took to Bermuda after getting his A.B. with highest honors in history and government. He was about forty or so, and lived alone with his mother.

Rumor had it (and it may have been well founded, it's so difficult to tell what goes on in the minds of those small, meek men), that he had always wanted to discover an "Egeria-like woman," and that, once he stepped into Mrs. Braxton's drawing-room and saw—and heard—Miss Haviland discoursing on "The Overtones in Swinburne's Prose," his wildest hope was realized. Be that as it may, his recognition must have been overpowering to have won her attention so easily; for her standards wouldn't have permitted her, by any stretch of imagination, to think of him as an Egeria's man—however she may have felt she merited one.

But she wasn't, with her looks and distinction and learning, the sort to attract men readily. She was too self-sufficient and flagrant, to begin with. She left no medium of approach suggested. She offered no tender, winning moments. Her aspect for men, as well as for women, implied that she thought she knew their ways and methods better than they did. This over-sureness shows as a weakness in her stories, I think—the temerity with which she assumes the masculine rôle, the possible hollowness of her assumptions not once daunting her. Remember the one that begins, "I had just peeked into the bar of the Savoy Hotel"? I could never, when I read it, think of anything except just how Marian Haviland herself would look, in a black evening gown and her other regalia, "peeking"—as she no doubt longed to do. But I'm drifting again. . . . Her favor might have fired the heart of a *grand seigneur*, I don't know; to the men of Newfair it was too much like a corrective. George Norton, I guess, was the only one who ever craved it. He courted the

slavedom of learning to be her foremost satellite.

His courting went on at all the assemblages. The moment he entered a room, you could see her drawing him like a magnet; and him drawn, atom-like, with his little round beard and swallow-tail coat and parsonish white cravat, to wherever she ensconced herself. No sooner would he get near than she'd address a remark almost lavishly to somebody on the other side, and not deign to notice until the topic had been well developed, and then she would only frown 'round distantly and say:

"Mr. Norton, how are you this evening?"

But he would bob, and smirk consciously, up and down on his toes, and slap one hand against the other in an appreciative manner; undismayed if she looked away to talk quite exclusively to somebody else for another five minutes, just perhaps glancing fugitively over at him again to suggest:

"It's too bad you must stand, Mr. Norton." Or, when another pause came, "Can't you find a chair?"

But you could see her still holding him fast behind her while she finished her own chat, and before she had leisure to release him at last with some cue like:

"That chair, perhaps, over there—no, *there*, Mr. Norton."

Nice little man! He would fetch the very chair. He would even keep it suspended in the air until she pointed out the exact spot and, with eyes and eyebrows tense, nodded approval of her scheme—asking him, however, after he was seated, to stand a moment, so she could move her own chair a bit farther to the right, away from the person whose foot had been planted, as she all the time knew, upon a rung of it.

He would yearn up to her presently and murmur, "A beautiful room, don't you think, Miss Haviland?"

At which she would wince, and whisper down in his ear; and he would wag his head and roll his eyes surreptitiously, sure of not appearing to observe any details she was kind enough to instruct him on. He would smile gratefully, proudly, after it was over, as if her words had put them into a state of blissful communion.

I remember well the day I met them together when she told me Hurrell Oaks was coming to Newfair. I can see her now as she sauntered across the campus, in slow, longish strides, and the would-be graceful little spring she gave when her feet touched the ground, and her head set conveniently forward on her shoulders. She looked at me, and then smiled as if to let me know that it wasn't her fault if she had to take me all in so at a glance. Why, in a glance like that she'd stare you up and down! If your hat was right, she'd go on toward your feet, and if your shoe-lacings were tied criss-cross instead of straight, it meant something quite deplorable. And if she wasn't fortunate enough to meet you or anybody else on the way, she doubtless scrutinized the sky and trees and grass with the same connoisseurship. I actually think she had ideas on how birds ought to fly, and compared the way they flew at Ravenna with the way they flew at Newfair.

That was autumn of my senior year. Miss Haviland's first book had been published by then, and acclaimed by the critics. The stories, as they appeared one by one in the magazines, had each in turn thrown Newfair into a panic of surprise and admiration.

Nobody ever knew, you see, until they began, what Miss Haviland did during the long periods she shut herself up in that little apartment of hers in the New Gainsborough. If, as, you say, she seemed to burst so suddenly, so authoritatively, into print for you, think what it must have meant for us when we saw such dexterity and finish unfurled all at once in the pages of the *Standard*. Unbeknownst she had been working and writing and waiting for years, with an indefatigable and indomitable and clear-sighted vision of becoming an author! It was her aim, people have told me since, from the time she was a girl.

She had been to Harvard, summers, and taken all the courses which the vacation curriculum afforded—unnoticed, unapplauded, it is said, by her instructors. She had traveled—not so widely, either, but cleverly, eclectically, domineeringly, with her sole end in view. She had mastered French and Italian. And she had—first and last and between-

whiles—read Hurrell Oaks. I venture to say there wasn't a vowel—or consonant, for that matter—of the seventy-odd volumes she hadn't persistently, enamouredly and enviously devoured.

At Newfair, people had by this time, of course, compared her "work" with the "works" or Hurrell Oaks; but you know how few people have the patience or the taste to "take him in"? And the result of comparisons almost invariably was that Marian Haviland was better. She had assimilated some of the psychology, much of the method, and a little of the charm; and had crossed all her T's and dotted her I's, and revised and simplified the style, as one person put it, for "the use of schools"; and brought what Hurrell Oaks called "the base rattle of the foreground" fully into play.

Instead of being accused of having got so much from him, she was credited, one thought, with having given him a good deal. You might have guessed, to hear people at Newfair talk, that *she* was partly responsible for the ovations being given him over the country during the season of his return—the first time in fifteen years—to his native land.

"Mrs. —," Miss Haviland explained, mentioning a well-known metropolitan name, "has written me" (of course she would be the one literary fact at Newfair to write to on such matters) "to ask if we can possibly do with Mr. Oaks overnight."

I gaped under my handkerchief at the fluency of her "do."

"But I don't just know how," she went on, "we *could* make him comfortable. Mrs. Edgerton won't be well in time. And he *mustn't* stay at the Greens'." She waxed frantic at the very possibility. "In *her* guest-room, my dear? With those Honiton laces, and that scorbutic carpet, and the whirligig pattern on the walls—and the windows giving on the parti-colored slate roof of the gymnasium?"

I tried, in spite of myself, to think commensurately.

"And Mrs. Kneeland's waitress wears ear-rings! . . . No. Now I've been thinking—don't hurry along so, George. You never keep in line! It spoils the pleasure of walking when one constantly outsteps you like that."

"Pardon," said George, and fell back.

Miss Haviland winced and shifted her maroon parasol to the shoulder on his side, and smiled attentively at me to sweeten the interval, and continued:

"Now *I*, if you're interested to hear—"

I was very interested, and told her so. It always piqued my curiosity, moreover, to think why Miss Haviland picked me out—young as I was—for such confidences. I believe it was mostly because I always stared at her so; which she mistook, characteristically, for sheer flattery.

Even as she spoke, I was remarking to myself the frilled languor of her dress, and her firm rather large-boned throat, and the moisture—for it was hot—under the imitation pearls, and the competent grip of her hand on the long onyx handle of her parasol.

She stopped short of a sudden. George took a few steps ahead. She lifted her parasol over to the other shoulder and looked at him, and he fell into line again, a sensitive, pleased, proud smile showing above his little round beard.

"Now *I* think it would be better—simpler, more dignified, and less ghastly for *him*—if he came, say, to luncheon, and if we arranged for a small, a very small, group of the people he'd care most to see—he doesn't, poor fellow, want to see many of us!—a *small* group, I say, to come—George! *Please!* It makes me nervous, it interrupts me, and it is very bad for the path. . . . Cover it up now with your foot. No—here—let me do it."

"Pardon," said George, cheerfully.

Miss Haviland winced again. "I don't know about *trains*," she went on, "but we can look one out for him" (she facilely avoided the American idiom) "and then motor him to town in—in Mrs. Edgerton's car. Don't you think that will be more *comme il faut*?"

"He'll be so pleased, he'll enjoy so much meeting *her!*" exclaimed George to me, rising on his toes repeatedly and rubbing his small dry hands together. "Won't he?"

Miss Haviland turned to him severely, and at a signal he drew his arm up and she slipped hers through it.

"To worry now *is* a bit premature,

perhaps," she called back. "We're off to see the new Discobulus. I fear it's modeled on a late Roman copy."

And I saw her, when I glanced over my shoulder a second later, pause again and withdraw her arm to point to the Memorial Library.

"What will he think of a disgrace like that, George?" I heard her imprecating. . . . "*What?* You don't *see*—that the architect's left off a line of leaves from the capitals? Come on."

Hurrell Oaks may have been over-fastidious. Yes. But his discernments were the needs of a glowing temperament; they grew naturally out of ideals his incomparable sensitiveness created. Whereas hers—Marian Haviland's—though derived from him, had all the—what shall I say?—snobbishness, which his lacked utterly. I can't estimate that side of her, even now, not in view of all her accomplishments, even, except as being a little bit cheap.

I didn't, of course, though, gather at her first mention of his coming half that it meant to her. And she wouldn't, I might have known, with her regard for the nuances, have let it baldly appear. But I discovered afterward that she had made all sorts of overtures—done her utmost to divert him to Newfair. She didn't know him; had never set eyes on him; but her reputation, which was considerable even then, helped her a good deal. For she solicited news of him from her publishers; and she wrote Mrs.—whatever her name was, finally, when she learned that that was the real right source to appeal to, a no doubt handsome letter, whence came the reply Miss Haviland had quoted to me, but which, as I also afterward found out, only asked very simply, "in view of the uncertainty of Mr. Oaks's plans," whether or not he could, in case he had to, "spend the night there."

Well, it eventuated, not strictly in accord with her wire-pulling, that Hurrell Oaks's route was changed so he could "run through" in the late afternoon "for a look at the college." He was to be motoring to a place somewhere near, as it happened, and the Newfair detour would lengthen his schedule by only an hour or two. Word of it didn't come to her directly, either; that letter

was addressed to the president. But it was humbly referred to Miss Haviland in the course of things, and she took the matter—what was left of it—into her own hands.

"No," she answered, unyielding to the various suggestions that cropped up. But I'll tell you what I am willing to do: I will give up my own little flat! Living in London as he does, he will feel—quite at home there."

Funny though it is, looking back over it, it had also, when all was said and done—particularly when all was done—its pathetic side. For Hurrell Oaks was the one sincere passion of her life. He was religion and—and everything to her. The prospect of seeing him in the flesh, of hearing him *viva voce*, was more than she had ever piously believed could come to pass.

However much she imitated him—and remember, there is a large following to bear witness to her skill—however she failed in his beauty and poetry and thoroughbredness, she must have had a deep, a discriminating love of his genius to have taken her thus far. No wonder she couldn't, with her precise sense of justice, *not* be the chosen person at New-fair to receive him! But nobody dared question the justice of it, really. Wasn't she the *raison d'être* of his coming?—of his being anywhere at all, as some people thought!

Her very demeanor was mellowed by the prospect. She set about the task of preparation with an ardor as unprofessed as it was apparent. She doffed the need of impressing any one in her zeal to get ready to impress Hurrell Oaks.

Her tone became warm and affluent as she went about asking this person and that to lend things for the great day: Mrs. Edgerton's Monet, Mrs. Braxton's brocades; a fur rug of Mrs. Green's she solicited one noon on the campus as if from a generous impulse to slight no one. And even when Mrs. Green suggested timidly that she would be glad "to pay for having the invitations engraved," Miss Haviland didn't correct her. But—

"No, dear," she said. "I think I won't let you do that much—*really*. There aren't to be so many, and I shall be able to write them myself in no time."

I can see her now, fingering her pearls and peering as hospitably as she could manage into Mrs. Green's commonplace eyes, and George Norton hurrying across the grass to catch a word with her without avail. He was the only person whom she was, during those per-fervid preliminaries, one bit cruel to.

But him she overlooked entirely. She didn't seem to see him that day at all. She just peered obliquely beyond him, and, engrossed quite genuinely, no doubt, in Mrs. Green's fur rug, took her arm and strolled away. She had lost, for the time being, all use for him. He was left deserted and alone at the teas and gatherings, magnetized from one spot to another whither she moved forgetfully away.

I met him in the park and pitied his shy, inept efforts not to appear neglected.

"Well, I kind of think it may rain," he essayed, half clasping his small hands behind him and looking up around the sky for a cloud. "But I don't know that it will, after all." And then, "Have you seen Miss Haviland lately?" he asked out in spite of himself.

"Not since yesterday's class."

"How's the improvements coming?"

"All right, I guess. The new stuff for the walls arrived, I heard. It hasn't been put on yet."

"Oh—she's papering, is she?"

"And painting."

He tried to sparkle appreciatively. "Well, it takes time to do those things. You never know what you're in for. She's well?"

And he swayed back and forth on his heels, and teetered his head nervously. Poor thing! The gap he had tried so hard to bridge had been filled to brimming now by the promised advent of Hurrell Oaks.

Miss Haviland called me on the telephone one afternoon as the day was approaching to ask if I would lend her my samovar; and she wanted I should bring it over presently, if possible, as she was slowly getting things right, and didn't like to leave any more than was necessary to the last moment. So I polished the copper up as best I could and went 'round that evening to the New Gainsborough to leave it.

The building looked very dismal to me, I recall. A forlorn place it seemed to receive the great guest. It had been a dormitory once, which had been given over, owing to the inconveniences of the location, to accommodate unmarried teachers. It was more like a refined factory than an apartment-house. The high stoop had no railing, and the pebbles which collected on the coarse granite steps added to the general bleakness of the entrance. The inner halls were grim, with plain match-board wainscots and dingy paint, and narrow staircases that ascended steeply from meager landings. Miss Haviland's suite was three flights up.

But when I got inside it I couldn't believe my eyes.

Her door was slightly ajar—it was the way Miss Haviland avoided the bother and the squalor of having to let people in—and at my knock she called out in a restrained, serene tone, "Come!" And I stepped through the tiny vestibule into the study.

It was amazingly attractive—Hurrell Oaks himself would have remarked it, I'll wager. Nobody except Marian Haviland could have wrought such a change.

Of course there were Mrs. Edgerton's Monet, and Mrs. Braxton's brocades, and—yes—Mrs. Green's fur rug, to say nothing of numberless other borrowed *objets*, to help out the lavishness of the effect; but the synthesis was magnificent. Everything looked as if it had grown there. One might have been in an Italian palace. And Miss Haviland, seated at her new antique walnut desk with the ormolu mounts, looked veritably like a chatelaine. She had always, too—I might have seen it before—a little resembled a chatelaine, a chatelaine without a castle!

But she had for the moment her castle now—enough of it to complete the picture, at any rate. There was a low smoldering fire on the hearth, and the breeze that played through the open window just swayed the heavy damask hangings rhythmically. My samovar, as I set it down on a carved consol near the door, looked too crude and crass to warrant the excuse of my coming.

She read my dazed approval in a

glance and laid down her pen, and, with one experienced *coup d'œil* over the manuscript before her, leaned back, clasping the edge of her desk with both hands and staring at me. She was wearing one of those black evening gowns, and a feather fan was in easy reach of where she sat; and I noticed all at once that the string of pearls was dangling from the gas-jet above her head.

"The new fixtures—the electric ones—will be bronze," she hastened to say.

I shall never forget, not to my dying day, the sight I had of her sitting there; in that room, at that desk, in a black evening gown—*writing!* And the string of pearls she had slung across the condemned gas-jet by way of subtle disarmament for her task! The whole place had the hushed grand air of having been cleared for action by some sophisticated gesture; as if—the thought whimsically struck me—she might have just rung for the "second man" and bidden him remove "all the pomeranians" lest they distract her.

"It's too lovely, Miss Haviland; I can't tell you what I think it is!" I exclaimed, blankly.

She stood up, reached for the rope of pearls, and slipped them over her head.

"I want you to see the hall," she said. "Isn't it *chic*? . . . And the bedrooms. The men will leave their hats in the south chamber—my room—in here; and the women will have the other—this one."

She preceded me. She was quite simple in her eagerness to point out everything she had done. Her child-like glee in it touched me. And she looked so tired. She looked, in spite of her pomp and enthusiasm, quite exhausted.

"How he—how Mr. Hurrell Oaks will love it!" I cried, sincerely. "If he only realized, if he only could know the pains you've taken for him!"

"Pains?"

She leaned forward and let me judge for myself how she felt. Her eyes glowed. I had never seen her with all the barriers down.

"It isn't a *crumb* of what's due him!" she pleaded. "Do you think I expect he'll love it? No. It's only the best I could do—the best I *can* do—to save

him the shock of finding it all awful. Oh, I didn't, I so don't want him to think we are—barbarians!"

She gave it out to me from the depths of her heart, and I accepted it completely, with no reservations or comments. It was the one real passion of her life, as I've said. She was laying bare to me the utmost she had done and longed to do for Hurrell Oaks.

"To think that he is coming here!" she murmured. "I've waited and hoped so to see him—only to see him—it's about the most I've ever wanted. And it's going to happen, dear, in my own little rooms. He is coming to me! Oh, you can't know what he's meant to me in all the years—how I've studied and striven to learn to be worthy of him! *All*—the little all I've got—I owe to him—everything! He's done more than anybody, alive or dead, to teach me to be interested in life—to make me happy."

She threw her long arms around my shoulders and pressed me to her, and kissed me on the forehead. The chapel clock struck ten.

"You'll come, too, won't you?" she asked, stepping back away from me in sudden cheerfulness. "For I want you to see how wonderful he will be."

She put her arms about me once more, and went with me to the door when I left. In her forgetfulness of all forms and codes she had become a perfect *chatelaine*. She opened the door almost reluctantly, and stepped out on to the meager landing, and stood there waving her hand and calling out after me until I had got well down the narrow staircase.

The day dawned at last. The hour had been set at five o'clock, as Miss Haviland's Shakespeare course wasn't over until three-thirty, and the faculty hadn't seen fit, after "mature consideration," to give her pupils a holiday. But the elect of Newfair were talking about the event, and discussing what to wear, and whether they ought to arrive on the dot of five or a few minutes after, or if they wouldn't be surer of seeing him "at his best" by coming a few minutes before.

I met Professor Norton again in the park that morning.

"All ready for this afternoon?" I asked him.

His lips went tight together, and quivered in and out over his small round beard as he tried to face me. And then he looked down away, and began digging another hole in the gravel walk with the broad toe of his congress boot. He shot a glance at me, in a moment, and gazed off at the falling leaves.

"Aren't you interested in Hurrell Oaks?" I persisted.

"I'm interested in everything Marian Haviland likes," he declared, boldly, focusing his eyes full upon mine. "But—but the apartment's small, and—and I reckon there wasn't room."

Small? Was any place too *small* for him? It made my blood—even at that age—boil.

"She's had enough to do to keep half a dozen busy," I said, tactlessly.

"*Has* she?" he echoed in hope. "How—how's she got on?"

"She's been wonderful," I said, feeling kindlier toward her as I spoke. "She's made that apartment regal."

"I'm glad, I'm glad!" he cried. "I knew she had it in her. Did the new sofa come?"

"Yes. Everything's come. And you'd better come yourself at five o'clock. I know she's just forgotten—perhaps your invitation got lost like Mrs. Purcell's. She only got hers an hour ago, I heard."

"Really, now! Well, I'll just go home and see. I need a little nap, I guess. I haven't been sleeping very well. Good-by."

And he held out his hand, and nodded to me several times, and gave me a sad, cheery, uncertain smile.

It was too bad. I was sure Miss Haviland *had* forgotten him. I didn't think—and I don't think now—that she wilfully omitted to send him an invitation. It was only that her cup was too full to remember his small, meek existence. I wondered if I dared remind her. I was pretty busy all day, however. And I had to get dressed and out by four, as I hadn't posted my daily theme yet, and the time would be up at half-past. But I thought, even so late as then, that I'd better go by way of the New Gainsborough, and if things seemed propitious, drop a hint to her, for I felt

free to say almost anything after my experience of the other evening.

Things weren't propitious, though, I can tell you.

I was still some distance from the building—it was about fifteen minutes' walk, I should say—when I heard somebody calling to me in a distressed voice. I looked 'round behind me, and to the right and left; and when finally I walked ahead I saw Miss Haviland fly out through the swinging door of the New Gainsborough and stand there at the top of the high granite stoop, beckoning frantically. She had on a mauve-colored kimono, which she was holding together rather desperately in front, and her hair was uncaught behind and streaming in the wind.

"Edith! Edith!" she called out. "Quick!"

She had never called me by my first name before. What could it be?—at this late hour, too? She waited a second to be sure I was coming, then dodged back under cover.

I ran. I sprang up the granite steps.

"See if you see anybody!" she cried, breathlessly, peeping out at me.

"No, I don't," I said, looking. "There's nobody, Miss Haviland."

"But there must be!" she insisted. "Look again! Look everywhere!"

I did so. "There *isn't*, Miss Haviland," I said back through the opening. "Why won't you believe me?"

"Go down again, do go right down," she kept saying, "and *see!*"

I shook my head. But at that she leaped out on to the stoop and took me by the shoulder and pushed me.

"Run out behind the building—oh, be quick!" she beseeched. "Look all along the road, and if you see anybody, stop him and tell me!"

I ran. The road was empty. I came dazedly back. "There's nobody in sight," I panted, "not a soul!"

"Run over to that tree where you can see 'round the turn in the avenue!"

I ran again. I stretched my eyes in vain, but there wasn't a person of any sort or description.

"Once more—*please!*" She started down the steps as I started up. "Over by the chapel—you may find somebody walking. *Hurry!*"

I hurried. I was out of breath and hardly knew what I was doing.

"They're all in, getting ready, Miss Haviland. How can you expect me to find anybody now?" I asked, pointlessly, and in some indignation as I reapproached her.

But she rushed down the steps and stopped me half-way, her mauve kimono fluttering open, and the gilt high-heeled slippers she had donned in her haste gleaming garishly against the unswept stone.

"Listen! Harken!" she whispered. "Do you hear a motor? Don't you? Try again!"

It was still as death.

I stared up at her in terror. Not till then did I realize how serious it was. But I had never seen a woman look like that. I had never seen the anguish of helplessness in the hour of need written so plain. Her eyes seemed to open wider and wider—I had to turn away—and awful lines came on her forehead. She stretched out both arms and uttered a long Oh-h! that started in her throat and went up into a high-pitched note of pain. She was to me positively like a wild woman.

I watched her slowly raise one hand and unclasp it; I saw within a small, a very small, white paper thing, which she held closer to her face and gaped at, as if she couldn't believe the truth of what she saw.

"What is it? What is the matter, Miss Haviland?" I asked.

"Nothing," she answered, quite calmly. . . . "*Listen!* Don't you hear—"

But she shuddered. "They'll be coming, Miss Haviland. Really! You've no time left."

"Yes."

She tried to smile. It was uncanny. It was hardly more than a distension of her pale wide lips—a relic, merely, of spent resourcefulness. Then the blankness went out of her face, her expression collapsed, and she sobbed aloud.

"Miss Haviland! Miss Haviland! Do let me help you," I begged, and I put my arm through hers and led her inside the swinging door and up the narrow stairs. "Mayn't I do *anything?*"

She dragged herself heavily on by my side. But her sobs ceased after the first

flight. At the meager landing before her door she broke away and stood erect and faced me and held out her hand. The abruptness of the change in her awed me. I watched her push the hair from over her face and tilt her head back and shake it and gather the folds of the kimono nonchalantly together, and resume the old hard connoisseurship I had seen her exercise from the beginning. Her eyes dilated tensely, and her eyebrows went tensely up, and she gave me that envisaging smile as of yore.

"It was nothing," she said, "quite nothing. Won't you step in and wait? . . . I'm tired, I expect. I was alone here, do you see, taking my bath. The servants" (Mrs. Edgerton's servants!) "hadn't come. And that knock on the door upset me. I thought—I thought—it might be—the—the caterer" (she winced at the word, and the wince seemed to help her to proceed) "with the food. So I hurried out and down like mad. . . . Thanks awfully, though. You'll be back, surely? Please do."

I did go back, of course. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds—sad as it was. There wasn't such a long interval to wait, either. I wended my way, and found the theme-box closed, and returned at about quarter past five.

When I entered, the assemblage was in full swing, and Marian Haviland, in the black afternoon toilette she had sent to New York for in honor of Hurrell Oaks's visit, was scintillating in the midst. She had donned her pearls, and subdued her cheeks unbecomingly, and tinted her lips; and, going from one person to another, she would, in response to the indiscriminating compliments they bestowed, just tap them each gaily on the shoulder with her fan and explain that:

"Mr. Oaks was so sorry, but he couldn't wait. Yes, he was wonderful," she would say, "*perfectly*. We had an

immemorial hour together. I shall never forget it—*never*."

To this day I don't blame her for lying. If she hadn't lied she never could have stood it. And she had to stand it. What else could she do? She couldn't hang a sign on the door and turn the guests away after all their generous sacrifices to the occasion.

George Norton, needless to say, wasn't there. She had forgotten—I insist upon that much—to ask him. But two days later she announced her engagement to marry him, and in another month's time the knot was actually tied.

My companion stopped short there, and leaned back in her chair, expectantly staring at me.

"Like Marian Haviland Norton's readers," I said, "I should like some of the T's crossed and the I's dotted a little more plainly. Don't spare me, either, as far as the 'base rattle of the foreground' is concerned. But tell me, please, literally just what you think happened."

She showed her disappointment at that; looked almost aggrieved. Then she laughed out in spite of herself.

"Hurrell Oaks didn't expect a party," she declared; "he didn't, at all events, mean to have one. He didn't—*she* was right about that—'want to see many of us.' He didn't want to see anybody. He just wanted to do his manners. He couldn't decently get out of that much. And, although he may have been asked to come at exactly five—nobody, of course, knows how *his* invitation was worded—he reached Newfair earlier, perhaps unintentionally so, and came instead at four, and knocked politely for admittance. But Mrs. Edgerton's servants, unfortunately, hadn't arrived, and Miss Haviland was, as she herself admitted, taking a bath. She was no doubt actually *in the tub* when Hurrell Oaks slipped his card under the door."



The Adventure of the Bottle Inn

BY LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND



Ever you come to Japan, be sure to let me know." This was an injunction from Kenjiro Hori when he said good-by to his university days in America.

Our call upon Hori proved to be momentous. There is one not-to-be-disregarded duty for the foreigner in the Far East—he must consider any incident connected with his activity as momentous. If the Orientals had taken this point of view in making their history, they might to-day be parceling out Europe in colonies.

We believed Hori would be found in Kobe, and with this faith we started a quest for him on the day of purgatorial hiatus between our meeting in Kioto and our sunrise flight to seek the long stretches of the old Tokaido road. Outside the Kobe station we saw a window over which read, "Information Bureau for Foreigners." The smiling custodian looked through his directories and told us that he could find no information at all, but then he added that he could tell a 'ricksha boy how to take us to him. Acting upon this optimistic assertion, and in utter disregard for bee-line geometry, we proceeded to traverse half Kobe, making occasional futile inquiries at absolutely impossible places, inquiries which had nothing to do with any next step, and then we were suddenly successful, with no apparent reason for being so.

We could overhear the servant, who carried in our names, indulge himself in such complete anarchy, when he repeated the vowels and consonants, that when Hori came to find out who we were we were thrown into a moody belief that the frightful slaughter of our names had in some way destroyed any warmth of remembrance in him of our rightful personalities. Indeed, his welcome was that which is prescribed by

the samurai formalism of dignity. He gave us fans to keep away the flies, and something cold to sip, and then he proceeded to sit behind his thick spectacles and politely to object to everything which we said we purposed doing. He recommended the show places. Foreigners, he suggested, were not expected to go to native inns and to eat native food. That was not playing the game, as it were. Foreign hotels had been carefully planted for the foreigner's benefit at the correct places, and were cherishingly cared for.

We insisted upon our preference for the native product.

"Very well, then," said he. "I shall have to go with you." Not, however, until the following week would he be able to transmute his solicitude into action.

Under the exciting discussion of plans the ceremonial dignity of his welcome soon broke down and the old-time Hori emerged from his chrysalis. Nevertheless, he continued to suffer a cataclysm of positive doubt over intrusting the Empire to us for a week, although he did finally agree upon a plan to meet us at the foreign hotel at Nagoya.

The week of our own devices along the ancient Tokaido, through the hills and over the paddy-fields, brought us to Nagoya, despite Hori's skepticism. We had forwarded a kit of clean linen to await us. When we were packing the bag we had had the idea, I remember, that we should doubtless be exceedingly pleased to overtake the luggage in its awaiting atmosphere of foreign comfort. Alas for the stability of any tenet whatsoever! Granted that we were diletantes, and that we had capitulated in an over-hurry to the glamour of the simplicity of the service of the native inns, we had nevertheless succumbed to realization, not anticipation. On the other hand, we suffered from no itch to reform the Occident; we did not hunger to re-

turn to our own land to argue the multitudes out of the custom of wearing shoes in the house, or out of sitting on chairs instead of floors. But, for all that, when we walked into the door of the foreign hotel, and up the stairs, every tread of our heavy, dusty boots brought home to us a sense of superior fitness and order in certain customs not our own.

Kenjiro Hori was in his room, waiting for us—that is, his bodily shell was there. He was sleeping with that absorption in dream hours which is so complete that one is always tempted to believe that for a Japanese the state of being awake—no matter how active in energy—can only be a hazy interim between periods of a much more important psychic existence.

An hour was left us before dinner, with nothing to do but to complain of the indoor heat of our Occidental comfort. I was studying a map of Japan, tracing out our route. An inordinate passion for all maps abides in me, but with decided preference for those old Elizabethan maps, printed in full, rich colors, the margins portraying the waves of the sea with dolphins diving and barks straining under bellied sails—ships headed for the Spanish Main or striking out for the regions marked “unknown.” No wonder that to-day, with our pale, lithographed maps telling the exact number of nautical miles to the farthest coral island, we have become analytic and scientific. As Okakura said, “We are modern, which means that we are old.” Nevertheless, a pale, errorless, unemotional map is better than no map at all.

The mysteries of my particular map of Japan came from the carelessness of the printer, who had cared little about registration of color. In the mountain ranges to the north of Nagoya I noticed a blurred word, and, turning the sheet on end, I read, “Nakescendo.” The word brought some imperfect recollection which I tried to complete. At last I began to associate it with a Japanese whom I had once met on a train. I had thought him a modern of the moderns until he told me of his sacred pilgrimages. It was my surprise, I suppose, in the sudden mental picture of his tramp-ing, staff in hand, with the peasants that

had made me so distinctly remember his earnestness as he mouthed the full word “Nakescendo.” I rolled over on the bed with my finger on the spot, and asked Hori if he had ever heard of the Nakescendo Trail.

Hori looked up in surprise, as if I had rudely mentioned some holy name. “All day,” said he, “I have been thinking of the Nakescendo.” Then he told us how the road enters the mountains through the valley of the beautiful Kiso River, and, following the ranges, first to the north and then to the east, takes its way to Tokio. In the era before railroads it was a great arterial thoroughfare, and in those feudal days the daimios of the north and their retainers journeyed the Nakescendo route with as much pomp as did their southern rivals along the Tokaido.

I knew that it had been O-Owre-san’s long-held dream to walk the Tokaido from end to end, but I had not realized, until I saw his dismay at my suggestion of a change, how ardent his dream had been. In my argument I prophesied the mountains of the Nakescendo to be the abode of spring. It could not be denied that whatever the Tokaido was or was not, the rice-fields that had to be crossed in following it would not be spring-like.

We slept over such argument as we had. The full glory of the morning sun was rather an argument for the mountain faction. The breakfast butter melted before our eyes. O-Owre-san finished his marmalade and pushed back his chair, and then casually surrendered.

“Well,” he said, “if we are going to the mountains, what are we waiting for?”

Hori’s traveling-kit had evidently bothered him not at all. A half a dozen collars, two or three books, one or two supplementary garments, and a straw hat were tied up in a blue-and-orange handkerchief, and this *furoshiki*, with its contents, was tied to the handle-bars of a bicycle. Until we met the bicycle we had talked of the problems and plans of the three of us, but from the instant of its introduction there was no gainsaying that there were four of us. Further, the really colorful and unique personality among the four partners of the vaga-

bondage was that diabolical mechanical contraption.

In making that machine the manufacturer had achieved the supremacy in turning out the most consistently jerry-built contrivance ever made since the beginning of time. The loose, and often parting, chain hung from sprocket-wheels that marvelously revolved at nearly right angles to each other. When Hori mounted into the saddle the wheels fearsomely bent under his weight until their circumferences advanced along the road in ellipses strange and unknown to the plotting of calculus. The rims scraped the mud-guards in continuous rattle, as if there were not enough other grinding sounds of despair coming from every gear and bearing. In some way those abnormalities worked together, acting in compensation. Any one of the single errors, without such corresponding outrageous offset, would have been prohibitive of locomotion.

The indomitable spirit of the machine in keeping in motion should perhaps be praised, but its general character was steeped in malevolence against all humankind. It hated Hori no less violently than it did us, or strangers. It hated, and was hated, and continued to leave a trail of hatred in its path, until a certain memorable day when we came to a mountain climb. While we were discussing what best could be done for its transport, the proud spirit overheard that it would have to submit to being tied onto a coolie's back. It rebelled into a heroic *hara-kari*. The entire mechanism collapsed suddenly into an almost unrecognizable wreck.

"When the flower fades," says Okakura Kakuzo, "the master tenderly consigns it to the river or carefully buries it in the ground. Monuments are even sometimes erected to their memory." Hori gave a piece of money to the coolie for a reverent burial of the demon wheel.

We spent so much time on our packing, and after that in delays in the antique-shops, that it was too late to hope to walk across the paddy-fields to the first rise of the highlands that day. And so we took an accommodation-train, whose small engine puffed with the temperament of a nervous Pomeranian. We did not know where we should alight.

When dinner-time approached I could feel that our surpassing indefiniteness was beginning to harass Hori. I whispered this intuition to O-Owre-san, and thus, when the train halted at the next platform, we threw out our luggage and were left standing to watch the fiery cloud of cindery spume from the engine disappear into the blue-gray mist of the rain which was beginning to drift densely through the air.

We scrambled up a steep hill in the direction of the town, and when we attained the upper reaches of the slippery clay path the fog and darkness settled permanently down upon us. Such recognizance as we could make showed that the mountain path branched at the summit in several directions. The town might lie in any one of them. Dinner, bed, and bath might be within a few hundred yards, but to take the wrong path might mean to wander until sunrise. Such variety of adventure is more interesting in retrospect than in prospect. However, it was worse to stand still. We shuffled along. Suddenly there was a sparkle of light ahead. It was from a lantern. The bearer was a peasant bundled up in a rush-grass cape. He lifted the light into our faces, and then gave a single sharp cry of fear. Next he shut his eyes tightly and was speechless.

A well-balanced consideration for the rights of one's brothers is intended for normal times. Now that a guide had offered himself to us out of the darkness, we purposed to keep him, although for a few minutes he seemed a useless discovery. Hori managed at length to pry the man's eyes open with wet fingers, and with fair words he sought to persuade him that if we were not ghosts we obviously needed his help; and if we were, then any sense left in him should tell that it would be far better to listen to our request and to guide us to an inn and to leave us there than to risk our trailing him to his own home. All mountain folk-lore tells the peasant to obey ghosts when possible. He grasped Hori's point. We followed him, and, as we had suspected, the distance to the village was only a few steps. At the threshold of the inn our guide bolted.

Hori advanced into the courtyard to engage in Homeric debate. The fog,



GARDEN OF A JAPANESE INN

sweeping in, struggled with the light of the lanterns and candles. The maid's kimono sleeves were pinned back to their shoulders and their skirts were gathered up through their girdles. Their faces and limbs gleamed in the coppery light from the charcoal-braziers of the kitchen. The picaresque scene suggested something imagined by Don Quixote and painted by Rembrandt, Hogarth, or Goya. The point of reality was, however, that they said that the inn was full; and there was no changing their conviction. We borrowed a lantern and a coolie from them and started out again in the rain for another inn—and found it.

We had our baths, and we had dinner from lacquer bowls and porcelain dishes. Our satisfaction proved again that the joy of the finding is not always less than the joy of the pursuit. The maid who had been assigned to minister to our comfort accepted her duty as a trust. She was unbelievably short, and very sturdy. Her broad face and the strength of her round, shapeless limbs proclaimed the hardy bloom of the peasantry. The physical, mental, and emotional unity which comes as the heritage of such un-mixed rustic blood is in itself a prepos-

sessing charm. Our daughter of Mother Earth was as maternal as she was diminutive. She might think of a thousand services, her bare feet might start of an instant across the mats to respond to any request, but never did she surrender one iota of her instinctive belief that we, merely being men, were only luxurious accessories for the world to possess. She was so primordially feminine that she inspired a terrifying thought of the possibility of society being sometime modeled after the queendom of the bees.

She had never seen a foreigner, but she had heard much gossip of our customs. Her inquiring mind was intent upon verifying this gossip as far as possible, and she was also very curious about our possessions. She taught us how to hold our chopsticks and how to drink our soup. A little more noise from our lips would show that we were appreciating the flavor, she admonished.

When the beds were finally laid she brought a fresh brewing of tea and replenished the charcoal in the *hibachi*. She lighted our after-dinner cigarettes for us by pressing them against the embers. She sat waiting until we dropped the last stub into the ashes. Then the

guardian midget rolled back the quilts, ordered us to bed, tucked us in carefully, giving to each impartially a good-night pat. Her day's work finished, assuredly her efforts entitled her to a quiet enjoyment of one of the cigarettes. She sat down on the foot of my bed and, deeply drawing in the smoke, blew it into the air with a sigh of contentment.

"I have been told," she said, "that foreigners marry for love. Can that be true?"

We assured her that that custom existed.

"Um-m-m!" she pondered. (Evidently our examination was of import.) "But if you married for love, how can you be happy to travel so far away from your wives?"

She gasped at our claim of non-possession.

We made a second insistence regarding our un-social state. She did not put aside her good-nature, but she did berate

us roundly for our unkindness, our lack of taste, in thinking that we could joke in such a way just because she was an uneducated girl in a country inn. When we further insisted upon repeating our tale, she was really hurt. There is a time, she said, for joking to come to an end. If it were always thus our custom to insist upon a joke long after it had been laughed at and appreciated, then she did not believe that she had excessive pity for our wives and children in their being left behind.

She then dismissed us from her questioning and appealed exclusively to Hori. She could understand that if we had been forced to marry by parental regulation and had been united to wives

whom we did not and could not love, perhaps it would be quite within reason that we should wish to have vacations in singleness, but to have had the privilege of marrying for love, and then to be wandering alone—oh, it was ununderstandable!

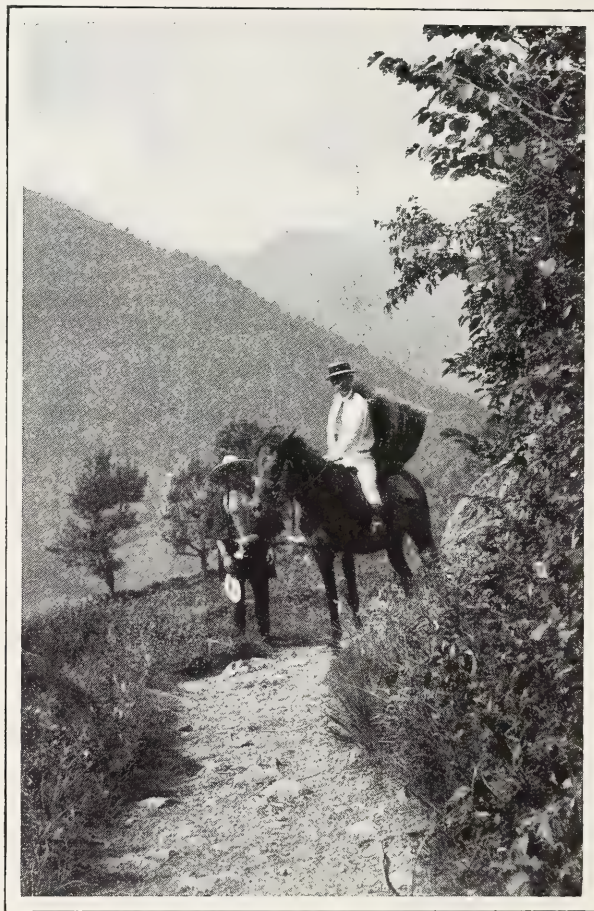
"Well," said Hori, mysteriously, "I think that what they have said is the truth, but it may not be all the truth. In their country certain desperately wicked criminals are not allowed the privilege of marrying.

There is a glamour which hangs over the notoriously wicked. The maid's glances were now modified by appropriate awe into distinct respect. She hurried away to the back-stairs regions with her tale.

When morning came we could hear no sounds below, and when we went to the bath there were no maids to fill

the brass basins. Hori wandered off to the kitchen to find some hot water, and we did not see him again until after our maid, very heavy-eyed, had brought the breakfast-tables to our room. He returned with information gleaned from the mistress. There had been a council sitting on our morals, presided over by our maid, which had lasted through the hours of the night.

As it was raining, we borrowed huge paper umbrellas and wandered down the valley of the rocky Kiso to find a famous spot known as "The Awakening." That is, it is famous locally. An islet, emerging from the waters of the tumbling river, is earnestly believed to have been the exact location where Urashima



HORI ON HORSEBACK

opened his eyes from his enchanted sleep when he was returned from the palace of the dragon king. Considering that the story explicitly states that Urashima awoke on the seashore, the faith of the inland believers is really more marvelously imaginative than the story itself. We found a tea-house which Hori had heard of as a child. The fame of it, not only for its view, but for the special pyramid-dishes of noodles as well, went back to feudal days. The porcelain was old and of tempting beauty. The tea was fragrant. Hori insisted that we should extemporize poetry to express our appreciation of the beauty of the Kiso, but O-Owre-san and I were rather self-conscious in our rhymes. We had been nurtured in a land of specialization, where poetry is intrusted to professionals. The sun came out. We paid our reckoning, folded up our paper umbrellas, and walked back to our inn for a long night's sleep.

In the morning Hori discovered that his military survey map had somehow been mistaken for a sheet of wrapping-paper. The torn-off section had served to carry rice cakes in my pocket the day before, and the tearing had strangely traversed mountains, valleys, and rivers along almost the line which we purposed following. As he was not yet emancipated from the idea that not to know where one is is to be lost, he was rather in a maze for the next few days as we continually wandered off the edge of the map into unknown regions. However, we crossed the backbone of the hills by

a mountain trail. When we finally reached the last crest, deep in the valley we could see Narii. Before descending the dropping slope, we sat down near a spring where the birds had come to drink. They were singing evening songs mightily. Bright wild flowers were scattered in the open spaces between the intense green of the fern patches. The world was lustily at peace.

When we did start we swung down the long hill almost at a run, and in a half-hour we reached the edge of the village and paused by a stone lantern in the temple-yard.

The evening peace had made us positive that this is the best of all possible worlds; but Hori was entertaining a different idea. His worry was a lively interest in practical and immediate affairs. The town was very poor, he explained—a town come down in the



A WAYSIDE ENCOUNTER

world from ancient prosperity. Its neck was hung with the millstone of decayed graces and thinned blood. The inn was so old that it was senile. Hori had made some excuse, before entering the door, which permitted his rejection of the inn's hospitality later, but it would never do for us, in turn, to venture in for a glance around. That would be needlessly raising the expectations of the ancient host. He would find, he suggested, that it would be only five or six or seven miles to the next village. As we had twenty-five or more miles behind us, and most of those had been along a mountain path, we were not so inevitably tempted at that hour of night to be particular in a choice of roofs as Hori was imagining.

The inn, in truth, was very old. To meet us were no smiling and chattering maids gathered behind a mistress; instead, an old man and a very small girl, his granddaughter, or more likely his great-granddaughter, greeted us in the dark entrance with protests that the house was unworthy of our presence. It was not alone the pathos of the two figures which appealed. It was partly that their dignity had not surrendered to ruin, and it was partly a something else, indescribable, that charmed.

We followed the master along a labyrinthine corridor. The soft-wood planks of the floor had been polished to a deep reddish gleam under the bare feet of generations of hurrying *ne-sans*. He led us past inner courtyards to the farthest wing. Our room hung over the river at an elbow of the stream. Even with the *shogi* pushed wide open, we were hidden completely from the eyes of the town by heavily leafed trees. The mats on the floor had turned a dingy, mottled brown and black from their once light golden yellow, but they were clean. The room was enormous in size.

Hori was still doubtful, not gloomily so, but from the knowledge that an inn is proved by its service. The host was kneeling as motionless as a temple image, awaiting our orders. Hori began inquiries about dinner. The ancient bowed his head to the floor, drawing in his breath sharply against his teeth. Dinner was now being prepared for his family, he said, but it would be unworthy of his guests. This time there was truth in the polite deprecation. There was a failure in quantity. We should not have to wait long, said our host, but food would have to be sent for.

As we sat in a circle, planning what we should have, the old man smiled and pointed to a patched square in the matting. Underneath the square, he said, was a depression for holding bronze braziers. When the nobility, in the old feudal times, had traveled the Nakescendo Trail, this was the room of honor that had been given to the daimios. It had been often the custom for the retainers of a daimio themselves to prepare his dinner over the braziers. Our sitting there, planning what we should have,



A BUSY STREET-SCENE



JAPANESE WAITRESSES

had reminded him of the dead past. His words came slowly, as if between each word of recollection his spirit journeyed back into the very maw of oblivion.

"Are the braziers still buried there?" Hori interrupted.

Yes, the braziers were under the floor or somewhere to be found.

Hori turned to us and put us through a questioning until he rediscovered the word "picnic" for his vocabulary. "That's what we shall have, a picnic, right here," he declared, and he turned back to the host to explain.

The old man almost gasped, at least approaching as near to permitting his emotion to betray itself as, probably, he ever had done in the face of a request from a guest.

"But you will then have to have a special waitress," he said. "My granddaughter is indeed too young for that privilege." Always, when he used depreciatory adjectives about the child's unworthiness, he failed lamentably to harden his caressing tone. She was, however, as he had said, little older than a baby. The services of a maid we should have to pay for, but, under the spell of the conjuring up of the memories of those bygone revels in our room, what

cared we for saving our precious yen? We had become reincarnations of the two-sworded swaggerers. We waved our arms grandiloquently.

"Tell him to send for fowls for the pot," we oratorically assailed Hori. "Let us mix rice sauces and warm the *sake*, and tell him to remember that for us there can be but one choice—the maid to serve our dinner must be the prettiest maid in all Narii."

We had not the slightest idea that Hori would translate our exact words, but I found later that such was his act.

Thus the mountain village of Narii faced a problem. Two foreigners, and a Japanese almost as alien as a foreigner, had appeared from nobody knew where—not preceded, 'twas true, by retainers, as had been the travelers of old, but, nevertheless, demanding the old-time service with as much gusto, certainly, as if they were accustomed to having what they wished. They had asked that the prettiest maid in all Narii be called to the inn to exercise the privilege of guarding the steaming rice-box. It was obvious that there could be but one prettiest maid, and all Narii knew with one mind that the prettiest maid was the daughter of the Shinto priest. However, the

daughter of a priest is not a likely candidate for service in an inn. Nevertheless, there was the honor of the hospitality of Narii at stake. Messengers were sent to explain the problem to the maid and her father, and to use, if necessary, the pressure of "the state demands."

Thus came O-Hanna-san to the inn. In all Japan there could not have been a prettier, a more bashful, or a more modest maiden. Her eyes were down-cast behind long black lashes. Her soft cheek flushed and paled—perhaps somewhat from the excitement of the adventure. Neither she nor her friends had ever seen a foreigner of so strange a race. And to be known to have been chosen as the prettiest maid!

Two great braziers had been filled with glowing charcoal. The foreigners, and the outer-world Japanese who could speak their strange words, were busily cooking the fowls, chopped into dice, and they were arguing about their respective talents, as do all amateur cooks. Perhaps she could now look up for an instant unobserved. No, a glance met

her eyes and she felt hot blushes grow again on her cheek.

While they feasted and laughed she had to run many times to the kitchen for forgotten dishes. When she passed along the hall by the street entrance she was stopped and besieged by the questions of the gathered mob. Some of those inquiring investigators had also gathered outside the wall of my bath an hour before. I had been suddenly aware of an eye at every crack and crevice of the boards as I was cautiously stepping into the superheated tub. There was not a sound, merely the glitter of the star-scattered eyes.

The foreigners put sugar on their rice, and one of them even put sugar in his tea. They handled their chopsticks so awkwardly that it was marvelous that they did not spill the rice grains on the matting. At last, the three feasters finished the mighty meal and stretched out on the cushions to smoke in deep contentment. She doubted whether they had even noticed that her superior kimono was not such as the maid of an



FAREWELLS FROM AN INN DOOR

inn would possess. After the feast, her quick feet, in spotless white *tabi*, carried away the bowls and little tables. Then she sat down by the door to await any clapping of hands.

The host came in and bent his forehead to the floor. He had himself arranged the flowers, in an old iron vase, to stand in the *takemono* corner. We tried to express our appreciation for the flowers and our admiration of the vase.

We asked him how old the inn was. It had been his father's and his grandfather's. Yes, in those days the Nakesendo had rivaled the Takaïdo, and yearly, on the hastening to Yedo to give obeisance to the shogun, the great nobles of the northwest provinces, with their armed retainers, had had to pass through Narii. This now forgotten inn had then been famous. Our room, which overhung the river, he repeated, had been only given to the daimios. The samurai had crowded the other rooms. The inn had boasted a score, twoscore, of trained and pretty *ne-sans* to wait upon those fiery warriors. The modern geisha, be it said, by the way, in many of her accomplishments, is daughter to the inn maidens of feudal days, who sang and danced and played musical instruments in addition to possessing the graces of more domestic duties. The inn had then rung with shouting and laughter, and sometimes the dawn of the morning start of the cavalcade found the retainers still sitting around the feast.

After the great city of Yedo had

plunged its hands into the purses which had been filled from the rice taxes, the return journey to the provincial castles was often quite a different story. No rare occurrence was it for some haughty samurai to declare in the morning that he could not pay his inn bill, however modest it might be. Pledges would be

left, and upon one occasion a certain warrior had been forced to leave the first mistress of his heart — his sword. And once, went on the old man, a noble, upon leaving the door, had caused a vase to be unwrapped from its encasements of one silken bag after another, and had given it to the inn. The donor had written a poem of dedication with his own hand. The vase was shaped like a bottle, and the inn had been called "The Bottle Inn" from that day, seventy years in the past. Our host, a youth then, had thought that the inn would



HORII IN THE GARDEN OF THE BOTTLE INN

ever be rich and renowned. He sighed. The tradition of its renown had faded and been forgotten in this age of railways. No longer did turbulent guests demand that the bottle be brought out and shown.

If his dramatic genius had been subtly leading us toward turbulence, we obeyed the pulling of the strings. We demanded to know whether the vase was still under his roof. Our host smiled. The sacred vase was hidden safely. Would we like to see it?

He returned, carrying an old wooden box. The great-granddaughter dragged the unredeemed sword after her. The well-worn scabbard was of mediocre, conventional design, but the blade had

been forged by one of the famous sword-makers. Hori read the sword's origin from the characters graved in the steel. The old man slowly slipped it back into the scabbard, leaving us to ponder what might have been the tragic fate of the *ronin* that he had never returned for his pledge.

No casket of precious metal can be so alluringly suggestive of trove as the simple, unpainted, pine boxes into which the Japanese put their treasures. A woven cord clasped down the lid of the box of the bottle. The untying of it began the breathless ceremony. When the lid was lifted we saw the first silken wrapping, then came another, and another, and another. Some were of brocade, some were of faded plain color, red, blue, or rose. Finally the drawing-string of the last bag was pulled open and the old man lifted out the bottle. It was of yellow pottery, with a thick brown glaze overrunning the sides. The mouth of the vase was capped by a bronze-and-silver band, carved with an irregular motif. The trustee of the possession allowed us to pass it from hand to hand.

What was one of our reasons for being in Narii at that very moment? It was that our eyes were prying for those rarer treasures in Japan which may be sometimes gleaned "away from the beaten track." Unaccountable chance had led us to the inn. The old man was hopelessly beaten in his contest with poverty. I knew that he did not wish to sell, but if there should be the jingling of a few yen—was it likely that he could refuse? Our eyes were gleaming with desire. Surely, even if it were a venal sin to take away the bottle from The Bottle Inn, the very greatness of the temptation would have brought its own special for-

giveness. But, because temptation and conscience can generally be argued around to our satisfaction, the gods have ironically added impulse as the third part of us. It must have been some such impulse which was the irrational lever which moved us to action. We soared to the heights. It was a superior endurance to any flight that it is likely either of us will ever attempt again. Truly, such virtue is more regretted than gloried in. We did not take the bottle with us. The bottle still functions in its environment, in harmony with its tradition. Taken away, it could be only a superior vase with a history, an object of art. In that old inn it is a living part, an inspiration. In the forgotten village of Narii no numbered museum tag hangs around its neck.

The bottle dropped back into the brocade bag lined with faded crimson silk. Then the other wrappings, one by one, muffled it. It went into the box; the lid was fitted into place and the cord was tied.

Do we gain strength from resisting such temptation? The writers of the Holy Church of the Middle Ages said so. By refusing that bottle I merely gained exhaustion. This moment I am stifled by the dust of the ashes of that murdered passion. My conscience replies with no comforting response. It has lost the vitality of recoil, and thus, if ever such time may come, I may yet glory in a greater vandalism, some supreme Hunnish act, and there will be no rasping regret.

The breezes up among the snows of the mountains came down into the valley for the night. Wherever they were going, they seemed to be quite undetermined as to their path. They blew from every side and into every corner of the room by turn. Little by little, to



READY TO SERVE US AT THE
CLAPPING OF OUR HANDS



STREET IN A VILLAGE OF THE KISO VALLEY

escape the draughts, we had kept pushing along the wooden shutters until we were at length completely walled in. It was not possible to imagine that a few miles away, down on the rice-plains, the millions were nudely stifling, while we were going to bed to get warm. The daughter of the priest had been dragging layers of bedding as far as the door, and when we clapped our hands she had innumerable mattresses for each of us. There seemed to be nothing left to do but to blow out the lights and cry, "*O yasuma nasai!*" to the retreating patter of her footsteps.

"What's the midget granddaughter waiting for?" I asked Hori.

"She wants you to go to bed," said he from under his quilt.

I jumped into the soft center of my mattresses as requested. Then the butterfly dropped on her knees and crept backward around our beds. Out of a box she was pouring a train of powder until she had us each inclosed in a magic circle.

"Why?" I demanded.

Kenjiro laughed at me. "It's *nomi-yoke*," he said. "Insect powder—what do you say in America? Bug medicine?"

I insisted that I had not seen the sign of anything looking like a marauder.

"Of course not!" Hori stopped me as if I should have known better. "It's just courtesy to honored guests, to show you that they would wish to protect you, if there were any. If there *were* crawlers," he concluded, with some scorn, "do you suppose that they'd make such an effort to call attention to the fact?"

That *bushido* explanation satisfied Hori, but I was doubtful. For the sake of verification I carefully destroyed the integrity of the rampart around my bed by opening up passages through the powder. I was willing to display a few bites in the morning to prove the truth. I went to sleep dreaming about two-sworded samurai who looked like pinch-bugs, and they were swaggering around a wall of insect powder. However, the morning proved that Hori was quite correct. The delicate attention had been born of pure courtesy.

Their Places

BY HELEN MACKAY



I CAME out from a doorway in the Boulevard de Strasbourg, just before the Gare de l'Est. It was one of those terribly hot days that came early this year toward the end of May. The shade of the chestnut-trees was grateful in the crowded, dusty boulevard.

On a bench, just there in the shade, a soldier was lounging uncomfortably in his hot, long infantry coat, that had once been blue, his heavy, dusty boots thrust out in front of him, his arms sprawled along the back of the bench, his head sunk forward from down between his hunched shoulders. He had taken off his battered helmet, and it lay with his knapsack and rolled blanket on the ground at his feet. His hair was quite gray. He seemed so forlorn and alone that I spoke to him.

"Something wrong?"

He looked up; his face was sunburnt to the color of yellow leather. He had a rough, small, gray beard, and black eyes under rough gray eyebrows.

"What would you?" he said.

I thought I recognized the accent. I looked at his knapsack and things and said, "You are come on leave?"

He jerked his head back toward the station and said, "I arrived an hour ago."

"But," I said, "leave is not meant for sitting drearily alone; it is for family and friends and things to do."

He said again: "What would you? I am not of Paris; I have no one here and nothing to do."

"You are just waiting between trains," I asked, "on your way home?"

He said, "It is of no use going home."

"But your people. Have you no people?"

"Oh yes, my wife and the little boys."

"And you do not go to them?"

"No use." He was staring straight in front of him.

I waited, not wanting to say too much, and not wanting to leave him.

After a minute he picked up his arms from along the back of the bench, drew in his legs and leaned forward, with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. Then I sat down on the bench beside him.

"Please, tell me, where is your home? Is it in the High Provence?"

"Yes," he said, "in the mountains. Between Barrême and Senez—at Ourjas, you know."

I could see and feel that country, ancient and very strange, all the color of wild beasts. The wide, bare, stony beds of rivers, and the great bare sweeps of mountain-sides are the color of lions' shoulders. The yellow-grays of wild thyme and lavender and olive are tawny and warm, the color of lions' breasts. Only the cypresses are black, long, straight markings, like the stripes in the skins of tigers. All the little, poor, stone houses and the ruins of watch-towers and castles are of tawny, live, wild colors, like the rocks and the rare patches of corn and vine. Tawny oxen drag the plow or stand with the cart in the vineyard. The sheep and the sheep-dogs are tawny together under the olives.

There is a certain little tawny house, square, with three cypress-trees beside it, set back, up a rough path from the road, among olives and vines. The sheep were going home to it in one twilight when I passed, quite a large flock, managed by a very busy dog. There were two or three lambs with the flock. The shepherd was a very small boy. He was carrying one of the lambs over his shoulder, its feeble little legs crossed under his chin, its long little face nodding beside his little brown round face. He was toiling up the steep path laboriously, for he was so small that even the tiny autumn lamb was heavy for him.

It was September, the grape-vines

were yellow. A woman and two boys smaller than the small shepherd were working in the vines at some distance from the path. They were spraying the vines with sulphur against the phylloxera. The woman stood up and turned to wave her yellow stained hands at the little shepherd; one of the boys threw down the sulphur bel-lows and came running to him.

I do not mean that the tawny farm was the home of the soldier with whom I sat on the bench, in the Boulevard de Strasbourg, that the woman in the vines was his wife, or the little boys his. Only it was the place, and they were the people I kept thinking of while he talked.

For the first eleven months of the war he had had no leave. In those eleven months he had written four times to his wife. He had got the sergeant to help him with the letters, because he himself could not write very well. The sergeant knew what to say in letters, all those fine phrases about the healths of every one.

Mélanie, his wife, had written to him eight times. She had had good schooling, and she herself knew all those fine phrases about healths. Her letters were just like the sergeant's. He, Michel, was very proud of the letters, and always showed them to every one. He thought letters wonderful things. But it never seemed that Mélanie's letters had anything to do with Mélanie at all. The phrases about healths brought her and the little boys no nearer to the man in the Argonne; they seemed to bring to him, there in the trenches, nothing whatever of the little tawny house. And how in all the world could any thought, any feeling of his, any sense of the thing, and of his part in it, have been given

by his poor fine phrases, or the sergeant's, to the woman who knew nothing, nothing at all, beyond the sheep-fold and the olive-pastures, and the hill-side of vines?

• There were eleven months from the August day when Michel and the others were shepherded down the dusty yellow



HE SEEMED FORLORN AND ALONE

road, away out of all they had ever known, to the July day when he tramped the dusty yellow road back again, come home for six days' leave, the journey's three days each way not counting. The eleven months had been so crowded with confusion and helplessness and horror, so beaten and driven and blinded, so maddened with noise, so deadened with fatigue, that of them nothing seemed to be left at all, nothing he could understand, nothing he could tell. The eleven months were a wide, wide gap. He had nothing with which to fill in the gap.

And Mélanie had nothing with which to fill it in. All her life she had worked



MICHEL WAS PROUD OF THE LETTERS, AND SHOWED THEM TO EVERY ONE

in vineyard and sheepfold. She had trained and trimmed and watered the vines, minded their illnesses, and defended them from their enemies. She had taken the sheep out to pasture and watched the nights with the ewes. She had washed the linen of her parents and little sisters and brothers, and then of her husband and her children, in river water, pounding it out on tawny stones and spreading it to dry in the sun on lavender and wild thyme. She had made the soup in the great iron pot of her father's house, and then in the great iron pot of her husband's house.

When her husband had been swept away, with all the men and horses and mules, to the war, she had had to go on doing these things, with only the small boys to help her. She had done well, but there was nothing she had to tell of it. She and her husband had always worked together, but they had never talked together.

There had been nobody to explain to the three little boys what it meant that their father was away at the war. There was nobody who at all knew what it meant. No one told them that the man who came back to them, with a rough beard, in a blue uniform, was a hero.

They stood about and looked at him as if he were a stranger come to the tawny house. They had nothing to say to him. He had nothing to say to them.

He had nothing to say to Mélanie; once he had asked her how she had got through the vintage, and had she had a bad time with the lambs, had the yoke of young oxen worked well, and how had turned out the field they had planted last November with winter wheat?

To all these things she had answered, "Well enough." She questioned him about the war, what was it like, what was it for, when would it be over? And he did not know how to answer.

In July there was not much work. And, anyway, in six days what could he have done?

He slept a great deal. When he half-waked between dozes on the bench at the door, he sometimes found Mélanie standing in the doorway, staring at him in vague wonder. He ate a great deal. Mélanie cooked meat for him every day. The little boys stared at him while he ate it. The last day he remembered that they had never seen meat before except on Sunday. He had said to Mélanie then, "It must cost very much." She had said, "Never mind," and he had

known he was a guest in his own old place.

There was one thing he had understood in those six days—he and Mélanie understood it very well together. She could manage for herself and the little boys. But if there were to be another child, if she were to be ill and unable to work, in need of help, through months and months, while the farm went to waste and ruin; and after that with another little body to clothe, to feed, to tend, while the sheep needed tending, and the vines and the bits of field—well, then there would be an end of it. So the love there had been between them could not be any more. It seemed as if there were nothing left.

“Better let me get the oxen past there,” said Beppe, the biggest boy, to his father; “they are always afraid of crossing the torrent you see, father, and you see they are accustomed to me.”

The smallest little boy explained that the sheep did better in the hill pasture this year; it was less burnt than the pastures by the river.

The middle-sized boy said, “You don’t know, father, but we have not enough wine this year to drink as you drink it; only enough to soak our bread in.”

On the sixth day Michel went down the dusty yellow road once more, and back to the life of which this life knew nothing.

His next full leave came in eight months, in April. He had had one leave between of forty-eight hours; he had gone only to a town behind the lines, where he was then, in the Champagne. He had been with a crowd of the copains there, and it was a quite big town with cafés and a cinema.

His regiment was before Verdun through all the defense. It was from the trenches before Verdun that he went home for a second leave to the tawny

farm. He seemed to have come there from farther away even than before; it seemed as if ages had passed since he had had anything to do with these people of another life. They seemed to have grown yet far more strange to him.

April was the time of the heaviest work on the farm. The work had changed. Last autumn Mélanie had



“LET ME GET THE OXEN PAST,” SAID BEPPE

sold the yoke of oxen for a price Michel had never dreamed of. She told him that oxen brought a very high price now because of the war. A man had come from Barrême and bought all the oxen in the countryside. She and Beppe were to go in to Barrême to the market these days and buy two yokes of young oxen to break in and resell. Mélanie said, like that they had the use of two teams for the spring plowing; the oxen cost nothing to feed in summer, and could be sold at a gain at the moment of the vintage. She had arranged with a vine-grower of Barrême to take all her autumn vintage. He had sent up a man to teach her and Beppe some new treatment of the young vines.

The two smaller boys had worked all winter at Senez for the old carpenter, and now he was to come up and help them with the sheep-shearing and with



THE LOVE THERE HAD BEEN BETWEEN THEM COULD NOT BE ANY MORE

getting down the sheep and lambs to market.

The day Michel left to go back to the trenches before Verdun was the day of the yearly cattle-market at Barrême. Mélanie had to go in and take Beppe with her. They had to start long before dawn.

In the darkness Michel waked to hear Mélanie groping about the room where they slept over the sheep. She had not lit the candle, but was trying to dress in the dark. He knew it was for fear of waking him. The sheep were not yet stirring in their pen underneath the room. He did not tell Mélanie that he was awake. He lay there quite still, thinking, "I may be going back to be killed." He thought: "Every one else is killed, and probably I shall be killed, and she does not think of it at all. She is going to Barrême to the cattle-market. She thinks of the two yokes of young oxen she is going to buy."

He heard Beppe in the next room, getting ready also. "And Beppe does not think of it," thought the man; "he does not think of anything except about the oxen."

He was going to speak to Mélanie in the darkness. Then he thought, "It is better that she does not know." He thought: "She has got to think about the oxen. If she must think about the

oxen it is better she does not know of men being killed. She could not have her head clear to judge of the oxen and bargain for them if she were thinking that her man was going away to be killed."

He lay, waiting to hear her move to the door, to open it and go. But when he thought she was at the door she came back and came close to the bed and stood there. He felt her standing there, looking down at him in the darkness of the room.

After a moment she said, "You are awake, Michel?"

"Yes."

"I must be off."

"I know."

"I wish you could have seen the oxen."

"I will be gone by noon."

"I have left you the soup to warm over, and some cold meat and cheese." She stooped and kissed him.

"You have to work very hard, Mélanie," he said, and kissed her in the dark. He listened to her going to the door.

At the door she stopped, and said again, "I wish you could have stayed and seen the oxen."

He heard Beppe clumping down the stairs after her, and then the opening and shutting of the door, and their steps in the path.

He lay there a long time. After a while he heard a nightingale singing in the dark; then all the nightingales of the countryside began to sing. After a while the old red cock waked and called up all the day birds with his crowing. All the birds of the day began their chatter, and the nightingales stopped singing. Michel heard the sheep stirring and beginning to bleat in their pen under his room. It was light then. He heard one of the small boys open the door of the sheep-pen and call to the sheep. Then he heard them all troop out into the morning.

When he left at noon both little boys were off at the plowing. There were some almond-trees in the fields, and they were in flower, drifts of rose-color against all the wild-beast color of the overturned earth. The tawny house was empty in noon stillness when Michel went out of it, going back to the war.

The regiment of Michel was terribly cut up before Verdun. Leave came round more quickly because so few were left to have their turn of it. He had leave in autumn, but he did not go home. He went to a town behind the lines where he was then, in the Somme. It was full of copains, as had been the town behind the lines in the Champagne, and there was a cinema, and there were many cafés. People in that town all talked about Paris. His next leave he took in Paris.

The soldier on the bench sat with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands and told me many things.

"So you see," he said at the end, "of what use is it?"

I tried to explain to him, but he scarcely listened. He sat straight and looked about him while I talked.

"There are many people," he said.

The boulevard was swarming with *missionnaires*, coming and going.

He said: "The train coming was so crowded with all of us that there was no room in the wagons. We hung on to the platforms and the steps of the wagons



WHEN HE HALF-WAKED, HE FOUND MÉLANIE STARING AT HIM

and some climbed up on to the roofs. Two boys were thrown from the roof of a wagon and both of them killed."

"Oh!" I said. "Oh, how horrible! Just when they were coming on leave.

"Yes," he said after me, "just when they were coming on leave."

How Battles Are Fought in the Air

BY LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS



IDI CULED and shunned by the preceding generation, the flying-machine now dominates a war-lustful world. It is the eyes of the army.

It is more than that. It constitutes the sole means of surmounting that insurmountable cross-continent barrier where the great issue is stubbornly facing itself—where *they shall not pass* is petrifying into an immovable bulwark. It alone shall pass.

An imaginative friend is needed for the aeroplane arm in warfare. For, mark you, we cannot consult history or turn to an encyclopedia for information on this subject. Here is mankind suddenly presented with a new instrument for seeing and killing, a new science to be learned, requiring new devices to be imagined and perfected.

We collect all the known data in the world. We experiment with every suggestion. We select the best of engine, body, propeller, and machine-gun. And then comes the question, "How are battles best fought in air?"

Neither generals nor military experts can assist us here. It is an unexplored, uncharted field. New possibilities are discovered with every combat. Hitherto established boundaries are penetrated and left behind in every day's experiments.

Secret improvements occasionally give this side or that the coveted superiority in the air. Then the ultimate capture of an aeroplane explains its secrets to the enemy and soon the balance is re-established. Two months after we launch our new devices we find them part of the enemy's equipment.

To grasp comprehensively the difficulties and dangers of battles in the air it is essential that the capabilities and limitations of the war aeroplanes themselves be understood.

Two classes of flying-machines must be borne in mind—one, the heavy aeroplane for carrying bombs, heavy armament, or pilot and observer, which may be designated as the two-seater; the other class is the light, fast fighting-machine or chasing-machine, always a one-seater.

Zeppelins and all other gas-balloon cruisers may be disregarded. Their maximum speed is but half that of the aeroplane. Their huge bulk affords a vastly larger target for gunners. Consequently they are not of interest and importance in a contest between rival air forces.

The fighting-machine has two essential characteristics—speed and destructiveness. If you are piloting a slower machine than your enemy you cannot overtake him, but he can overtake you—your superior armament of destructiveness is useless to you unless you do overtake him.

Slower two-seaters are used for observing, for photographing, for spotting artillery fire, for bomb-dropping. But these machines are not relied upon to defend themselves against swifter enemy fighting-planes. An especial guard of fast fighting-planes accompanies these slower machines while they are engaged in their work, for the sole purpose of defending them against air attack. If an enemy squadron is encountered, these machines turn tail and make for safety.

Anti-aircraft guns on the earth cannot defend the upper skies against aircraft sorties with any hope of success. Vulnerable parts of the aeroplane are armored against penetration by machine-gun or rifle bullet. Heavier guns require more time for firing. The gunners must experiment with several smoke-shells before they can estimate the altitude of the aeroplane. No range-finder has yet been devised that tells with any approximation to correctness

either the altitude or the speed of the approaching aeroplane.

Moving at one hundred and twenty miles an hour, the aeroplane covers one hundred and seventy-five feet each second! Flying at twelve thousand feet elevation, the average anti-aircraft shell will not reach it under eight seconds. During these eight seconds the aeroplane has darted away *fourteen hundred feet*—in any direction it chooses!

Sheer luck alone leads to a meeting between aeroplane and bursting shell. Even these chance encounters rarely result in such a mortal hit that the machine is brought to earth.

Experience having shown that the only defense against aircraft is aircraft, both sides have developed with all their ingenuity the deadliest types of fighting-aeroplanes.

The Germans have three types of this speedy fighting-machine—the Fokker, the Walvet, and the Albatros. The French and American pilots have met these machines with the Nieuport and the Spad. The British have produced the Bristol Bullet, the Sopwith, and the Vickers Scout.

These machines are all similar in general appearance, but differ greatly in various details. The German Mercedes engine is concededly the most reliable motor known to aviation. The German aeroplanes, as a rule, show better workmanship and will stand more strain than those of the Allies.

One, two, or three rapid-fire guns are mounted on each of these fighting-machines. Usually they are fastened rigidly alongside the engine, pointing dead ahead through the revolving propeller. Often they are mounted on the top plane where they shoot over the top of the propeller.

The latest German Albatros is the quickest and deadliest fighting-aeroplane yet devised. It mounts three rapid-fire guns so pointed as to converge the bullets fifty meters ahead of the machine. Fired simultaneously when the aeroplane is headed straight at the enemy pilot, these guns cut a cone-shaped zone of fire with deadly effectiveness.

It is essential that the fighting pilot learn the character and location of this armament on each type of enemy

machine so that he can approach it from its blind side in delivering the *coup de grâce*.

The German pilot uses the Maxim, the Spandau, the Parabellum, and Lewis gun; the French have adopted the Hotchkiss and Lewis; the British use the Lewis and Vickers machine-gun. All shoot a bullet approximately .30 of an inch in diameter, and all have the same rapidity of fire—about four hundred shots per minute.

The synchronizing device which is now used by all the combatants to permit firing through the propeller orbit without hitting the blades was invented by a French pilot, Roland Garros. By a strange fatality he himself fell a prisoner into German hands and his device was immediately copied.

Upon the fall of Antwerp a number of the Lewis machine-guns were found by the Germans in the Lewis factory near that city. One facetious Teuton thereupon wrote a letter to Colonel Lewis, telling him they liked the gun very much, but they intended to add to it some improvements, which they did—including the firing of exploding bullets therefrom, which violated their agreement of The Hague Convention of 1899. Kiffin Rockwell, an American aviator of the Lafayette Escadrille, was killed by one of these exploding bullets. Balsley, another American pilot, who is still in a Paris hospital, had taken from his body ten pieces of another exploding bullet, which he is carefully preserving as first-hand evidence of this frightfulness.

A maximum speed of one hundred and thirty miles per hour is attained by these fighting-planes. They can climb at the rate of one thousand feet per minute.

Landing speed, or the minimum headway with which these speedy planes can be kept under control, is approximately one hundred miles an hour. If one imagines running upon a rough field in an automobile at such terrific speed, he can judge of the difficulty in safely landing these swift aeroplanes. In fact, the aeroplane is far more fragile and top-heavy than the automobile.

The commanding officer of one of the largest flying fields in Europe told me a few months ago that he had but one pilot in his Escadrille who could

land at night in one of these fast scouts without breakage. Only the most skilled of the airmen are intrusted with them.

So the maximum speed in the air is limited by the minimum landing speed. Until a new device is perfected whereby landing can be made safer, we cannot expect faster fighting-machines than those of to-day.

Flying was introduced to the world as a thrilling sport. England, France, and America find it difficult to employ this weapon in warfare except in a sportsmanlike manner. Our far-seeing enemy, however, quickly abandoned this principle.

Much has been made by the Allied airmen over the German reluctance to venture into enemy territory to offer an air attack. Statements appear frequently in the press to the effect that the Allies have the supremacy of the air; that we have to seek out the German aeroplanes far into their territory; that they never venture over our lines except for bomb-dropping at night or a well-guarded reconnaissance by day; that their fighting-planes never give battle unless they are overpowering in numbers; that when they do attack they sweep down out of the clouds, fire one volley and dive on down to safety, refusing further combat.

We are hasty if we assume such charges prove cowardice, or even weakness, in the German Air Service. Flying and fighting have never been regarded by the German military as a sporting proposition. They are part of a carefully scrutinized program of "military efficiency."

The "star" German airman, Boelke, who had forty-five air victories to his credit, and who did much to establish the present program of air tactics for his service, stated in a letter to his mother:

"It has been said that German airmen never fly over hostile lines. As regards chasing-machines, that is true; but it should be remembered, first, that our new Fokkers have some features which we ought to keep to ourselves; and, second, that our object is only to prevent hostile aeroplanes from carrying out their observations. It is for these reasons that we prefer to wait for them where we expect to meet them."

This is an illuminating statement

when the military results of such method are analyzed. "Chasing-machines" or fighting-aeroplanes have no other function over the enemy's lines than fighting. They are the lightest, swiftest, and quickest climbing machines in the service. They cannot carry bombs or observers. To do so would reduce their speed and make them easy prey to the faster planes of the enemy.

For them to seek a combat over the enemy's lines, then, not only increases the risk of loss, but may drop the expensively trained pilot a prisoner and the machine a valuable prize of "new features" into the enemy's hands. If newly designed aeroplanes are not flown over the enemy's territory the chance of their falling into the enemy's hands where their secrets are disclosed will be remote indeed. So the apparent cowardice of the German pilots may, after all, be better military strategy than our own "free lance" style of adventurous combat.

The second charge of unsportsmanlike conduct brought against the German pilot lies in his refusal to accept combat upon equal terms. So many instances of this are seen that our pilots are inflamed to an impulsive contempt of their adversaries and recklessly dive upon overwhelming odds. If successful, this bravery is hailed with satisfaction by press and people. If the "overwhelming odds" naturally overwhelm, melancholy reference to one more missing aviator is recorded in our official reports.

The method of Fokker attack is to lie in wait, singly or in groups above the clouds, until an enemy aeroplane is within striking distance below. Then the attack is launched by an almost vertical dive upon the helpless victim. The Fokker's speed is augmented by gravity, and the enemy plane has no chance of escaping by retreat. At fifty to one hundred yards distance the Fokker pours in a stream of bullets from two machine-guns. Passing under the enemy, the Fokker swoops on down to his flying-field without regard to whether or not he has disabled him. He abandons the field, once he has executed his diving attack.

By these tactics the individual Fokker rolls up record scores of victories with little risk to himself. Incidentally, very

few machines are built strong enough to endure the structural strain of this favorite dive of the Fokker. The wind pressure against the planes and structure is tremendous. Probably the French Nieuport single-seater is the only other chaser-machine stanch enough to permit similar "stunts."

The German Walvet single-seater is a new fighting-aeroplane which during the summer of 1917 has divided the responsibility of defending the German skies with the Albatros and the Fokker. It also mounts two Maxim machine-guns which shoot through the propeller.

Accurate descriptions of this machine are not available, for up to the present time not one of this type has been captured intact by the Allies. With the coming of the Walvet another new system of German air tactics was disclosed to the Allied airmen.

The Walvets are like the Fokkers, strictly a chasing-machine, though lighter and faster. Like the Italian policemen, they always stalk for their prey in pairs. When a single adversary is discovered (usually it is a slow-going two-seater engaged in reconnaissance and photographing flight) the two Walvets dart upon their victim. One engages in the actual combat which ensues; the other stays aloft at a safe distance, ready to give the alarm if help approaches. If, as sometimes happens, the first is vanquished, the twin does not wait to renew the conflict, but darts away to his aerodrome in safety. Always flying and fighting in groups, the German airmen adhere strictly to previous orders. If their system of fighting be bad it is discontinued as a system, but the individual German pilot does not take the liberty of violating his orders.

Such systems are evidently recommended and introduced by the "star" air-fighter himself. For instance, there have been three German pilots whose records are outstanding. Immelman, the first to attain fame, was engaged in the daily raids over Paris during the first months of the war. He brought down a total of seventeen enemy aeroplanes before he himself was shot down on June 18, 1916. Captain Boelke, at the zenith of his daring career, stood above Immelman, both in tactics and as

a vanquisher of his opponents. He, too, was finally brought down in October, 1916, by Captain Ball, a British flying officer, after having forty-five victories to his credit. To-day Baron von Richthofen, leader of the "traveling circus" squadron, in his small Albatros, has the "world record" of sixty-two enemy aeroplanes. He was wounded in an air battle last June, according to the *Berliner Zeitung*, and has not since appeared at the front.

Such individual methods and successes are soon adopted in the German Air Service as standard tactics. So the Immelman way is the present Fokker system. Boelke tactics gave birth to the group system, now inseparable from Germanic air attacks. Von Richthofen's successes with his traveling circus introduced the custom of *camouflage* in the German Air Service—painting the machine such colors as tend to make it invisible or indistinguishable.

Lieutenant Schaefer, who had a record of thirty enemy machines when he was finally killed on June 17th last, established the Walvet tactics. He invariably went in himself for the fight, leaving his companion to sit above him to guard against a surprise attack.

Boelke once said to an American interviewer: "The great principle of the German aviator is to operate with the minimum of risk. The English seem to consider war in the air as, above all else, a sport; while the French, with a rare and courageous fatalism, fly and fight not for pleasure, but with a consecrated ardor for their duty."

The British have, in accordance with their time-honored slogan, "Every Englishman is expected to do his duty," consistently refused to award the personal victories of their airmen with the popular acclaim that attends this spectacular appeal to public imagination and favoritism. England neither publishes the individual victories of her distinguished aces nor honors them with coveted medals, as is done in both France and Germany. As long as other British warriors are doing their duty as efficiently, even if in less spectacular manner, blunt English justice does not yield to popular clamor for the names and records of her air gladiators.

Through aviation channels, however, come fairly accurate reports of the British airmen, and the record is held by Capt. William A. Bishop, a Canadian, who has shot down forty-five German aeroplanes.

The famous Captain Guynemer of the French Flying Corps had thirty to his credit on March 12, 1917; thirty-four on March 17th, forty-three on June 1st, and fifty-two on August 10th. He was killed September 11th last, and fell into the enemy lines.

Adjutant Lufberry of Wallingford, Connecticut, flying in the American Lafayette Escadrille, has the leading American score of fifteen enemy machines. Captain Barraca, Italian ace, has twenty-six.

In distinct contrast with the methodical German strategy, the Allied Air Scouts have been directed while in the air almost entirely by their own superior wits. The daily patrol goes aloft for its shift of "ceiling work." An individual pilot of unquestioned bravery spots in the distance a German squadron approaching. On he dashes regardless of the enormous odds against him. In his eagerness to "get a Boche" he disregards his value as a fighting unit. It is the custom to call one French or English pilot the equal of two of the Huns. He will take on ten to one to make a record!

Unfortunately, the official reports of losses vary so greatly that no definite score can be compiled to indicate the results of such different methods of air fighting. Thus the British report for May, 1917, announced a total of 713 aeroplanes shot down in that month, of which 442 were German and 271 of the Allies. The official German report for the same month gave a total of only 341, of which 79 were German and 262 of the Allies!

Sobered by the relentless and unscrupulous German air-fighters, our pilots are now losing much of their former sporting habits, and are gradually adopting caution. Accustomed to the tactics of their enemy, they are organizing to meet him at his own game.

And the knight-errant who, single-handed, attacks a dozen enemy fighters, is no longer being praised by his commanding officer. A foolish risk in the air service is a costly blunder, when the

value of the aeroplane, the pilot, and his schooling is computed.

On the other hand, flying stunts formerly discouraged are now diligently taught the pilots. Looping-the-loop, side-slipping, and the deadly tail-spin are resorted to in every-day conflicts between fighting-machines. Standing up on the tail and firing upward through the floor of the enemy craft above was a favorite method of attack practised by the French pilot Guynemer.

Marvelous progress has been made during these years of war, both in the art of building and flying aeroplanes, and in the science of aerial strategy. Many years of peace would have been required to advance the flying-machine to its present position.

At the outbreak of the war I witnessed the daily raids over Paris of the celebrated Immelman. A French aeroplane sailed after him, shooting at him with revolver and rifle. No other armament was carried at that period. Here foe first faced foe in aeroplanes. Both sat up late that night devising means of supremacy. So scornful was the German raider of gun-fire from below or pistol-shots from defending aeroplanes above, that he would drop into Paris streets a brief note tucked away in a sack of sand, informing his enemies that he would return to-morrow at five o'clock with more bombs. And return he did on five consecutive afternoons!

As long as both sides are equipped with aeroplanes of equal speed and equal destructiveness the victory must hang upon superior strategy or overwhelming numbers. But once the enemy's fighting-machines are swept from the skies, their slower aeroplanes will not dare to appear, while ours may carry on their observations and bombing raids unopposed.

Here, then, is America's opportunity!

Contemptuously ignoring German methods has been a costly blunder of our allies. Rather to the opposite extreme should we go, imitating shamelessly every point of value possessed by the enemy, whether in machine construction or in air tactics. We can begin where they have arrived. At an equality there, any improvements we add will advance us so much toward superiority.

Our experts, then, are collecting every item of information regarding fighting-aeroplanes and their armament, and this collection is to be constantly kept up to the minute. The speediest and deadliest machine is the master of the air. To produce this masterpiece, guns, mountings, engine and aeroplane must all be considered, designed and built together, in one fighting unit, with due regard to surpassing the best European models.

Those German machines that fight and succeed in running away may live to fight another day. The ultimate victory in the air will be given to the side producing the swiftest and most destructive single-seater.

What would an American fleet of two thousand superior fighting-planes accomplish along the great barrier?

Picture the "front" as it appears on a fresh, clear morning. Stretched from Verdun west to St.-Quentin, its parallel lines of trenches wind in and out of valleys and mountains, cross plains, swamps, cities and forests. The great barrier lies between!

Observation-balloons begin to pop up and lurch heavily in the breeze. At least two score are in sight up and down the barrier, straining at their tethers some four or five miles back of No Man's Land.

Artillery quiets down while the gunners sip their coffee. Sentries are relieved. Long files of sleepy men pass through communication trenches to the rear, while the adjoining alleys are filled with the day shift advancing to the first-line defenses. Though no factory-whistles announce it, the day's work is begun.

Suddenly a distant hum strikes the ear. It grows in volume like the oncoming of a tornado. Friend and foe alike pause and survey the southern sky. A stupendous sight! There, far up in the heavens, advances northward a long line of roaring aeroplanes, flying swiftly onward, wing and wing, covering the arc of the horizon as far as the eye can reach! A quick estimate is made as they pass overhead. They are at an altitude between ten thousand and twelve thousand feet. Twenty aeroplanes to a squadron. A slight break in the line, then twenty more. They are

flying in squadron formation, twenty machines to a mile. Two thousand fighting-machines are passing over the barrier into the German camp between Verdun and St.-Quentin!

Behind the swift raiders comes a line of heavier, slower aeroplanes. They do not fly so high and are readily distinguished as bomb-droppers. Each carries half a ton of high-explosive bombs fastened in a rack underneath the fusilage. The pilot releases each bomb separately, or all together, by a turn of his wrist. One machine in this group carries pilot and observer. The observer is the officer in charge of the little fleet. He carries a wireless radio outfit on his machine. Also one or two carrier-pigeons to send back with any imperative messages should his wireless instruments fail.

He watches the ground below for changes in the enemy's position since yesterday. Any alterations discovered he jots down on the roller map-board in front of him. An automatic telescopic camera catches the scene below in response to the pressure of his thumb on the button.

The officer frequently searches the neighboring heavens to detect the approach of enemy aircraft. The advance-guard of scouts, however, has swept away all loitering enemies. Only those ascending in his rear from enemy flying-fields need be apprehended.

White puffs of smoke ahead indicate that the anti-aircraft batteries have his altitude. With a gesture to his pilot behind him, he turns sharply to the right and climbs to a higher level. The entire squadron follows his lead.

A mile to the east of him he sees a sister squadron of bomb-droppers. On beyond them, still another group is winging its way into the enemy's territory. Each is led by its officer-observer. Each is surrounded by smoke-wreaths of bursting shrapnel.

All three of these squadrons have for their common objective a single railroad center and important German supply-station, lying almost forty miles back of the front. Strongly fortified and defended as it is, tremendous losses can be inflicted by these thirty machines dropping their fifteen tons of high explosives upon supply-depots, railway bridges and

stations, barracks and ammunition-dumps.

Other bombing squadrons have other objectives. No matter where the Germans choose to consolidate their defending aeroplanes, many of the raiding squadrons will attain their goal.

Hazardous spy service and frequent aeroplane sorties have located very definitely the exact position of these objectives.

Outnumbered and taken by surprise, the enemy aircraft do not take the defensive. Our bombs are dropped and our machines return in safety to their aerodromes.

And now our artillery spotters fly over the enemy's positions, again guarded overhead by the squadrons of our chaser-machines. The "target" is soon located and quickly destroyed.

Here at last come the enemy aircraft. Having collected all their available fighting-aeroplanes, they are ascending to annihilate our squadrons separately!

Our spotting-machines scurry off home, snapping out wireless messages for more fighting-machines to the rescue.

And now the battle royal is on! From every point in the heavens dart in the gleaming planes, some bearing the black Maltese cross of the Kaiser, some the red, white, and blue star—our own. Below, jaded men stand up in their trenches and gaze, white-faced, into the crowded sky. The decisive conflict of the war is begun!

The staccato rap-rap-rapping of the aeroplane machine-guns melts into a continuous roar. Here and there flaming and crippled aeroplanes poise and flutter helplessly downward. Frequent collisions occur, some by accident, some deliberately contrived.

Darting, diving, circling, and swooping, the combatants separate and mingle again. At the outskirts of the tumult individual duels are in progress. Here and there escaping Fokkers are being rapidly overhauled by the speedier Nieuports. On another side a Spad is surrounded by a circle of Albatros machines and the death stroke is about to

fall. Suddenly the Spad leaps up and over in a quick loop-the-loop and comes out behind his pursuers, pouring into them a stream of bullets as he flattens out his course. Here another, surrounded and apparently doomed, suddenly drops into a tail-spin and sinks rapidly down from the swirling pack of enemies.

Manœuvering for position, two enemies fly side by side. Suddenly out of the blue comes a darting Sopwith; the leaden hail pierces the top plane and crumples up the German pilot in his seat.

Propellers are broken, wings are shot away, engines are struck and disabled. Machine after machine separates from the revolving mass and glides or tumbles to earth.

No account of the score can be estimated by either side. No means of communication exist between friends or enemies in this hellish roar. Reckless of formation or position, the air-fighters dive and shoot, then climb back again to the center of the gigantic whirlpool, standing on tail to pour in another volley through the floor of the enemy aeroplane overhead.

Outnumbered, outclassed, and outfought, the Germans remaining volplane down to escape. Some are driven into French territory. Some voluntarily surrender, some are able to get away.

Now the barrier is no longer insurmountable even to our infantry. Enemy artillery is silenced and their troops confined to dugouts by our aeroplane-directed shells. Their rear communications have been cut. Their supplies of food, munitions and men have ceased.

From St.-Quentin to Arras, from Arras to the North Sea, the aeroplane fleet repeats its gigantic manœuver. Six months are required to permit Germany to rebuild her air squadrons.

But six months will see the last vestiges of the great barrier swept clean. Six months will see another American fleet, double its former size, produced from the home of Darius Green and his Flying Machine.

The White Man

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



HE younger man hated the older with a passion which sometimes showed in a deep suffusion of his smooth, apple-red cheeks, although he would never have recognized it as hatred because of his innocence, his incredible and appalling west-of-Canada sinlessness. He never marveled. To the pure all things, even the river jungles of British Guiana, are as God intends—that is to say, matter of fact.

Then, too, Pawling believed in the brotherhood of man.

Clymer did not believe in the brotherhood of man. He may have had notions once upon a time, for he, too, had been reared in the west of Canada (where the cocoa estate of Holy Trinity was owned, and by most respectable people). But now he had been out here for upward of eleven years, a long time for a white man to be in the bush. If he had any faith left him, it was his one abiding belief, fed from time to time by premonitions, that the bats would get him—that is to say, when his hour struck. It would be some night when he should be too drunk to let down the bed-nets, and when Tung, the Chinese house-boy, should forget. He was growing stouter of late and quite purple, and his left leg would not always behave, but this did not worry him much, for the reason he knew it was to be the vampire bats. He could hear them flitting in the room every night.

Sometimes he hated his new subaltern and sometimes he didn't. He could not be depended upon in an emotional way. Lying in his hammock on the veranda of an evening, after he had swallowed his tenth or his twelfth swizzle, he would break out in a thick, meaty passion:

"Why, in the name of God? That's all I ask—*why*? When I've been so good all these years. I've sweat blood.

I've made 'em all rich up there, Pawling, rotten rich, the whole of 'em. And then to pay me, what do they send me? Eh? They send me out a mewling, puling, white-livered son of a prayer-meeting rat like you. *You!* God! Say, listen. I give you my word of honor, Pawling, you make me sick. Sick! D'y' hear? Sick! Damn it! Why couldn't they go the whole job and send me down a woman and be done with it? A white woman! Eh? That's the question I want you to answer me. For God's sake, Pawling, open your mouth once! Say something!"

Sometimes, veering as far toward the other pole, he would lurch from his hammock with tears in his eyes to slap Pawling on the back.

"You're a white man, Pawling! A white man, by God! A white man. . . . I'm a white man. We're two white men, d'y' understand, Pawling, old fellow? Like brothers! And devil take all the niggers and coolies and Chinamen on the river—we hold 'em in our hand! White men, d'y' understand, Pawling? Should-er to shoulder, eh?"

And whether it was the one or the other, the younger man's cheeks and forehead grew dark with blood. Dim lusts surged through his brain—an impulse to kick Clymer's stomach—the desire to sink his nails in the plum-colored pulp beneath Clymer's eyelids. His mouth filled with saliva, and he had to spit several times into the poinsettias beyond the railing. Never by any chance did he reply. He kept his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the river.

The river exercised a peculiar fascination over his mind, a fascination which he would not have owned. By night, sliding soundlessly under the mists that swallowed the farther jungle, one cool, sulphurous pencil-mark of the moon perhaps showing where the surface lay; by day a vast, amber-colored, moving floor, marred only by the arrowing ripple

of a tapir, or a crocodile asleep, or by a gold-boat far out on the flood, passing down to the faint, barbaric chant of the black paddlers—by day or by night, as he watched the river, Pawling fell prey to an illusion. It seemed no longer the broad plain of water that moved; it was rather he himself that moved, he and the front compound and the cocoa-sheds and the thatched roofs of the East-Indians, drawn slowly, by some occult and irresistible power, upward and upward, hour by hour, effortless, helpless, away from the clean salt waters of the earth into the maw of the equator, full of fevers and creepers and hanging serpents.

He had a horror of snakes. It was his one weakness. Each night he looked under his bed, and he was always seeing big fellows in the dark, hanging head down from the branches of the cocoa-trees. Once or twice, unable to resist the shivering desire, he discharged his shot-gun at one of those heads, and brought down a ripe cocoa-pod for his powder. He made nothing of this spiritual malady.

As for his queer feeling about the river, he did for that by telling himself that he liked the river. He liked it, he said, because it knew where it was going and went there, and nothing could stop it or swerve it from its course. He liked the same thing about himself. He hated sham, and he could see through it with a pitiless eye. He knew that when men went to pieces in the tropics it was simply because the tropics was an accepted excuse for going to pieces. Bush fever, as a rule, was a matter of too much gin in swizzles. He had many theories, wholesome, and informed by an austere optimism. One of his theories was that, viewed from the other end of eternity, Badhoor, the seller of Indian hemp in the coolie range, was as good a man as Clymer—or as himself. . . .

He sat on a green-sap log beside the street of the coolie range and stared at the river. It was full of the sunset sky, gold, with streaks of lilac. Unfamiliar odors attacked his nostrils—curry and sandalwood, goat dung, the aroma of strange supper-pots. Liquid syllables came to his ears: "Salaam, sahib! Yes, sahib!" as Clymer moved grum-

bling among the huts of mud and wattles on his business of the fortnightly inspection. He might have been struck with a certain wonder at finding the East here in the West, had he not been so suspicious of the emotion of wonder. His spirit stayed in its house. Men and women passed in a blur across his vision—bearded Mohammedans, brown women carrying brown babies; Hindu men, stooping, silent-footed, emaciated, like shadows cast by a candelabrum. From the blacks' range, down by the water's edge, there came the sound of a drum, *boom-boom-boom-boom-boom!* Pawling thought about himself and his work. Three years in the bush. Two years, nine months, and five days more, and then he would be going back home to Canada, to Toronto and the fat berth in the Office. . . .

A coolie girl, standing a few yards away on the other side of the road, made a silhouette on the golden mat of the river. Pawling's gaze included her, as it included the pale little zebu cow grazing to the left, and Tung, the house-boy, to the right, sitting cross-legged under a platform of bamboo and playing tricks with a green cocoanut. She was very young, fourteen, perhaps. Her ankles and legs were plump, as were her brown arms, naked to the shoulders and laden with crude bracelets and bangles of silver. Her head-cloth, sweeping in a pure curve down her back, across her thigh, and up again to the wrist of her left arm, lent her an illusion of buoyancy, a readiness for flight. Her face, in profile, was modeled in the soft, yielding contours of her race, the lips parted slightly to the breath which lifted her bosom in visible and uneven pulsations.

She was watching Tung at his elaborate play. He was a handsome fellow, sinuous, well muscled, with fine, ardent eyes under his slanting brows. He ignored the girl, and yet he did not ignore her. From time to time he shot a sidelong glance, making her lower her eyes. Once, laying down the cocoanut, he placed one hand on his hip and the other, flat-palmed, on the crown of his head. Then he turned slowly to face her, his eyes half closed. Her hand fluttered to her young breast and she seemed unable to look away.



Drawn by Harvey Dunn

Engraved by H. Leinroth

SHIVERING, HE HAD TO CLING TO THE HEAVY GUN

The small pantomime was lost on Pawling. In his eyes, full as they were of the reflected sky, she remained but a darkish spot, separated from the rest of the universe by that boundary-line which has been the chief and historic preoccupation of art. She was very young, and at the same time there was about her a singular maturity. His thoughts drifted easily from his work to its reward. Some day he would marry. He would marry a girl, probably, whom he did not yet know. She would be quite young—younger, at any rate, than he. She would be plump, but not too plump, and she would have brown hair and white arms. They would take a house in Toronto, with a lawn and a garden. She would have babies. . . . He was dimly aware of Clymer's voice somewhere, saying: "Not bad! I give you my word of honor!"

He remained engrossed in the golden vista and the train of thought which it induced. She would have very dark brown hair, soft to the touch. . . . Clymer's voice was louder and more insistent:

"Not *bad!* Not *half* bad! I say! I give you my—"

Pawling looked up. Then he got up and stood stiff and straight on his meager, pipe-clayed legs. Heat came out of the sun-baked earth and ran over him in a wave, striking fire to his neck and jaws and upward across his face.

Clymer ran on with a venomous delight: "You're a smooth beggar. You're a smooth Christian beggar, Pawling."

He stood with his stomach thrust out, his arms akimbo, his finger-tips meeting in the small of his back, his head tilting now to one side and now to the other in a heavy, bird-like estimation of the young figure across the road. A smile moved his lips, sarcasm giving way to a kind of paternal indulgence.

"All right. But look-a-here, who is she? Hang take it! . . . I say, ugly chap! You! What's your name, eh? Badhoor? Yes, yes, I remember now. I remember you well, Badhoor. Listen, Badhoor, have you ever heard of *praedial larceny*? No? Well, they'll tell you what it means one day in the Demerara Sessions if you don't stop your cocoa-poaching. Keep looking at me! That's

right. . . . But just now, something else. You'll observe that Pawling Sahib has been looking at the bit of brown over there. Tell me, Badhoor, what's she called? Eh? What house? Eh? Come, come!"

Pawling wanted to turn quietly and walk away up the hill to the house. But, after all, it didn't matter enough. He was not even angry with Clymer. He had a moment of imagination. Here he was, and then there lay a vast, deep gulf, and there on the other side, very small, was Clymer. He folded his hands behind his back and looked at Badhoor. The seller of *hasheesh* was an old, lean man with a big head and a gray beard. His legs protruded from his soiled loin-cloth as black and thin as a wading-bird's, and, like a wading-bird, he stood on one foot, with the sole of the other resting on the inner face of the opposite thigh. When he closed his eyelids, as he did from moment to moment, he seemed but to veil his eyes, like an owl.

"Protector of the Poor," he mumbled. Clymer began to bellow. "*Poor!* Will you hear that—*poor!* Selling *hasheesh* to all the wormy beggars in Holy Trinity and poaching cocoa into the bargain. *Poor!* But see here, I asked you a question!"

"Salaam, sahib, yes. Yes. She—she is called Léah, sahib. Yes, sahib. But as the sahib sees, and as Pawling Sahib sees, she is nothing—a poor, ugly child of a dung-bitten cow-belly—"

He veiled his eyes and remained standing on his one lean leg, dry, motionless, removed into another country. The bones of his chest betrayed no breath. The gold had gone out of the river and the sky, leaving the world to float in the violet-gray liquor of dusk.

Clymer's eyeballs seemed to swell, like tiny balloons, pressing out against their lids. He was not used to receiving advice in the ranges.

"Well, I *am* damned!"

Badhoor was shaken. He put down his other foot. "Salaam, sahib, Protector of the Old! I—I am a poor man, sahib, and she has no beauty. The sahib would not give two claps of the hands for her, sahib. She is my wife, sahib, these three days. Salaam, sahib, Pro-

pector of the Innocent, and sahib, Protector of the Poor!"

It was late. Pawling stood motionless in the shade of the last drying-shed, his head and neck thrust out from the pale-blue collar of his pajamas, the pupils of his eyes, confused by the moon patterns among the cocoa-trees, dilating moment by moment. With an absurd, elaborate caution he brought his gun up toward his shoulder. It was a fine weapon, a fine, twelve-gauge, repeating shot-gun with his name-plate on the stock, given him at parting by his fellow-members in the Highditch Club. . . . He stared with one eye along the blue moon-fire on the barrel.

The recoil stung his collar-bone; his ears were deafened; smoke made a white cloud before his eyes. He let all the breath out of his lungs with a grunt and felt better, as if a spring had been released. And, after all, it was only another cocoa-pod. He could see it still hanging there on the lowermost branch of the third tree down, with a piece bitten out of the side. A jaguar coughed a mile away down-river, and off in the back-bush a troop of red howlers was swinging through the branches. He heard them in the hush following the gun-shot. It seemed silly to remain standing here.

And yet he did not wish to return to the house—not until Clymer had gone to bed. He had stood about all he could of *that*. Up beyond the sheds and the compound he could hear the befuddled voice even now, carrying on to an empty chair an interminable, drunken rigmarole. No, he would not go back, on any account. He was afraid of himself, of what he might do to Clymer or say to Clymer. All the evening, till he had broken away, it had hung on his tongue to cry out: "*You smut! You disgusting, drunken smut!*" No, he would not go.

A sudden rain fell upon him while the moon still shone; one of those crystal peltings of the dry season which he had been warned to avoid as he would avoid poison. The night was heavy and hot; the rain-drops were hot, too, but afterward the evaporation from his clinging pajamas lowered his pulse and soothed his nerves. He felt better, very much

better. Clymer must have turned in now, for his voice was no longer audible.

Pawling went back between the sheds and across the pegging-ground. On the compound, streaked with the shadows of cabbage-palms, he passed Tung, the house-boy. He turned to look after him; the Chinese, at the lower end of the compound, had done the same. For a moment their eyes met across the streaks, and then, making a sign of respect, the house-boy stole away downhill in the direction of the coolie range. It meant nothing to Pawling.

Clymer had not retired, after all. As Pawling mounted the long steps to the veranda, a voice powerful and turgid came out of the depths of the hammock, resuming the threadbare burden:

"Bu'—bu' she's not *black*, y' un'erstan'—not black—like a nigger-black. No, no, no! White, Pawlin', white. Not *white*, y' un'erstan'. No, no—but *white*. Ary—Aryan. Tha's it. *Aryan*. Tha's what I been tryin' to— Funny! 'Member g'ography. Aryan, white. White *enough*, anyway. 'Member g'ography—"

Pawling raised on his toes and spat over the railing into the poinsettias. His neck-cords throbbed with a dull pain.

"Good night," he said, and would have passed into the house had not Clymer, upending suddenly in his hammock, detained him. There is no telling what the man had in his muddled brain to say, for the touch of Pawling's damp nightclothes sent him off on a fresh tack.

"Soppin' wet! Oh, my God! Stand-in' in rain. Fever—come down—fever—Die! Oh, my God! Young man—young white man—dead—dead as a—a door-nail! Oh, my God!" He began to weep, fat tears coursing down his fat cheeks. "Dead! Young white man dead as a—a door-nail!" In a sudden excess of compassion he staggered up and flung his huge, soft arms about Pawling's neck, bearing him down, sobbing, "Must take care o' young white man—like father—like father an'—an'—son—"

Pawling fought with his teeth and nails and knees, smothered with flesh, sickened with stinking breath, making strange noises in his throat, panting, incoherent. He was free, without quite

knowing how, and Clymer was down on the floor, a soft mountain of remorse, wailing over and over again that he had been a young man himself once upon a time—a young man like Pawling—a young white man.

Pawling stood quite still with his knuckles pressed to his cheeks. For the first time since he had come into the tropics he was cool—cold. A breath of ice blew over him and he shivered. His whole frame was racked with shivering. His teeth pounded together.

"Y-y-you s-s-smut! Y-you—y-y-you s-s-s-smut!"

And then he ran, shuddering with the cold, into the dark of his own room. . . .

He was sorry he had said that when he found Clymer dead next morning, "dead as a door-nail," in truth, lying on his back on his bed with his arms stretched out and his mouth open.

It is strange, as he stood there in the dawn, with the chamber sweeping in dim circles about the fever of his head—it is strange that he was conscious of no touch of the irony of things. Clymer's hour had struck on the night of his prophecy, the night when he had been too drunk to arrange the bed-net, and when Tung had been about another business, and yet there was no mark of an incision on him, not one. Somewhere, deep under the rolling fat of his skull, a tiny vessel had given away with an infinitesimal "pop," and the vampires had left him to lie in peace, with his naked stomach confronting the ceiling and his mouth fallen open.

Pawling was thinking that it was too bad he himself had said what he had. The irony of that did not escape him—that he should have kept his silence so long, only to break it at last when a single moment more would have been enough.

Beyond the veil of his bodily discomfort he was conscious of three emotions—remorse for having called the man a "smut," horror of the presence of the body, and the sense of an awful isolation. He thought of the miles. A window opened in a by-chamber of his brain, showing him the miles—the river miles, crawling between the hot jungles, down and down; the estuary miles, a thin liquor of mud stretching without end, sweat, mosquitoes, a feter of swamp-

lands; the sea miles, pleasant miles, days and nights and weeks built of blue miles cast on the reckoning; the miles by train, the wheat-fields, towns, lakes, the night stops, cinders in the blanket folds, voices of trainmen outside the transom—miles, miles, thousands upon thousands of miles over which the tidings of a death in exile would creep very slowly—almost as slowly as if he were as far away from the world as the sun, where everything was burning up in molten fire—blistering—hot on the neck and cheeks and behind the ears. . . . Tung, the house-boy, came running on his soft wicker soles to pick him up.

He refused to be ill. He was not a drinking man, not at all the sort to be bowled over by a touch of tropical rain. It was all bosh. He swore at the China boy for interfering with him and with his indomitable purpose—strange brothel-house oaths which had never before passed his lips or sullied his mind. . . . They got him into his bed. . . .

It was high day when he opened his eyes, for he could see the sun streaking the shutters with white threads. He watched the flies. They came in through the sun-streaks and flew across his room and straight away across the big room beyond, and turned there and disappeared through the doorway into Clymer's room. He remembered, with a grunt of loathing. At the sound, a white-clad negro appeared beside his bed, McCarthy, the under-manager.

"Yes, sir?"

"The flies. The—body."

"Quite right, sir." The man spoke in the respectful west London accents of the black colonial. "It was removed last evening, sir. I took the liberty. You were indisposed, sir."

"Last evening? Oh yes—I see. Last evening."

"Yes, sir. If you will be so good as to rest easy, sir. The doctor from New Roordam Estate should be here by night. I sent Quigley down-river with four paddlers, sir, and they should—"

"Doctor? Why the doctor? I'm all right. I tell you I'm all right."

"Surely, sir, surely. Capital, sir! The China boy is here, sir, and Quigley's woman is looking out. Thank you, sir."

The man receded. Tung's eyes were

watching somewhere, not unkindly, not kindly, not anything. The wide, brown, merciful hand of Quigley's woman came hovering to blot out the world. . . .

There came an evening when he was himself again. His brain was swept clean of the mists which had led him groping and stumbling through the hours, and a divine, cool languor lay upon his body. He was himself, and yet he was not himself. It was as if a husk had been stripped from him, leaving him naked to all the poignant perceptions of reality, a child at the mercy of wonder.

Propped in his chair on the veranda, he sat in judgment upon Badnoor, the hemp-seller, who had been taken red-handed at last among the trees, with half a bag of cocoa-beans still damp from the pod. His half-closed eyes rested upon the East-Indian standing before him, erect, unmoving, unmoved, like a figure in wood, blackened and emaciated by time. More than anything else, he wondered at himself, sitting in judgment.

His ears throbbed with the lees of the quinine they had given him, like a drum beating without end. From beyond it came the voice of the under-manager, carrying the indictment forward from period to period with his mellifluous precision.

"Yes," he murmured from time to time. "Yes, yes."

"If you might pardon, sir," McCarthy ventured, "I rightly think it would be best to send him down-river to the Sessions. I doubt, sir, he could put up with the flogging. A strong, well-fleshed man now—yes—quite right, sir. And after a bit they're fit for the work again. But, as you may see, sir, this chap—"

"Yes—yes—"

Pawling's eyes played slowly over the naked torso before him, modeled between the counter-fires of the moon on the one side, and on the other the faint yellow radiance from the lamp burning within the house—the intricate, gnarled arch of the rib-structure, the muscles like sheaves of folded parchment, shadow-penciled, the sere pectoral muscles, the arid subdivisions of the abdominals, the caverns eaten under the collar-bones and above the crests of the pelvis.

His lips were slightly dry and his tongue ran over them. He had never seen a man flogged. He had seen the flogging-post, down beyond the compound, but he had never seen a naked man tied to it with his arms about it and his wrists bound together with a thong, making one shadow with the post on the dust. He was wondering what sort of a sound the lash would make, in the air, and when it struck; what sort of a mark it would leave on bone structures and on muscles like sheaves of folded parchment; what color the mark would be, at the instant, and later—say an hour.

His lips were dry again. He licked them. Then he discovered that he was shivering from head to foot, and, running his hand over his eyes, he cried out:

"What the devil, McCarthy! I tell you I'm tired out. To-morrow! I say—I'll think it over to-morrow! Now, now! That's enough!"

A wave of disgust swept over him. He closed his eyes tight to be rid of Badnoor and his naked whip-meat. He heard them moving off, down the steps, across the compound, the negro's cow-hide alpargatas slapping softly on the dust long after the East-Indian's foot-falls had merged with the silence of the night.

But this silence of the night was not a silence. When he had been alone with it a few moments it began to touch the raw of his perception with its myriad voices. The mist rising in the river valley was woven with fine threads of sound—the snarl of a kill in the farther jungle, the single, hushed wailing of a poor-me-one, the cumulative impact of a hundred thousand twigs falling simultaneously upon the forest floor. A breeze, moving the "women's tongues" at the corner of the veranda, set the long pods to whispering. The only things silent in the tropical night were the serpents—fat gray adders, bushmasters coiled in the poisonous dark beneath the leaves, pythons, their bodies making no sound on the tree-trunks or across the stems of swaying grasses. . . . Pawling lifted his voice:

"I say—Tung! Bring me my gun. Tung! I say—are you there? My gun—directly!"

And then, when the boy had come with the weapon, his shrinking eagerness to be abroad with the moonlit serpents was not a match for the languor of his body and mind, and, letting the gun rest against the railing, he lay back again and listened to the night.

A drum was beating in the coolie range just below, a shallow drum without resonance—*putt-putt-putt*—with a Hindu violin whining into the rhythm for a moment and out again, an orchestration incredibly nerve-strung and vanquished and acquiescent. The violin ceased. By and by the drum itself was quiet, and very faintly through the palm-fronds the voices of women came up the hill to Pawling's ears, softly modulated, alien, mysterious, bringing him to a strained attention, lifted on an elbow. He did not realize that he was holding his breath till the heart pounding against his ribs began to pain, and then he let it out with a half-scared, "What the devil!"

He sank back and turned his face the other way. He thought of the girl he was going to marry in the far-away north, in the far-away future; the girl he had never seen and of whom he knew only that her eyes and hair were to be dark brown and her neck and arms of a warm, creamy whiteness. Curious and pleasurable speculations floated through his mind. He thought of the coolie girl he had seen that evening by the river. It seemed a very long time—at the other end of memory. He could not think precisely how she had looked. Casting back, he was blinded by the sheen of the water, a round apple of vision against which she was but a darker core, escaping him when he tried to take hold of her with his eyes, fading out upon the gold, or retaining substance, but flowing into a hundred dissolving silhouettes, queer, blurred, womanish shapes. . . . She was so young and yet so oddly mature, and she was the wife of Badhoor. . . . He had never seen a man flogged—a naked old man. . . . He lifted suddenly on his hands, for he imagined he had heard footsteps beyond the railing.

The compound seemed empty at first sight, save for the black stripes of the palms running away from the moon. When his eyes had grown more accus-

tomed he saw the hemp-seller, strangely mutilated by the shadows, perching on one bird-like leg at the farther edge of the black-and-white pattern, his beard sunk in his neck, his forearms crossed over his breast, motionless, dry, unquestioning.

But it was not Badhoor who had aroused him. It was some one on the steps, mounting toward the veranda. Pawling breathed through his mouth. The soft, laggard footfalls came nearer across the floor and stopped. When he turned his head he saw the girl called Léah standing at the foot of his chair, her head bowed slightly, her forearms crossed over her bosom, motionless, unquestioning, divided between the chill of the moon and the warm flame of the lamp within the house.

Pawling swallowed. He opened his lips and closed them again three or four times. It was absurd. "What are you—what—Why are—"

It was absurd. He did not want to be taken for a fool, and yet he was a fool, for it should be a simple matter to tell her to go away; it could be done in two words, or one word—"Go!"

He lay back with his fingers locked behind his neck and continued to stare at her, still breathing heavily through his mouth. For a moment his mind skipped and he seemed not to be looking at her, but at a hoarding in a new town among the wheat-fields—peeping covertly under his cap across a little waste of cans and ashes at a scene in colors advertising Turkish cigarettes—swinging his school-books as he lagged past, his senses afloat in dim, ecstatic chambers veined with ice and flame. . . . The flame was on his face. . . . He became aware of Tung, the house-boy, crouching in the shadow beyond Clymer's hammock, where he had come without any sound, and he flung a hand at him, savage with irritation:

"Get out of this! Hear me—what I say? You, I mean! Good God! Why—why—why good God! What d'you think—"

It was monstrous, this intrusion. It was an incredible outrage, this gratuitous hanging-about of a serving-man. Pawling felt that he could kill him as he would kill a sand-fly stinging his neck.

He continued to glower and expostulate, "Why—good *God!*" as the boy retreated into the house and beyond his sight.

Groping for something or other of which he felt the need, he found it in self-pity. Just then he made the discovery that the world had cast him out—the people he knew, the civilization and the code of his youth. Once more his imagination ran over the tale of the miles, racing, with a certain obscure avidity—the train miles, the thousands upon thousands of blue sea miles, the river. He felt himself obliterated by space, forgotten by all to whom he might perhaps have been important. The thought came to him that even Clymer, purple, weak-legged Clymer, by the very act of dying, had cast him out. The warm, sweet, heavy air of the river-bush enfolded the exile. . . . He leaned forward and spoke to the girl.

"Look at me," he said.

He saw her eyes lifted, dull with youth, acquiescent, lamb-like.

"Aren't you—you—" He began to stammer, not knowing how to finish. "Aren't you afraid—of—of me?"

Her shoulders drew together, and her eyes, abashed that the sahib should take the trouble to address her, sought his boots. She seemed in doubt as to whether she had been commanded to smile for the sahib; her lips curved nervously and drew straight again. Her whole gesture, making a mole-hill out of this mountain of his youth, attacked his integrity as a subtle and potent wine.

"Look at me!" he whispered. His teeth were chattering. "Look at me, I say!"

She did as he bade with the incorruptible docility of a machine, and then her eyes drifted back again to the lighted doorway and remained there, as if fascinated, her bosom lifting the tight jacket of flame-color in visible and uneven pulsations.

Pawling opened his mouth, and then, without speaking, he closed it again. His face changed color, becoming mottled and sickly. He leaned forward in his chair, quietly, as far as he could, but he could not see. Letting himself back again, he reached out and took the shotgun in his hand. After a moment he got to his feet. When he had reached

half-way to the open door a fit of shivering seized him, so that he had to cling with both hands to the heavy gun, and a cry broke from his lips:

"Tung! Go! If you're there—get away—out of that room—out of the house—quick! *For God's sake—man!*"

A shadow flickered across a farther wall, and he heard a door opened and closed. Tears of revulsion poured down his cheeks.

"Heavens!" he whispered. "What was I—Heavens!"

He saw the girl in a mist, shaken out of the apathy of her generations, staring at him and his tears. He saw the flowing contours of her neck and her brown shoulder, the golden star-ring in her left nostril, the heavy jewels of her arms and ankles dull in the moonlight; with his breath he took in the faint, mingled exhalations of her clothing, musk, and American rose-water. Sinking down on the foot of the chair, he buried his face in his hands.

"Go away!" he said. "For God's sake, go away!"

He heard her bare soles retreating across the boards. He had been drawn back from the edge of a precipice, and his whole racked nervous fabric cried out for the opiate of prayer. Under the ecstasy of his redemption the devil was made flesh for him in the likeness of Clymer, leering between benignant, purple lids and reiterating: "White—Aryan—Aryan—White *enough*—anyhow—"

He thrust his hands away and opened his eyes to be rid of that insidious canvassing, and found himself staring at the place on the boards where she had stood. The silence oppressed him. The wall of the dark hemmed him in. He listened to the blood throbbing in his ears like a barbaric drum, *boom-boom-boom-boom*, like a drum beating from the heart of a waiting and breathless night, "*Fool—fool—fool—miserable, shivering, cheated fool!*"

He got to his feet and strained his eyes across the maze of the compound, but she was not there. The empty dust mocked him. . . . She had gone very quickly. The thought came to him that she must have run, and after that he wondered whether she would have run from him had he been Tung, the house-

boy, the indentured servant; cleaning slops at three shillings the month. His face grew sick again with jealousy; a blotch of white showed on one cheek as if he had been slapped; his hands wrung the iron barrel of the gun.

He stood quite still, listening. After a moment he turned his eyes downward and to the right, but he could not see through the thick tent of the poinsettias.

He went down the steps with an absurd and elaborate care. A thin froth gathered on his lips and he paused twice, long enough to brush it away with the back of his hand. Gaining the dust at the bottom, he turned toward the corner of the house to the right and stood with his feet planted far apart and his head thrust forward on his neck.

When the house-boy saw him standing there he took his hands from the girl's head, where they had been resting quietly, palms down, and ran out across the compound. He was a strong fellow and he ran swiftly through the barred light, flickering between the sights on the gun-barrel like a figure on a worn-out cinematograph film.

The compound was full of thunder. The smoke made beautiful flowers for Pawling, blooming one after another in the moonlight. He whispered nonsensical things between the shocks which bruised his shoulder with an exquisite violence.

When he was done, strangely, he felt no horror, no remorse, but rather as if a spring had been released. He seemed born again, into another country. He turned his back on the compound and walked toward the girl, who stood quite still, awaiting him, her hands folded against her bosom. . .

I met this man Pawling in the second war year. He had been down to Demerara to offer himself for a commission in the local forces, but the examiners had

turned him back on account of his heart and his legs. At the estate of Holy Trinity he was an agreeable and tireless host, making me more than comfortable. When I protested, he protested in turn, telling me with a rare smile that it was a pleasure to see a white man on the river. He was growing rather stout and puffy, but, as I had heard it said in Demerara, and as he told me himself, he had "sent a power of bean down that river, first and last."

During the evening, which we spent on the veranda, I asked him if he had ever thought of going home.

"I used to," he said. "I used to. Yes." He lay in silence for a few moments, watching the river. "Only it's hard to get anybody out here—anybody fit for it, I mean—a young fellow that will shake down into the berth. It's not for all. I had a young chap from Vancouver two seasons ago—afraid of snakes—" He was silent again. "I was afraid of 'em myself once," he resumed, preoccupied with memory, "like Adam, I suppose. . . . I got over it, though—like Adam, I suppose."

After a little he clapped his hands and, when the mulatto house-boy came on his silent feet, asked me again if I wouldn't "have one."

"No?" he echoed, absent-mindedly. "Well— Cheer-o!"

He carried his liquor well. He repeated that it was a pleasure to have a white man about—a young white man like myself. When I arose to retire he begged me not to go. His speech was becoming just a hint congested. He didn't want me to go. He wanted to shake hands with me, because, as he said, I was white—"damn white"—and so was he. He retained my hand in his soft, perspiring grip, and when I took it away finally he burst out weeping. Even after I had gone into my own room I could hear him beyond the shutters.

Théoule the Undisturbed

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS



THE Riviera belongs to a frontier department. To travel in frontier departments in war time a *sauf-conduit* is necessary. In theory, the *sauf-conduit* is good for a single trip and has to be renewed each time one goes from place to place. In theory, wherever a night is spent a *permis de séjour* must be obtained from the local authorities. In theory, one may not sketch at all. But the Riviera is far from the battle front. Suspicious foreigners were caught in the police drag-net during the first year of the war, and since Italy came in on the side of France the military authorities have not bothered much about enforcing their rules in the Alpes Maritimes. If one takes the initiative and insists upon being always *en règle*, bureaucracy holds to the strict letter of the law. But one who is not looking for trouble does not find it. Hotel proprietors, all-powerful in Riviera towns, do not want their clients bothered. Public sentiment is with the hotel proprietors, for the prosperity of the Riviera depends upon the unhampered coming and going of tourists and temporary residents. *Maires* and *adjoints* and gendarmes—and their relatives—have villas to let. It is to their interest to minimize red tape. *Sauf-conduits* are given for a month, and rarely asked for. The month is up only when one leaves. *Permis de séjour* are not mentioned unless one makes a protracted stay.

When we decided to settle down in Théoule, and something had to be done with our papers, we were dismayed to discover that the *mairie* was at Mandelieu, several miles inland. Helen and the children had a passport separate from mine, and our maids were English. Should we all have to “appear in person,” as the rule stated? The *adjoint* at Théoule declared that he could not

think of allowing us to put ourselves out one least little bit, and were not the maids *chères alliées*? He would give himself the pleasure of taking the passports to Mandelieu to be registered and stamped. In the evening Monsieur l'Adjoint returned with *permis de séjour* in due form. Then he broached the subject near his heart. We were a large family and would tire of the hotel. The children needed a garden of their own to play in. The villa we wanted was waiting for us. It was right on the sea, and the view from the terrace—well, we could judge for ourselves to-morrow morning.

This was going a little too fast. The obligation of having papers expeditiously arranged was a great one, but we did not care to spend two or three months paying it off. We made an appointment for after lunch the next day, in order to have the morning to look over villas independently. Luckily Monsieur l'Adjoint's villa seemed all that he claimed it to be, and before our rendezvous with him we had decided that the location was ideal.

From Cannes to Mentone the Riviera is cursed with electric tram-lines. Only on Cap Martin can you live away from the shrieking of wheels around curves and the clanging of motormen's bells. We were led beyond Cannes to the Corniche de l'Esterel by the absence of a tram-line. We could not get away from the railway, however, without abandoning the coast. Is there any place desirable for living purposes in which the railway does not obtrude? When choosing a country residence, men with families, unless they have several motors and several chauffeurs, must stick close to the railway. Monsieur l'Adjoint was showing us the *salon* of his villa when a whistle announced the Vintimille express. He hastened to anticipate the train by reassuring us that there was a deep cut back of the villa and that the

road-bed veered away from us just at the corner of the garden. It was in the neighboring villa that trains were really heard. We were to believe him—at that moment chandeliers and windows and two vases of dried grass on the mantelpiece danced a passing greeting to the train. Monsieur l'Adjoint thought that he had failed to carry the day. But we live on a Paris boulevard, and know that noises are comparative. Vintimille expresses were not going to pass all the time.

We were glad that the railway had not deterred us. It was good to be right above the water. Some people do not like the glare of sun reflected from the sea. But they are late risers. Parents of small children are accustomed to waking with the sun. On the first morning in the Villa Étoile the baby chuckled early. Sun spots were dancing on the ceiling, and she was watching them. The breakfast on the terrace was no hurried swallowing of a cup of coffee with eyes fixed upon a newspaper propped against a sugar-bowl.

The agreement of the day before had been tripartite. The proprietor was easily satisfied with bank-notes. But the wife had not consented to leave the freedom of the hotel until it had been solemnly agreed that newspapers were to be refused entrance into the Villa Étoile, and that watches were not to be drawn (even furtively) from waitcoat pockets.

Unless agreements are fortified by favorable circumstances and constantly

recurring interest, they are seldom lived up to. When promises are difficult to keep, where are the men of their word? Doing what one does not want to do is a sad business. That is why Puritanism is associated with gloom. On the terrace of the Villa Étoile no man could want to



FRENCH VILLAS CLIMB THE HILLSIDE

look at a newspaper or a watch. Across the Gulf of La Napoule lies Cannes. Beyond Cannes is the Cap d'Antibes. Mountains, covered with snow and coming down to the sea in successive chains, form the eastern horizon. Inland, Grasse is nestled close under them. Seaward, the Iles de Lérins seem to float upon the water. For on Sainte-Marguerite the line of demarcation between Mediterranean blue and forest green is sharp, and Saint-Honorat, dom-

inated by the soft gray of the castle and abbey, is like a reflected cloud. Between Théoule and Cannes the railway crosses the viaduct of the Siagne. Through the arches one can see the golf-course on which an English statesman thought out the later phases of British Imperialism.

and religious privileges. We wondered at first why the school and church were placed on the promontory, a good mile and a half from the town; but later we came to realize that this was a salutary measure. The climate is insidious. A daily antidote against laziness is needed. I was glad that I volunteered to take the children to school at eight and two, and go after them at eleven and four, and that they held me to it. In order to reach a passable route on the steep wall of rock and pine, the road built by the Touring Club de France makes a bend of two kilometers in the valley behind Théoule. By taking a foot-path from the hotel, the pedestrian eliminates the bend in five minutes. In spite of curves, the road is continuously steep and keeps a heavy grade until it reaches the Pointe de l'Esquillon.

I never tired of the four times a day. Between the Villa Étoile and the town was the castle, built on the water's edge. After Louis XIV. it became a soap-factory, and was restored to its ancient dignity only recently. I ought not to say "dignity," for

the restorer was a baron of industry, and his improvements are distressing. The entrance to the park created on the inner side of the road opposite the château is the result of landscape dentistry. The creator did not find that the natural rock lent itself to his fancies, and filled in the hollows with stones of volcanic origin. On the side of the hill, fountains



THE BRIDGE AT THÉOULE

To the west, the Gulf of La Napoule ends in the pine-covered promontory of the Esquillon. Except for a very small beach in front of the Théoule hotel, the coast is rocky. From February to May our terrace outlook competed successfully with the war.

Young and old in Théoule have to make a daily effort to enjoy educational



THE GULF OF LA NAPOULE—ACROSS FROM CANNES

and pools and a truly massive flight of steps have been made. Scrawny firs are trying to grow where they ought not to. Quasi-natural urns overflow with captive flowers, geraniums and nasturtiums predominating. Ferns hang as gracefully as shirtings displayed in a department-store window. Stone lions defy, and terra-cotta stags run away from, porcelain dogs. There are bowers and benches of imitation petrified wood.

American money may be responsible for the château garden, but the villas of Théoule are all French. Modern French artistic genius runs to painting and clothes. There is none left for building or house-furnishing. French taste, as expressed in homes, inside and outside, is as bad as Prussian. We may admire mildly the monotonous symmetry of post-Haussmann Paris. When we get to the suburbs and to the provincial towns and to summer and winter resorts, we have to confess that architecture is a lost art in France. In America, especially in our cities, we have regret-

table traces of mid-Victorianism, and we have to contend with Irish politicians and German contractors. In the suburbs and in the country, however, where Americans build their own homes, we have become accustomed to ideas of beauty that make the results of the last sixty years of European growth painful to us. Our taste in line, color, decoration, and interior furnishing is at hopeless variance with that of twentieth-century Europe. We admire and we buy in Europe that which our European ancestors created. Our admiration—and our buying—is confined strictly to Europe of the past. Present-day Europe displays German *Schmuck* from one end to the other—and France is no exception.

On the walk to school you soon get beyond the château and the villas. But even on the promontory there is more than the dodging of automobiles to remind one that this is the twentieth century. The Corniche de l'Esterel has been singled out by the moving-picture

men for playing out-of-door scenarios. When the sun is shining, a day rarely passes without film-making. The man with a camera has the rising road and bends around which the action can enter into the scene, the forest up and the forest down, the Mediterranean and

one met. Children go slowly, and squirrels and birds belong to nature. There was always time to breathe in the forest and the sea and to look across to the mountains. When *cartables* and *gouters* were handed over at the school gate parental responsibility ceased for three hours. One had the choice of going on around the point toward Trayas or down to the sea.

The people of Théoule say that Corsica, sixty miles away, can be seen from the Esquillon. All one has to do is to keep going day after day until "atmospheric conditions are favorable." The Touring Club has built a belvedere at the extremity of the Esquillon. Arrows on a dial indicate the direction of important places from Leghorn to Marseilles. The Apennines behind Florence, as well as Corsica, are marked as within the range of visibility. The Apennines had not been seen for years, but Corsica was liable to appear at any time. The first day the Artist went with me to the Esquillon an oldest inhabitant said that we had a Corsica day. A milkwoman en route reported Corsica in sight, and told us to

hurry. Toward nine o'clock the sun raises a mist from the sea, she explained. In the belvedere we found a girl without a guide-book who had evidently come over from Trayas. She was crouched down to dial level, and her eyes were following the Corsica arrow. She did not look up or move when we entered. Minutes passed. There was no offer to give us a chance. We coughed and shuffled, and the Artist sang "The Little Gray Home in the West." I informed the Artist—in French—that a specialist had



A ROAD HEWN FROM THE ROCK AND WINDING BETWEEN THE PINES

mountain and island and Cannes backgrounds. Automobile hold-ups with pistols barking, the man and the maid in the woods and on the terrace, the villain assaulting and the hero rescuing the defenseless woman, the heroine jumping from a rock into the sea, and clinging to an upturned boat—these are commonplace events on the Corniche de l'Estérel.

The world of cinemas and motors does not rise early. On the morning walk, children and squirrels and birds were all

once remarked upon my hyperopic powers, and that if Corsica were really in sight I could not fail to see it.

Not until she had to shake the cramp out of her back did the girl straighten up.

"Corsica is invisible to-day," she announced.

"Yes," I answered, sadly. "Ten minutes ago the mist began to come up. You know, sun upon water—" A look in her eyes made me hesitate. "And all that sort of thing," I ended, lamely.

"Nonsense," she said, briskly. She surveyed the Artist from mustache to cane point and turned back to me. "You at least," she declared, "are American, but of the unpractical sort. And you are as unresourceful as you are ungallant, Monsieur. How do I know? Well, you were complaining about my monopolizing the dial. There is a map on the tiles under your feet, and a compass dangles uselessly from your watch-chain. I wonder, too, if you *are* hyperopic. You know which is the Carlton Hotel over there in Cannes. Tell me how many windows there are across a floor." The atmosphere was wonderfully clear, and the Carlton stood out plainly, but I failed the test.

The girl laughed. I did not mind that. When the Artist started in I turned on him savagely. "Well, you count the Carlton windows," I said.

"No specialist ever told me I was hyperopic," he came back.

I had to save the day by answering

that I was glad to be myopic just now. Who wanted to see Corsica any longer? The girl knew interesting upper paths on the western side of the promontory. She had as much time as we, or rather, I must say regretfully, she and the Artist had more time than I. For eleven o'clock



ON THE ISLE ST. MARGUERITE

came quickly, and I hurried off to fulfil my parental duty. The Artist told me afterward that there was a fine *cuisine* at the Trayas restaurant.

I did think of my compass one day, for I had sore need for it; but, as generally happens in such cases, I was not wearing it. Between Théoule and La Napoule, the nearest town on the way to Cannes, a tempting forest road leads back into the valley. A sign states that

a curious view of a mountain peak, named after Marcus Aurelius, could be had by following the road for half a dozen kilometers. It was one of the things tourists did when they were visiting the Corniche for a day. Consequently, when one was staying on the

be the big hill just behind the Villa Étoile. If, instead of retracing our steps toward La Napoule, we kept ahead and remembered to take the left at every cross path, we would come out at the place where the Corniche road made its big bend before mounting to the promon-

tory. It was all so simple that it could not be otherwise. We were sure of the direction, and fairly sure of the distance, since we had left the motor road between Théoule and La Napoule.

There was an hour and a half before lunch. A lumber road followed the brook, and the brook skirted the hill beyond which was Théoule and the Villa Étoile. It was a day to swear by, and April flowers were in full bloom. It was delightful until we had to confess that the hill showed no intention of coming down to a valley on the left. Finally, at a point where a path went up abruptly from the stream, we decided that it would be best to cut over the summit of the hill and not wait until the Corniche road appeared before us. In this way we would avoid the walk back from the hotel to our villa, and come out

Corniche, it was always an excursion of the morrow. During the Artist's first week we were walking over to Mandelieu to take the tram to Cannes one morning and suddenly decided that the last thing in the world for sensible folks to do was to go to Cannes on a day when the country was calling insistently. We turned in at the sign. After we had seen the view we thought that it would be possible to take a short cut back to Théoule. The wall of the valley that shut us off from the sea must certainly

in our own garden. But on the Riviera Nature has shown no care in placing her hills where they ought to be and in symmetrizing and limiting them. They go on indefinitely. So did we, until we came to feel that we would be like the soldiers of Xenophon once we spied the sea. But the cry "Thalassa!" was denied us. Eventually we turned back and tried keeping the hill on the right. This was as perplexing as keeping it on the left had been. A pair of famished explorers, hungry enough to eat canned



UNDER THESE ROCKS, THE OCTOPI ARE SAID TO LURK



THE LITTLE TOWN INLAND FROM MANDELIEU

tunny-fish and crackers with relish, reached a little town inland from Mandelieu about seven o'clock that night with no clear knowledge of from where or how they had come.

Between the town of Théoule and the belvedere of the Esquillon, down along the water's edge, one never tires of exploring the caves. Paths lead through the pines and around the cliffs. The

Artist was attracted to the caves by the hope of finding vantage-points from which to sketch Grasse and Cannes and Antibes and the Alps and the castle on Saint-Honorat. But he soon came to love the copper rocks, which pine needles had dyed, and deserted black and white for colors. When the climate got him he was not loath to join in my hunt for octopi. The inhabitants tell thrilling



THE ARCH THAT SPANS THE BROOK THAT SKIRTS THE HILL

stories of the monsters that lurk under the rocks at the Pointe de l'Esquillon and forage right up to the town. One is warned to be on his guard against long tentacles reaching out swiftly and silently. One is told that slipping might mean more than a ducking. Owners of villas on the rocks make light of octopi stories, and, as local boomers are trying to make Théoule a summer resort, it is explained that the octopi never come near the beach. Even if they did, they would not be dangerous there. How could they get a hold on the sand with some tentacles while others were grabbing you?

I have never wanted to see anything quite so badly as I wanted to see an octopus at Théoule. Octopus hunting surpasses gathering four-leaf clovers and fishing as an occupation in which hope eternal plays the principal rôle. I gradually abandoned other pursuits and sat smoking on rocks by the half-day. I learned over again painfully the boyhood way of drinking from a brook, and

lay face downward on island stones. With the enthusiastic help of my children, I made a dummy stuffed with pine cones, and let him float at the end of a rope. Never a tentacle, let alone octopus, appeared. I had to rest content with Victor Hugo's stirring picture in *The Toilers of the Sea*.

A plotting wife encouraged the octopus hunts by taking part in them, and expressing frequently her belief in the imminent appearance of the octopi. She declared that sooner or later my reward would come. She threw off the mask on the 1st of May, when she thought it was time to return to work. She announced to the Artist and me that the octopi had gone over to the African coast to keep cool until next winter, and that we had better all go to Paris to do the same. We were ready. Théoule was still lovely, and the terrace breakfasts had lost none of their charm. But one does not linger indefinitely on the Riviera unless *dolce far niente* has become the principal thing in life.

Irrevocable

BY ANNE O'HAGAN



HARLOTTE EBERLIE, her ardent eyes like blue flowers in sunshine, looked up from her footstool to her mother in the judgment-seat above her.

The judgment-seat was merely a chaise-longue of silvery gray wicker, cushioned in a piled fabric of more darkly shimmering gray, but Charlotte had always called it the judgment-seat. It was there that Leila Marsh sat to listen to the children and the servants, to weigh their problems, adjust their feuds, mete out their punishments; on the little stand beside it, even now, the household account-books stood waiting in an orderly pile. Leila was not an indolent woman, despite the chair; but life had taught her to conserve the energy that, unwatched, unconfined, would long since have consumed her along with itself.

"Well, mother?" The girl kept her voice light by a rather apparent effort. Her smile was fixed. The flower-like blue of her eyes darkened and hardened to a bright jewel. "Aren't you going to say, 'Bless you, my children'?"

Mrs. Marsh accorded the quotation the recognition of a faint smile. "I like your Charlie very much," she conceded; but, obviously, something still interposed between her and the blessing of consent for which her daughter asked.

"Good!" cried that young lady with a forced vivacity, designed to cover a certain nervousness. "And you like me very much, and you highly approve the holy state of matrimony, so that—"

"Just a minute, dearest." Leila's hands, white, delicately cared for, yet withal tragic, had the trick which the hands of the resolutely self-contained often have; they sometimes revealed the intensities which her face was schooled not to obtrude upon her world. They did this now; they clasped and unclasped nervously; they fluttered as

they rested along the wicker arms of the chair. "Just a minute, Charlotte. I—I have never talked to you about your father—your own father."

"No," answered Charlotte, suddenly colorless, carefully negative, expressing neither invitation nor rebuff.

"I think I must talk to you of him now. You—you are like him, very like. And he was not a man to find happiness, or to give it, in marriage."

"Mother, how immoral of you!" cried the girl, restive under earnestness. "Surely you aren't going over to the theory of 'the - family - is - doomed,' or 'the - family - be - damned,' or whatever they call it? Surely you aren't going to counsel me to—er—the sort of life in which my father, presumably, gave and found happiness?"

"No." Leila had always met even the crudest of Charlotte's flippancies without other reprimand than coldly and completely to ignore them. "I am merely trying to say this to you—you must be sure of yourself, very sure. Don't—how shall I put it inoffensively?—make any man the victim of your experimentation with love. I suffered bitterly in my youth at your father's hands. And that was not all. He suffered also. Oh yes, he suffered in a thousand ways. He was, of course, bored with the scenes I made him at first. And he had no taste for inflicting pain—he hated to hurt me. That is why he preferred to deceive me—"

Charlotte started. In all her twenty-one years she had never known that ironic edge, of which her mother's voice was capable, turned homeward, turned upon herself or any intimate association. But it was gone as Leila hurried on.

"He suffered also, even if not so sharply as I. And I have no doubt that his life would have been much happier, much more productive, if he had married a woman either capable of holding him or capable of bearing with his in-

fidelities. Wait a minute, Charlotte—" for in the girl's lifted face interruption was imminent. "Let me finish. I have never talked to you about him before, and I shall not again. But now you are old enough to hear me out; you have a trained mind; you must listen and judge for yourself, make your own decisions. I don't expect temptation to come to you in such varied or—or such vulgar forms as it came to Thurston." Charlotte shrank a little. She had never before heard her mother call her father's name. "You are a woman, which is in itself a safeguard, at any rate from the grosser, more promiscuous dangers. And I think—I hope with all my heart—your upbringing has not made for selfishness and self-indulgence. But you are Thurston Eberlie's own daughter. You have his eyes, his mouth, his laugh. His avidity for pleasure is in you, his zest for change, and some of his hardness—and some of his charm. Now you understand why I want you to be very sure of yourself before you marry Mr. O'Halloran—"

She stopped abruptly. She was looking over her daughter's thick, wavy, chestnut hair, out through the thin net curtains of her windows toward the lake, heaving slow, lead-colored waves, save where there flashed a pool of living steel from the reflection of the afternoon sun pushing strongly through a mass of gray clouds. Her eyes were somber and stormy like the waters of the lake, and shot, too, with a shaft of brilliant light. The girl looked long at the absent, handsome face above her, marked the curious confession of suffering in the white hands outstretched upon the chair. And through her selfish shrinking from the sight of tragedy, her selfish absorption in her own plans, there pierced the thought that she, all unconscious, had been the daily reminder of the poignancies that had darkened those eyes, shaped those hands.

"Mother," she whispered, "how you must have hated me!"

Leila Marsh brought her gaze back from the lake. With a sudden melting of her glance, she seemed to caress the young face uplifted to her in fascination and fear.

"Ah, my dear!" she said. "How I

have loved you!" Then she sprang to her feet. She avoided intensities—she had had her fill of them long, long ago; she wanted no more of them now.

"That's all, Charlotte, dear. I wanted to help you to understand yourself before you made irrevocable vows to that nice boy. For vows are irrevocable, however we seem to smash them—"

"I'm sure of myself," stated Charlotte, briefly, following her mother's example and getting to her feet. "And I do understand myself better—a little. And you better—a lot."

"That," replied Leila, smiling, "is unnecessary, even undesirable. Run along now, dear. I'm going to ring for Miss Kenney to come and go over the books—"

"And I'm engaged? And you'll break it to Dad? And to the dear public? And Charlie may come down from Quentin for the parental benediction?"

"Yes. Run along, now." With an impulsiveness rare in her relations with her children, she leaned forward and kissed the girl.

Yet, when the straight, pliant, young figure had disappeared, her hand, outstretched toward the bell in the panel beside the door, fell back. She turned, and, walking to the window, looked out across the broad, leafless boulevard to the lake. It was all in sullen shadow again, the sun withdrawn from the leaden welter of waters. With nervous, white hands that gave the lie to the smooth tranquillity of her brow, she caught at the curtain-cord. A shudder shook her.

It was eighteen years since Thurston Eberlie had passed out of her life; eighteen years since she had first known loneliness, anguish, the humiliation of a nature weakly clamoring for a love withdrawn, and that fierce purpose which is the human spirit's expression or its instinct to live. In them, too, she had known gratitude, affection, companionship, the warm revival of the capacity for happiness. In them she had dared marriage again, had borne children, had experienced life, full, sweet, orderly—even noble, as lives go. Yet, with all that lay between her and that day, how its memory, once admitted, still had power to tear at her heart!



Drawn by W. B. King

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"I WANT YOU TO BE VERY SURE OF YOURSELF BEFORE YOU MARRY"

It had been in her dressing-room, that final scene in the long list of scenes that had punctuated the five years of her happiness and torment with the husband of her youth. He had been away for a fortnight; he had gone to inspect a tunnel which his firm was building in the Shasta range. He was to have been gone five days. Accident, utter and wanton but entirely conclusive, had supplied her with the proof of his companionship. And, learning that once again he had deceived her, derided and disgraced her with a trivial amour, she had told herself that she had reached the limit of her endurance.

Life had been strong, insistent, in her, and she had perceived, as by a revelation, that with Thurston Eberlie it was doomed. To remain with him, to endure the anger and anguish of his infidelities; to receive him back into her heart, her arms, humble, grateful, trembling with the rapture of reconciliation and of hope—only, by and by, to feel again the chill and numbness of creeping doubt, then the violent fury of certainty, then the stoic stiffening of her forces to bear a seemly presence in the world—Oh, to pass through these terrible alternations of feeling was to kill her, heart and soul. The body will not long survive the recurrent rages and shiverings of its fevers; she knew that her spirit could not survive the ravages of emotion which existence with Thurston implied. And there was in her—no more a matter of her choice than was the thick, blue-blackness of her hair, the vigor of her strong, graceful body, the shadowed darkness of her gray eyes; no more her choice than these—an insistence upon life.

She would have been glad enough to die, in spite of Charlotte, cooing to the birds from her basket on the piazza outside. Yes, she could have rejoiced in death! But her strong body rejected it; it was only her spirit that would die, and she would walk the earth a horrible thing—a charnel for her own dead being—unless she escaped from Thurston, unless she parted from him forever. She recalled the tradition of one of her pioneer ancestors who, horribly mutilated by Indians, left by them for dead, had managed, stricken as he was, to

crawl back to the settlement out of which he had strayed; had managed to mend himself into some semblance of a man again, and had died, finally, full of years, the sire of a strong race. They were tenacious of life, her people. Her body could not die, and her will could not let her spirit die. Twisted, tortured, as it had been, she must save it. She must escape from the cruel, joyful, crucifying domination of her love for Thurston Eberlie.

That time she had known her decision real, no mere hysteric threat designed to bring him to his knees. That time it was earnest—she must save her life.

She remembered the room, all rosy cretonne and white muslin. Heliotrope—not the ground-hugging plant of the East, but an aspiring, strong tree—hung against her window. The years and years it had taken her to bear its languorous musk without a stricture of the throat, a weakness of the wrists!

He had come into the pretty, bright room—glad, gay, compelling. Where had she, who had loved him so, found strength to withstand the mere sight of him? Ah, she had to live, to live! And so she had told him, quite calmly, though with shortened breath, that she was going to leave him. She had taken, she remembered, his light, home-coming, customary kiss without emotion. Without emotion she had watched him go out to the baby on the little side-piazza. The child had crowed with joy, and had burst into a spray of pretty, silvery, half-intelligible words—the words of a two-year-old making wonderful experimental splashes into the pool of language. And, by and by, he had come back into the room, and she had interrupted his opening sentence of explanation about his delayed return from the mountains.

“Don’t, Thurston. It isn’t necessary. I know where you have been.” She herself had been astonished at the almost casual tone of her voice. He had glanced at her quickly—alert, defensive, silent. He had many of the instinctive ways of animals—something of their suppleness of motion, something of their quickness of eyes, of swift apprehensiveness. He had been silent then, waiting—watching.

“I am going to get a divorce, Thurston,” she had told him. And again she

had sounded matter-of-fact. There had been no hysteric note, even when she had gone on: "I can't live this way, and I have to live. That is the queer thing—I have to live."

"You can't live without me, Leila," he had told her, "any more than I can live without you." And, miracle! she had not melted at the triumphant, tender security of his voice. More miraculous still, she had not even sneered then at his claim to need of her. And nothing that he had said had altered the calm finality of her decision. She remembered how he arose at last, his tanned face curiously whitened, his blue eyes black, as they had the trick of being when he was profoundly stirred. She remembered the grace of his figure, the strength, the resiliency, the charm.

"This is nonsense, you know, Leila," he had repeated. "I don't mean that I am blameless, but that you and I belong to each other. Other women—" He had brushed them all off, as though he knocked the ash from an idle moment's cigarette. "You and I belong to each other."

"No, you mean only that I belong to you," she had interrupted him, suddenly stung into feeling. "But I shall not, any longer. Thurston, I'm not angry. You cannot help it, perhaps, any more than you can help the color of your hair. But I have to save my own life. I cannot be stretched on this rack of torment and live."

He began to promise her amendment, with tender words of pity for her suffering. He blamed his ancestry, his upbringing, his associations, for that streak of irrepressible amorousness in him. But he would overcome it, he would—

"Thurston!" she had cried. "We can't go over this again. You were flirting before we were five months married, you were untrue to me before the year was past. And all those weeks before Charlotte was born— Oh, you wanted to be kind and thoughtful, and you quite adored me for bringing you a child—but all the time—all the time— Oh, can you not see it yourself? You can't resist the impulse to follow the woman who lures you, who intrigues you. Perhaps it is as you say. Per-

haps it is your reckless great-grandfather, your dreadful old scandal of a grandmother. Perhaps it is that you were never taught self-denial, and that you went with a—a rotten crowd, you called them—at school and college. I don't accuse you of originating disloyalty and irresponsibility, Thurston. I only say that they are in you, bone and fiber, and that they are killing me, and that I am going to leave you—"

And she had never seen him since that day!

If she had known then what the next five years were to be, could she have let him go out of the room, out of the house? Those five terrible, aching, lonely years, when sometimes she would have crawled to him on hands and knees, to place her neck beneath his foot, to implore him to take her back on what terms he would! Those five dogged years when she had said to herself: "I will live, I will! I will live, a whole woman; not a poor, broken thing!" Those five frightened years, when she was forever fleeing from his figure descried in the distances, though she knew him seas and continents away; when she was forever waking, panic-stricken, from dreams of chance meetings with him! Those five determined years that drained, as she had thought, the last drop of her youth!

She would live, whole, sane. So she had studied, she had worked; she taught, she took loathed exercise, she sent herself tired to bed each night that she might sleep in spite of memory. In the libraries where she read and studied, she forbade her twitching fingers to touch the engineering journals that might, perhaps, have his name at the foot of an article, or might mention what he was doing, where he was building his railroads, his bridges—

Those bridges of his! She remembered how, in the rapturous six months of their engagement, when once she had bemoaned some separation, had declaimed against dividing space and time, he had laughed at her.

"Not dividing," he had said, "uniting! What's all the world but a road from your heart to mine? What's a sunbeam, a star ray, but a bridge between us—swinging so much truer than any I

shall ever build? Ah, what is the whole universe but a series of delicately adjusted vibrations between us two?"

Five years of remembering that, and of stamping upon the memory, only to have it spring up again like fire beaten out in the brush. Five years of believing, in mad moments, that the world was indeed but the path between them he had named it, and that he, over there in Russia, or Persia, or wherever it was, must feel the beating of her heart, back there in New York.

Space and time! Ah, he had been wrong, she had been right. They did their sundering work at last. Space and time, and that unquenchable instinct of hers for life. When the fifth year had passed, she had met Camden Marsh. When the sixth was over, she was his wife—dear Camden!

Always, on those rare occasions when she permitted herself a reverie, she had a pang of remorse toward Camden. Yet she knew, with that clear vision of hers, that she had made him happy, as he, indeed, had made her happy. She drew a deep breath of gratitude for him, for their finely attuned congeniality, for their full-hearted contentment in each other, for the vigorous grace of their life. She had given him what he most wanted, comradeship of mind and heart, home, children. He had given her back her life. There was no true reason why she should ever feel that wave of remorse when she thought of what she had given Camden.

Turning from the window, she shook her shoulders with a characteristically decisive movement, as though with it she shook off the weight of the past. Not for months before had she indulged herself thus in the lacerating futility of recollection. It would be the last time, she promised herself rigorously; to-day, perhaps, she had been forced to unlock the door of that old room in her heart in order to do her duty to Charlotte. But that duty was done now, and she could lock the door again and throw away the key. She could live henceforth in the ample, serenely ordered rooms of her love for Camden, of his love for her. Dear Camden! Her breast swelled with the surge of her gratitude to him, of her renewed purpose

to be to him all that a devoted woman could be to a man.

Not—again she insisted upon it, almost vehemently—that there had been in their relation any lack with which she could reproach herself. She loved him; she had loved him before she married him; not with rhapsody, not with the ignorant palpitations of a girl, but fully, honestly, thankfully—oh, how thankfully! She remembered how, when they had first met, his interest had injected, as it were, the cleansing medicament of self-respect into her ever-reopening wound. That he, so plainly and so greatly serviceable to his world, should find her talk stimulating, her thought helpful! That he, already a figure of meaning in the nation, should seek her out! The restoring pride that had come to her with that knowledge! The humility with which she had striven to be worthy of that friendship which he gave her! And then—the day when, looking into his clear-seeing eyes, she had surprised there the light of a man's desire for his mate, and had felt in her own veins the rush of response!

At first, astonished, outraged, she had denied the authenticity of that message of her blood. And Camden had not stormed her, but had waited the outcome of the battle in her with that touch of humorous philosophy which tempered his vigor, gave charm and color to his earnestness. The battle had been ended soon. She had not been swept off her feet either by him or by the resurgent capacity for passion in herself. But her startled anger at its first manifestation had died away. There spoke to her clear, balancing mind the purpose which had controlled her from the day when, out in the sunny, scented room with the heliotrope tapping the windows, she had told Thurston Eberlie that she must live. That purpose scorned, as sentimental, missish, her first revulsion from a new life of normal womanhood, it bade her be glad that nothing in her had been killed; bade her be honest to admit that, for her, there had been infinite possibilities of healing in life. She had thought again of that ancient of her race, and had felt close akin to him. She had yielded, married, lived the opulent life of love and service. In nothing

—nothing!—she insisted upon it to herself, had she cheated Camden! Not in word, not in act, not even in those moments when bitter memory overwhelmed her like a salt tide. Why should there, then, ever and anon, have strayed out of that locked, dusty, dismantled room of her past something that went sighing, "Poor Camden!" through the rich house of life that she and he had made?

Again she shook her shoulders, and now she stepped determinedly toward the door. A tap sounded upon it.

"Come in," she called.

The footman, in the unostentatious livery which was her compromise between a sense of the fitness of things and her theoretically radical democracy, came in with a package.

"It is marked 'important,' madam, and just delivered by messenger."

"Ah, yes!" murmured Leila, half to herself as she looked at the superscription. "The book on internationalism Mrs. Mather promised to send me. Is that the afternoon paper, Jeliff?"

"Yes, ma'am. I thought you might like to see it. Terrible days in France, ma'am." Jeliff was English, and the professional immobility of his features was overlaid with human trouble.

"Thank you, Jeliff."

Leila laid the book upon the table and ran her glance over the headlines stretched across the page. Jeliff departed, leaving behind his bent, noiseless exit the faint atmosphere of his worriment. She read on about the battle, raging with vast slaughter and extravagant inconclusiveness on the western front of the war. And then, turning the page to go on with the tale of horror, she saw in black letters, there where the minor but still important events of the world were chronicled: "Thurston Eberlie Dead—Distinguished Engineer." Below was the smudged cut of a youthful photograph.

For a second she continued to stand, staring at the words, her body rigid. Her graceful arms were still wide outstretched; she had not folded the paper back to its single-page width. There was no sound at all in the room, no motion. Then the sheet began to rattle in the woman's hands. The tension of

her arms relaxed. She felt herself swaying. She took a tight hold upon the paper and seemed to feel her way to a chair. She crumpled into it, then straightened and sat rigid for a moment, fighting the wave rising before her, threatening her with obliteration. She brushed the veil of on-creeping blindness from before her eyes. By and by, with great labor, she folded back the paper and read the column printed below the sinister collocation of black letters.

"Thurston Eberlie dead; forty - six years old." ("Yes, he was four years older than she.") "Headquarters in London for the past ten years—" ("Ah, so that was where he had been!") "Died, suddenly, in Algeria, pushing a French railroad." ("Algeria—he would have liked that—the heat, the color, the savagery that absolved a civilized man from his dull code of responsibility.") "Important work for the French government—" ("He had liked the French always, had always enjoyed the challenge of great jobs.") "Famous in the engineering world and well known to the bon-vivants of all the capitals in Europe—" ("Oh yes, he had been a bon-vivant in the making eighteen years before, when she had left—when he had left—when the end had come.") "Had married, in 1892, Miss Leila Magruder, of San Francisco, by whom he had been divorced in 1897—" ("Yes, that, too, was true. She had divorced him.") "Had not married again—" ("Ah!") The syllable came in an uneven diminuendo from her lips. "Cremation—" ("Of course, of course! How he had always hated churchyards—and churches!") "Anecdotes—" ("Yes, there would be many of those") "resourceful, generous, witty—"

What trivialities were these which she was reading? Trivialities, inanities!

Thurston was dead.

That was all the paper said; that was all that the universe thundered, pressing upon her ears, her eyes, with the monstrous message.

Thurston was dead!

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Marsh, but—" It was Miss Kenney, her competent secretary.

"Go away! Go away!"

The girl, unable to believe her ears,

frightened by the dull voice, came farther into the room, startled concern on her face.

"Go away, I tell you," cried Leila Marsh, terrifyingly distinct.

Rose Kenney retreated, hesitated at the threshold, looked back and met the full, furious command of her employer's eyes. She closed the door behind her. Leila, with a spring, had reached it and locked it almost before the knob had fallen to its place.

Thurston was dead!

Absurd fool that she had been! Never had she thought of that possibility—never. Had she been mad, that, in a world where men and women died every day, fell each hour like spring blossoms past their use, she had never thought of Thurston and of death together? Sometimes she had had womanish fears for Camden, off on journeys; once, during a scourge of diphtheria, she had held her breath over the beds of her three children lest even her respiration might affright life, hovering on the verge of flight. But Thurston!

Their governess brought Dick and Winifred to the door for their late-afternoon half-hour with her, but impatiently, inarticulately, she denied herself to them. Miss Kenney rapped again, begging to know if her employer were ill, if there were anything—

"No, no! Please go away!" she cried.

The light grew dimmer. The early twilight of a sunless day crept, in opaque, foggy purple, against her windows. On her hearth the fire gently shivered into white ashes. By and by the boulevard fruited, in a single moment, with silver-globuled balls of light. A shaft struck through the gossamery curtains, fell upon her hands, twisting and untwisting in her lap. She gave a little shudder, and a breath, a broken crescendo of pain, passed through her lips. She looked about her uncertainly; how long had she been sitting there, telling herself that Thurston was dead?

Camden— No, Camden would not soon be coming in. Camden, thank God—oh, thank God!—had started to New York that morning. He would not be there that evening to intrude upon her widowhood. Camden? Who and what had he been—nay, what had Thurston's

own child been to her? Nothing, nothing at all! That great, victorious-seeming battle of her life had been waged against Thurston; he had been her antagonist, and, for the second, it seemed to her that in such a fight as hers had been no one had really existed for her but him against whom she struggled. Love, honor, peace, activity, husband, children—what were they? Her reinforcements, no more.

Thurston was dead. Dead yesterday, out there in Algeria. And the universe had not vibrated from him to her; she had not known that he was dead, had not felt it. He had sent no thought, winging straight as a starbeam, to her. Thurston!—Thurston!—

Had some other woman, nurse or mistress or humble friend—for, oh, he could compel friendship, too—closed his eyes? Had some other woman's arms lifted those dear shoulders, held a cup to his lips in those last hours of his life? Through her whole being there ran, swifter than lightning, sharper than a sword, the flame of jealousy and hate.

Thurston!—Thurston!—

From somewhere in the room, it seemed to her, she heard a laugh—low, teasing, victorious, the laugh she had not heard for eighteen years. She half stumbled from her chair; then she sank back. He was dead in Algeria, four thousand miles away. He would never again mock her love, her anger, with that gay assurance of his.

A battle with him? No, her life had been a voyage, and the depths upon which it had been borne were the depths of their love or their hate—their union. What does the mighty deep reck of all the patter of activity upon the boats it upholds—the concerts, the promenades, the flirtations, the throbbing of the engines, the cunning mechanism of wheels and valves? When the waters rise in their resistless strength, when their vapors gather above them in impenetrable fog—what then of all that activity, all that triumph of busy commonplace?

Her life had been a voyage across the deep waters of her love for him. She had made it proudly, opulently, but it was now no more than if she had been some poor, wave-tossed derelict clinging in mid-ocean to a raft.

Thurston was dead. How amazingly she had deceived herself all these years! How she had deluded herself with the thought that she had put him out of her life—him who underlay the whole of it! How she had succeeded in convincing herself that she rejoiced in never encountering him—why, she must verily have lived in the expectation of that hour! All in vain. She had never thought of death in connection with him—of course! She in whom life was so insistent, and to whom the most insistent thing in life, after all, had been Thurston Eberlie.

Slowly the tempest in her subsided. Her soul had been like some frightened, wild thing suddenly caught in a trap and running madly about, dashing itself against bars. Now it cowered and quivered into quiet. The flame of her impatience at the thought of her husband went out. She no longer pictured with rancor the woman who had caught the last gleam in Thurston's eyes and all the women who had shared his laughter all these years. She dropped into an abyss of sorrow, of desolation.

Ah, had she but left herself free for this moment! Had she but left herself the sacred liberty of sorrow, the liberty to wear the weeds of her grief! With what face should she be able to greet Camden again—the interloper, the obstruction between her and her right of agony? Camden, whom now, at last, she wronged with great unfaithfulness, longing to obliterate all the years of wifehood with him, that, unhindered, she might immolate herself upon Thurston's funeral pyre? Never had she been dull wife to Thurston, never had her feeling for him been this sober hearth-fire; no, she had been all lover, all untamed, devastating blaze. Why had she declined upon the lesser thing?

Thank God that Camden was away! A few days' respite she would have—

There were steps, voices, outside her door. Miss Kenney, her low tones not smothering her anxiety, spoke to some one. Leila listened, tense. The girl's steps retreated down the hall.

"Leila, may I come in? It is I—"

How had he been detained? What should she say to him? She dragged

herself to the locked door and opened it. Her husband came in.

"I thought you had gone to New York." Her voice was dull, but hostile. He was bending over the fireplace, laying on new sticks, starting a fresh blaze. She felt peevishly resentful of his occupation, yet it suddenly struck her that she had been chilly, that she had wanted the comfort of heat. The blaze sprang up before he answered her.

"I had started," he said, "but I saw the afternoon papers while we waited at Fort Wayne. I came back on the next train."

The room was lighted by the leaping of the fresh flames. She could read his face above her, read the concern and pity in his eyes.

"Why?" she asked slowly, stupidly—she who had never been stupid, but who had made her life out of intelligence and unshakable purpose. "Why did you come back?"

"I came back, Leila, because I knew that you would be suffering, and I hoped that I might be of some comfort or some use to you."

"You knew that I would be suffering?" Had all her heart, then, been open to him while she herself had not had knowledge to read it?

"Of course, my dear."

They were both silent, looking at each other. By and by he spoke again.

"I have cabled to our consul at Oran. The despatch mentioned no relatives, no connections, no disposition of his ashes. If there is no one closer, we will attend to all of that—memorials and all. I thought"—and still his voice held steady, unemotional—"you might like that."

"We have never spoken of him at all, you and I," she said, irrelevantly. "Never—since I told you everything that time before we were married."

"I know that we have not. But—he was part of you, Leila. I took that part, too, when I married you."

Again silence. Then she spoke.

"I am glad you did that, Camden—the cabling, I mean—"

"I thought you would be glad."

Once more she brooded silently. Again he waited. At last it came.

"I am going to say something which

may sound cruel, Camden. I never knew until to-day how irrevocably I had loved him."

"I have known it, Leila."

No reproach, no self-pity in his voice, only quiet and assurance. She stared at him, her thoughts rudderless.

"And you have not cared?" she said, slowly.

"Cared? Do you mean by that, doubted the reality of our life together? No, I have never doubted that. Been jealous of Eberlie? No. I have been jealous sometimes, I suppose, of the closed door, but not of what was behind it, Leila; I have been hurt at your shutting me out of part of your life, but not of the part itself. Do you understand me? I have known that your love for him was irrevocable—for it was love. As your love for me is irrevocable, my dear, whatever you may think now, because it is love—"

He stopped abruptly, for across the

handsome, controlled features grief, unashamed, open, began to stir like the wind upon a pool. Her shadowed gray eyes grew luminous with crowding tears. In another minute the saving outburst came; sobs, short and harsh, shook the words from her lips.

"Camden!— Oh, Camden!" she cried, going to him and finding against his breast some human assuagement for all her incommunicable sorrow. "My poor Thurston! my poor boy!"


Holding her there while she grieved for the lover of her youth, while she admitted the indestructibility of that ancient love and the vastness of life in which only the untrue perishes, of life that recognizes no fitness save reality, no unfitness save falsity, thankfulness flowed over him. At last his wife had surrendered her heart to him; at last, confessing that presence so long its prisoned tenant, she told him the completeness of her love for him.

The Airman


BY JAMES B. KENYON

IN the mid-heaven, as the gray eagle soars
On tireless pinions, watching with fierce eyes
The sunlit valley which beneath him lies,
The ocean's weltering waste which breaks and roars
Against its hoary cliffs, the stream that pours
Its floods adown the steeps, the light that dies
Upon the purple peaks, the bird that flies
Nestward along the river's reedy shores—

So, high above the battle's thunderous din,
The far-trenched fields, the shattered ranks that flee
From the flushed foe, the flames grown pale and thin
O'er burning homes, he hangs expectantly,
Till suddenly on the quarry he would win
He swoops and strikes for God and Liberty.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



W. D. HOWELLS

SO many of the great questions that vex mankind from time to time have found their solution in Boston that a more confident authority than the Easy Chair might well declare it the habit of all such questions to resort to that oracle. But without going so far we may invite the reader's attention to the pertinent fact that only the other day (now the week, or month) a serious problem which had long defied domestic wisdom was hopefully grappled with in Boston. It was that problem created in so many American households by the refusal of the chambermaid, or second girl, or general-houseworker, to black the boots of the family, especially the boots of the head of the family, and more especially the boots of the stranger within his gates. The head of the family had habitually met the difficulty by blacking his own boots or by letting them go unblackened, or by wearing them to the booth of the nearest Italian boot-black. But when the stranger within his gates, above all if he was an English stranger, set his boots outside his chamber door, the host had no recourse but to steal upon them in the darkness before the insult of their presence had time to sink into the soul of the chambermaid, or second girl, or general-houseworker, and put them back inside the door, or else black them himself. When it was famed that he did this once, it became fabled that he always did it, and the stranger, particularly the English stranger, accepted the convention as the custom of the country, and respected the pretense that some woman-servant of the house had done the hospitable deed.

But in any case the great principle that boot-blackening was no part of American domestic service, as the American domestic understood it, was maintained inviolate, and the affair might have rested there if it had not been for

the courageous enterprise of several young girls in the center of our civilization who set up a boot-blackening boudoir, and proposed to black the boots of any one, man or woman, who came to them for it. Their enterprise might not have won instant popular notice if these young girls had carried it on in the usual dress of their age and sex, but they were advised, by themselves or others, to put on Turkish trousers and jackets for work not necessarily implying that costume; and this won them so much publicity that the civic authorities felt called upon to inquire into the matter. An ordinance was offered in the city council, forbidding any woman less than forty years old to black men's boots publicly, as she would have refused to do it privately at any age; and the suppression of the boudoir was officially favored by the mayor, who declared that the man who would allow a woman to shine his shoes was in his opinion unworthy of being called a man. He could not imagine any occupation more humiliating, he added, justifying in these words the position taken by domestic service in all American households. But he left the question of the city council's authority to its legal advisers; and at this point the girls' friends came to their defense.

One of their defenders was a clergyman from a neighboring town who said that his duty had lain for forty years chiefly among working people, and he would not willingly see their rights in any wise imperilled. The question with him was whether the business of these girls was in itself degrading, and he differed from the mayor decidedly on this point, holding that, if it were degrading, then all manner of domestic work was degrading, as well as such time-honored toil as that of the elderly women who scrub the floors of business offices. As to the morality of the girls' enterprise he

could only say that their work was honestly done, in his own experience, for his shoes had been well cleaned in their place, where the girls had borne themselves modestly and had strictly obeyed their rule against idly talking with customers.

A lady who wrote in their behalf as the president of the Homestead Association suggested to the council that no woman under forty years of age should be allowed to shine men's boots anywhere in Boston, and that the forbidding ordinance should include the women barbers who in the exercise of their profession "coddled and beautified men's faces," but she did not specify the manicures who in all fashionable barber shops, men's as well as women's, may be heard entertaining with talk that seems apparently idle the elderly sillies who come to have their finger-nails trimmed and polished in discreetly curtained spaces. The question at the hearing became quickly a question of the general propriety of a young girl's openly blacking boots rather than of her personal degradation by this service. It left aside the vast affair of domestic service and the acts of it which equally insult womanhood and debase manhood. It then became a question which could be decided only by some inquirer going and having his boots blacked at their shop or parlor or boudoir, and such a witness, pending the vote of the council, who chanced to find himself in Boston, visited in person the place where the girls were occupied, or rather were disoccupied, in their profession. There he had his shoes shined at the risk of the shame which the mayor said a man ought to feel in permitting such a service, but in reporting his experience he could not conceal a sense of amusement at the Oriental dress which had contrasted so strangely with the Occidental bearing of these young people. In spite of their Turkish jackets and trousers they looked so entirely native that he readily accepted the assurance that they were all Americans given him by the young person who came forward and said that she would black his boots, while a youth, or well-grown boy, began to dress the balance of any dishonor in her calling by polishing the

shoes of a middle-aged lady in another chair. The enterprise did not seem very prosperous; several of the young girls, who looked ready for work, lounged in a modest preparedness at the other side of the room, where they were presently joined by the young man, or mature lad, when he had finished with the middle-aged lady's shoes. While they conversed quietly together our friend listened to a defense of their industrial undertaking, which had so strangely taken on the proportions of a social problem. Their advocate seemed chiefly anxious to defend the propriety of their undertaking, and she made him observe that with the whole front of their shop open to the public eye they could not be there for flirtation, but solely and simply for honest work. She justified the dress they had chosen as practically modester than skirts would have been, though she could only urge that it was more convenient than the overalls worn by women now doing men's work in the fields and gardens, and in the munition-shops here and abroad. If her customer still accused it of vanity, of the wish to please the eye rather than convince the minds of men; to win the romantic fancy rather than the honor of men in the civic comradery so fast coming to women, he could not say.

Almost at the hour when this shoe-shining sisterhood was masking in the garb of Oriental slavery the hosts of equal suffrage were marching to victory through the New York streets, and, in spite of their tall heels and tip-tilted toes, winning to the goal of freedom which they had sought through half a century of untiring struggle. That victory, though so heartbreakingly delayed, has not been delayed too long for the slow effect of civic education. The men who most warmly contested it will not be the first to deny that their reasons against suffrage remain as valid as ever. It is still true, or as true as ever, that woman's sphere is the home; that when she steps outside of this realm of her proper sovereignty men cannot render her the chivalrous homage that they have always shown her when she is nicely dressed; they cannot give up their seats to her in the cars; they cannot take off their hats to her in the elevator after

keeping them on up to the moment of stepping into it. It can even continue true that she did not really want the vote, and that she has not only won it in spite of herself, but that men have given it her in an illusion of her fitness which it will remain forever too late to dispel. Man, over-magnanimous man, can always allege the disappointing effect of woman's suffrage in the States where she has had it as a proof of his generosity in extending it further against his better judgment, and however he may forbear to twit her with having told her so, he will, if we know him, lighten to his utmost the suffering which he had repeatedly warned her she must incur if she abandoned the hearth and home for the rostrum and the arena. She had already transcended the realm of domestic service, almost equally sacred with the sphere of home, in which he could self-respectfully allow her to do all manner of menial duties, but he may well warn her that there is a line which human nature draws in these, and that if she permits herself to shine his shoes she degrades him below the dignity of manhood. At every step of her advance beyond her natural sphere she will still more embarrass him, and he can only entreat her not to humiliate herself as well as him.

So far as the equalization of the sexes through a community of work has been promoted by the identification of their dress, the adoption of men's wear by women in their labors beyond their divinely circumscribed sphere is evident enough. If women are to become bread-winners on the world-scale as well as bread-makers, they will naturally demand and exercise the right to wear the garb of the other breadwinners with such modifications as their taste or fancy may suggest. Where they publicly exercise the art of shoe-shining men must expect them to wear a commodious costume of their own preference, and not insist upon their acquiescence in that, say, of the women who work in the munitions-factories, or of those plainer lilies of the field who do not study to surpass Solomon in all his glory when they clothe themselves in overalls for the toil of the potato-patch. Rather they may emulate the ladies of his family by a dress as well adapted for labor

as for leisure, and in no vain spirit either. People whose memories of the suffrage movement run as far back as the days of the bloomer dress can testify that there was no potentiality of flirtation in that expression of principle, and that there was no "valuing the giddy pleasure of the eye" in the beholder by the wearer. Rather it was a sacrifice, not surpassed by that of such survivals of woman's dress among the few orders of men that have clung to them.

We are not able to state just how the *fustanella*, or fluted petticoat, of the modern Greek came to be worn in civil or military life; but we can testify that it no more awes or charms the beholder than the bloomer dress of the early eighteen-fifties; and we believe that if it were not for the bare knees of the Scotch Highlander, and the charm which poetry has thrown about his kilts, those abbreviated skirts would not be suggestive of any high degree of manly charm in the wearer. The time was when both man and woman wore flowing robes, and though the toga among the Romans was the peculiar token of virility, yet among all other Occidental nations the flowing skirt with men remained merely ceremonial, and distinctive chiefly of the cleric and the juridic orders. In the more democratic modern civilizations it has been discarded except at the altar or on the bench, and even in the law-courts it has been frequently found that justice can be administered in a sack coat. It seems probable, almost certain, therefore, that the robe or the flowing skirt will not form part of that dress which the equalized sexes will wear in common when working at the same trades, or even when not working together. If there are not men enough to do what has been called man's work, it may be done by women alone. In the present war this has continually happened. Women have done men's work in the shops and the fields, and it appears from the incident in Boston that they have now opened shoe-shining parlors, and have competed with such men as have not yet been summoned to military duty or perhaps have not been found fit for it. The women have not been ashamed of their employ, though in the case of shining men's shoes it has

always been spurned by domestic service; and nothing has transpired to prove that their gentlemen clients any more feel themselves "unworthy to be called men" than the ladies who accept the same service from men feel themselves unworthy of the name of women.

The great thing, the first thing to be hoped for from the interchangeable industries of the sexes is the realization of the sublime ideal that all work honestly done honors and never dishonors the doer. It shall even honor him it is done for, so that the man whose boots have been shined by a woman may bear himself the more proudly in them for that fact. It cannot be that the present custom of interchangeable toil which the war has promoted shall be lost upon the men and women of the future. Women who have so unforgettably learned that they can do men's work will have found such a joy in the strength it has wholesomely called forth in them that they will not wish to relinquish it. The wiser and finer of them will have learned that no sort of work degrades, and will have taught those born to toil in the old days of peace that there is no longer a servile class, but all are socially equal because all are industrially equal. In the greatest State of our Union they will hereafter vote together with men as they have wrought together for the common good, and their sense of the human family will be their high consolation in the days of war before the days of peace come.

It was a heaven-called woman who left her flocks to lead the armies of France to victory, and, though we cannot trust to the command of such a one for our triumph in a cause as holy, we may as religiously invoke the divine favor through the women whom we have called to our help in the councils of the nation. We have voted them the right immemorially withheld, not in a piping time of peace when we could rejoice in a civic festival together, but in the solemn hour when the spiritual life of the world is threatened by the Powers of Darkness, and men need the help of women more than ever lest this home of our race be turned into a howling wilderness, the lair of ravening beasts. The old mockery against the sex which

claims the right to vote when it has not the heart to fight must remain, but in a war where women are made to suffer far more than women have suffered in any other war since Christ came to bring a sword, they will bear their share of the common anguish and sorrow. Men could not wish women to help them destroy the murderers embattled against mankind; but in return for the right they have yielded men claim the right to what is best in the minds and hearts of women. They claim their motherly self-sacrifice, their wifely devotion, their sisterly truth, and the best they can offer in the equality of service and sufferance. It will take a certain growth of intelligence in men before they can perceive that they have no claim to this return from the *gratitude* of women; that women owe them nothing for the payment of a just due, which could only be withheld so long because it had been outlawed from the dawn of civilization. But they can count upon all this from women because it is women's nature to give wherever it is man's need to receive, and nobly to forget that his need is not his desert.

The men who in our November election gave women the suffrage were not bestowing a favor except as the wrongdoer bestows a favor in forbearing persistence in wrong-doing, and they must be very patient if women do not at once surpass them in civism, or even equal them; if they yield now and then to the temptations of graft; if they do not at once infuse public morality with the virtue which has consecrated the home; if they show themselves no better than their fathers, brothers, and husbands. From the beginning of time men have been learning the little they know of political righteousness, and it ought to be their part meekly to teach women that little now. They may be sure that women will be eager to learn as fast as they can teach, and that they will put aside their follies as fast as men put aside their vices. The greatest thing to be hoped from the new conditions is that they will form the basis of a community of work with the hand as well as with the head, of such effect that it may be an identity of work, making for that solidarity of race which we may imagine the divine intention.



HENRY MILLS ALDEN

IT may seem to some readers of the Study that we entertain too exalted expectations of the war and what is to come from it. The terms we have used in our expression of these have, perhaps, suggested to many a premature anticipation of the millennium as the inevitable epilogue of what is so conspicuously an Armageddon.

Frankly, we indulge in no such exaggerated optimism. When we use the phrase, "the salvation of all men, including our enemies," we have not meant to ignore its spiritual significance, believing, as we firmly do, that there is no real advance of humanity which does not include the whole man. But also we have not meant to identify salvation with sanctity, but rather with sanity both of vision and action. Nor do we look for the complete renovation of our human nature or even for the complete political emancipation of all the peoples of the earth as the immediate result of the present world conflict.

The great hope we entertain for humanity, fortunately, does not rest upon any brilliant and overwhelmingly decisive particular event, anticipated or unexpected, in the near future. Man, as mentally constituted and developed, is by necessity a planner; but the success of his most deeply laid plans is very far from being the realization of an evolutionary purpose, while, on the other hand, a fortuitous happening that seems most auspicious may prove his ruin—or one of foreboding aspect may veil a happy issue. Visible actualities—events or careers—await their interpretation through what comes after them. So dramatic a career as Napoleon's does not, within the compass of the spectacle, explain itself—its significance for the world is shown by the Europe he left behind him, become what it was by reaction to his ambitious adventure.

Only hidden spiritual characteristics have the power to show forth for what they really are, baleful or glorious, immediately and forever transparent and, so, indelibly fixed in human remembrance. As acts unworthy of humanity are never forgotten, so sublime sacrifice and heroic endurance for the right against the might that slays the body, but cannot slay the soul, are immortal. It is these things, not accidental or relative, but of our eternity, that count in the grand cycle of history and are glorified by the creative imagination. No terms can be too exalted for the expression of these or of the hope that rests upon them.

If the children of the world are wiser in their kind than the children of light, it is because they seize upon every visible means and let no opportunity escape them for the accomplishment of their worldly ends. They need no inspiration from a higher motive; the greed for material success is ever present, prompting to the most efficient methods which human progress in science and education has made possible. The humanist, with all his larger vision and finer sensibility, and even the most eager reformer or humanitarian, is not often, or generally, thus zestful in practical activity. Thus those whose aims are mainly external gain headway and set their seal upon public enterprise and opinion.

L. P. Hobhouse, in *Democracy and Reaction*—published a decade before the opening of this war—shows how during the last third of the nineteenth century England and those other nations of Europe, which, in the earlier part of the century, had cherished the love of liberty and great projects of political and humanitarian reform, were swept by a wave of reaction that, indeed, "spread over the civilized world and invaded one department after another of thought and

action." The externalization of life, based on material aims, on the new theory of evolution, as initiated by Darwin and interpreted by Herbert Spencer, and on a perverted idealism, nationally took the form of extended dominion. The plea in defense of British imperial expansion and covering the appearance of self-aggrandizement was that this acquisition of territory — amounting, since 1870, to "one-third of the present territory of the empire and one-quarter of its population" — was for the sake of civilization.

This plea was plausible on the consideration that "it was the older liberalism which made the colonial empire what it was, and it was to that empire as liberalism had made it that imperialist sentiment in the first instance appealed." Mr. Hobhouse, however, justly deprecates this recrudescence of imperial aspiration, involving, as it did, all the great powers of Europe in a reckless competition for the exploitation of the weaker as well as of backward peoples, constant warfare, and vast expenditures for the increase of armies and navies. Secret diplomacy and secret treaties thrived upon intense envies and rivalries.

The United States of America was saved from this species of international madness by the fact that she had land enough — an empire in extent, which, true to her traditions, she was proud of as a free republic and as still the asylum for the oppressed of all nations. The war with Spain was fresh in her memory, fought not for aggression but for the emancipation of a neighboring island, which, tempting as it would have been for exploitation by any European power, she left inviolate in the full possession of independence. The successful issue of the war for the Union had, by the extinction of slavery, suppressed the chief motive for the acquisition by war of new territory. Peacefully, or incidentally to a just war, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands became territories of the United States late in the century and were held, as her share in Samoa was, for naval reasons chiefly — bulwarks against foreign aggression, and, at the same time, points of vulnerability.

The extraordinary momentum of material progress in the nineteenth century

had its effect upon all classes of citizens in the American republic as in the rest of the civilized world. It was shown in the excess of plutocratic greed, the aspects of which were far more demoralizing than those of the aristocratic pride of power and heredity privilege that wealth had displaced. This invited the revolt of the laboring class through the labor unions, which, unhappily though legitimately, had only material advantage in view. Self-seeking politicians sought allegiance with whichever class was the more dominant, and especially with labor, as yielding more votes. Partisanship, demagoguery, and the more sordid forms of socialism advanced hand in hand.

We think that, in dealing with democratic countries, like England, Mr. Hobhouse lays undue stress upon a materialistic philosophy as responsible for materialistic greed as well as for the growth of imperialist sentiment. Human nature is capable of enough perversion to be a quite sufficient basis and needs no support from philosophy. Certainly this is true of the materialistic reaction in America, where it was not associated with any imperialist tendency, not even at the close of the century, when, as events proved, the general progress of world economies, political and social as well as mechanical, had put an end to the boasted isolation and immunity of the western hemisphere.

We also believe that, in the natural course of peaceful and unrestricted development, among the liberty-loving peoples of Europe as well as of America a spiritual culture would have inevitably supervened upon material and scientific progress, making use of this for the full realization of democracy, the establishment of social justice, and the universal expansion of human sympathy. Selfhood in its eager possession and assimilation of the material justifies itself as normal only as it becomes altruism.

The twentieth century dawned upon a Christendom the peoples of which, in the vital currents of their lives, in so far as life was permitted spontaneous development, were not hardened by materialism, but were more open than ever before to the tides of human sympathy. The humanist movement was gaining

fresh momentum, and the most zealous devotees of science had disinterested aims. It was in the more mechanical and superficial movements of industrial and political, and so-called society life, that reactionary perversity chiefly persisted—that is, in the channels most detached from the vital sources of the popular life. Even here the atmosphere of freedom and peace would have kept alive reformatory forces, of which already there were visible signs, as in the relations between classes, the growth of co-operation in industrial activities, and the increase of publicity in all political affairs—until one reached the border of a nation, when the brightness of the outlook vanished.

Especially in Europe the international prospect was full of sinister foreboding. Everywhere national patriotism was a self-centered sentiment, as naturally it had always been, but not always facing so peculiar a complication of conflicting interests. Instead of the hopeful opportunity offered to a league of European powers for fruitful co-operation in the interests of civilization, we behold, early in the century, two powerful but most incongruous alliances, bound to come into collision for each other's political and economic destruction, whatever the consequences to the world, including their own peoples. Only some miraculous spiritual or social world revolution could, by anticipation, avert the impending storm.

Some future philosophical historian will trace, in the course of civilization itself, the actions and reactions which for centuries had been constituting the background for the catastrophe. His readers will doubtless see so clearly the inevitableness of issues arising from perverse human systems that they will not concern themselves with any attempt to distribute responsibility among actors so arbitrary and irresponsible as those to whom the government of states has usually been committed. Moreover, in that long view which history gives, the evolutionary course of human destiny so contradicts casual appearances that one is convinced of "the goodness in things evil."

The evolutionary interpreter of history is, by conviction, an optimist,

though he indulges in no millennial forecasts nor expects in any generation, this or another, the complete regeneration of human society. He hopefully regards the recrudescence with every new generation of our so perverse human nature, knowing that it is never a repetition but always a renewal, and confident that, even if it happens here and there to exaggerate perversity, "things at their worst climb upward" or are helped to by the main currents of human movement. In his vision ruin, vast as it may be, is invisibly the beginning of a new order of architecture.

This most ruinous of all wars was precipitated by the exaggerated perversity of an absolutism that, schooled in practical efficiency and in that philosophy of the state which Hegel speculatively dreamed and Bismarck realized, after half a century of elaborate preparation, under cover of a peace it boasted to have maintained, saw what in its blind madness seemed its supreme opportunity for world conquest. Instead, as the war went on, it promised to be the world's opportunity for the establishment of human liberty on a firmer basis, in states devoted to the realization of true democracy—the reverse of Hegel's dream.

The magnitude of the menace to the world's liberties from an absolutism based upon armed might had so fully illustrated itself as not merely aggressive, but basely fraudulent and intrigant in all its procedure, before America entered the war, that it brought into bright relief the contrasting possibilities of freedom and peace for all. The only war aim the western republic *could* have was the destruction of Prussian militarism—but that involved everything; a guaranteed permanent peace, the determination by every people of its own form of government, and such a reconciliation as would insure a co-operative reconstruction of Europe. The menace overcome, the result, as by an automatic imperative, would be, if not the immediate accomplishment of the world's desire, at least the opening of a highway to that realization. All incidental questions, like those as to territorial adjustment and national disarmament, will find their solution by the same automatic imperative.



The Road to High Finance

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

IT is a strange fact that many financial coups are accidental, not deliberately planned. That is, the inception is in some accidental or incidental happening or remark. There may be planning after that, but the idea comes unexpectedly.

Thus it was with David Crane, a sophomore in college. He never had considered himself a financier, but the opportunity came, and he seized it. In brief, he wagered Dick Swinton half of what "Paddy" Paddington owed Dick, that "Paddy" would pay up within one week. As "Paddy" was known to be broke, as Dick was also broke, and as Davy himself was broke, this bet would not seem to amount to much, but in high financial circles you never can tell, and it must not be forgotten that there may be high financiering for small stakes. It was the fact that they were all broke that put money in circulation.

Paddington owed money to many students, including both Crane and Swinton. He was perfectly good—in time—for all the money he borrowed, but it usually happened, toward the end of a semester, that he found himself extremely hard up. Then, if he could not coax a little additional money out of his father, his creditors had to wait. And this seemed to be one of the occasions when waiting was necessary.

Davy had already been to him, for Davy needed the money.

"Far be it from me, Paddy," said Davy, lightly, "to bone a chum for a trifle, but could you conveniently let me have that ten?"

"Far be it from me," sighed Paddy, "to inflict suffering upon my benefactor unnecessarily, but I could not part with a ten either conveniently or inconveniently. The gov'nor is unreasonable."

"They all are," mourned Davy.

"He needs cheering news," pursued Paddy, "and I have none to give him."

"Gov'nors," grumbled Crane, "are gluttons for that sort of thing."

"I expected him to come across with some extra," complained Paddy, "but he will not.

Positively, he will not." He says he sees nothing in the situation to justify it. . . . Oh, if somebody would only tell him some nice things about me!"

Davy nodded, but he was too familiar with the situation to see any hope in that. "It is sad, very sad," he said, "but it can't be helped, so let's forget about it."

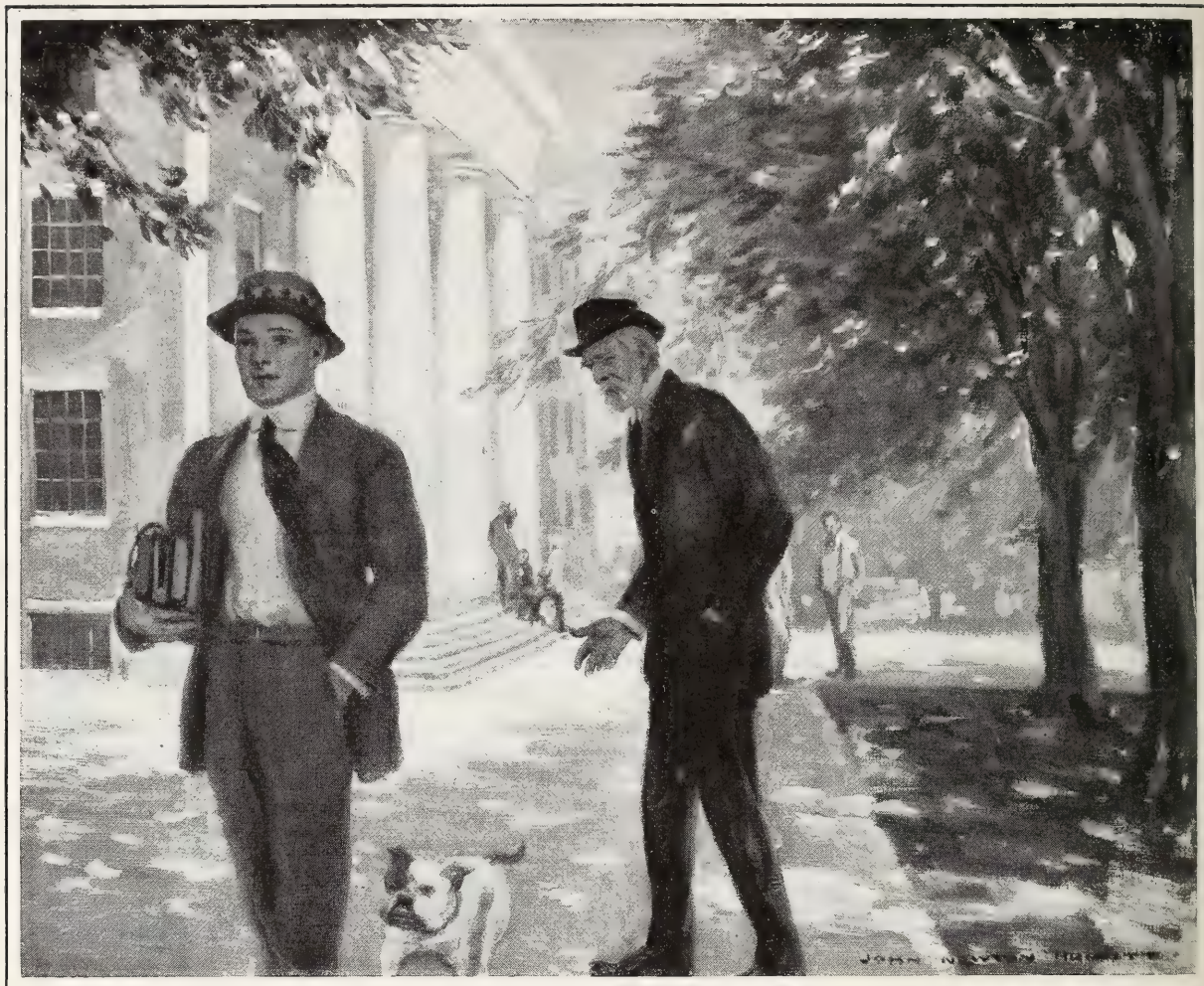
And forget about it he did until, searching the drawer of his study table for some paper a little later, he came upon a few sheets that surprised and puzzled him.

"Now where did I get that?" he mused. "How came I to have any of the Registrar's letter-paper? . . . Ah yes," he went on, after a pause, "I recall now that I gathered it one day when he had me on the carpet and was called out of the room for a moment. Yes, yes. . . . I was going to give Dicky Swinton the scare of his life, but it was too risky. . . . Envelopes, too! . . . Well, now, why not cheer up Paddy's father? He needs cheering, and that would be a kindly thing to do—a helpful and clever thing for Paddy and his creditors, as well as his father. If not, why not, when a little cheer is all that's needed to bring a check to Paddy?"

Reasoning thus, he prepared to make a rough draft of the proposed letter, but he encountered trouble the very first thing.

"How would such a letter be worded?" he asked himself. "I've never seen one. I've seen several in which the Registrar 'regrets to report,' but never one of the other kind. . . . Well," he decided, "neither has Paddy's father; so here goes. One should always aim to do good in this world, make it a little brighter for the weary wayfarer."

He composed the letter with great care, and was much pleased with his work when it was completed. It would, he reasoned, "draw money from a turnip," although, of course, no mention was made of money and he did not necessarily regard Paddy's father as a turnip. It merely reported that Paddy had "caught the spirit of the university at last" and was now making a record that might easily lead to honors in his senior year. It called for no answer. Davy was



"SARCASTIC YOUNG JACKANAPES!" MUTTERED THE REGISTRAR

careful to so word it that no reply was necessary.

There was no thought of high finance in this; it was merely to help out Paddy and Paddy's creditors, of whom he was one; but, after mailing the letter, he came upon Dicky Swinton and was unconsciously lured into making the fateful wager. Dicky had already heard that Paddy's father had developed a marble heart, and, being sportily inclined, he naturally wanted to bet when Davy predicted that Paddy would pay up within a week. Davy accommodated him, the amount of the bet being fixed at one-half of the indebtedness to Dicky.

"No use being a hog," reasoned Davy. "Let Dicky keep half of what's coming to him, and he'll be tickled to death to let me have the other half under the circumstances, but bet him all of it and he'd think he was gouged when he had to give up."

Elaborating the idea thus forced upon him, as many a financier has done before, Davy then hunted up all of Paddy's creditors and made similar bets—all for half of what was due from Paddy.

"That obviates the kick," he reflected,

thereby showing himself a wise financier. It is the failure to "obviate the kick" that has wrecked many a promising scheme. "They get what they get sooner than they expected," he explained to himself, "and that takes their minds off of what they don't get."

When he figured up a day later, he found that he would have thirty dollars, in addition to his own loan of ten dollars, coming to him if Paddy paid up within a week, and he would owe thirty dollars if Paddy did not. Paddy would pay if he had the money, so one element of risk was eliminated, but if Paddy failed to get it—

Davy shuddered at the thought of his predicament if anything went wrong with his deal in futures. Like many another financier, he had been so busy figuring his possible profits that he had not had time to consider the problem of meeting his possible losses. But, he reasoned, any normal father must respond to such a letter as he had sent to Paddy's father on the Registrar's letter-paper and inclosed in the Registrar's return envelope.

And Paddy's father did. He was so pleased

that he sent Paddy the extra check that he had previously refused, whereupon Paddy paid up promptly, and the boys he paid were so surprised and pleased that they cheerfully gave Davy his half, and all seemed lovely.

"But, do you know," pondered Paddy, "I feel that I ought to give the Registrar a word of appreciation. I don't know what he wrote the guv'nor, but it must have been something nice."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Davy, aghast. "Great Smothering Mike! You mustn't say a word to the Registrar!"

"Why not?" asked Paddy, innocently.

Davy felt cold chills creeping up his back. He was afraid to confess what he had done. It had not occurred to him before, but now he was not at all sure that Paddy would approve.

"Why—why—why," faltered Davy, "he's one of the kind that doesn't like to be thanked. Didn't you know that? Oh yes, indeed! Besides, he may have made a mistake."

"Then he ought to be corrected," argued Paddy.

"Corrected!" Davy was sarcastic now. "Oh, sure! I hadn't thought of that. You run right up and tell him he's all wrong. Then you send the check back to dad and tell dad you don't deserve it. Then you hustle around and tell your creditors what you've done and why they won't get their money until they get it and—"

"No-o," interrupted Paddy; "no, I don't believe I will."

"Besides," persisted Davy, "the Registrar doesn't make mistakes."

"True," conceded Paddy; "but honest to goodness, Davy, I didn't know I was doing so well."

"No more did I." Davy could not restrain a chuckle, but Paddy failed to notice it.

"It's almost a shock," pursued Paddy.

"It is," agreed Davy.

"I can't help thinking that the Registrar must have stretched a point, anyway."

"Two of them, perhaps."

"And that brings me to a most astounding conclusion: the Registrar, Davy, is human—actually human. I feel that I am indebted to him."

"No doubt."

"And I should like to have him know it."

"Here, back away from that!" cried Davy, in alarm. "Don't you go near him!"

But Paddy was so full of gratitude that it had to find expression in some way. He did not go to the Registrar, but, meeting the latter on the street, he grasped him warmly by the hand and murmured, "I thank you,

sir." Then, remembering what Davy had said about his aversion to thanks, he hurried on.

The Registrar looked after him in amazed displeasure. "Sarcastic young jackanapes!" he muttered.

Paddy, quite unconscious of this, let his gratitude carry him even further. He now kept to the straight and narrow path, much to the annoyance of Davy Crane.

"The Registrar," he argued, "has been good to me, and the only way I can show my appreciation is to be good myself."

This was not only annoying; it became genuinely disturbing as time went on. Davy, could see serious trouble ahead.

"He'll think he's been hit by a brick when the real report goes in," reasoned Davy "and his father will stand on his head and roar." The mental picture made him shudder. "They'll get after the Registrar, and then— Oh, I've just got to lead Paddy into some scrape that will justify what's going to happen. . . . I wish to thunder," he concluded, unhappily, "that I'd never gone into this high-finance game. It's too hard on the nerves."

Again he was following precedent, for many a man is assailed by personal regret in the moment of financial victory.

And Paddy would not be led; he was painfully good. Not only was he practically perfect in deportment, but, having nothing else to do now, he actually studied. It was all for the Registrar, he said.

"And the Registrar getting ready to 'can' him, no doubt!" moaned Davy. "Oh, what will the harvest be?"

Then, just before the end of the semester the Registrar sent for Paddy. Davy heard of it, but not in time to see Paddy first. However, Paddy looked him up immediately afterward. Davy knew he would. Davy was even thinking of making a running jump over into the next county, as he ruefully expressed it to himself, but he was afraid Paddy could outjump him.

"Go easy, Paddy, go easy!" he pleaded, backing behind his study table when Paddy appeared in the doorway. "Don't get excited!"

"Excited?" repeated Paddy. "Do I look excited? It seems to me I'm cool enough."

"Why, yes," agreed the flustered youth—"yes, you are. And that's right, too. Some fellows would get excited, but it never pays. I suppose he told you?"

"Oh yes, he told me."

"Well, I did it," confessed Davy.

"Did what?" asked Paddy.

"Why—why—I don't know just what, but I did it. I mean, I'm responsible. What did he say?"

"Why, he congratulated me on the tremendous improvement during the last few weeks and told me I'd get through—said I'd braced up just in time. Rather unnecessary after what he wrote the gov'nor, but it shows he's human."

"And the letter?"

"Oh, I didn't mention that. What was the use?"

An Inconvenient Arrangement

LITTLE Betty, just initiated in the first teachings of Sunday-school, has displayed especial interest in a future life.

"Mother, will I go to heaven when I die?"

"Yes, if you are good."

"Will my dog go, too?"

"No, because dogs have not souls."

A pause, then, eagerly, "Well, will our cow go?"

"No. Animals have no souls."

"Oh, then we'll have to go to hell for our milk."

Her Prayer

THE Chinese missionary, at the close of his talk on the benighted heathen, added a short prayer, then requested that several of the country congregation also pray. The pastor's wife responded, invoking help for the faraway ones.

There was a pause, then another penitent feminine voice prayed thus:

"O Lord, we have shunned these Thy children because of their pigtails and crooked eyes. But, O Lord, we are sorry, for we have this day learned that they, too, are made in Thy image."

In Her Own Coin

AN Easterner, who happened to be standing in a cross-roads grocery-store in the hills of Arkansas, decided to have some sport with a lean, half-witted cracker boy whom he noticed hovering near the door. He turned on him brusquely and the following conversation ensued:

"What do you want?"

"Nothin'."

"Well, did you bring anything to put it in?"

"Naw—ye got any?"

A Soft Answer

THE poor fellow at the end of the table looked so unhappy that even the landlady's stony heart was moved.

"How do you like the chicken soup, Mr. Jones?" she asked, by way of saying something.

"Oh—er—is this chicken soup?" he blurted out.

"Certainly. How do you like it?"

"Well—er—it's certainly very tender," said he, apologetically.



THE OSTRICH: "I was always a great believer in this camouflage business"



Doing His Bit

"Do you think Fido would do for the hospital corps, mister?"

Misunderstood

SOME time ago a fire occurred in a house in Baltimore, and as the staircase was in flames before the blaze was discovered, the occupants had to seek some other means of escape.

Next day the companion to an elderly lady was reading to her the newspaper report of the fire, which stated that one servant escaped down a water-pipe at the back of the house.

Whereupon the old lady, astounded at this statement, exclaimed:

"But how thin the poor man must have been!"

Hooverizing

FOOD control and other problems of the war have made a deep impression on all of us but on no one more than Christopher, aged six. He had been suffering for several weeks from a severe attack of whooping-cough but retained his healthy appetite, with frequently disastrous results. One day he refused all food, however tempting, and when dessert came, bringing his favorite pie, he was asked to explain. He replied wistfully:

"I don't think people with whooping-cough ought to be allowed to eat when it's so important to save food."

A Lucky Discovery

TWO women of the parvenu class were discussing the future of their respective sons, when one of them said:

"Do you know, I believe that a boy's development depends largely upon his environment."

"I know it," replied the other, as she carelessly toyed with her jewel-box. "There was my cousin William's boy—he never knew what it was to have a well day until the doctors found out that the trouble was with his environment and cut it out."

Strategic

A LONG ISLAND man tells of two neighbors of his, who had great pride in their gardens, and who swore vengeance on all cats.

"It seems," said one, "that those horrible creatures select one's choicest plants to uproot."

"Yes," assented the other, "and there's one big black tomcat that digs up my plants and then sits and grins at me."

"Why don't you hurl a brick or something at him?" asked the other.

"I can't," said the other, desperately. "The rascal mounts to the top of my greenhouse to defy me."



Indefinite

"That's John, that clean-shaved chap with the blanket over his left shoulder and the gun on his right"

Good But Vague Advice

A CAPTAIN of industry was addressing the students of a college.

"All my success in life," he said, proudly, "all my enormous financial prestige, I owe to one thing only—pluck. I want all you young men to take that for your motto—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He paused impressively, and a small student seated in the front row queried:

"Yes, sir, but won't you please tell us how many and whom did you pluck?"

Corrected

AT a dedication festival service at a country church the following announcement was made by the pastor:

"The collections to-day will be devoted to the arch-fund, and not, as erroneously printed in the morning paper, to the arch-fiend."

Encouraging

A YOUNG woman from the south of Illinois, who is much given to the writing of verse of a most extraordinary character, recently visited some friends in Chicago who introduced her to a great personage—a well-known editor.

She took early opportunity to lay before him specimens of her work, and coyly asked:

"Do you think my poems show promise?"

"I do," he said. "Considerable promise."

"And do you advise me to persevere?"

"By all means; persevere, fight against it, and you may be happy yet."

He Knew Her

EVERY one knew that Lieutenant Thorleigh and his pretty young wife had failed to agree during their few years of married life, but no one quite liked to ask him where she was living during his last months of training in this country. So when an innocent new-comer inquired point blank where she was, there was

a rather intense moment before he said, calmly:

"My wife is in France."

"What is she doing?" was demanded further.

"Fighting," he answered, calmly.

"Fighting!" every one exclaimed.

"Well," he replied, "perhaps she isn't actually fighting, but I'm sure she's quarreling."

How It Happened

"THE stage drivers in Yellowstone Park," says a Denver man, "are bothered by many foolish questions from their passengers, and often resort to satirical replies. Once a lady tourist who seemed deeply interested in the hot springs inquired:

"Driver, do these springs freeze over in winter?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the response. 'A lady was skating here last winter and broke through and got her foot scalded.'"

Suspicious

A WALL STREET man tells this story of a well-known financier, noted alike for his perspicacity and his close-fistedness.

Two promoters once called on him to try to arouse his interest in a certain scheme of theirs. They talked to him about an hour. Then they took their leave, having been told that he would let them know his decision in a few days.

"I believe we've got him," said the first promoter hopefully on the way up-town.

"I don't know," said the other. "He seems very suspicious."

"Suspicious?" echoed the first. "What makes you think he is suspicious?"

"Didn't you notice," was the reply, "how he counted his fingers after I had shaken hands with him?"

A Fortunate Excursion

"HELLO, Millett!" called out a neighbor one morning. "I saw you starting away yesterday morning very early on your fishing trip. Did you have any luck?"

"Great!" was the reply. "While I was away three collectors called."

Force of Habit

ONE hears a great deal about the absent-minded professor, but it would be hard to find one more absent-minded than the dentist who said, soothingly, as he applied a tool to his automobile, under which he lay, "Now this is going to hurt just a little."

Theory and Practice

THE pupils were being examined on the subject of personal hygiene. A boy was asked, "What have you to do in order to keep your teeth sound and white?"

"Clean them," was the prompt reply.

"When ought you to clean them?"

"Morning, noon, and night."

"What are they to be cleaned with?"

"With a tooth-brush."

"Very good. Have you a tooth-brush?"

"No, sir."

"Has your father a tooth-brush?"

"No, sir."

"Has your mother a tooth-brush?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know about the use of tooth-brushes?"

"We sell them, sir."



STOUT VISITOR: "I should like to have you paint my portrait."
TERRIFIED ARTIST: "Do you want just a head, or do you insist on a-er-full-width picture?"



"No, the fear of falling never enters my head. What scares me is the danger of stalling my engine about two miles up and not being able to get down"

Within the Law

A NEW YORK lawyer tells of a conversation that occurred in his presence between a bank president and his son who was about to leave for the West, there to engage in business on his own account.

"Son," said the father, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought upon your mind. Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best."

"Yes, father," said the young man.

"And, by the way," added the gray-beard, "I would urge you to read up a little on corporation law. It will amaze you to discover how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

Bargain Day

"TO-MORROW," said the gentlemanly clerk at the stamp window to a fair customer, "the three-cent rate on letters goes into effect."

"Oh, is that so?" she responded. "Then you may give me a dollar's worth of the two-cent stamps, please."

A Business Woman

BARRY was confiding a heart secret to his most intimate friend.

"Yes, Edith accepted me—on one condition, however."

"And what's that?" queried his friend.

"That she doesn't get a better offer between now and spring."

Thrice Blessed

MR. BENNETT had recently become the father of triplets. The minister stopped him in the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Bennett," said he, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me?" repeated Bennett. "He laughed out loud."

Foresight

SOME one asked a successful but modest man in San Francisco what he understood by the term "foresight."

"Foresight," said the modest one, "is that quality whereby we are enabled to blunder into success without looking surprised."



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Crucible of Time"

HIS PRESENCE CREATED AN INDEFINABLE ATMOSPHERE OF STABILITY

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THE MONUMENTS OF YESTERDAY—AND MEN OF TO-DAY

War-Time Washington

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE arrival by railway at the nation's capital used to take place in a cloud of eager and smiling blacks, cheerfully called "Red-Caps," who competed for the privilege of carrying your hand-bag. Under the station's portico numerous willing taxicabs, circling like gray doves, waited to bear you to hotels behind the desks of which suave clerks welcomed you with semi-Southern hospitality. "Other times, other customs!" You tote your own grip now. And while you

wait, in the far hope of securing a taxicab, or a part of one, you can make acquaintances and swap stories concerning the incredible difficulties, dangers, and delays of the pilgrimage Washingtonward. It was here recently that two happy youths were encountered who had come back to the station for their suitcases, having, after a four hours' search through twenty-two hotels and boarding-houses, by the grace of God, found a room in a Turkish Bath which they were to share with only three others! Those who actually sleep in bedrooms of their own in Washington hotels seem like a



THE WHOLE NATION HAS DETERMINED TO LIVE IN WASHINGTON

race apart, fabulous, like the gods. Important arrivals often only secure cots in the ladies' parlor or under the telegraph counter, while less great people are glad of a go at the billiard-table when the balls are silent and the lights low.

The congestion in private houses is equally notable. A friend in need is always a friend indeed, but a friend in Washington—Washingtonian hospitality is stretched almost to the breaking point. Exhausted hostesses rush to the peace and quiet of New York for a few days' rest and come back, only to find that in their absence friends have occupied all the spare-rooms, having forced themselves upon defenseless butlers left in charge, who had known them as honored and welcome guests in earlier less aggravated days, and scarcely dared turn them out to sleep in the near-by parks or gutters. There is a story—doubtless untrue—of one woman at bay who is actually having the workmen in

to tear down partitions and reduce radically the number of bedrooms in her house. She expresses the fear, however, that her friends will merely convert the enlarged quarters into dormitories and come in even greater numbers. Every American who can must now live at the capital, every one who cannot must constantly visit there. Washington is now the nation's housing problem, its congested district.

There is a feeling in Washington that if the excess tax upon war profits is properly adjusted it will be the real-estate agents of the capital who will bear almost the greatest part. They themselves admit that a month's business now is worth what a decade's was. The crush for houses, furnished or unfurnished, and the prices paid for them, have been astounding. One Washingtonian who had just moved into a charming but modest new residence which cost her \$30,000 to build, was sorely tempted by an offer of \$15,000 for it for this past



A PROFUSION OF OUR OWN UNIFORMS AND THOSE OF OUR ALLIES

winter's season! Prices were not so fantastic last spring; *terque quaterque beati* those who heard the call of the capital in April and closed with the owners then. As winter set in and in a passionate November the whole nation determined to live in Washington, house-hunting became a strenuous game. The forgotten, sleepy, pleasant parts of the town which lie toward the Capitol from the haunts of fashion were invaded. The lovely older city across the ravine was remembered, and "combing Georgetown for houses," as it was technically termed, became a leading outdoor sport—fashionable ladies hunted a home as in other days a fox. And some, touched with hysteria, even spoke of the possibility of living in those unexplored districts northeast and southeast of the Capitol.

Any one having a furnished house to let is strategically in a very strong position, and can demand things of prospective tenants which are not ordinarily

considered in these dull transactions. Three young men from Chicago were last autumn taking an apartment from an agreeable woman, who said to them with a light, coquettish laugh, just as the lease was to be signed:

"Of course you understand that I'm to be hostess at all your dinner parties."

They, laughing too, took up the joke.

"Oh, of course," they answered. "Of course."

"But I *mean* it," she went on. "And it's been put in the lease."

And she did mean it, and they refused to sign and did not get the flat!

If the impression has been given that Washington now consists wholly of people who came there last week to live, this is exactly what is meant. The old Washington and the old Washingtonians now swim like the debris on a spring flood. Some, of course, having let their houses advantageously, have retired on a competence and are gone altogether.

But though the others are here still they cannot in this tumult successfully put forth any claim to be aristocracy of the *vieille roche*, for to have had a residence in Washington as far back as May, 1917, is quite enough to give one this spring the feeling and character of an early settler.

The town has jumped in population like a bonanza mining-camp. Even now, though the pace is slackening a bit, the regular increase is five thousand a

the New York way. Inhabitants of that provincial seaport who had migrated to the banks of the Potomac may have flattered themselves that this was done so that they should not feel homesick, but it was merely another authentic note in the metropolitan picture. In such a place the housing problem is indeed no joke. There is talk of the Government's building, down by the Potomac, huge barracks to shelter, for example, fifty thousand young lady sten-



EROS IS NOT DISTURBED BY MARS

month. This makes a metropolis fast and provides a "floating population" beside which the famous "floaters" of New York almost sink into insignificance. Washington has never been thought a "theater-town." But this last winter, while the playhouses elsewhere have been sparsely patronized, those of the capital—one almost writes "the metropolis"—have been continuously and profitably filled. The audiences are cosmopolitan and competent. Will the day ever come when they "try it on the dog" in New York before they risk the Washingtonian verdict?

In other ways the capital has become agreeably metropolitan. Just as soon as she felt she could risk it, Washington began to tear up the streets—quite in

ographers. And equally monstrous accommodation will be required for every kind of helper in the great governmental machine of war.

Just now Washington is swamped. Its inconveniences and inefficiencies are an endless tale. The telephone service is chaotic, sometimes almost non-existent. The company does not exaggerate when, appealing for operators by placards in the street-cars, it assures young women that work in the exchange is a genuine patriotic service to one's country. The street-cars, contrived with a cruel ingenuity for close-packing, are crowded in a way that would do credit even to New York's rush hour in the Subway. The express companies are distracted; goods confided to them may be consid-



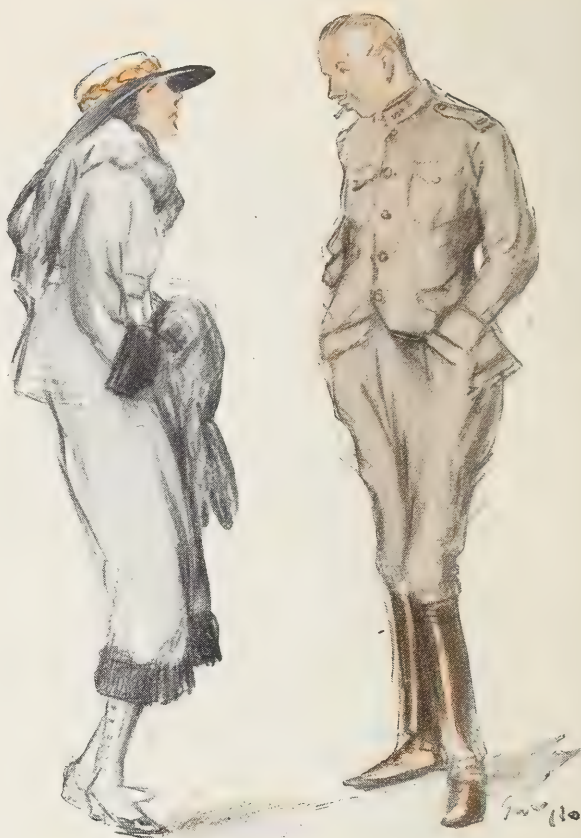
Drawn by George Wright

EVERYWHERE ARE TENDER MEETINGS AND MORE TENDER PARTINGS

ered as put in safe-deposit rather than set in motion. The battle for food in the hotel restaurants is bitter. The churches are not absolutely congested yet, but they admit to having been considerably "sped up" since the war began. Indeed, if proof were needed of the extra works of righteousness entailed by this new influx, it need only be said that the usual vast, low wooden tabernacle was put up by the railway station, and Mr. Billy Sunday tried to catch red-handed the vicious as they arrived. There is no smallest vein or artery of the Washingtonian social body which has not been stimulated by the arriving hordes. Even the gentleman who has always wound the White House clocks and many of the

most fashionable clocks in the town says that the number of clocks in Washington has increased so that his business threatens to overwhelm him! But there is no need to go on with the list; there is, in Washington, not enough of anything except incompetent people.

How far are we already from the day when a proud

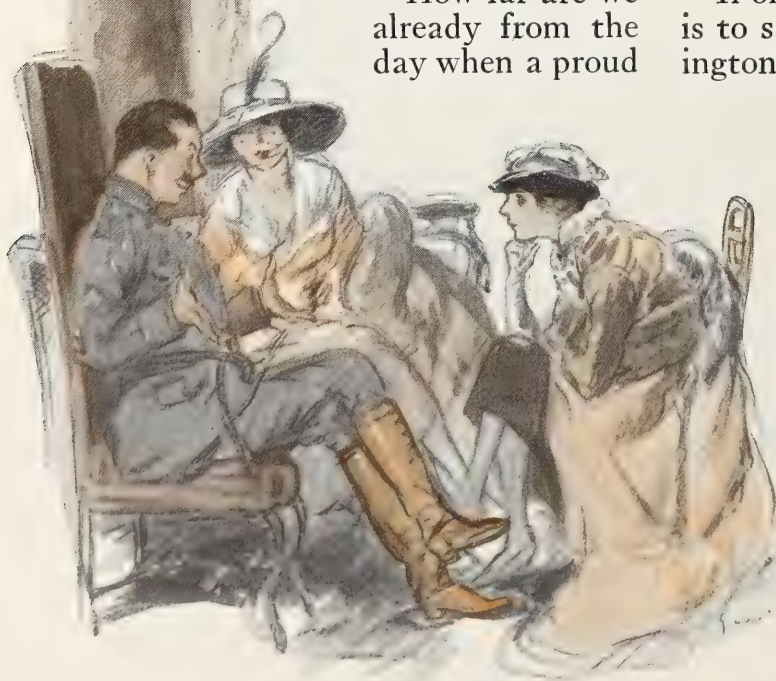


A "SLICKER"

New York servant in a registry office, besought by a frantic mistress to come to Washington for the winter, replied, coldly: "I don't know, ma'am, as I should like the life, not being what I'm used to. Could you tell me, ma'am, is Washington near any large city?"

If on your arrival at the station—that is to say, when you have been a Washingtonian for not more than five minutes—you should be moved to complain of the absence of Red-Caps and gray taxis, you will find that you have said quite the wrong thing. You discover at once that inconveniences are rather a matter of pride in Washington; they prove how the war has made of Washington a big city at last. You must not abuse the poor telephone operator because she is the worst in the world—these are war times and this is the nation's war capital and she is the nation's war operator.

The deep thing behind this Washingtonian pride in the



A HERO FROM VERDUN

town's confusion is the fact that here at least the war is the only thing which is being talked of, thought of, done. To this condition many of us believe the whole country must and will come. But meanwhile Washington is, as it has never been before, the nation's real interest incarnate, the real center, the real beating heart of us. The phrase on everybody's lips is that "America has

older buildings of the Government have taken on a new look of solidity and age, and the white shaft of the Washington Monument seems to pierce a newer, higher blue. And all American history wanders by upon the breeze.

Centralization for war purposes has only just begun, and yet, returning from the capital, the Chicagoan, the Bostonian, the Philadelphian, even the New-



THE TELEPHONE OPERATORS ARE IN A STATE OF PERPETUAL SIEGE

a real capital at last." Some, who have known the old village of Washington, ask doubtingly whether it will go on being the capital when peace shall have come. But no one denies it that title now.

There are statistics in plenty of the work being done and the workers summoned thither to do it. But it is not the purpose here to deal at length with them. The point to be made is that the fact that there is a new Washington and a real capital is in the air; you feel it everywhere, as you just walk the streets, or cross the great squares that face the White House and the Capitol. It is in the air as spring is in the air, this new sense of power and pride. The lovely

Yorker, can already genuinely feel that his own town is provincial. The fires of patriotism may burn bright there, and these great cities may be doing vast and noble work for the war, yet at Washington is the central flame in which, so we hope, everything may be fused to that one great achievement of victory. It seems as if half the men you knew at home were now in Washington — and two-thirds of the women. Yes, it is the real capital. And it is the only simon-pure American city, for, thanks to the police regulations of the District of Columbia, it is the only one where there are no Germans.

At the very moment that we went into the war adepts in the pleasures of the



SOME WARRIORS AND OTHERS

social life, many of them ladies of the highest fashion, saw at once that Washington was from then on the rendezvous, the country's center. Decency forbade that any one should say that the season

there would be "fun," but it was quite permissible to prophesy that it would be "interesting." (Never, it may be asserted, has one word done more valiant service than this. Speak to a lady in a

drawing-room or stop the first stranger whom you meet in the street and you will be told that Washington is "interesting.") All through May and June of 1917 it was bewildering to find what a multitude of reasons there were which made residence in Washington during the year that was to come imperative. Some ladies had lost their husbands, or had mislaid or divorced them. Some were recovering from nervous break-downs. Some were just going into mourning for a favorite maiden aunt, some just coming out of it for a third cousin by marriage. Some wanted to redecorate their houses and thought it wise to move to Washington to get out of the workmen's way. Some felt that it might be cheaper at the capital, some that it might be dearer. Some longed to work, others needed a complete rest. Some had children convalescing from the measles. One reason was as good as another for moving upon Washington.

There were, of course, also people who legitimately had to be there. And the result was immediate. Washington replaced Newport as the summer capital in the twinkling of an eye. (Even now it is the only place where there are men enough for social purposes. In New York four queens of society were known last winter to go to the opera with only one man.) It was discovered last year that in agreeable and interesting society even Washington's heat was not quite intolerable. The town, every one has always known, comes to be of an enchanting leafy beauty in the late spring. The great drives and walks by the soft green-gray waters of the Potomac, bordered by plantations of iris and wild azalea, are incomparable in our land. You can swim in the river—this was an agreeable surprise—you can canoe upon it. And only a few miles up-stream lie the forgotten Great Falls of the Potomac, which

figured magnificently in all early nineteenth-century albums of the natural beauties of America, but had for many decades poured neglected down their rocks until the first war-summer rediscovered them. Indeed, the great rediscovery that came with the warm summer nights was the half-forgotten beauty of Washington itself. To stand on the terrace of the Capitol by moonlight is for any American a thrilling experience; you are stirred by the sheer beauty of the white-domed building itself and by the cloud of memories which shimmers in the air about. There is no pleasanter place to be an American in.

Summer passed and the town became even more crowded. Lads in khaki began to appear, not more of them, indeed, than strolled through other cities' streets, yet, seen by Washingtonians—at least so they imagined—in a whiter light, as soon to be part of that firing-line to which all this huge machinery which was slowly coming into movement in Washington was only sup-

plementary and servant. Everywhere the sight of the young, gay, and gallant and beautiful, risking death for the sake of those left behind, makes the spectator proud and happy through his tears. But perhaps later, when the huge machinery was found to be going too slowly for the safety of youth in camp and in the trenches, the sight of a slim, straight boy in khaki crossing a pretty square, more in Washington than anywhere else, sent a sharp pain through the heart.

Our own uniform there was in profusion. But those of our allies, too. Each great mission from abroad seemed, as it went, to leave a few soldier-men behind. English in smart, easy-fitting brown, with an occasional scarlet band around the cap. French and Italians in the gayer colors they permit themselves upon parade. They make the picture



ONE INDUSTRY THE WAR
HAS NOT AFFECTED

livelier and more cosmopolitan. This new, hastily assembled metropolitan Washington is, less than the old village, accustomed to foreign ways. A whole theater audience has been held spell-bound during an *entr'acte* watching a dashing French officer make his way to a box and there bend over and kiss a lovely lady's hand. How the Atlantic narrows at such a sight in one of our own American playhouses!

There are other uniforms, too, and they grew more numerous as the season advanced. They are worn by what might be termed the civilian or non-fighting army and navy. Intelligence department people, Y. M. C. A. men, transport officials—all have trim suits which to the untrained and bedazzled eye seem like those worn by the bravest of fighting men. These are worn by brave men, too, and true, giving their services freely and devotedly. And the wearing of uniforms is not the individual choice of those clad in them, who are for the most part modest Americans to be proud of and to ask to dinner, at which feast their costume is a picturesque and desirable feature of the *mise en scène*.

Even to speak of the evening meal seems to bring back the old Washington of dinner parties. And here it seems inevitable that there should be an interlude dealing with the driving of the Demon Rum from the District. But the subject, treated exhaustively, is epic. Here it may only be said that prohibi-

tion, as elsewhere, has ruined the club and made the home; for the homes of Washington had cellars—well stocked, so it proved. And for a long time to come crusty gentlemen, formerly genial only by club bars, will hurry thirstily from them to the beloved and alcoholic domestic fireside. You may dine out almost anywhere in Washington without fear of any unusual flood of ice-water.

No one has dinner parties now, but everybody has people in to dine. There is a difference, and it is an admirable change. You go out to dinner only secondarily to amuse yourself (though incidentally you do amuse yourself more than of old). You go out to talk about the war and the day's war news and the night's war scandal.

It is out of the question that any one, even the lightest-minded, should talk of anything else. There are, it is true, dark rumors of an old unregenerate gay set, a relic of ante-bellum days, which still meets to talk nonsense and accomplish folly. But these reunions, if they do take place, are as secret as the meetings of the early Christians in the catacombs of Rome—though doubtless otherwise far different. No, as—thank God!—it should be, the warp of Washingtonian social existence is the war and, more than that, America's part in it.

The country's going to war has, almost paradoxically, accentuated the capital's Americanism. The sense that the country is at last definitely part of the great world has made everything that has to

do with the country seem more worth while. Young men from the embassies are, of course, the fashion as always—but not *all* the fashion. Congressmen were never so well thought of, and indeed any one from any department of the Government is in demand who can give one bit of information, add one line to the great picture of the land at war. Every one



A LITTLE BETTER THAN SITTING UP ALL NIGHT

is caught in the rising wave of the new patriotism. How antiquated already seems the story of the sweet Philadelphia *débutante* of only a few years ago who studied French diligently all summer because her family were taking her to Washington for the coming winter and she imagined she "would speak so little English there"!

The passion for "inside information" which has always been Washington's, is now more violent than ever. If at an evening party you see the very silliest and most flirtatious lady present luring a member of the Upper House to some secluded and cozy nook you can be sure that it is only that she may, bending toward him with her very soul in her eyes, say, "Oh, dear Senator, do tell me an interesting secret about the war!"

The secrets that are bandied about every day are not very secret secrets, but they are interesting ones. To catalogue them, even to enumerate them, would be to write the history of the war. Various sorts of governmental activity have their vogue as the months go by. Food conservation was enormously the rage at first, some houses saving, others with a pretty humor attempting to see how many kinds of food could be piled upon one plate so that the three-course dinner could be as wasteful as the old seven-course. Then the housing problem came into fashion, interest in it being probably stimulated by the Government's threat of billeting stenographers and telephone girls upon the private residences of the town. Then for a while the scientific methods by which "defectives" are weeded out of the National Army occupied leisure hours. The examination questions were put of an evening to guests eager to test themselves. As to results—fortunately, no American hostess has ever dared run the risk of weeding defectives out of dinner parties.

To vary things there were, of course, spy stories, high officials found drugged near mysterious telephone wires over which, so the order was, any question on the most secret subject would receive from the War or Navy Departments an immediate and complete reply. From time to time, too, you would be solemnly assured at tea that So-and-so had been shot as a traitor, only to meet him that evening at dinner.

There would be trifling stories, too, of hints and suggestions sent in from people in every nook and corner of the land. Some one tried, for example, to get to the Surgeon-General's ear the interesting story of how a woman in Michigan froze both her ears, but by holding them in corn-meal mush for three days saved them! Not very useful to Pershing on the winter firing-line perhaps! And ludicrous; yet touching, too, when you think that by sending this information to Washington some one somewhere was trying to do his bit.

The gossip of the great enlisted and drafted army as it came in to the capital was endless. It made the picture of war preparations

human, humorous, and pathetic by turns. It also gave to people gathered in a well-regulated, sophisticated town like Washington a new sense of the extent of their country and of how the new army was drawn from unknown or forgotten corners of the vast land. One boy from the Florida Everglades was reported to have supposed when he arrived at Norfolk in Virginia that he was already in France, and to have asked eagerly at once to be led against the Germans. Another, a mountain boy from one of those inaccessible valleys of Kentucky or Tennessee, was said to have lived in such remote Arcadian ignorance that when asked who was now the President of the country allowed it might most likely be Mr. Lincoln. It is perhaps permitted one to believe, without *lèse*



THE HEAD WAITER ALONE
RETAINS HIS ANTE-BEL-
LUM POISE



IT IS UNFASHIONABLE TO COMPLAIN OF INCONVENIENCES

majesté, that a man might fight as well under the one leader as under the other. The boy knew he was American, and was ready for any fighting which that entailed.

After war began, it soon became evident that we had during the long years of peace developed at Washington a system of "red tape" which went quite beyond anything of the sort which we had been accustomed to laugh at in the effete countries of an older world. Everything was referred up or down through a long chain of officials and then, after due deliberation, majestically sent in the opposite direction to the original inquirer, the average time consumed in the movement in either direction being between two and three weeks. As if the old red tape were not enough, strange, new, twentieth-century officials were invented, called, it is believed, liaison officers (though this statement is made without confidence), whose business it was to intervene between department and department, official and official, and transmit, with even greater pomp, the wishes of one to another. The total result was, to the simple, unorganized outsider, *opéra bouffe*. Indeed, a wit of the capital staged, for a delighted if scoffing audience, what would happen and what time would be consumed under the present war régime if the Governor

of North Carolina wished to transmit to the Governor of South Carolina his well-known observation.

For a long time, during the early part of the war, when all parties had agreed to bury the hatchet, and all criticism of the Administration was voluntarily stilled, anecdotes of confusion and incompetence were lightly, almost cynically, told. Washington seemed almost callous to the presence of old men seeking jobs they could never fill, and young men hunting posts they should never want, while the Army and Navy called for recruits. Having made up the name "slicker" for these latter, and finding that it compared favorably as a humorous invention with the British "slacker," Washington rested content. It commented with amusement on the standards of social eligibility which seemed to prevail in certain branches of the service, and the various ways in which Government work seemed valued as a stepping-stone to



FORMERLY OF THE
PRESS—NOW OF THE
"INTELLIGENCE DE-
PARTMENT"

triumphs in the world of fashion—odd developments all these in a fight to make the world safe for democracy.

At one time you searched in vain for what might be termed Administration circles, circles in which it was enthusiastically believed that all was going well and being well done. You could find people who thought they were doing their own jobs pretty creditably, but

they generally knew that the man around the corner was making rather a fool of himself. Even the man in the street-car talking to his neighbor had his comic anecdote — it was there that it was heard asserted that a certain new department or committee or commission had found it necessary to have a “board of grammarians” to correct the letters as dictated by the heads of the department—or committee or commission. The man in the street-car laughed, yet he went so far as to suggest that it would be better if the “board of grammarians” dictated the original letters. These were the days when, for example, it was satirically announced that somebody in ship-building had finally rushed the anchors through so that they would be ready at least a year in advance of the ships.

You came away from Washington in those days feeling that everything was going wrong. Away from it, you got a perspective which at the capital itself you were too close to everything to see. Perhaps even on the train you met some man who told you of a marvelous building which the Government had actually erected, twenty-eight acres under one roof, and the foremen directing the construction on horseback. Or you would learn of some unknown port upon the Gulf of Mexico where thirty ships were on the ways. A little distance away

from the capital you realized that probably at no period in the world’s history has any governmental machinery been so suddenly called upon for such a gigantic increase in its working power. Never before has there been so much to do, or so much money to do it with. Is it strange that for a time no one in Washington could think in anything less than millions? There was a whirlpool of confusion and an orgy of spending. Yet with it all, the great current of destiny moved on.

And Washington itself when, as winter came, it began to set its house in order, sounded a deep note of shame, abjuration, and a determination at last clear-eyed to be a worthy capital of an embattled nation. You caught again the sense that here by the Potomac, as of old, there throbbed the country’s heart. You felt that Washington *was* the country, and was to be roused and brought fully into action as the whole vast land was roused. And you knew, somehow, that as the country slowly shook itself and swore by its memories of Washington and Lincoln and of all the line of great men whose ghosts might be watching their beloved Republic it would win victory against the evil thing that threatened the world, so Washington the city, white in shining coat of war, would lead the attack.

Defeat

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

ALL the gifts I did not ask
Life came and brought to me,
Until I stood amazed before
Such prodigality;

And yet I failed in my one task,
In my one enterprise—
I could not keep the fire alight
Within your eyes.

Earthen Vessels

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN



HE might take him in here. There are certainly rooms enough." The thought flashed up suddenly in Professor Hilliard's mind and he launched it toward his wife, who faced him across the dinner-table, now a bare expanse of white linen except for their two coffee-cups. As Professor Hilliard began to revolve the idea, rapidly visioning it from various angles, it became the more pleasing to him.

"I shall speak to Sharpe about it tomorrow," he announced, with decision. "It will be a splendid arrangement."

"But would he accept?" queried Mrs. Hilliard, a little dismayed by this abrupt shattering of all precedent, which her husband's proposal implied. And yet she was not unaccustomed to these sudden impulsive decisions on the part of Hilliard, in which her own prompt acquiescence would be taken for granted.

"Of course he'll accept." There was just the faintest smile on Hilliard's lips at the thought of Gordon Sharpe not accepting. "He can't go on living in Bruce Hall, with the workmen pulling the place down around his ears, and there are so few places in town where the younger men of the faculty can board decently."

"I was only wondering," interposed Judith, a little uncertainly—"would Mr. Sharpe feel quite at ease in coming here? I don't believe, Robert, that he's accustomed to living—just as we do. Wouldn't he—"

Professor Hilliard regarded his young wife indulgently as she hesitated and then strove to reframe her thought. He permitted himself a moment's contemplation of her gown, which, like everything about Judith Hilliard, was exquisite. During the seven years of their wedded life he had experienced a constant, satisfying pleasure in her youthful

charm, which, at twenty-nine, still shone effulgent. Although forty-three himself, he had never regretted that he had married only after long and circumspect deliberation. Like every other act in his well-ordered life, this, too, continued to elicit his complete approval.

"I mean, wouldn't Mr. Sharpe feel a certain constraint or embarrassment—"

"With me?"

The pronoun was freighted with significance. Hilliard considered the matter disposed of in two words.

At Wilberforce College he occupied the chair of Royce Professor of Archeology, and his name, laden with degrees, gave distinction to councils and executive committees of various learned bodies at home and abroad. It was inconceivable that Gordon Sharpe, his ambitious young assistant, would not accept with alacrity this invitation to share the home of his departmental head, with the closer intimacy it offered with Hilliard, who had risen to eminence in that branch of science in which Sharpe's own ambition lay. Moreover, on the plane of mere bodily comfort, the luxury of Professor Hilliard's house would be a lucky exchange for the dilapidated quarters of Bruce Hall.

"It's far from what he's been accustomed to, I dare say," resumed Hilliard, with a shrug. "But what of that? Sharpe's intelligent and quick to adapt himself. He'll contrive to meet the demands of the situation. Now that our Black Plains 'find' is turning out to be of such tremendous significance, he has become positively invaluable to me. And there may be weeks of work on it yet ahead of us. I declare, it will be a great convenience to have him right here in the house."

"I can understand how it might be advantageous in that way." Judith Hilliard's gaze wandered reflectively over the rich, dull tones of the rug at her feet, as if still debating some inner mis-

giving. But she was accustomed to yield to her husband's judgment, and now she did so graciously, flashing a smile upon him. "I suppose I shall hear nothing but Black Plains' pottery discussed for interminable weeks."

With a laugh, Hilliard pushed back his chair from the table. "My dear, that is the penalty you pay for having married a mere scientist."

It pleased him to put it in that jesting way, comfortably aware that the world rated him in far different terms.

He led the way into the library, where his easy-chair and some freshly typed pages of a monograph awaited him beside the reading-lamp. Judith, after drawing a light afghan over his feet and pouring out his diminutive liqueur, held a match to his cigarette and withdrew, softly closing the door after her.

Professor Hilliard's after-dinner hour was held inviolate to archeology and Chartreuse.

Among a litter of books and papers in a shabby room in Bruce Hall, Gordon Sharpe was laboriously at work by the light of an oil-lamp—the ancient college building antedated even the era of gas. He was assembling his notes and writing with lead-pencil upon a manuscript, the earlier portions of which, in typewritten form, were at that very hour receiving the leisurely inspection of Professor Hilliard. He was deeply absorbed in his labors, and worked with a slow but feverish intensity. Now and then he looked up to interrogate the bare, discolored wall when a word or turn of phrase eluded him. Against the light of the lamp his profile was hawk-like and arresting, the jaw firm and square, the cheeks spare, and their pallor accentuated by the dark, disordered mass of his hair, his lips pressed to a line as he bent to his solitary task. In a shabby dressing-gown, corded at the waist, there was something almost monk-like about his figure—something, too, of the ardor of the devotee in the light in his eyes when he lifted them to stare thoughtfully into the shadows.

Upon a shelf across the room, beyond the circle of lamplight, were huddled half a dozen small, black-glazed jars amid a clutter of incongruous domestic

objects. They were a part of the great Black Plains "find," unearthed, miraculously intact, by the expedition which during the preceding summer, under the direction of Professor Hilliard, had made some notable excavations in the Red River district. Of the innumerable stone implements, shell beads, pottery, gorgets, flint knives which had been exhumed, some cursory report had been made by Professor Hilliard; but it was Sharpe, painstakingly working, piece by piece, over this mass of relics of an ancient culture, who had first become aware that these seemingly commonplace black jars had a significance as yet undetermined and hitherto quite unsuspected. Their anomalous presence at Black Plains meant the complete rejection of one or two accepted theories, and therefore the formulation of some new hypothesis to take their place. This was the task upon which Sharpe, under the thrill of his great discovery, had been spending himself untiringly against the coming of the scientific congress at Washington in the spring. Professor Hilliard, always with an eye to an impressive, well-timed effect, had determined that the momentous disclosure should be made on this occasion before the nation's assembled savants.

In one of the infrequent intervals of respite which Sharpe allowed himself he threw down his pencil and took up his pipe from the litter of his working-table. Lighting it afresh, he smoked for a while in silence, his gaze inevitably drawn to the shelf across the room where the little black-glazed jars stood huddled in the shadows, inconspicuous, indeed, but destined to make his name known to the scientific world.

At times it seemed to him incredible that, at thirty-one, he should be on the eve of such accomplishment, but the realization of it came home to him with no sense of elation, with no stirring of personal pride. It remained with him a sort of dumb wonder that the privations and obstacles of his unhappy boyhood had been surmounted at all. He had no recollection of his parents; a sister, much older than himself and married to a small tradesman, had grudgingly taken him under her roof. It had never been a home to him, and he was soon aware

that the extra mouth to feed was an unwelcome tax upon the straitened household. At an early age he had undertaken to shift for himself. There had followed periods of labor at all sorts of employment, interspersed with intervals of attendance at school. The boy's thirst for knowledge was dominant and insatiable. He had resolved to go to college, and he did so, completing the four years' course in six—two years perforce spent in teaching in order to provide the necessary funds. A tutorship in a Western college followed, then further years of alternate teaching and study. At twenty-nine he had attained his coveted Ph.D.

A grim record of endurance and dogged resolve. The traces of the struggle were still visible in a certain gauntness of face and in the set of his thin lips. Some toll, too, had been levied upon his vigorous physique, which had suffered a ruthless thralldom at the imperious behest of his mind. The weeks at Black Plains, however, during the preceding summer, had refreshed him markedly—this and the rare good fortune of having attracted Professor Hilliard's eye.

He had succeeded in joining the expedition in the humblest of capacities for the sake of the "field experience" it would afford, but as the work went forward Professor Hilliard had come to discern in the taciturn young man a tireless worker and an acute, observing mind.

"That tall, black-haired chap—Sharpe, is that his name?" Hilliard had inquired one day of Professor Miles. "He seems a promising young fellow. He has just propounded an ingenious theory to explain those displacements in Mound C. Where did you pick him up?"

In the days that followed Sharpe became aware of a gradually developing intimacy between Hilliard and himself. As the excavations went deeper and there were brought to light the strange memorials of a vanished race, Sharpe was strangely thrilled. Something seemed loosed within him and a new enthusiasm broke into flame at this laying bare of the vestiges of an ancient civilization. He found himself talking eagerly to Professor Hilliard, his first

diffidence in the presence of the great scientist quite gone. And Hilliard, looking almost dandified in his immaculate khaki, would stroke the point of his short beard and listen, not a little impressed by this ardent young disciple.

September had brought to a close the field operations at Black Plains, but Hilliard, returning to his college, had taken Sharpe with him. His dominance in the academic councils at Wilberforce had procured a temporary faculty appointment for Sharpe, who, installed in the dilapidated quarters of Bruce Hall for the winter term, tasted for the first time in his life a happiness that was complete.

He made but few acquaintances—and these with the younger men of the faculty, who were quartered near him in the old building. By temperament he tended toward the recluse, and the dire struggle of his own student days had shut him out from college social life until this aloofness had become ingrained.

Once, early in the term, he had been lured into attending one of the University Club's "evenings." He had arrived late, to hover on the outskirts of a company of well-dressed men and women, hardly one of whom he knew. The babel of talk that filled the big assembly-room was disconcerting. He had edged away into a corner, feeling wholly out of his element, and for the first time in his life uncomfortably aware that his clothes were not all that they should be. Once or twice he was routed out of his retreat to be presented to the wife of this or that professor. Awkwardly he attempted some conversational interchange, but with dubious result, and as soon as chance offered he had maneuvered himself back into his corner.

At length his solitude was invaded by a young woman of about his own age, who came toward him with a smile, offering her hand with an assurance that quite dismayed him.

"I'm Mrs. Hilliard," she said, looking up into his half-startled eyes. "That makes us well acquainted at once, doesn't it?"

Sharpe managed some stammering reply. The contrast between this vision of youthful radiance and the vague, conjectural Mrs. Hilliard that had formed



Drawn by Walter Biggs

Engraved by S. G. Putnam

HER WORDS WERE A CONFESSION THAT THRILLED HIM WHILE HE SENSED THEIR TERROR

herself in the background of his mind quite bewildered him. But his reserve was completely broken down by her frank, confident advance upon him; and somehow, caught up out of his first floundering phrases by a word or two interposed by her, he found himself strangely at ease.

He was soon telling her of the summer weeks spent at Black Plains, agreeably surprised that the conversation had slipped into this easy channel. When at length he wavered and broke off, it was with a sudden realization that under the spell of his listener he had let his enthusiasm for archeology carry him too far into the minutiae of his subject.

"But there—you can't understand—I mean this can't possibly interest you."

"But it does," she refuted him, and there came a humorous glint to her eyes. "You see, I have to listen to a great deal about archeology. And somehow it's different—listening to you," she went on. "I've often wondered just what really happens on these strange expeditions—not the number of holes you dig, or the queer, stupid objects you get out of them, but how it feels—to live for weeks out on those lonesome plains. I wanted so much to go along on this last trip"—she smiled a little wistfully—"but I wasn't allowed to."

"I wish you could have been with us," broke in Sharpe, eagerly.

Her eyes lighted at his outburst of enthusiasm, but she gave a quick, decisive shake of her head. "No, I'm afraid, after all, I should have felt quite out of place in such a gruesome business—robbing the dead, I call it."

Sharpe's face fell. "Really, one never thinks of it in just that way," he said, earnestly. "After the lapse of so many hundreds of years, it isn't as if we were violating actual tombs."

He had taken her words so seriously that it evoked her laugh. "I was only jesting," she interrupted him. Then, with a quick change of expression, she touched his arm with her fan. "Aren't you inclined to take most things in life in too grim earnest? I know you are working too hard—burying yourself over there in Bruce Hall."

"Oh, I like it," he answered, "and Professor Hilliard has probably told you,

part of this Black Plains stuff is going to prove something tremendous—"

"I know, and I am glad, for your sake. Just the same, don't let archeology warp you wholly away from life into the dead past." Her smile broke forth radiantly upon him, and she offered him her hand. "And some day, when you are in the dustiest, mustiest part of it, remember that you are to drop it all and come and call on me."

The prospect of facing Mrs. Hilliard in her own home assumed a sudden, alarming aspect one morning when Hilliard halted Sharpe at the door of his seminar room between lectures.

"Look here, Sharpe, they will be pulling Bruce Hall down on your head in a week or so. What are your plans?"

Sharpe confessed that he had none beyond a vague resolve, thus far unacted upon, to look up a boarding-house from a list which the college secretary had given him. Or perhaps he could find a furnished room near by and board at the college commons.

All this Hilliard dismissed at once with a shrug. "That's hardly the place for you," he said, shortly, and added that Sharpe had best pack up his things and move over to his own house. He cut short Sharpe's stammering excuses with a quite final: "No, I want you there. You can bring along as much of the Black Plains stuff as you like. Mrs. Hilliard won't object. I've already spoken to her."

After some further parley Sharpe yielded to this official mandate. The transfer was effected on a Saturday morning, and to Sharpe's relief Mrs. Hilliard did not appear. A servant showed him to his room, adjoining another room which had been cleared for use as a study, where some boxes of the Black Plains material had already preceded him. It was not until he had disposed of his personal belongings and was engaged in the larger task of unpacking books and archeological specimens that a knock at the half-open door caused him to look up. It was Mrs. Hilliard.

"Is there anything that has been overlooked?" she queried, as she surveyed the interior with a housekeeper's swift

look of inspection. "You have only to ring for one of the servants, you know."

He liked the simple way in which she accepted his presence there, omitting the phrases of a formal welcome.

"I've brought with me an awful clutter of junk," he said, indicating the Black Plains cases. "I hope you won't mind."

Instead, she seated herself on one of the half-emptied boxes to look curiously at the jumble of flints, shells, and bits of pottery that Sharpe was transferring to the shelves. "Oh, how curious!" she exclaimed, taking up a shell gorget and studying the carved lines upon it. "Is it meant to be worn?" With quick feminine instinct she had placed it against her throat.

Sharpe smiled. "You've guessed it—something that I had to learn from a book."

She looked up at him, a sudden thoughtful expression crossing her face as she clasped the gorget to her throat, the pale opalescence of the disk effecting a striking harmony with the dull blue of her house gown. "I wonder if, after all, we are very different from those strange prehistoric peoples," she queried. "Sometimes I think our civilization is only skin deep—a matter of surfaces. Would I look so outlandish, wearing this?"

She had raised the gorget to her forehead, and Sharpe, mentally visioning it held in place by a bandeau of black velvet such as he had seen women wear, was struck by the effect. "I don't think fashion could improve upon that. It certainly looks well on you."

"Perhaps there is something prehistoric about me," she said, quizzically. Abruptly she laid the gorget down, and her eye ran quickly around the room. "What I want most to see are those mysterious little jars that Robert is so excited about."

Sharpe turned to the door leading into the other room. "I have given them a place of honor quite by themselves," he said, indicating the mantelpiece.

Something in his tone or manner drew her eyes back to him wonderingly. She stepped across the room, took up one of the little black-glazed jars, and then turned to look at him. "Do they really

mean so much to you as that?" she asked, in a sort of awed interrogation.

He nodded in silence. "They are not much to look at, are they?" he said, carelessly, taking up one of the jars and turning it over fondly in his hands. "But if I am right about these jars—"

"I know"—Mrs. Hilliard filled the pause. "It means something big and wonderful for you."

In the course of the fortnight that followed it was clearly evidenced that Professor Hilliard had been right in his assertion that Sharpe would contrive to meet the necessities of the situation. The young man seemed to have adjusted himself in rather creditable fashion to what Hilliard facetiously termed an enforced change of habitat. Hilliard began to notice a change—distinctly for the better—in the way Sharpe dressed, and in a vague way he realized—but with masculine inability to analyze the process—that Sharpe was "learning," that he was subtly altering under some unseen but potent influence of his new environment.

"One would think he had always been used to this sort of thing instead of being dragged up through the crust," observed Hilliard to his wife across the dinner-table. Sharpe's chair for the moment was vacant. He had left the table to do some trifling service for Mrs. Hilliard.

"His good manners are innate," replied Judith. "It does seem to me, Robert, that you are at times rather dictatorial—I mean when you two are discussing things."

"Well, naturally. The youngster has a lot to learn. How else am I to instruct him?"

"It isn't the way you would argue with Professor Miles."

"Miles? Oh, that's different! By the way, I have had a letter from Miles. There's to be an assistant professorship under him, and he has asked me to recommend some one for the post."

"What a splendid chance for Mr. Sharpe!" exclaimed Judith.

"I've a notion that is what Miles is hinting at. Fact is, though"—Hilliard stroked his short beard thoughtfully—

"I shouldn't like to give Sharpe up just now."

"But, Robert," protested his wife, "you can't expect to keep him here in this makeshift way, and surely the college is too small to afford him a real position—especially while they have you."

Hilliard laughed. "I guess I do rather fill and overflow the archeological requirements of Wilberforce."

The college was one of the older and smaller institutions of the Middle West, and Professor Hilliard was its bright, particular star. It was largely because Hilliard was an alumnus of Wilberforce and had married Judith Royce, a granddaughter of one of the founders of the institution, that Wilberforce had been able to retain him in the face of flattering offers from the universities of the East. The situation, however, had its compensations for Hilliard, since with a minimum of class-room work his time was largely his own. And the old Royce mansion, which he now shared with his wife, had its attractions as a social background.

"If Mr. Sharpe could have the assistant professorship at Cheltenham it would be splendid," persisted Judith. "After all he has done in this Black Plains work you surely could recommend him."

"Oh, he's qualified. The only question," mused Hilliard, "if you will pardon the egotism, is whether Sharpe wouldn't do better to just stick along with me."

Sharpe's return to the dining-room cut Hilliard short, and the subject of the assistant professorship at Cheltenham did not come up again for several days. Professor Hilliard was accustomed to keep his own counsel, especially in academic affairs, and Judith had long ago perceived that in such matters, the part expected of her was a passive one. She had no doubt, however, that Hilliard would recommend Sharpe for the Cheltenham post, so fortunately developed. When at length she did venture to put an inquiry to her husband, he gave her an evasive answer. He had written to Professor Miles. There was no telling how the Cheltenham faculty would decide. Doubtless there

would be other applicants to be considered.

"But surely, Robert"—Judith's gray eyes widened in surprise—"your influence with Professor Miles—"

Hilliard shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "We can only wait and see what develops. By the way, I trust you haven't mentioned this to Sharpe."

Judith slowly shook her head while she continued to regard her husband with a look of troubled wonder.

"It's just as well. He might set his hopes on it, you know, only to be disappointed."

"But *I* had set my hopes on it," answered Judith, "and I can't believe that if you really want Mr. Sharpe to have the place—"

Hilliard cut in upon her words with a deprecatory laugh. "I'm afraid, my dear, that I fall far short of being the colossus of influence that you would make me out to be."

The colloquy had taken place as Hilliard was leaving the house for a lecture. From the window Judith, watching him set off briskly up the snow-covered avenue in the direction of the campus, was disturbed by a vague misgiving that her husband had been far from frank with her. It seemed at times that Hilliard too lightly put her off, as he would a child.

In this respect the quiet, dark-haired young man, who now often lingered of an evening to chat with her instead of bolting off to his pottery and flints, presented a marked contrast. He listened to her with interest and treated her opinions with deference, even when they ventured into fields where, by his experience and training, he had clearly the advantage of her. But for the most part it was she who had the advantage over him in a closer knowledge of the world—the finer and gentler aspects of life which he had missed in his youth. But the native quickness of his mind to grasp all that was offered to it made him an apt pupil. Judith Hilliard was almost startled at times—not at the transformation that was taking place in him, but at the leaps and bounds by which this transformation progressed. Some knowledge of his dark, unhappy boyhood he had been led to impart to her, and he had

evoked her quick sympathy by the very reticence of that recital. Something, too, of his hopes and ambitions had caught and thrilled her. The youth in him spoke to the youth in her.

And yet he remained in many ways a detached and solitary figure that came and went under her roof—his tasks, his purposes, even his recreations, utterly remote from her own daily round.

As he worked alone, so he took his diversions alone. The one recreation he permitted himself, as his labors lightened toward the end of the Black Plains task, was skating on the river. It was Sharpe's skates and sweater slung over his arm that drew Judith's longing eyes as he paused one evening at the door of the library. A book, in which she had been vainly trying to interest herself, lay open on her lap, while Hilliard at his desk was giving a final glance to the notes of a little talk he was to make that evening.

"Off again, are you?" said the latter, looking up at the young man in the doorway. Then he added, quizzically, "In spite of the counter attraction of my paper at the Faculty Club to-night?"

Sharpe laughed. "I'm afraid this February ice won't last much longer," he pleaded.

"And what am I to do?" protested Judith, who foresaw ahead of her a dull and lonely evening. "I wish I could go skating, too," she said, impulsively.

"Well, why don't you?" said Hilliard.

Judith, a little startled at the suggestion, looked first at Hilliard, who had not lifted his eyes from his notes. Then she turned to Sharpe to meet his eager look.

"Would you?" he pressed her. "I do wish you would."

Judith hesitated in a sudden access of pleasure. "Do you really think I might, Robert?"

"What? Go skating with Sharpe?" Hilliard turned a page of his manuscript. "Why not? Run along—both of you."

"Have you skates?" asked Sharpe, eagerly, as Judith sprang up and tossed her book on the table.

"Yes—somewhere. I haven't skated for years. Wait. I sha'n't be long."

Fifteen minutes sufficed for her to effect a complete transformation. She

descended the stairs, a gray-clad figure—gray skirt, gray sweater, and knitted cap to match. To Sharpe, waiting in the hall, she seemed hardly more than a girl, her face shining with anticipated pleasure and her eyes a gleam. She gave her skates over to him as he opened the door for her, and, descending the high stoop, she took his arm.

"Isn't this a lark?" she exulted in her unexpected freedom.

"It's a most unexpected pleasure for me," said Sharpe, falling into step with her. "I never thought that you might skate. Still, I might have asked," he rebuked himself.

"I'm sure it was the last thing I ever dreamed of doing," said Judith, in her quick candor.

"I can't say the same," ventured Sharpe, slowly. "I've often thought of you when skating on the river and wished you were there, too."

She gave him a quick look in the wan moonlight, but his eyes were intent upon the dark, deserted sidewalk that stretched down the hill. A silence fell between them, broken only by the clink of the two pairs of skates that dangled from Sharpe's arm.

At the river's edge he put on her skates and then adjusted his own.

"You'll find me the most helpless thing," said Judith, giving him her hands. "I haven't skated for years." But as he struck out with her over the ice he found her words instantly belied. When he looked down at her to smile a rebuke, she burst out with a girlish laugh. Her eyes were dancing like the flickers of moonlight upon the bright, fleetly moving steel under her feet.

"Can't we skate up to Wilkes Mills? I'd love to."

Sharpe debated for a moment her somewhat venturesome proposal. Then suddenly he tightened his grasp of her hands, to find there an answering pressure, and they swung away from the crowd up the river. He was by no means sure of the ice, but the long, solitary flight tempted him. Something of her own bird-like desire to cleave far stretches of space, awoke in him.

Their pace quickened. Clumps of trees, specter-like along the river bank,

hurtled by. The moon was engulfed abruptly by heavy clouds. To Sharpe all the world seemed to have fallen away. He was conscious only of the swiftness of their passage, and the close clasp of her hands in his as she seemed to float at his side. His pulses were hammering with a quicker beat. No word was spoken. Now and then he looked down to meet the answering starlight of her eyes lifted to his, and they sped on. . . .

A black menacing stain, stretching across the ice, suddenly shaped itself out of the gloom. The two veered like frightened birds, breaking from the rhythm of their swift motion. Sharpe's grasp of her hands tightened to a vise-like grip.

"Jump!" he commanded, hoarsely, and strove to lift her bodily.

There followed a rending crash as the thin ice gave way.

"Gordon!"

He caught her gasping cry as the black water closed over them. He clung blindly to her in that awful moment when a chill like a myriad of knives smote him to the bone. After what seemed an interminable time the river abruptly yielded them again to the surface. Sharpe caught at the ragged ledge of ice, but it broke off in his grasp.

"Gordon, don't hold me!"

He sensed the wisdom of her plea as the water drew them down again. Free, she struck out for herself, reaching the edge of the ice, which fortunately held for the moment.

There was no time to debate how long this tenuous support might endure. He plunged desperately in the direction of the shore, beating down and battling through the ice that broke off, piece after piece, as he madly floundered through it. Suddenly he felt the bottom of the stream under his feet. In a moment more he was clear.

"Judith!"

"Yes, Gordon," came the answer from the farther edge of the black chasm.

A clump of withered saplings at the very edge of the river offered his one resource. Clutching the frailest, he put forth all his strength in one desperate effort. The thin tree bent, then broke.

He struggled madly until he had torn it free. Then he rushed back with it over the ice.

Professor Hilliard, mildly wondering at the lateness of the hour, at last heard the sound of wheels. A vehicle of some sort—it appeared to be a farmer's buggy as he glanced through the curtained window—had stopped in front of the house. Two muffled figures which he inferred, rather than recognized, to be Sharpe and his wife descended from it. He frankly gasped his surprise when they confronted him a moment later in the library. Sharpe wore the rough clothes of a farm-hand, while Judith, divesting herself of cloak and shawls, was garbed in what might have been the "Sunday best" of the farm-hand's wife. Her hair, caught up in a blond, disordered mass around her head, was still damp, but her cheeks were stained with red, and her eyes were shining with a light that Hilliard had never seen in them before. She seemed suddenly to have put on a new and unfamiliar beauty, while Sharpe, pale and tense, recounted the disaster.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Hilliard. "Don't you know you might both have been drowned?"

Sharpe restrained a grim desire to laugh at the fatuous question. He felt himself looking down on Hilliard from a dizzy, enthralling eminence to which the other could never hope to mount. The physical peril, now escaped, had become of secondary moment to him in this sudden adventure and exaltation of his soul. He went on with his story, with a certain ironic joy in keeping to the bald, obvious details, while mentally he thrilled again over each moment of that hurried flight through the night to a place of shelter. Drenched and bedraggled, he had been wholly indifferent to the icy chill fastening itself upon him. He had tenderly hurried her along, fearful of the cold and exposure to her, and to his repeated, anxious solicitation she had replied, softly, "I'm not cold, Gordon."

She had looked up at him then with shining eyes as he held her dripping arm within his own, and he had pressed it. Once a shudder had gone over him as he visioned the menace of the river's icy

depths so narrowly eluded. She had felt the tremor of his body and had understood.

"Don't think about it," she said, simply.

"It was a miracle that we escaped," he answered.

"But have we—*escaped*?"

Sharpe's only answer had been to draw her blindly, passionately closer to him as they hurried on. Her words were a confession that thrilled him while he sensed their terror. It was as if across the gray obscurity of their future stretched, as there had stretched across the ice, a black, menacing stain.

When, during the days that followed, it became manifest to Professor Hilliard that he had been wrong in his misgiving that pneumonia would prove a sequel to Judith's misadventure upon the river, he dismissed the event from his mind. He began to make his preparations to attend the convention in Washington with a distinct feeling of relief that he was not to be prevented from participating in the councils of his assembled learned colleagues. A few days before his departure he told Sharpe that he would look to him to take over his classes during the week of his absence.

Sharpe received the announcement in stunned silence. He had hoped to accompany Hilliard in view of the notable part his own findings must take in the report of the Black Plains discoveries. He now saw that Hilliard, as the leader of the expedition, proposed to be its sole spokesman; he would have to wait and glean from the press the tribute that Hilliard must of necessity accord him in presenting to the assembly Sharpe's evidence and theories. He confronted in dismay this carrying off, so to speak, of the child of his own brain by Hilliard, who at best could claim only a god-fathership over it.

But he dumbly acceded to Hilliard's plan, and was not surprised to find himself capable of this act of cold acquiescence. In fact, as he sat alone in his room, the little black-glazed jars above the fireplace no longer formed the substance of his dreams. They had been thrust into the background of his thoughts while he contemplated with a

joy mingled with dread the strange new world to which his soul had awakened, and sat for long troubled hours visioning, as from a barred window, a radiant future utterly beyond his reach.

From the wild intoxication following upon that sudden blinding revelation of himself and Judith, when for an instant death had clutched at them both, only to snatch from their hearts the veils that had shrouded them, Sharpe had awakened on the following morning to a cold realization of their true plight. He was aghast at the swift irrevocableness with which their love had been revealed. In comparison with that stark actuality, all attendant physical circumstance seemed like the distorted imagery of a dream. Only when he looked down at the bruised and lacerated palms of his hands, which had suffered more than flesh could endure in his frenzied tearing away of the sapling, could he find credible testimony to the night's dark adventure.

And from this dazed contemplation of his own thoughts he fell to wondering what hers must be. Behind whatever makeshifts of dissimulation they might hastily snatch up, he knew he would read in Judith's eyes what she likewise read in his. It would be intolerable to share longer with her the same roof, and yet escape was difficult and explanations impossible. Even while at work in his room he would be listening for her foot-fall echoing from some part of the house. There would be the constraint of facing each other daily at table, and there would be other meetings—more to be feared—chance encounters in the hall or on the stairs. Time and again they would be brought face to face with each other, and with the temptation hot upon him to crush her to him in his arms he could only blindly pray for some providential interposition, some unlooked-for way out.

The first day, however, had passed more easily than he had anticipated. Mrs. Hilliard, heeding the physician's caution, had kept to her bed. But in the evening, as there were guests invited to dinner, she had appeared, and in this presence of other people both she and Sharpe had found a refuge from each other. On the second day he had ab-



Drawn by Walter Biggs

THE SECRETS OF ITS EARTHEN COMPOSITION LAY REVEALED

sented himself from luncheon, intrenching himself in the college library for long, unprofitable hours, and then he had sent word to Hilliard that he would be dining that evening with one of the younger faculty men. He returned at a late hour, letting himself in with his latch-key.

He knew the subterfuge would be palpable to Judith, and he hoped that she might be even grateful. On the following morning, when he was attempting to make an early escape, he was quite unprepared for her bold interception of him at the foot of the stairs. She raised an arm to the wall, barring his further progress, and for a moment her gray eyes softly reproached him while his own fell abashed.

"Don't be foolish, Gordon," she said, gently, "running away like this—"

At that he lifted his pained, stricken gaze.

Her hand went quickly to his shoulder. "Am I to lose you altogether?" she pleaded, and the words fell upon him as a reproof.

"I thought that by taking myself off. . . . I don't want to make things harder," he stammered, blindly.

"But you will," she interrupted him, "if you plan to desert me this way."

Her hand lingered caressingly on his shoulder and then fell away, and she smiled bravely up at him. It was like a challenge to all that was heroic in him, and his heart leaped at what he felt to be a call to share a common martyrdom.

"I'll return for luncheon," he promised, and was gone.

Judith, passing in to the breakfast-table, where Hilliard was already dividing his attention between his soft-boiled eggs and the morning paper, found alongside her plate a letter postmarked Cheltenham. She tore it open and glanced it through while her grape-fruit lay untasted. Over one paragraph she paused. Mrs. Miles had written:

". . . So Doctor Ackerby is to be offered the place. But I think William is disappointed at Professor Hilliard's recommendation. He had rather hoped that your wonderful young Black Plains man would be put forward, but of course

he was reluctant to suggest this, since it may possibly be that Mr. Sharpe is to fit in permanently at Wilberforce."

Judith laid the letter aside. "Robert," she asked, presently, "who is Doctor Ackerby?"

Hilliard looked up suddenly as if annoyed. "Oh, you must mean the new man that Miles is trying to get over at Cheltenham."

"Then Mr. Sharpe is not to have a chance for the place?"

"So it would seem," said Hilliard, shortly. "But really, you know, he's much better off here."

After Hilliard had boarded the train for the East, Sharpe, who had accompanied him to the station, at length set out with slow and thoughtful pace toward the big house on the hill. Letting himself in through the front door, in the waning light of a dull March day, the house seemed intensely still. Sharpe paused in the shadows of the long, dim hallway, listening intently for some sound to break the oppressive silence, as if he had ventured to invade some abandoned, ghost-ridden abode. He softly mounted the stairs, passed by the door which he knew opened into Mrs. Hilliard's room, and went on to his own quarters. There he was startled to come upon Judith busy with something over the fireplace, and his approach had been so stealthy that he took her equally unaware.

For an instant their eyes met in an almost frightened glance. Judith, recovering herself, stepped back from the mantelpiece and pointed to the bowl of flowers she had been arranging there. The fresh-cut, deep-red roses, heavy with moisture and perfume, hung in a sort of dumb obeisance above the little group of prehistoric jars.

"It's a sort of 'coming-out' for them—isn't it?—this convention at Washington?" she asked, forcing the note of gaiety in her words. "I thought there should be a bit of festivity in their honor—and yours."

Sharpe, for the moment quite incapable of speech, could only bend his head in response. She gave a final touch to the roses, and then started to go.

"Judith!" he managed to say at last. At the door she paused and turned. "Yes, Gordon?"

His shoulders rose and fell, while his lips tightened. "Nothing," he said, dully, struggling to conceal the effort which the word cost him.

Alone in his room, he mustered himself for the dinner-hour, when they must meet again, by trying forcibly to divert his thoughts to Hilliard's classes on the morrow. With a view to looking over some of Hilliard's notes, he went downstairs to the library, where, searching through the desk, he came inadvertently upon a completed carbon draft of the report which Hilliard was to make in Washington. Much of it was already familiar to him, but curiosity tempted him to turn through the pages to see in what words Hilliard had chosen to give recognition to his young assistant's discoveries. As he read, a puzzled frown settled on his face, then amazement broke forth, and anger. Unable to grasp the grim reality of those clean, neatly typed pages, he seized the whole manuscript and bolted up-stairs to his room. With trembling fingers, while his body grew hot and cold by turns, he opened it again, read and re-read until in sickening despair he let the pages fall to the floor. He could almost repeat by rote the paragraphs in which Hilliard accorded him the scantiest recognition in the Black Plains investigations and took wholly to himself the credit of the discovery of the glazed jars and of formulating the brilliant, intricate hypothesis which they demanded. . . .

A light knock at the half-open door finally brought him to himself. It was Mrs. Hilliard, arrayed in a dinner-gown of dull blue which he had once frankly expressed his liking for.

"Gordon, it's after seven. Aren't you coming down to dinner?" She was suddenly aware of the dumb immobility of his attitude and the hard, desperate light in his eyes. "Gordon! What has happened?" she gasped, as she hurried forward and bent over him.

He groped for one of her hands, gripped it tightly, while his eyes still stared beyond her into vacancy.

"Is it this?" she hazarded, gather-

ing up the sheets of manuscript at his feet.

He nodded blindly. "It's a copy of Hilliard's report. He is going to claim everything—rob me—" His shoulders shook as he choked over the words.

"Rob you! I don't understand. How can he rob you?"

A bitter smile crept to the young man's lips. "There's nothing easier—with his authority and reputation—the biggest man in his field—to appropriate the findings of a mere nobody like myself. Oh, he doesn't squeeze me out altogether! He throws me a crumb or two of commendation in the foot-notes. But it was my discovery—those jars." His voice shook with the intensity of his emotion, and, leaning forward, his arms encircled the kneeling woman while his eyes still burned into vacancy. "Hilliard was blind to the anomaly of their presence in those Black Plains mounds until I pointed it out to him. Even then he could find no answer to the riddle. It was I who hit upon it—worked it out after weeks of toil. And now he deliberately robs me of the whole thing—strips me bare to enhance his own prestige."

"But surely, Gordon, these men of science will not permit you to be cheated out of what is rightfully yours—"

Sharpe's bitter laugh was almost a sob. "You don't realize what a big man Hilliard is and how completely he has let me play into his hands. For of course I trusted him. I haven't a chance in the world. It would be preposterous for me to attempt to dispute his claim—my word against Hilliard's—a wave dashing against a cliff. I should be working only my own ruin. He knows that I can produce no proof that the work was mine and not his."

She drew back from him appalled as she began to comprehend something of the grim finality of the situation, and her eyes, grave and wide, followed him as he got up stiffly from the chair and went over to the mantelpiece where the little jars stood. He planted his elbows before them, his head in his hands.

She had already condemned Hilliard in her heart for his display of selfishness in regard to the Cheltenham appointment; it had opened her eyes to a petti-

ness of character in him that she had not suspected. But this treachery to Sharpe had suddenly revealed Hilliard to her in a guise from which she shrank in horror. Her condemnation followed swift and irrevocable.

"It sha'n't be, Gordon! I can't endure it!" she burst forth, passionately.

She had crossed the room softly and swiftly to him. He turned at her approach and something within him caught flame.

"He sha'n't hurt you—rob you," she protested, but he smothered her lips with his own.

"Let him do what he likes," he flung out. "I no longer care now. He's welcome to it—all the glory he can filch from that ancient rubbish I've toiled over. Didn't you warn me once not to sink myself too deep into the dead past? I was a fool, but you've led me back to life—you, Judith. That night on the river—it's been like a new heaven and a new earth since then—with you—just you—the only thing in it. And you're mine now. Tell me you're mine," he pleaded, hotly.

His caresses fell like a downpour upon a parched and greedy soil. When at length she slowly freed her arms from his embrace it was only to lift them about his neck and to draw his head down to hers again. His elbow, striking against the mantelpiece, toppled over one of the little jars, and it fell to the hearth with a sharp crash, shivering to fragments.

Judith started, while Sharpe, looking down, smiled derisively at the shattered vessel. His first impulse was to kick the pieces away, but some instinct led him to stoop and pick up one of the shards. Suddenly he frowned, and he bent to scrutinize the fragment closely.

She playfully put out her hand to cover the shard, but he snatched it away impatiently.

"Don't—" he said in a strange, shaken voice. He rushed over to the desk to hold the ragged edge of the fragment under the full light of the reading-lamp. The secrets of its earthen composition lay revealed. Embedded in the dark clay, Sharpe's eyes detected the glint of tiny, microscopic shells.

"What is it?" Judith demanded,

breathlessly, following him to the desk and looking with uneasy eyes at the bit of broken clay which held his riveted gaze.

With a gasp, words burst from him at last. "I'm wrong—all wrong!" he groaned.

Snatching open a drawer, he seized a magnifying-glass, and again he bent intently, desperately, over the broken, tell-tale edge of the shard. The shell-like particle glistened like minute diamonds, abruptly exposed to the light after lying for centuries embedded in the clay structure and screened from all detection by the thick covering of glaze. They glittered under Sharpe's eyes like cold, malevolent little stars, refuting utterly his ingenious theories, sweeping away in a twinkling the whole fond fabric of hypothesis which he had woven into a semblance of truth.

He strode back to the fireplace, seized another of the jars, and ruthlessly shattered it upon the hearth. Then, snatching up the pieces, he devoured them with his eyes only to confront the same remorseless refutation. The source of the clay was all too patent; the jars were insignificant.

As he turned away at last with a groan, Judith was at his side, putting her arms about him. She drew the explanation from him in brief, disjointed phrases, and she strove to sooth him in the bitterness of his defeat. But words and caresses alike were interrupted. Suddenly Sharpe straightened up as there flashed upon his mind the vision of Hilliard addressing the convention on the morrow.

"I must get word to him at once—stop him somehow!" he exclaimed, almost frantically, catching at her arms that held him. "A telegram—No—he'd suspect me of playing a trick to forestall him. I've got to go to him myself—show him the actual evidence."

She drew his head down to her own. "You foolish boy!" she fondly chided him. "Ah, Gordon, what does all this—right or wrong—matter to us now?"

"But Hilliard is to speak to-morrow night—"

"And rob you—of what? Your blunder? But the error is no longer yours,

and all the humiliation of the disclosure, when it comes—”

“Judith! You don’t know what you are saying!” he almost gasped. His face was very pale, and a strange light burned in his eyes. The passion which had shaken and overborne him but a few moments before seemed utterly exorcised from his body; it was as if some strange ascetic fervor had suddenly gained the mastery over him while he thrust the temptation of her words from him. “Judith, don’t you see? No matter if Hilliard robbed me a thousand times, all the thought and labor is mine. It’s bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. I can endure his stealing it from me, but to let him give it to the world when it’s a lie—a lie of my making. . . . My whole life has been a searching—a searching for truth—scientific truth, and here I’ve been building up a colossal error. I’ve got to prevent that. Hilliard’s snatching it from me doesn’t make the responsibility any the less mine. To find myself wrong and not acknowledge it—while there is yet time—”

“Spoken like a true scientist!” she checked him,—the irony of her words cutting like a lash.

“Judith! Judith!” he protested, reaching out his arms to her as she turned away. “Judith, you know I love you. I shall always love you,” he said, hoarsely, and the flame within him flared up again as he felt her slipping from him. “For God’s sake, Judith, surely you won’t misunderstand—misjudge me now.” He seized her hands only to find them limp and unresponsive in his hot, rough grasp. Her head hung dully as she listened to the tumultuous pleading words with which he strove to make her understand—the passion of his love for her struggling with this imperious appeal to his honor and scientific pride. “You know how I’ve worked to give this new truth to the world—yes, and looked forward to laying it at your feet as a tribute—a part of myself—that you might be

proud of, too. And now to find it false—unworthy of myself—and not to halt the error before it is proclaimed— You couldn’t respect me if I did that. But, Judith—”

His tone was suddenly tender, and he bent his face to hers. She permitted his embrace, listening to his ardent words, and then slowly, deliberately, she lifted her eyes as she put the question to him:

“You must really go to-night?”

He felt the inexorableness of the decision forced upon him at that moment while she still yielded herself to his arms. He hesitated.

“A telegram might fail to reach him,” he weakly parried. “I’m not even sure of his address—”

“Then of course you must go,” she said, putting him from her with sudden firm decision. Her cheeks were flaming.

Professor Hilliard, looking across the dinner-table, permitted his eyes to rest with satisfaction upon the radiant and charming figure of his wife. “By the way, Sharpe has turned up at last,” he informed her casually. “Miles writes me that he has accepted the place at Cheltenham. So you have your wish, after all.”

“I’m sure Professor Miles is to be congratulated,” replied Judith, “and I’m glad for Mr. Sharpe.”

“Uncommon good man, Sharpe,” mused Hilliard, “even if he did come that cropper over the Black Plains pottery. I can’t understand why he should have felt so cut up about it and have balked flatly at coming back here with me from Washington. Can you?”

“I don’t think he ever felt quite at ease living here with us,” said Judith.

Hilliard smiled upon her indulgently. “So you still cling to that idea of yours. No, my dear, the scientific mind is something that you are not constituted to understand. Sharpe was a scientist through and through, and to him one roof was just the same as another.”



THE PLAIN, BARE WALLS OF THE HOUSES TURNING AN ALMOST BLANK FACE TO THE STREET

Young America and Old France

NOTES FROM A FRENCH VILLAGE IN THE WAR ZONE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD



IF you happen to know intimately the life of an American small town of about a thousand inhabitants, wouldn't you like to walk with me through a small French town of that size? I think I know just what to point out to you, not only because I have been living there myself, but because I have seen group after group of American Ambulance boys come into and go out of Crouy and noted the features of the life there at which they looked longest.

Perhaps the first thing which brought our boys to a halt, and a long, long look around them, was the age of the place. Apparently it has—the statement is hardly exaggerated—always been there. As a matter of historical fact it has been there for more than a thousand years. On hearing that, the American boys always gasped. They were used to the

conception of the great age of “historical” spots, by which they meant cities in which great events have occurred—Paris, Rome, Stratford-on-Avon, Granada. But that an inconsiderable settlement of a thousand inhabitants, where nothing in particular ever happened beyond the birth, life, and death of its people, should have kept its identity through a thousand years gave them, so they said, “a queer feeling.” As they stood in the quiet gray street, looking up and down, and taking in the significance of the fact, one could almost visibly see their minds turning away from the text-book idea of the Past as an unreal, sparsely settled period with violent historical characters in doublet and ruff or chain-mail thrusting swords into one another or signing treaties which condemned all succeeding college-students to an additional feat of memory; you could almost see their brilliant, shadowless, New World youth deepened

and sobered by a momentary perception of the Past as a very long and startlingly real phenomenon, full, scaringly full of real people, entirely like ourselves, going about the business of getting born, being married, and dying with as little conscious regard as we for historical movements and tendencies. They were never done marveling that the sun should have fallen across Crouy streets at the same angle before Columbus discovered America as to-day; that at the time of the French Revolution, just as now, the big boys and sturdy men of Crouy should have left the same fields which now lie golden in the sun and have gone out to repel the invader; that people looked up from drawing water at the same fountain which now sparkles under the sycamore-trees and saw Catharine de' Medici pass on her way north as now they see the gray American Ambulance rattle by. . . . "And I bet it was over these same cussed hard-heads!" cried the boy from Ohio, trying vainly to ease his car over the knobby paving-stones.

"No, oh no," answered the town notary, reasonably. "The streets of Crouy were paved in comparatively recent times, not earlier than sixteen-twenty."

"Oh, the Pilgrim Fathers!" cried the boy from Connecticut.

"And nothing ever happened here all that time?" queried the boy from California, incredulously.

"Nothing," said the notary, "except a great deal of human life."

"Gee! what a lot o' that!" murmured the thoughtful boy from Virginia, his eyes widening imaginatively.

After the fact that it had been there so long, they were astonished by the fact that it was there at all, existing, as far as they could see, with no visible means of support beyond a casual saw-mill or two. "How do all these people earn their living?" they always asked, putting the question in the same breath with the other inevitable one, "*Where* do the people live who care for all this splendid farming country? We see them working in the fields, these superb wheat-fields, or harvesting the oats, but you can drive your car for mile after mile and never see a human habitation. We thought Europe was a thickly populated place!"

Of course you know the obvious answer. The people who till the fields all live in the villages. If you inhabit such a settlement you hear every morning, very, very early, the slow, heavy tread of the big farm-horses and the rumble of the huge two-wheeled carts going out



BEHIND EVERY HOUSE NESTLES A GARDEN WITH ANCIENT TREES AND SHRUBS

to work: and one of the picturesque sights of the sunset hour is the procession of the powerful Percherons, their drivers sitting sideways on their broad backs, plodding into the village, both horses and farmers with an inimitable air of leisurely philosophy; of having done a good day's work and letting it go at that; of attempting no last nervous whack at the accumulated pile of things to be done which always lies before every one; with an unembittered acceptance of the facts that there are but twenty-four hours in every day and that it is good to spend part of them eating savory hot soup with one's family. According to temperament, this appearance, only possible, apparently, when you have lived a thousand years in the same place, enormously reposes or enormously exasperates the American observer.

You do not see the cows going out to pasture, or coming back at night through the village streets, because those farmers who have a dairy live on the outskirts of the town, with their big square courtyards adjacent to the fields. The biggest farmhouse of this sort in Crouy is lodged in the remnants of the medieval castle of the old seigneurs (symbol of modern France!), where at night the cows ramble in peaceably through the old gate where once the portcullis hung, and stand chewing their cud about the great courtyard whence marauding knights in armor once clattered out to rob.

Of course this arrangement whereby country folk all live in villages turns inside out and upside down most of those conditions which seem to us inevitable accompaniments of country life; for instance, the isolation and loneliness of the women and children. There is no isolation possible here, when, to shake

hands with the woman of the next farm, you have only to lean out of your front window and have her lean out of hers, when your children go to get water from the fountain along with all the other children of the region, when you are less than five minutes' walk from church and the grocery-store, when your chil-



FOUR-OX TEAMS DO THE HEAVY PLOWING IN FRANCE

dren can wait till the school-bell is ringing before snatching up their books to go to school.

You do not have to wait for your mail till some one can go to town or till the R. F. D. man brings it around six hours after it has arrived in town. The village mail-carrier brings it to you directly it arrives, just as though you lived in a city. You do not have to wait for your community news till it filters slowly to your remote door by the inaccurate medium of the irresponsible grocery-boy. The moment anything of common interest happens the town crier walks up your street. At the sound of his an-

nouncing drum or bell you drop your work, stick your head out of your door, and hear at once, hot off the griddle, as soon as any one, that there will be an auction of cows at the Brissons' on Saturday next, that poor sick old Madame Mantier has at last passed away, or that school reopens a week from Monday and all children must be ready to go. And if one of the children breaks his arm, or if a horse has the colic, or your chimney gets on fire, you do not suffer the anguished isolation of American country life. The whole town swarms in to help you, in a twinkling of an eye. In fact, for my personal taste, I must confess that the whole town seemed only too ready to swarm in, on any friendly pretext at all. But then, I have back of me many generations of solitary-minded farmer-ancestors, living sternly and grimly to themselves, and not a thousand years of really sociable community life.

"But if they are country people who live in these dry-looking villages," asked our American Ambulance boys, "what makes them huddle up so close together and run the houses into one long wall of buildings that look like tenement-houses? Why don't they have nice front yards like ours, with grass and flowers and people sitting on the front porch, enjoying life? You can go through village after village here and never see a thing but those ugly, stony streets and long, high, stone walls, and bare, stone houses, and never a soul but maybe an old woman with a gunny sack on her back, or a couple of kids lugging water in a pail."

The best answer to that was to open the door into our own bare, stone house, which, like all the others on the street, presented to the public eye an unalluring, long, gray-white, none-too-clean plastered wall, broken by square windows designed for utility only. The big door opening showed a stone-paved corridor leading straight to what seemed at first glance an earthly Paradise of green; an old, old garden with superb nut-trees, great flowering bushes, a bit of grass, golden graveled paths, and high old gray walls with grape-vines and fruit-trees carefully trained against them.

Our American visitor stared about

him with dazzled eyes. "What a heavenly place! But who ever would have guessed such a garden was in Crouy!"

"Oh, but this is not one of the really good gardens of the town!" we assured him. "This is a poor old neglected one compared with those all around us."

"But where *are* they?" asked our American, incredulously, his vision cut off by the ten-foot wall.

At this we invited him up-stairs to a lofty window at the back of the house, leaning from which he had a totally new view of the town whose arid gray streets he had traversed so many times. Back of every one of these gray-white, monotonously aligned plastered houses stretched a garden, often a very large one, always a jewel, gleaming, burnished, and ordered, with high old trees near the house, and flowers and vines; and, back of this pleasure spot, a great fertile stretch of well-kept vegetables and fruit. He stared long, our American, reconstructing his ideas with racial rapidity. On withdrawing his head his first comment was, usually:

"But for the Lord's sake, how ever do they get the money to pay for building all those miles of huge stone walls? It must cost every family a fortune."

Upon learning that those walls had stood exactly there in those very lines for hundreds of years, requiring only to be periodically kept in repair, he sank into another momentary reconstructive meditation.

Then came the inevitable American challenge, the brave new note from the New World which I always rejoiced to hear:

"But what's the *point* of shutting yourself up that way from your neighbors and making such a secret of your lovely garden that nobody gets any good of it but yourself? Why not open up and let everybody who goes by take pleasure in your flowers and your lawn and see the kids playing and hear them laughing?"

Of course I always went duly through the orthodox historical and social explanations. I pointed out that it was only in comparatively late times—only since that very recent event, the French Revolution, or the beginning of our life as a nation—that isolated houses in the

fields would have been safe; that up to that time people were obliged to huddle together inside the walls of a town at night as a safeguard against having their throats cut; that an age-old habit of apprehension and precaution leaves ineradicable marks on life; and that it still seems entirely natural for French people to conceal their gardens behind ten-foot stone walls with broken bottles on top, although for generations the community life has been as peaceful as that of any drowsy New England village. But, having given this academic explanation, I went on to hazard a guess that age-old habits of fear leave behind them more than material marks like stone walls and broken bottles. They shape and form human minds into tastes and preferences and prejudices, the uncourageous origin of which the owners of the minds are far from divining.

"You know," I said to our boy from home, "they can't understand our open villages with no fences or walls, with everybody's flowers open to everybody's view, with our pretty girls showing their fresh summer dresses and bright, sweet faces to the chance passer-by as well as to the selected few who have the countersign to enter. They can't understand it, and they don't try to, for they don't like it. They don't like our isolated houses. They, and all Europeans, like apparently the feeling of having neighbors near so that they can enjoy shutting them out. They say they like the feeling

of 'being all to themselves'; they have a passion for 'privacy' which often seems to mean keeping desirable things away from other people; they can't see how we endure the 'staring eyes of strangers.'"

At this point I was usually interrupted by the boy from home who cried out, hotly:

"Well, I hope *we* won't ever get so afraid of people we haven't been introduced to! I guess we can stand it, not being so darned private as all that! I don't see that you need take any less satisfaction in a rose-bush because it's given pleasure to a lot of work-people going by in the morning!"

On which proposition we always cordially shook hands.

"And yet, do y' know," added the boy from home, a little wistfully, looking down into the green, secluded peace of the walled-in garden—"yet, there *must* be some-

thing kind o' nice about the quiet of it, being able to do as you please without everybody looking at you. It sort of makes our front yards seem like a public park instead of a home, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I said, sadly, "it does, a little."

Oh, Europe, Europe! seductive old Europe, ever up to thy old game of corrupting the fresh candor of invading barbarians!

"But, anyhow," ended the boy from home, bravely, "I don't care. I think our way is lots the nicest . . . for *everybody*!"

Dear boy from home!



THE FAMOUS CANAL OF THE OURCQ

Then we went down-stairs and visited our modest establishment, typical in a small way of all those about us, and, although made up of the same essential features as those of a small American town home, differing in a thousand ways.

"Why, there are apples on this hedge, real apples!" said the American. "Who ever heard of apples on a little low hedge plant?"

"Those aren't hedge plants," we told him. "Those are real apple-trees, trained to grow low, cut back year after year, pruned, watched, nipped, fertilized, shaped, into something quite different from what they meant to be. They produce a tenth, a twentieth part of what would grow if the tree were left to itself, but what golden apples of Hesperides they are! The pears are like that, too. Here is a pear-tree older than I, and not so tall, which bears perhaps a dozen pears, but *what* pears! And you see, too, when the trees are kept small, you can have ever so many more in the same space. They don't shade your vegetables, either. See those beans growing up right to the base of the trees."

The chicken-yard was comforting to our visitors because it was like any chicken-yard; if anything, not so well kept or so well organized as an American one. But beyond them is a row of twelve well-constructed brick rabbit-hutches with carefully made lattice gates and cement floors, before which visitors always stopped to gaze at the endlessly twitching pink noses and vacuous faces of the little beasts. I hastened to explain that they were not at all for the children to play with, but that they form a serious part of the activities of every country family in the region, supplying for many people the only meat they ever eat beyond the very occasional fowl in the pot for a fête-day.

The rabbit-hutches being near the kitchen, we usually went next into that red-and-white-tiled room, with the tiny coal-range (concession to the twentieth century) with the immense open hearth (heritage of the past) and the portable charcoal-stove, primitive, universal implement.

"But you can't bake your bread in

such a little play-stove as that," commented the American.

And with that we were launched into a new phase of Crouy life, the close-knit communal organization of a French settlement. Since all these country people live side by side, they discovered long ago that there is no need to duplicate, over and over, in each house, labors which are better done in centralized activity. Instead of four hundred cook-stoves being heated to the baking-point, with a vast waste of fuel and effort, one big fire in the village *boulangerie* bakes the bread for all the community. These French country women no more bake their own bread than they make their own shoes. In fact, if they tried to they could not produce anything half so appetizing and nourishing as the crusty, well-baked loaves turned out by that expert specialist, the village bakeress; and they buy those loaves for less than it would cost to produce them in each kitchen.

In addition to the *boulangerie* where you buy your bread there is in Crouy (and in all other French towns of that size) another shop kept by a specially good cook among the housewives, where you can always buy certain cooked foods which are hard to prepare at home in small quantities. Ham, for instance. In American towns too small to have a delicatessen-shop how many of us quail before the hours of continuous heat needed to boil a ham, and the still more formidable enterprise of getting it all eaten up afterward without a too dreary monotony! I have known American villages where people said the real reason for church suppers was that they might taste boiled ham once in a while. In Crouy, backward, primitive, drainageless community that it is, they cater to the prime necessity of variety in diet with a competence like that with which the problem of good bread is solved all over France. Every Wednesday morning you know that Madame Beaugard has a ham freshly boiled. You may buy one slice, just enough to garnish a cold salad, or ten slices to serve in a hot sauce for dinner. On Saturdays she has a big roast of beef, hot and smoking out of her oven at a quarter of twelve, and a family or two may thus enjoy this luxury with-



A DETACHMENT OF POILUS RETURNING FROM FARM-WORK IN THE FIELDS

out paying the usual Anglo-Saxon penalty of eating cold or hashed beef for many days thereafter. On another day she has beans, the dry beans which are such a bother to prepare in small quantities and such an admirable and savory food. She is the village fruit-seller, and when you go to buy your fruit in her little shop, which is nothing more or less than her front parlor transformed, you are sure to find something else appetizing and tempting. Note that this regular service not only adds greatly to the variety and tastefulness of the diet of the village, but enables Madame Beugard to earn her living more amply.

In another big operation of house-keeping the simplest French country community puts its resources together instead of scattering them. On wash-days there is no arduous lifting and emptying out of water, no penetrating odor of soap-suds throughout all the house, no waste of fuel under hundreds of individual wash-boilers, no solitary drudging over the washtubs. The French country housekeeper who does her own washing brings around to the street door her faithful steed, the wheelbarrow, and loads it up; first the big

galvanized boiler full of soiled clothes, then a wooden box open at one side, filled with clean straw, then the soap, a flat, short-handled wooden paddle, and a stiff scrubbing-brush. Leaving the children not yet at school in the charge of a neighbor—for whom she will perform the same service another day of the week—her head done up in a kerchief, her skirts kilted high to let her step free, she sets off down the road for the *lavoir*. I use the French word because the institution does not exist in English.

This is usually a low, stone building, with an open place in the roof, either covered with glass or open to the air. In the center is a big pool of water, constantly renewed, which gushes in clean and eddies out soapy, carrying with it the impurities of the village linen. Here our housewife finds an assortment of her friends and neighbors, and here she kneels in the open air, in her straw-filled box, and soaps, and beats, and rinses, and scrubs at the spots with her scrubbing-brush (they never use a rubbing-board), and at the same time hears all the talk of the town, gets whatever news from the outer world is going the



THE PUBLIC SQUARE OF CROUY UPON THE RETURN OF A REGIMENT

rounds, jokes and scolds, sympathizes and laughs, sorrows with and quarrels with her neighbors—gets, in short, the same refreshing and entire change from the inevitable monotony of the home routine which an American housewife of a more prosperous class gets in her club meeting, and which the American housewife of the same class gets, alas! almost never.

And, yes, the clothes are clean! I know it runs counter to all our fixed ideas and what we are taught in domestic-science classes. I don't pretend to explain it, but the fact remains that clothes soaped and beaten and rinsed in cold water, boiled in a boiler over the open fire and dried on the grass, are of the most dazzling whiteness. It is just another wholesome reminder that there are all kinds of ways to kill a cat, and that our own, natural and inevitable as it seems to us, may not even be the most orthodox manner of accomplishing that demise.

Another such reminder is the fashion in which they manage baths in Crouy. There are not (you can hear, can't you, the supercilious Anglo-Saxon tourist saying, "of course there are not") any

bathrooms in the houses, nor in the one little inn. And yet the people take plenty of baths, and in big porcelain bathtubs, too, bigger and deeper and fuller of hot water than those we have in our houses.

Among the many curious little industries of the place is the *établissement des bains*. As you go down the main street of a morning you stop in and fill up a little printed card stating that you wish a hot (or cold) plain (or perfumed or sulphur or starch or what not) bath, at such and such an hour. The little old woman in charge notes your hour, and stokes up her stove according to the schedule of the day. When you arrive you are shown into an immaculately clean tiled bathroom, with an enormous tub, lined with a clean sheet (it has been definitely decided by doctors that this precaution obviates any possibility of contagion) and filled with clear, sparkling hot water. You can rent your towels for two cents apiece, and buy a bit of soap for three cents, or you may bring them from home, if you prefer. Of course, being unused to this particular way of killing the cat, you feel rather foolish and queer to be taking

a bath in a community bathtub instead of in your own. But the bath is a fine one; with a cold rub-down at the end there is no danger of taking cold; and as you dress, glowing and refreshed, you cannot put out of your mind some such colloquy as this:

"Yes, of course I prefer a bathtub in my own house. Everybody would. But suppose I haven't money enough to have one? At home, in a town like this, you can only get a bath, or give it to your children, if you have capital enough to buy, install, and keep up a bathroom of your own. Here you can have an even better one, any time you can spare fifteen cents in cash. Which method produces the bigger area of clean skin in a given community?"

You usually end your colloquy by quoting to yourself, laughingly, the grandly American-minded remark of the boy from Illinois, whose reaction to the various eye-openers about him was thus formulated:

"Do you know, the thing we want to do at home is to keep all the good ways of doing things we've got already and then add all the French ones, too."

We laughed over the youthful self-confidence of that ambition, but, as the

boy from Illinois would say, "Honestly, do you know, there is something in it!"

In one of the few large, handsome houses in Crouy there is something else I wish we might import into America. Very simply, with no brass band of a formal organization, secretaries, or reports, the younger girls of the town are brought together to learn how to sew and cook and keep their household accounts. The splendid park which looks so lordly with its noble trees is only the playground for the little girls in gingham aprons in the intervals of their study; and the fine, high-ceilinged, spacious old *salon* is employed as the work-room where all the children from the poorer houses round about sit in the sunshine, setting beautiful fine stitches and chattering like magpies.

A large room at the side has been fitted up—oh, so long before domestic science "struck" America!—as a kitchen, and here the little girls daily prepare their own luncheons, after having, turn by turn, done the marketing and made up their small accounts under the supervision of an expert teacher.

The gracious, gray-haired owner of the beautiful home has always been so



IN THIS OLD HOUSE FOR TWO GENERATIONS THE LITTLE GIRLS OF CROUY HAVE BEEN TAUGHT DOMESTIC SCIENCE



A ROMP ON THE TERRACE BETWEEN LESSONS

busy with her school and workroom that she almost never runs into Paris, although she is not more than a couple of hours away.

"I've only been there five or six times in my life," she says, shaking her head in mocking contrition and turning superb old rings around on her soft, wrinkled hands. She adds, with a pretty, whimsical smile: "To tell the truth, it bores me awfully when I do go. I have so much to see to here that I'm uneasy to be away."

You are to remember that this has been going on for at least two generations. The quiet-eyed *châtelaine* of the manor mentions, in passing, that she is but continuing the work of her aunt who lived there before her, and who for fifty years gave all her life and property for her neighbors' children in quite the same way. When you leave you try to murmur something about what two such lives must have meant to the community, but this entirely unmodern, unradical, unread provincial Frenchwoman cuts you short by saying in a matter-of-fact tone, with the most transparent simplicity of manner:

"Oh, but of course property is only a trust after all, isn't it?"

Will some one please tell me what are the appropriate sentiments for good socialists to feel about such people?

There is another *ouvroir* (sewing-room) in Crouy of another sort, where the older girls, instead of being forced to go away from home as in most villages in America, to work in factories or shops, may earn an excellent living doing expert embroidery or fine sewing. They are well paid, and the enterprise is successful commercially because the long-headed philanthropist at the head of the organization manages to sell direct to consumers—as will always be done as a matter of course in the twenty-first century—instead of passing the product through the acquisitive hands of many middlemen. But there is so much to report in detail about this wholly admirable and modern undertaking that I must make another story of it. It is really curious how often, in this little, backward, drainageless French village, an American is brought to a halt, a long, scrutinizing inspection, and much profitable meditation.

So far you have seen Crouy as it was before the war, and as it is now in the brief intervals between the departure of

a regiment going back to the front and the arrival of another with the trench mud still on its boots. You have seen the long, gray, stony street filled morning and evening with horses and laborers going out to work or returning, and in the mean time dozing somnolent in the sun, with only a cat or dog to cross it, an old woman going out for the grass, or a long, gray American anvil balance banging along over the paving, the square-jawed, clean-shaven boy from the States zigzagging desperately with the vain idea that the other side of the street cannot be as rough as the one he is on. You have seen the big open square, sleeping under the airy shadow of the great sycamores, only the occasional chatter of children drawing water at the fountain breaking the silence. You have seen the beautiful old church, echoing and empty save for an old, poor man, his ax or his spade beside him, as he kneels for a moment to pray for his grandsons at the front; or for a woman in black, rigid and silent before a shrine, at whose white face you dare not glance as you pass. You have seen the plain, bare walls of the old houses, turning an almost blank face to the street, with closely shuttered or thickly curtained windows.

But one morning, very early, before you are dressed, you hear suddenly, close at hand, that clear, ringing challenge of the bugle which bids all human hearts to rise and triumph, and the vehement whirring rhythm of the drums, like a violent new pulse beating in your own body. The house begins to shake as though with thunder, not the far-off roar of the great cannon on the horizon which you hear every day, but a definite vibration of the earth under your feet. You rush to your street window, throw open the shutters, and, leaning from the sill, see that all Crouy is leaning with you and looking up the street.

There, at the turn, where the road leaves the yellow wheat-fields to enter the village, the flag is coming, the torn, ragged, dingy, sacred tricolor. Back of it the trumpets, gleaming in the sun, proclaim its honor. They are here, the poilus, advancing with their quick, swinging step, so bravely light for all cruel heavy sacks on their backs and

the rifles on their shoulders. Their four-ranked file fills our street from side to side, as their trumpets fill our ears, as the fatigue and courage of their faces fill our hearts. They are here, the splendid, splendid soldiers who are the French poilus. Everybody's brother, cousin, husband, friend, son, is there.

All Crouy leans from its windows to welcome them back from death—one more respite. They glance up at the windows as they pass; the younger ones smile at the girls' faces; the older ones, fathers certainly, look wistfully at the children's bright heads. There are certain ones who look at nothing, staring straight ahead at immaterial sights which will not leave their eyes.

One detachment has passed; the rumbling has increased till your windows shake as though in an earthquake. The camions and guns are going by, an endless defile of monster trucks, ending with the rolling kitchen, lumbering forward, smoking from all its pipes and caldrons, with the regimental cook springing up to inspect the progress of his savory ragout.

After the formless tumult of the wheels, the stony street resounds again to the age-old rhythm of marching men. Another detachment. . . .

You dress quickly, seize the big box of cigarettes kept ready for this time, and, taking the children by the hand, go out to help welcome the new-comers as they settle down for their three weeks' rest.

I have told you that Crouy has a thousand inhabitants. There are twelve hundred men in a regiment. Perhaps you can imagine that when the troops are there men seem to ooze from every pore of the town. There are no great barracks erected for them, you understand. Somehow Crouy people make themselves small, move over to the edge, and make the necessary room. There are seventy soldiers sleeping on straw in the big hall which was before the war used for a concert-room or for amateur theatricals; two hundred are housed in what is left of the old *salles de garde* of the ruined castle, old guard-rooms which after five hundred years see themselves again filled with French fighting-men; every barn-loft is filled with them; every empty shed has a thick layer of

straw on the ground and twenty to thirty men encamped; every empty stable has been carefully cleaned and prepared for them; every empty room harbors one or more officers; every attic has ten or fifteen men. One unused shop is transformed into the regimental infirmary, and hangs out the Red Cross flag; another sees the quartermaster and his secretaries installed at desks improvised from pine boards; a sentry stands before the Town Hall where the colonel has his headquarters, and another guards the fine old house which has the honor of sheltering the regimental flag.

The street, our quiet, sleepy street, is like an artery pulsing with rapid vibrations; despatch-riders dash up and down; camions rumble by; a staff-car full of officers looking seriously at maps halts for a moment and passes on; from out the courtyard where a regimental kitchen is installed a file of soldiers issue, walking on eggs as they carry their hot stew across the street to the lodging where they eat it. Our green-vegetable woman, that supreme flower of a race of consummate gardeners, arrives at the house, breathless and smiling, with only an onion and a handful of potatoes in her usually well-garnished donkey-cart.

"*Que voulez-vous, madame?*" she apologizes, sure of your sympathy. "The instant I leave the garden they set upon me. You can't refuse your own soldiers, can you? With my Jacques at the front?"

Everywhere, everywhere where there is a scrap of cover from the sky, are huddled horses, mules, guns, wagons, and camions. Every spreading chestnut-tree harbors, not a blacksmith, but a dozen army mules tied close to the trunk. Near the station the ground under the close-set double line of trees in the long mall is covered to its last inch with munition-wagons and camions, and to reach the post-office on the other side of the little shady square you must pick your way back of lines of guns, set end to end, without an inch to spare. The aviators, whose machines wheel ceaselessly over the town, can see no change in its aspect, unless, perhaps, the streets and courtyards send up to the

sky a gray-blue reflection like its own color.

Three times a week, in the late afternoon, just before sunset, the regimental band gives a concert in our big open square under the sycamores, where, in the softer passages of the music, the sound of plashing water mingles with the flutes. All Crouy puts on its Sunday best and comes out to join itself to the horizon-blue throngs, and the colonel with his staff stands under the greatest of the sycamores, listening soberly to the music and receiving paternally the salutes of the men who saunter near him.

Once during their stay there is a *prise-d'armes*, on the square, when the men who have especially distinguished themselves are decorated with the Croix de Guerre. All Crouy goes to see that, too—all Crouy means now, you must remember, old men, women, little children, and babies—and stands respectfully, with tear-wet eyes, watching the white-haired colonel go down the line, pinning on each man's breast the sign of honor, taking his hand in a comrade's clasp and giving him on both cheeks a brother's kiss.

And once there is a mass said for the regimental dead in the old, old church. All Crouy goes there, too, all Crouy lost in the crowd of soldiers who kneel in close ranks on the worn stones, the sonorous chant of whose deep voices fills the church to the last vaulting of the arches which echoed to the voices of those other Crusaders, praying there for their dead, six hundred years ago. The acolytes at the altar are soldiers in their shabby honorable uniforms; the priest is a soldier; the choir is filled with them singing the responses; in an interval of the service up rise two of them near the organ, violin in hand, and the French church rings with the angel's voice of old Johann Sebastian Bach.

At the end, suddenly, the regimental music is there, wood-wind, trumpets, and all. The service comes to a close in one great surging chant, upborne on the throbbing waves of the organ notes. The church rings to the pealing brass, thrilling violins, the men's deep voices....

Ah, when will it resound to the song of thanksgiving at the end?

Miss Amerikanka

A ROMANCE—PART II

BY OLIVE GILBREATH



IT seems strange to be part of a Russian household, perched on a white canal flowing under a red bridge, a magnified winter Japan. Opposite, the new hotel Astoria strikes the one American note in Petrograd; on the other side stands the Russian House of Lords. From my window I can see the graceful Italian Embassy and what remains of the German Embassy after the populace had effaced the nude figures which offended their taste. Farther down, where the Moika wanders out to the Neva, the yellow stucco palace of Prince Yusupoff stirs one's sense of romance; Othello himself might emerge from the iron gates. A place marked surely for Shakespearian tragedy!

I am as puffed up as a pouter pigeon after this Russian fashion of welcoming a new householder! Bowls of acacia from M. Novinsky fill the room with fragrance; and from the General came a cake of parts, iced and garlanded like a German *denkmal*—borne in by a retinue, the *dvornik* and two little peasant maids.

A Russian house is designed for nothing so prosaic as living, but for the magnificence of entertaining. Our rooms open in a row; the ceilings are high, the windows French, the floors are the beautiful polished floors that one associates with Russia after one has lived in this land of wood. My room is long and narrow and white like a prioress's chamber. At night I put a red cushion on the floor and sit in the glow of my stove in the wall while broad-waisted Sasha supplies the stove with tindery birch-bark, the ruddy glow splashing her arms, white like the birches themselves. Olga Stepanovna, finding me thus, named me *Tziganka*, the Russian word for gipsy.

When spring comes, Olga Stepanovna

—the blithe spirit whom chance gave me for godmother, and whose love for her mystic shadowed land turned my venturing steps to Russia—promises that I may have my *petit déjeuner* on the balcony under the white umbrella while the barges trail past. It sounds Italian and tempting, but the snow drifts like the setting for *Snyeguritchka* (The Snow Maiden), and in the meantime I am content with the fire gleaming across the spaces of the polished floor and on the dull gold of old bindings in the drawing-room, and a cantankerous General, who hangs opposite the windows. The samovar is always set, and Sasha or Dasha near to give me tea. Russian tea we have at nine at night on the gay blue-and-red peasant cloth, when my godmother tells me folk-tales while the gray steppe winds sweep Peter's marshes outside.

I was sitting in front of the fire this afternoon pondering a number of things—I am still a prisoner of the poison-mists—when little Dasha appeared with M. Novinsky in her train, little Dasha stammering and blushing as if she had entangled for me a Grand Duke in this black-booted, immaculate figure with the smile of a young Beethoven.

"Nu, *Amerikanka*, I have come to carry you off to the brilliance of Petrograd," M. Novinsky announced, depositing his stick with Dasha, who blushed with pleasure as if some one had bestowed upon her a coronet.

"But one does not go to ballet at three in the afternoon," I protested. "And that is the brilliance of Petrograd, is it not?"

"No," he said, with a blithe expression such as I had seen but once or twice on the steppe. "One does not go to ballet at three in the afternoon. One goes out on to the Morskaya where all the Petrograd world assembles and the street flows like a river with those

breathless sleighs, as you call them, and officers in red-lined capes and deep, silky furs; all the blues and grays deepen into velvet blacks, whites turn to silver, and the air is a gauzy iridescence. It is the most perfect ballet setting in Russia! And then one drinks tea at a little place I know on the Nevsky—Russian tea with honey-cakes—and then one goes at five to the cathedral mass, for the brilliance of Russia is a brilliance of night and interiors."

Dasha had been coming and going with the tea things, her nose and chin and eyes shining like the seraphim.

"*Nyet*, Dasha. No samovar to-day. I am carrying the *barishnya* away for tea and for mass. *Otchen kraseevi*—it's very beautiful, mass at St. Isaac's."

There is something of the Celt in M. Novinsky, something of that exquisite sensibility of a race old in living. I had never been more aware of it than when he spoke with his amazing gentleness to the little peasant.

Petrograd is brilliant by night and interiors. I saw it to-day, and of all the pale background, the shimmering opulence of the cathedrals is the richest punctuation. Every traveler finds that the land through which he travels is a land of contrasts, and I am no exception. Russia is extravagant in her extremes, and from the artist's point of view there is no more breathless turning of the page than that from the wan streets to the cathedral interiors, aglow with jewels and the sheen of gold and silver, and hung with moving veils of incense.

I have never crossed the square and failed to be inexpressibly thrilled. It is a splendid medieval pageant—the massing of the shadows in the great spaces, the dusky gleam of myriad candles high in the vaulting, the ancient mystery of the ikons, the fall of light on the iridescent chasubles of the priesthood emerging from the gloom of the chancel.

"It is true," I confessed to M. Novinsky as we stood apart in a niche. "There is a magnificence of splendor in this shadow-filled, incensed, and jeweled dusk, beside which an English cathedral seems cold and a Chinese temple barren."

M. Novinsky's face bore something of the rapt look with which he handles an

old ivory. "Verestchagin painted it in his Japanese interiors," he said, lifting his eyes to the blue light playing about the lapis lazuli columns, "this immemorial magnificence, strange to the intellectualist of the West. Once having seen a Russian cathedral, one can never doubt that Russia's Christianity is of the East, and her spirit of worship is that of the oldest of mankind." As he spoke with his eyes turned upward to the pillared dusk of the cathedral—Egyptian in its majesty—I think something new stirred in my consciousness—of religion.

M. Novinsky was keeping an appointment, but I lingered for hours in the shadow of a niche, while the stream of humanity ebbed and flowed around the feet of the Mother of God; and above the worshipers, through the spaces of the cathedral and into the vaulting, poured a flood of tender, compassionate Russian singing. The French say that a man is his style but the Russian is his religion. And the more one stands in the sanctuary the more deeply one peers into his soul. Can one ever forget the souls of Gorky's submerged ones floating away on a ribbon of sound when first one and then another took up the song in the damp bakery cellar?

How I resent Life's caricatures—those faces nearing the journey's end, pitilessly distorted with toil and sorrow! To-day I saw a bit of human wreckage kneeling before the ikon of the Virgin Mary, touching her head reverently to the floor and crossing herself with the broad sign of the Russian cross. But when she raised her head her eyes fastened on the Mother of God with a tenderness for one moment of which I would gladly have given ten years of my life. Perhaps it is superstition—the Slav needs to associate works with faith—but I cannot but believe that this annihilation of self and adoration of a God is an excellent thing in human experience.

Next after the mother came a general, clanking the gold-tasseled sword of distinguished service. He did not touch the floor with his forehead, but he crossed himself slowly, kissed the ikons, and passed out, his silver spurs jingling faintly in an interval of the music. A glancing little figure in a red-velvet hat

and ermine tripped up the steps of the ikon, saluted the ancient, lemon-hued visage with fresh lips, and passed on, making way for those dusty-gray figures we had met in transit across Siberia. Legless and armless now, their stubby hair hidden under white bandages, they are in charge of a Red Cross nurse and an attendant. Evidently from a far province, these, perhaps even from those lovely, lonely Chinese borders we had passed. All the city is strange, the streets and the cathedrals; even the language is not theirs. But the ikons are their own—the Holy Fathers wisely saw that it should be thus centuries ago when they forbade a change in the sacred images—and it is the ikons they seek last before they go to battle, and first—if ever they return.

I walked slowly back, to find Olga Stepanovna deep in the outgoing embassy mail.

"Nu, *Amerikanka*," she inquired, looking up with her arch, sparkling smile, "do you find us idolaters?"

"No," I meditated. "Each nation must have its own worship as each nation its own idiom of language, and I can understand that for the Slavonic soul, passionate and idealistic, the form must be both glowing and mystical. In China and Japan I often felt that the temples were deserted because the gods had fled the souls of those who prayed, but here God *is*—because He is in the souls of the worshipers."

I have found something here in this pale North almost as lovely as a bamboo grove—my second Russian caller, Mlle. Novinska. She came to-day in a smart Russian turnout, one of those low sleighs filled with furs, a dapper groom clinging bat-like in the rear, and black horses covered with blue nets. The nets are to prevent snow from flying into the sleighs; a comment on this Jehu-like Russian driving. If Undine had driven, I am sure her horses would have been like these.

Tall, picturesque, *le plus pur type* aristocrat, Mlle. Novinska. Long gray eyes like Dmitri Nikolaievitch's, but more heavily fringed with black, and a curious Syrian quality like that of Zuloaga's Countess Matthieu de Noailles. That suggestion of sleeping power which is characteristic of the Russian is hers,



A BIT OF HUMAN WRECKAGE KNEELING BEFORE THE IKON OF THE VIRGIN

and an extremely rare simplicity of manner, the product of as many centuries of civilization as an English turf. One of her ancestors figures in *Boris Godunov*, which, perhaps, establishes her right to the manner. She wore a black frock and—it sounds melodramatically Russian, but it is true—a single string of extraordinarily beautiful pearls.

I was seized with a spasm of fright until she spoke, and then I breathed easily. It was English. The Russian offers this language courtesy, as a matter of course, to more nationalities than any one else in the world. The Orient interested her, and we talked long of China. Curiously enough, the Russian travels far oftener in the West than in that ancient land, where his ancestry was brewed. All the capital is in black these days, but I can never forgive myself for the pain which a random remark of mine brought to Mlle. Novinska's face—a look of despair which made me know once for all that I had never touched even the fringes of sorrow.

"Perhaps my brother has not told you," she said. (Her confidence was

perhaps that desperate frankness that one may feel for a stranger.) "I have lost my fiancé in one of the early battles in Galicia." And then she related to me the story, quietly, almost objectively.

He had been a young *Maréchal de Noblesse* in the province of X., and he had long loved her. "And I," she said, with a wistful humility—"I loved freedom."

And then came the call to arms. As she described the summons, the crowds marching through the streets, singing that wonderful soldiers' chorus, kneeling bareheaded before the Winter Palace and thronging cathedrals with streaming faces, the sadness vanished, and her eyes burned with deep Slavonic fire. I could feel her own enthusiasm take wing; I could see the brilliant man caught up in the exaltation of the moment, and I could hear Russia singing her high song.

"I could not refuse him then," she said quietly.

It was early in September. His regiment went almost immediately to the front. At first there were letters, hasty scribbles, telling of the blue and gold autumn hanging over the trenches, of the stifling pits, of the will to kill and the blackness in the charge. Then fell silence. October brought no message. November, too, limped by without a line, but December laid the envelope from the War Office on her desk. "Lieutenant —. Shrapnel in his side while leading a charge." And that was all. The brilliance fled; not a trace of the man who had gone out into the sunshine that September day, nor a sword for remembrance sake.

We dwell under the lee of the war these days as under the shadow of a mighty Golgotha. My first waking consciousness is of soldiers marching, sharp, hoarse *uras*, and sometimes a strain of battle song—the same troubled unease that I sensed that first morning in the darkness. It is not yet light but the boots are trampling, and, stirring luxuriously in my warm bed, I know that the cold gray squares in front of Kazan and the Winter Palace are filling with men. They are always in the background of one's consciousness, these figures dim

in the half-light, their tall Cossack caps drifted with white, their coats turned ludicrously back like evening dress; simple, sun-burned faces and loose-muscled bodies, soon to be set against German steel. Crunch — crunch — crunch — a pause. I know that interval. Twenty yards of wriggling on their stomachs through the snow. A straw enemy hangs obligingly ahead and there is a bayonet charge, bloodless and without qualms. The paws of the bear hold a bayonet as deftly as a connoisseur would handle a bit of peach blow, and plainsmen's eyes trained to the steppe pierce easily the light mists of a cathedral square.

Yesterday I was walking along the Neva when a group of those dusty-gray figures thronging everywhere emerged suddenly from a side-street, their wiry Siberian ponies half hidden under their long capes, their bayonets upright like a shining forest, singing something short and primitive that breaks into strange rhythms, stirs the pulse and grips the throat; gray, almost impalpable shapes wrapped in the mists, sitting their horses like centaurs. Russian accents are so strange to Anglo-Saxon ears that they set one wondering whether the whole Russian biological and psychological beat is not different. The war correspondents declare that war is shorn of its picturesqueness, but how escape a flight of blood through the body at the sight of these Asiatics flung off when the mold of the world was young? There is, far more here than in the station at Irkutsk, a sense of monstrously primitive life such as one is aware of in Tolstoi's Cossacks. How Milton would have rolled out their names in sonorous cadences! Persians, Khirgiz, Sarts, Turkomans, Ostraks, Armenians, Lithuanians, Dunkans, Afghans, Cherkesses, Zinians, Shamans, Ossatines, Lesghians, Kalmuks, Tchudes, Georgians, Samoyedes, Tchouvachs, Tcheremissans, Tartars, Little Russians, White Russians, Great Russians—a sad loss for the great epic-maker! It is not that I like Russia, but I am fascinated by her—fascinated by her potential power, the congress of these violent semi-Asiatic tribes; it thrills all the nomadic turbulence in me, exceedingly thinly veneered by civilization.

M. Novinsky came with me to-day to the American hospital, where I work twice a week, and the men talked as one Russian to another. In general, the Slav is more aware of the stream of his consciousness and its significance than the Anglo-Saxon. Even the peasant, a primitive esthete, tastes the flavor of his perceptions, expressing them crudely but often with Biblical force. Some one has imaged these two moods of emotion and appreciation as "two runners racing abreast, one oblivious of all but the motion; the other, with eyes not on the goal, not blind with the rush of it, but turned, deeply observant, on the face of his companion." That is the Russian. The Anglo-Saxon does not run; he plods—and singly.

"How is it possible for the Russian to make a good soldier?" I asked M. Novinsky, with my eyes on a lethargic figure playing dominoes.

"No Russian positively enjoys fighting except the Cossack," answered M. Novinsky, with an amused smile. "The Russian is as unmilitary as the Chinese, but the world does not know it. It is the one factor to be considered when the bogy of Pan-Slavism is held before Europe. The German? Of course. The German knows it, and laughs contemptuously up his sleeve. But it is part of his game—holding the Slavic peril over Europe. The peasant will fight, if he must, stubbornly and without squeamishness. It is for the Little Father. But his idea is always to be killed rather than kill. And zest? He has none. He harbors far less animal resentment, too, than he is credited with; he is too much a "brother" to all the world to hold a grudge; he has no logical mental insistence on right. The only resistance he shows consistently is a fatalistic lethargy. Do you know, if the truth were known, what every one of

those fellows is dreaming of? A little *izba* under the birches. A Cossack Europe, did Napoleon say? Russia might roll over on Europe in her sleep, but she would never have the desire nor collect the energy to step on her."

Russia melancholy and flighty; Rus-



MLLE. NOVINSKA

sia profoundly and ecstatically religious; and to-night Russia most uniquely Slavic of all—Russia lyric and fantastic!

In an elbow of the sea, beyond the Neva, lie islands where summer Petrogradski sip their *kvass* under a green tracery of trees, amid the luminous white nights of May; islands that now sleep solitary under the somber shadows of Böcklin's Island of the Dead. It was there—where the world drops away into the dim gulfs of the sea—that Dmitri Nikolaievitch and Natalya Nikolaievna were giving a skating party last night for two officers home from the front—an eerie background for an arabesque of gaiety; an extravaganza such

as I venture could occur only in the Russian capital.

Recklessly mad driving it was, whisking in one of those vanishing sleighs over the arched and jeweled bridge above the Winter Palace, across the pale Neva like some ghostly river moving out to a spirit source, the sea; on, through the frosty stillness of Kamennostrovski, past Kseshenska's charming house and garden looking out toward the Winter Palace, past the Mohammedan mosque, turquoise-blue and mysteriously Eastern in the moonlight; past Prince Oldenburg's summer place lost among the dark trees, and the little *datchas* of the park with their pointed wooden gables; on, on through the swift white silence, the horses' hoofs casting a shower of sparks in the furtive white evanescence. The Russian love of space and silence with its *motif* of furious speed; I often wonder if it does not symbolize to the Slav the background of eternity, against which weaves the swift shuttle of life—for its little while.

And the quaint little *datcha*, ablaze with lights, beckoned through the falling snow like an enchanted house in the woods. The Petrogradski often take these summer houses, sheltered under the pines, for a night or a week-end and send servants ahead to build fires and fill the house with flowers. Last night there were fragrant magnolia, and poinsettia in bronze bowls, and dwarfed bushes with clusters of red berries. A band of gipsies sat under the stairway, black-browed pirates, while the firelight splashed the polished floor with shadows like pools of blood and shone on the medals and uniforms of officers, and on gleaming hair and eyes and shoulders of women. From a narrow supper table, lighted with candles and rich with old silver, the Novinsky servants in livery served Russian delicacies. Intoxicating, these gorgeous Russian interiors, after the eternal snow! And over all, and through all, stole the gypsy music, having in its fire a drop of Russian tenderness—alluring, ravishing music, singing of moonlit *izbas* sleeping under the birches; of Marya awaiting her lover by the pale, deep river; of sweet nights under the stars. How fascinatingly alien it was, like a scene from *Anna Karenina*! With-

out being able to define it, one was aware of other backgrounds, other memories, other origins; something enormously natural and unconscious; no premature sobering down here, but life welling up from depths passionate, barbaric.

The men were all officers, mighty-bodied men for the most part, in high black boots and silver spurs. I liked the guests of honor, a bearded Muscovite and a tawny, triangular-faced man from Kiev. These are akin to the men at Sebastopol who inspired in Tolstoi so cheerful a conviction of the invincibility of the Russian people. Inevitably his words recur to one's memory.

"What they are doing, they do so simply, with so little effort and exertion, that you are convinced that they can do a hundred times more—that they can do anything." One looks at these men with their tremendous *élan*, and one hopes that Tolstoi's tribute to the soldiers of Sebastopol might be repeated to-day. "You understand that the feeling which makes them work is not that feeling of pettiness, ambition, forgetfulness which you have yourself experienced, but a different sentiment, one more powerful. And this cause is the feeling which rarely appears, of which a Russian is ashamed, that which lies at the bottom of each man's soul—love for his country."

Russian women are, to my mind, not often beautiful. Their mouths, like Russian landscapes, are too wide, and their features are not neatly modeled; but there is a fiery languor about them which makes them often fascinating, as was my Siberian *Malva*. There were two Turkestan princesses to-night, with bird-like black eyes, hair fine-spun as glass, and agile movements, and a fair-haired little Polish countess who danced the mazurka, stamping her tiny feet with such frenzy that she had to be carried fainting to the balcony. Natalya Nikolaievna, in her dark furs, looked a delicate Circassian gipsy. M. Novinsky, more nearly the *debonnaire* personality which made him the most desired dinner guest in Peking than I had seen him since we had left the Chinese capital, was curiously elated, a fact which puzzles me—in him whose every movement and expression is significant.

Like the table linen at Harbin, it was indefinably Russian; the background of white silence, the lyric gaiety, skimming over the ice under the velvety shadows of the pines, the ring of the skates in thin night air, brittle as porcelain—while there, somewhere in the dimness which we touched, lay Kronstadt and Riga and the relentless German menace. And then back through the pines, across the snow, laced delicately and pooled with shadows—a plunge from the ghostliness into the ruddy firelight to dance again to the gipsy music—music which sang not of a pale and frozen North, but of the sunny hills and purple skies of Little Russia, of sapphire cliffs and warm, sweet winds, and nights along the Black Sea.

And good talk—exhilaratingly good talk! The bearded officer from Moscow was my supper partner and we talked of Russia. Every one talked; whatever the assembly, the end is always the same in Russia, *talk*. It was like a scene from a Russian novel—words whirling, turning, thickening like snow; talk ranging

far in philosophy and religion, with an amazingly keen mental and spiritual avidity, a freer camaraderie than ours and a different atmosphere.

"And how do you feel Russia?" asked the tall Muscovite, himself a cosmopolitan of a long residence in India and two years in an Egyptian monastery.

"How do I feel Russia?" I smiled involuntarily at the bearded man as he put the stupendous question. The thing I had been trying to formulate ever since I strayed into its immensity! "Perhaps I see it as the East, coming to it as I do. '*Nu kak moré*—It is as the sea,' as Russians say of the Volga. I cannot express it."

"Certainly, the Eastern gate is the only one through which to enter Russia," rejoined the Muscovite, a light stirring in the depths of his melancholy eyes. "Russia is not a nation, but a congress of peoples—largely Eastern. To understand Russia, one must strike her at the source and follow her westward in space, exploring her various ages—the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages,



THE SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE WINTER PALACE IS FILLING WITH DUSTY-GRAY FIGURES ON SIBERIAN PONIES

the sixteenth century, the eighteenth century, the twentieth century, and that wonderful era which she is projecting, to-morrow's century. No man can comprehend us who backs in on us from modern Europe and stares at us like a crab."

"But further? How do you feel the East in us?" urged the little man from Kiev.

"Curiously enough, my first impression came one night at the opera in Paris," I said, slowly, recalling with amazing vividness, the memory. "'Ivan the Terrible.' Do you remember the serfs crawling on all-fours under the knout? It haunted me for weeks, that cringing. In America it dropped out, but it has shot back now, in these figures crouching in the cathedrals. There is a deep race-memory of fear in their nerves; I see it in the gestures of the dancing."

"It is a part of the carrying over of the East in us," agreed the man from Kiev, who himself looked a direct descendant of the Golden Horde. "We inherit a drop of fire, too, from those Mongolian horsemen, which we are proud to have mixed with our somnolent Slav blood. It is an interesting sum total if one cares to take his world ethnologically. . . . But further?"

"It is China that I see particularly," I continued, a hundred images crowding my memory, as he paused inquiringly. "Here is the same vigorous use of color bespeaking an unwearied imagination. In the Forbidden City at Peking, as at the ballet, I am aware of strange vales of the imagination and peaks of fantasie which never, never in my world could have been."

"There is the same lethargy; here, too, as in China, the resistance and cohesion of the peasantry; the bottomless rage; the 'just-about quality' of China that can never hang a door or run a government with precision; the Mandarinish wish for seclusion; the sedulous mystery surrounding the Czar as it always enveloped the Son of Heaven and still attends the Japanese Emperor; 'squeeze,' that peculiar form of graft that is as purely of the East as are its fauna and flora, sprung largely, I presume, from the form of government—"

"Ruining us in this war, as it did in

the Napoleonic campaigns and in the Russo-Japanese war," broke in the man from Kiev, passionately.

"China and Japan at first interested me most." I groped my way. "And they must always be of enormous interest—all that toiling, sweating humanity welling out of the earth to flow a little while above surface and then to disappear again in her shadowy caverns—however cities and civilizations may rise and fall, a life that goes on forever. And this same vast earth-tide of life, which staggers imagination, Russia has; vague, immense power—barbaric, potential. To pass from Europe into Russia is, as some one has said, to pass from something ordered and advanced to something unordered and portentous, to be engulfed and swept away in the tide. The same portentousness that one senses in China is here, but here it is something vastly nearer, breaking the flood-gates. Russia is more overwhelming than Japan and China. In the Far East, one stands above the stream and shares vicariously, but in Russia one cannot escape. Russia is of one's own color! Russia is to me the most mysterious, the most troublous force in the world, freighted at present with immeasurable significance. The body of Asia—the thought of Europe; with this one enormous advantage over Europe: because of her immense naturalness of life, she casts up from her depths a product cellularly fresh. I think it must thrill one, as if a voice had spoken from the void, this volcanic thought, these spiritual conceptions cast up as if by some primeval force, *de profundis*. Only one thing fascinates me equally and that is her convulsive contrasts. One can grow dizzy wondering where one may lay down one's questionings and say: 'This is true of Russia.' America is a melting-pot, but Russia holds her elements unamalgamated: a volcano. Her paradoxes are unresolved; to state a truth about her is to be false to her. There is no encompassing her; she is not only the buffer between East and West, but between East and Future."

The leaves are turning swiftly these days. Yesterday, Russia lyric; to-day, Russia treacherous and intriguing!



LIFE WELLING UP FROM DEPTHS PASSIONATE, BARBARIC

These veiled days in the North are beginning to have a wondrous charm for me. To-day the Neva stretches far out to sea, a white mystery, only the black hulls breaking it in impressionistic designs. Peter and Paul, sometimes a golden sword, rises to-day but a smoky pencil against the sky.

There is something of the phantom city about it, after all. On a late winter afternoon no other city—not even London or Venice—offers the mystery and beauty of Petrograd. I wonder that I ever could have missed it, low-keyed though it is.

I was just turning home along the Admiralty gardens when I came suddenly face to face with M. Novinsky—his compact figure and dreaming eyes pure Celtic that moment in the mists.

"You!" I cried, with the joy of the unexpected.

"Yes." His eyes set in Eastern fashion smiled engagingly under his tall sealskin cap. "I was just on my way to pay my compliments. You are looking distractingly mysterious to-day, *Ameri-*

kanka. You Americans are marvelous—your variety—*vsegda intereosni*—"

"This is serious, Monsieur Novinsky," I smiled. "Intrigue! My annals are no longer simple."

"You have been finding Russia a world for Stevenson or Sherlock Holmes?"

"Yes," I nodded, importantly. "I used to give the palm to those sumptuous caravanserais of Egypt, or to the dingy corridors of the Wagon Lits in Peking, but now I yield both to Petrograd."

M. Novinsky swung his stick at the statue of Peter the Great, rearing above the Neva.

When he was lodged in the blue-velvet chair before the fire, while Dasha clattered the tea things, shining with joy at the presence of the beautiful *barinya*, and singing the distracting delights of Olya's white feet in the river, I began the tale. The incident had really troubled me.

"It came through one of Olga Stepanovna's clients, an American who is here for a gigantic order in steel. Olga Stepa-

novna has translated for him and we have seen him often at the house. In America he would not stand out from the background of a thousand others—an honest, self-made business man—but here in this old world he looks like an ingenuous child. Olga Stepanovna declares 'He never could have grown in Europe,' and it is quite true. The system of things as they are he has absolutely refused to accept. A government which pivoted on beautiful ladies he would have none of. He would invite the Minister to luncheon, sign the contract with the cigars, and this old East would have learned something."

"And as usual he found no royal road—in fact, no road whatever to the Ministers, except through the engineers?" M. Novinsky lighted a cigarette.

"Exactly. It would have been an excellent international comedy of manners if it had not been so tragic to watch the processional of emotions sweep his countenance—incredulity, irritation, anxiety, subjection. He was weeks by the clock learning even to get a petition before the Minister. Steamers have come and steamers have gone and still he waits to hear the government oracle speak. He has a fancy for the spots where Czars have been murdered and Petrograd fortunately offers numerous such points for his divertissement. Whatever he had to teach Russia, Russia has given him her lesson first—patience.

"Sometimes the engineers come with him to Olga Stepanovna's for conferences, and storms of language sweep the house! The Yankee backs up against the fireplace, watching them with shrewd eyes. In sheer brains he is more than a match for these wolves in engineers' clothing, but in languages as uneducated as a savage. Of those soft, hissing sounds on which hang his millions he understands not a syllable! He does not even know French. He must wait for Olga Stepanovna's translation. I am sure that his dying word to the world will be 'Languages!'"

"He might not find another translator so trustworthy as Olga Stepanovna, though he 'searched through this great world with a candle by daylight,'" suggested M. Novinsky, flicking his ash.

"As a matter of fact, Olga Stepanovna is the only soul in Petrograd he trusts," I assented, as Dasha installed the samovar. "He will not stir an inch to the Ministers without her, and of course his helplessness appeals to all the Russian in her. . . . After months of quibbling, yesterday was set at the Ministry for receiving the estimates from the six competing firms, the representatives of which—to make a perfect melodrama—all live at the Hotel de l'Europe. At eight last night Sasha was bundled into a shawl and dispatched to the hotel with the American's estimates. Olga Stepanovna had dropped into her chair when the telephone rang. The American! The papers? Had Sasha been waylaid and robbed or was she only gossiping with some stupid servant? Every quarter-hour from then until midnight the American telephoned. He was very commendably controlled, but he *was* angry. Olga Stepanovna walked the floor and wrung her hands.

"Nine. Ten. At twelve Sasha arrived, hands on hips.

"*Nu*, Sasha, quick! Where have you been? The papers?" Olga Stepanovna's impatience flared up.

"*Ai, barinya*, I was so ill," Sasha related, glibly.

"The papers—quick!" Olga Stepanovna's eyes flashed.

"At the hotel, as you told me," Sasha wept stoutly.

"Little Dasha, the sleepless, was asleep—how it happened no one ever knew. But in a trice the drowsy mite was bundled into a shawl and off through the snow to verify Sasha's tale. I should like to have witnessed the scene in the lobby of the hotel—Sasha, buxom and brazen, questioning his Braided and Buttoned Magnificence, the *portier*; and little Dasha, peering out from her shawl, probably too awed by the *portier's* splendor to hear a word he was saying. The sleeping bell-boys were tumbled out and lined up for Sasha's inspection. Sasha had delivered the papers. She brought Dasha home with an *izvostchik*, and—extravagance of extravagances!—two horses! And to-day she has a new collar and a string of beads."

"And the end, the blunt American?"

M. Novinsky was smoking cigarettes silently, deftly—his eyes on the fire.

"Tales do have a way of rounding out to a full close in the East and not paling out half way, as they do at home. But the end of this—I cannot say."

"You have not seen him?"

"Yes, he came this afternoon, taciturn and gloomy. The papers had been found at three in the morning in the rooms of a pseudo-interpreter.

That is all we know. Of course the terms had been tampered with and, of course, the offers of the firms were not placed before the Ministry to-day. The American saw to that! And now the six-handed game may be months in narrowing again to an issue. Nine hundred thousand dollars he had offered the engineers for the order—and it was not enough!"

"And to-day a contract for forty millions was signed at the Astoria. It means *peods* of silver to cross the palms of the engineers." M.

Novinsky had sunk into abstraction.

I do not know how to explain the subconscious impulse that prompted my question. "What news from the front?" I asked, after a pause. "From the General?"

M. Novinsky glanced at me quickly, his eyes narrowing to two steel points. "Why do you ask?"

"I don't know," I stammered. "I really couldn't say."

M. Novinsky sat with pale lips, graven like a statue. "I confess to you," he said wearily, "when such things occur I should often despair of my race, were it not for the wonderful Russian language. Think me sentimental if you will, but it is my one consolation. When I consider this 'great, mighty, powerful and free Russian language,' I cannot but believe that it comes from a great people. Even as a boy lying on my back under the limes, making friendships with the poets, I felt its wonder. A language wrought in little *izbas*, in forests and on the steppe,

despised and rejected as the language of serfs, even unclothed until Pushkin gave it the exquisite symbols of a poet, yet fragrant with the deeps of human life; the most powerful, the most burning, the tenderest language of the human soul. Surely such a language could not be conceived of but by a people sincere, powerful, and aspiring." He spoke so reverently that I hesitated to break his mood.

"What will come to pass," I asked, softly, "when the peasants know that they were left to face German shells with bare hands while those who were responsible for them haggled across Petrograd counters for the last penny of booty?"

"I do not know—I do not know! Three of your engineers I am acquainted with. Three are Russians—three German-Russians from the province of Riga. Enough of the treachery is Russian, but you cannot imagine the complexity and penetration of German intrigue." He

was holding himself in check, but his eyes were as intensely blue as the minaret of the Mohammedan mosque. "What a history Russia's has been! In the old days she was forced to rule with a hand of iron all those outlying turbulent tribes which meant Russia. That day has passed—partially. I believe Russia still needs something of a strong hand. There is a chance now for freedom, too, but Russia is caught in a power a thousand times more terrible than the knout of Ivan Grozni—the German bureaucracy. Always it has plunged its hands into the coffers of Russia, and now it is dribbling the Russian people through its hands like water. You cannot conceive what it is to live in a nation of peasants—a hundred and eighty million *peasants*. What chance has such a people—plastic, good-natured, ignorant? Treasure for German exploitation, that is what Germans have considered Russians—their proper gain—'Russian pigs.' Russia herself will



THE GUEST OF HONOR FROM KIEV

never be conquered from the outside. To fight her is to fight her elements—winter, the steppe, Nature herself. Old, amorphous Russia can close over her enemy as a jungle closes over its slain. Would that she could engulf and strangle now every German overseer, every German factory agent, every German-paid monk! It is the first step in the righting of Russia!"

M. Novinsky was pacing between the fire and the window, his hair slightly disordered—a feature far more alarming to me than another man's complete disintegration. The serene man I had known had vanished and another had sprung up—white, straining, son of an emotional race, with a swift tongue and passionate movements.

"A monstrous net of intrigue—a net of treachery that must be broken if it takes every life in Russia."

He stopped with a sudden gesture at control and gazed moodily out over the hooded Moika. The little French clock ticked steadily—while I sat in silence. A premonition chilled me as I followed him, of origins so different from mine, but in a thousand, thousand ways that mattered more—my nearest of kin, East or West, in all the world. "The sucking and draining her dry from the inside, and flinging her up—pulpous *dead* flesh—*Bozhé Moi!*"

The twilight deepened over the square while the lamp-lighter began his rounds over the Red Bridge. And then, as night began to weave her shimmering web about the branching trees and the dim canal, he sat down at the piano and played as I had never heard him play before—fragments of things Russian—a folk-song from Glinka, the melody of peasants dancing in the white night; a moving harmony of Borodin; a dissonance of Scriabin—fire and flood and the dissolution of the world; a mass of Musorgsky's; the East Indian's song, unearthly sweet, from *Sadko*; fragments from Chopin, a dirge of Tchaikowsky, a *largo* of Rachmaninoff—I had never heard him play so stormily or so wistfully; the Russian hurricane seemed breaking over him; everything that he loved and everything that he hated was singing its swan song through his fingers. And as he played, everything that I loved and everything that I hated

and feared in Russia crowded there in the darkness and filled the room with ominous shapes. *Bozhé Moi!* how much there is in Russia to love and hate and fear!

MADemoiselle,—Lend us your West-world eyes to-morrow night for the ballet. It may be my last this season, and I want to see it with the old illusion.

Yours faithfully,

DMITRI NOVINSKY.

"Olga Stepanovna," I cried, when my hostess had joined the samovar, singing its little folk-song, "I shall a-balleting go!"

"Ballet!" Olga Stepanovna pronounced the word Russian fashion with a "t," while the samovar burred with excitement. "Ballet—*nu, golubtchik*, as I have explained to you, ballet is subsidized by the Crown, tickets are sold by *abonnement*, and boxes are inherited with the estate and family jewels. It is difficult."

"And last year a certain bachelor was known to be ill and in the morning, after the papers announced his death, there were one hundred and ninety-one applications for his seats, but he had left the places by bequest to his inamorata," I recited glibly. "But my invitation, Olga Stepanovna." I put the note, written in M. Novinsky's neat script, into her hands.

"Ah, with the Novinskys!" Olga Stepanovna shrugged her shoulders with a smile. "*Mozhno*. The Novinsky box has been in the family three generations; Madame Novinska had it from her father, old Prince Korovotsky. There is no difficulty. It is the fashion now to send one's box to the officers on leave, and there will be a gay show of color. And Sunday night! Wear your prettiest frock, *dushenka*."

I slipped the note into its sheath. I knew that I had not yet pressed against the coldest terror of pain, and I longed for something warm and human.

"Ah, *milaya*, you can never comprehend the ballet." My godmother more than half guessed, I think, as she ran on. "In your happy America, to dance is merely to seek pleasure and, therefore, it means nothing. But in Russia, to dance is to rebel—to rebel against tyranny, against the futility of life. Do you

not hear it in our music—the moaning of the wind in the forest, the lonely gray of the steppe, the terror of the night, the despair? Ah, me! you do not know the steppe nor the mad carousals and debauch with which those shaggy giants there seek to shake it off. Wait until you hear the songs on the Volga! How they sound across the water from the rafts at night! They know; they are seeking to forget, those river boatmen.”

Little Dasha had donned a new collar and a string of red beads, and her cheeks and eyes shone as if the pumpkin coach and the mice footmen stood outside the door. No dreary hours for little Dasha these days, with Prince Charming at the door, nor for Agasha Feodorovna, Olga Stepanovna's grumbling old governess who sits by the fire. Agasha

summoned me a score of times to see my frock, and herself set my fur goloshes before the fire. This Russian kindness—it wraps one like a Scotch plaidie in a cauld, cauld blast.

Perhaps to American eyes the Maryinsky Theater might be a bit lackluster, but I like it. I like the sleighs fleeing past us in the white distance of the Moika, to appear again over the arched bridges of the river; the purple dome of sky, threaded with iridescent mists, bulging *izvostchiks* dashing across the mammoth square, discharging rainbow cargoes from furry depths and making way sharply for the next bearded Jehu.

“It isn't as brilliant as London or Paris theater-going,” said M. Novinsky, gazing out at the white ribbon of avenue.

“It's more hand-made. It's Russian!”

“You are beginning to feel the charm of Russia?” M. Novinsky's eyes turned on me with serious intentness.

I catch slantwise a line of his profile, nervous, incisive under the flickering lights of the carriage, his expressive smile, meditative eyes, eyes that can narrow and burn. A *mondain*, yes—but sincere, objective; a beautiful, *natural* human being. The carriage is pervaded with the faint fragrance of Russian cigarettes, so entangled for me with other memories—memories of Peking, of black nights on the steppe and filmy days along the Neva—so much of joy and pain and struggle and so much of exquisite content. We are passing the Yusupoff palace. I turn my eyes away for refuge in the mystery of the

great iron gates. Suddenly I realize this is what life ought to produce with all her shifting and selecting and wearing-down processes. And now all this fineness to be lost in the gaping void of Russia's destiny?

“Russia, like China, is a bit shabby, but she has the air of the grand dame,”—that is all I find courage to say.

Below the box, bloomed a painter's riot of color—silver-daggered Circassians, like kings incognito; handsome young Hussars in blue or crimson trousers; Robin Hood colonels in green. Diaghileff may bring ballet to America, but not even he can carry all this contingent color. Surely, ballet blossoms its supremely bizarre and beautiful flower only here on Russian soil.

It was not a large party; two fair-



THE AMERICAN HAD COME TO RUSSIA
FOR A GIGANTIC ORDER IN STEEL

haired young officers home from the trenches, a lovely Titian-haired friend of Natalya Nikolaievna's, and a miniature aunt of the Novinskys in black velvet and diamonds.

"Nu, *Amerikanka*," said Mlle. Novinska, mistily pale in her black tulle, the row of uncut emeralds emphasizing the pallor of her skin and the lurking shadow of her eyes, as she held out her hand with a smile always a little distraught. "This is a quaint old Russian folk tale that Dmitri and I used to watch as children from this very box with our grandmother, and we have always loved the little awkward, tow-headed prince, fumbling his cap before the court beauties he had evoked and then setting off with the little Humpbacked Horse, for the One Most Beautiful of All." Her eyes lingered for a moment on the brother whom she resembles as one thoroughbred resembles another.

"And why do they all stand?" I begged, gazing at the spectrum of color below. When one is American one is expected to be wide-eyed and breathless; it is one of the privileges. "Why do all those magnificent officers stand?"

"Since the Czar's box is here, they may be in the presence of his Majesty," explained the young officer. "And he is present sometimes with the little Grand Duchesses and the Empress Dowager. The Empress never comes; she is melancholy." He added the latter under his breath with an enigmatic glance at me.

"And those lovely Andalusians with the mobile eyes and sloping shoulders?" I breathed from the edge of the box.

"Armenians from Baku; after the Circassians, the most beautiful women in Europe," M. Novinsky answered, his eyes following the two I had indicated, with the same connoisseur's air he would have shown examining jade or Meissen.

They were constantly dropping into the box, between acts, these men from the front. One could almost smell the fresh hardness of the camp about them. And the lusty delight of them to be again in the capital, and the *potpourri* of tongues! French, English, Russian—one never knew which the arrival would speak. The last news from the front, the freshest bit of court gossip, and the newest military scandal. Bagdad and

Babel in one; life vast, quivering, momentous, with always the sense of the snows beyond there somewhere—the sound of the guns and the fate of the world hanging in the uncleared smoke—brilliant, dangerous, terrible.

It would have been intoxicating, if for one moment one could have *forgotten*. I glanced at Mlle. Novinska. I wondered if she knew. . . .

"Do you feel a peculiar intensity here?" a young captain of the Pavolski regiment—the regiment that four times has gone out and four times has not come back—asked me. "It is not simply the joy of returning. That is enough for your Englishman, but for the Russian there is another appeal—the contrast of the snowy dugouts, the terrible and violent, with this heaped and perfumed luxury; it is that the Russian loves. It stirs in him a sense of the lyric, the *extraordinaire*." And, looking into his susceptible Slavic eyes, I knew that it was true. And I remembered nights on the steppe and skating under the pines.

It was the Dowager who really informed me as to the ballet. What stores of knowledge I should have had could I have listened to her! To her lively questions I answered that I spoke Russian little and badly.

"*Neetchevo*," she returned, briskly. "Keep trying! English and Americans speak everything badly. Do you like the ballet? Yes? Ah, but you cannot understand it. No one can comprehend who is not Russian. It is racial, this passion for the acme of the sophisticated combined with barbaric strength. *C'est absolument Slave*. And do you realize, Mademoiselle, the Russian, fickle to his other mundane loves, is amazingly faithful to his ballet favorites? That is because we worship Art and not personalities. Have you seen Karsavina, the beautiful, the *prima ballerina* of Petrograd as Gelza is of Moscow? But ah!—when tiny Prebyzhenskaya, the grandmother of the ballet, flits across the stage! Pavlova? *Konyechno*. But we seldom see her. She returns only to put an edge to her dancing and keep her place on the pension-roll. Here she is but one, and interests us largely because of her vogue with you. It is

Kseshenska, the court favorite of twenty years ago, now the wife of a Grand Duke and mother of a tall son, who is the one great ballerina of all Russia. It is Kseshenska who sets all the ballet standards. It is Kseshenska who has the most beautiful jewels in Russia. *Elle est merveilleuse*. She has cost the peasant more than one battleship!"

It was pleasant in the shadows of the capacious box, Mlle. Novinska's profile gleaming palely in the half-light and the two young officers lost in the flying harmonies. With most of the officers I feel that the ballet is caviar for capricious appetites, but in M. Novinsky it appeals to deeper and more subtle sensibilities. I could not see him, but I was aware of him with his arms folded, lost in the poesy of the rich ensemble, sunk deep in the melancholy of the Slav, which is not a trivial despair of the individual, but of man's whole impotence and impermanence. How pleasant it was, how sweet there in the dim box like a hanging balcony above the garden of color! And over it all hovered the Rimsky-Korsakov music, an accompaniment to one's dream, languidly rising, touching everything mysterious and sacred, loosing everything barbaric in one.

"Do you like it?" M. Novinsky leaned forward with his head on his hand.

"Yes," I confessed. "But I feel like a heathen at prayers, when to you each flying posture of the dancer is as distinctive as the tone of Elman or Kubelik. It brings a thousand other images of liquid movement. I see again horsemen silhouetted against the horizon—the bronze bodies of Chinese coolies—boats clustering down the

Nile. Russian literature, I confess, depresses me sometimes; Russian dancing and music, never! They have caught all the color of the Slav and shot a new pattern through the old web of life."

I am too restless to read these days. To walk endlessly in the snow—it is the



EVERYTHING THAT HE LOVED WAS SINGING
ITS SWAN-SONG BETWEEN HIS FINGERS

only way to forget the obscurity out there, into which men drop.

To-day I found myself in Vassily Ostrov. It was not without trepidation that I passed a sleepy *dvornik* and through an arched doorway into the courtyard of what seemed a colossal apartment house. I entered such a courtyard last week. It was the right number, but when I adventurously opened one of the doors on a chance, the room was filled with startled, dark-looking men, one of whom came quickly forward to meet the intruder.

The snow was melting in puddles and the eaves pelted me with drops as I picked my way through the slush. It recalled the court of Gorky's *Twenty-six Men and a Girl*, and I half expected to see the girl crossing the court, her

skirts held neatly above trim ankles, to meet the baker with fine golden hair on his forearm. I steered my way between puddles to the only door visible, an unlikely looking one opposite the entrance. A mutely humble woman opened the door, removed my fur goloshes and hung up my *shuba* in a row of other fur coats with a manner that could not exist with us any more than could an English butler's face. It was the Women's University.

I don't know what I expected to see—a short-haired committee discussing bombs, perhaps. At any rate, the atmosphere was very different. Not for an instant could one have held the illusion that one had dropped into an American university. As I wandered up the stairway I began to be inundated by crowds of Russian university girls, and to breathe more deeply that atmosphere so amazingly different. Arnold Bennett called our education a pageant and he might have added, "through which the youth of America walk like young gods." If Arnold Bennett were in Russia, he would call education a bread-line.

My guide was a junior from Rostov who had been twice in England and who spoke a superior English. She is not one of your pink-and-white English beauties, but she was amazingly magnetic, her face typically Russian, broad like a Tartar's across the cheek-bone and without definitive line or color. Her hair, tawny as a Cossack's, but fine and thick, she wore cut short like an early Italian or a child, and continually tossed it out of her eyes with what seemed to me an infinity of patience. In Solomon's time her throat would have been celebrated in song, so like a tower of ivory, so firm, so clearly marked with the necklace of beauty that it tempted the fingers like a piece of sculpture.

We sat down in the assembly-room while the girls promenaded by twos around the room, and she talked in a low voice that came well from the ivory throat. The more she talked the more I found myself liking to look at her; I kept recalling, too, Henry James's description of Turgenev in Daudet's *salon* in Paris. As the *confrères* of Turgenev in the *exploité* atmosphere of Paris saw

beyond him the gray horizon of Russia, so beyond my friend from Rostov I saw the mysterious steppe. She was carrying a beautifully bound Petrarch and she told me that she read Italian. Perhaps it was to the collector's joy in me she contributed, since I had found in her, it seemed to me, that blend of culture with Titan strength that has so bound me to the Russian people.

The other girls were different. They come from the four corners of Great Russia, my guide told me; from the Caucasus and the Urals, and from those stretches trans-Baikal. The university, not in the least paternal or patriarchal, makes no provision for their housing, and the result is a four-in-a-room, cooking-over-a-gas-jet arrangement, which tells its own haphazard tale in anemic faces and old bodies. It is Latin Quarter life, but *à la Russe*, which means perhaps less light-heartedness than in Paris to pass it off under gray Russian skies, and fewer mustard-café where a gay meal and red wine may be had for a franc. Humanity *en masse*, especially strange humanity, is not beautiful, and I found myself hunting almost distractingly among the dull-haired, dingily fair girls for even one fresh-faced, clear-eyed figure. There was only one, and when I found her, she stood out like a poster.

But the hunger and thirst of those faces! Whatever else one may forget, it will not be that. I will not say that the American student is not eager; but he is not starving intellectually, and such appetite as he has he takes philosophically. One can, if his appetite does not gnaw and if he knows that nine-tenths of those who come will not find a closed door and an empty bowl. But I agree to what a Russian-Jewish tailor in America once said to me, that a Russian boy at sixteen has more intellectual curiosity than an American college graduate. My friend from Rostov tells me, however, that their system follows too much of the Oriental system of rote and leads to suicide rather than to success. She would have more of applied science and more technical schools. And doubtless she is right.

There was no sign of revolutionists, although the university is a notorious hotbed and often closed for months at

a time by order of the government. But once I glimpsed something of the hidden fire that must kindle at the bottom of all revolutionary movements; at the end of the second lecture, a wisp of a girl came forward to beg hospital funds. She was a revolutionary type with burning, dark eyes and a voice with a thrilling undercurrent of appeal. The effect was instantaneous. The margin of these students is for the most part the *kopeck*, hardly more than the marginal tenth of a *cash* in China, but there was no question of means, only the profound Russian response to need—the Russian always—as Merezhkovski points out—flying where we walk, mad where we are sane, seeking not to save, but always to lose himself! And this is the stuff of revolutions in Russia—of Russia herself!

It is Easter—the Easter that M. Novinsky told me of, that night watching the cathedral. Last year it fell in Japan where the shadows of the cryptomeria are brightened with the yellow of the pilgrims' garbs and the temple bells call tranquilly across the little valleys; and once in Rome I watched the devout on their knees ascend the weary *Via Dolorosa*. But this Easter promises to linger longest of all; at least it is the only Easter memory I have of returning in a ball gown at four in the morning!

Not a theater nor an opera open; even the play-bills are torn down, as reminiscent of the devils of the world; the sweets are made with honey, "God's sugar," but for the last three days only crusts of bread and water have passed our lips. And how the women wail! As for me, I confess to thinking that it is the pagan in me that likes the pageantry of priesthood in black velvet and silver and all the splendid ecclesiastical panoply of grief. But to-day the pall has lifted, the shadows fled. To-day is Easter! The priests have burst from their black-and-silver chrysalides into full iridescent glory. "*Christos Voskresen!*" and the bells from all the golden cupolas are ringing, not as Japanese temple bells across a quiet valley, but with Slavic ecstasy.

How I wished for M. Novinsky last night to see the loveliest sight in all Russia! I was just crossing the snowy

square in front of St. Isaac's, returning from the last mass before the midnight Easter service, when suddenly—were the gates of fairyland flung open? Down the aisle of columns, out from among the dusky pillars of the great cathedral, in twos and threes—or sometimes alone, a voluminous shawled and aproned *nyanya* in the background—came figures—gravely intent little figures, each carefully shielding his candle with tiny, cupped hands or twists of white paper, the yellow candle-light flaring up into faces as cherubic as Reynolds's "Age of Innocence," but weighted with all the sweet solemnity of Miltonic angels; children bearing home sacred candles lighted at the altar for their own Lares and Penates. Out from among the inscrutable shadows and down the steps of the vast cathedral they flickered and floated in twos and threes, and still farther down the cañons of the dark streets, the spirit lights wavering and gleaming like myriad will-o'-the-wisps, phantom ships floating on a phantom tide. It reminded me of nothing so much as of that night of ancestor worship in the East, when lotus lanterns burning for the dead are set afloat on river and bay and far out to sea.

The streets were ablaze with illuminations, the hotels in red and blue, the Embassies great galleries of light, the coronets of the old aristocratic houses along the Neva glowing above the gateways and the torches of the cathedral angels streaming triumphantly against the midnight sky. The cathedral square was packed with humanity, but the cathedral itself lay, as always, inaccessible among its shadows.

We were late and our tardiness was rewarded by an unmerited magnificence of spectacle. Suddenly the giant doors were flung open as if by some supernal impulse, and a mighty flood of light and music poured out into the night; and from the heart of the radiance emerged a processional of gold and silvery raimented priests, with tapers aloft, crosses agleam with jewels, the light falling superbly on miter and crown, on cross and diadem. Slow-wandering through the snowy night, solemn, stately, flowed the stream under the Northern sky, banners and crosses borne high, tapers

gleaming in the darkness—searching the night for the Christ. I looked and lingered, and still I lingered while the chants searched among the night winds.

Inside, the multitudes waited with the silence of death, every face turned toward the portal with intense expectation. And again the great doors flung open for the processional returning. Now the strain rose triumphant—"Christos Voskresen; Christos Voskresen!" ("Christ is risen, Christ is risen!") as down the aisle swept the radiant, silvery stream of figures. And from the hosts there rose the mighty incense of adoration.

We had seats near the altar in the gold-laced diplomatic section, but I was more content to stand in the great nave. The woman next me was in a ball gown; on the other side of the ikon knelt a shawled figure, but every face was alike exalted. And then occurred that wonderful moment in the Russian service when the Metropolitan advances to a dais in the center of the nave and proclaims to the waiting hosts—"Christ is Risen." Instantly and joyously the people turn to one another falling upon one another's shoulders, peasant and noble alike exchanging the holy kiss of brotherhood. For one moment the floodgates of heaven are opened and a new joy is let down into the world. A moment exquisitely Russian!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I had not felt sure that my brotherly love would stand the crisis of a bearded salutation, but the old *baba* on the other side of the ikon had evidently been regarding with pity my unkissed state, and I suddenly felt myself in a shawled embrace. Mlle. Novinska kissed me on the other cheek and I, too, emerged a brother to all mankind!

I glanced at Natalya Nikolaievna as we turned to leave. Her eyes were soft and bright, and, as if by one impulse, we bought candles at the door and lighted them in the great silver candelabra. Perhaps I am a ritualist. How else explain the inexpressible comfort of that little taper burning there for Dmitri Nikolaievitch among the shadows of the Old World cathedral?

And then we went away to break our fast on *pascha*, a sweet, delicious cheese, *kyleetch*, hard-boiled eggs and ham, and strange *recherché* delicacies. The Novinskys were entertaining a brilliant supper party, the men in uniform and the women in evening dress, the whole animated and Russian.

The angels on the cathedrals had extinguished their torches and the streets were hollow and dark when we passed home. But the archangels themselves could never dim for me the wonderful memory. I sat meditating long on brotherly love. Russia, I feel, is laid deep in my spirit.

The Masters

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

YOU have taught me laughter,
Joyousness and light,
How the day is rosy-wild,
Starry-thrilled the night. . . .

Maybe God can teach me,
After you are gone,
How to bear the blackened night
And the dreadful dawn.

The United States and the War

BY *RT. HON. SIR GILBERT PARKER, BART.*



FOR the first time in its history the United States is engaged in a World War. It must be remembered that her only wars have been with Great Britain, with the Barbary pirates, with Mexico, with Spain, and with her own population. Idealistic always, her very first war had behind it the spirit of a great people; on the whole, it was a conflict between Britons and Britons. It was the principle of British freedom and independence in action; it was the soul of Hampton and William Penn and all the democratic nobility of the United Kingdom, which under distant skies was reasserting itself, reaffirming its faith in the ancient doctrine laid down by the barons when they wrested Magna Charta from King John. No one doubts now—and great numbers of British people in the time of the war, and most important statesmen of that day did not doubt, and said so in Parliament at Westminster, that the thirteen States were right in the action they took in the Revolutionary War; though great doubt is felt as to justification for the War of 1812.

Always firm and decisive, always alert and progressive, it was the United States that taught Europe how to subdue barbarism and sea-brigandage in the overseas expedition against the Barbary pirates. Of the rightness of heart and the strength of will of the American people, their whole history has been proof. They have lost nothing of their ancient qualities, even though they admit yearly to their shores a million aliens, of whom they absorb and train to American uses and principles the immense majority. Nothing is so remarkable as the power of the American commonwealth to absorb and inspire alien elements and heterogeneous peoples. Is it not wonderful to think that, with one-half at least of the whole popu-

lation foreign in origin and descent, there is behind President Wilson and his Government a compact and loyal people?

And why? Because at bottom the intelligence and the spirit of the American people are idealistic, humane, and aspiring. I do not mean to say that the hundred millions of people of the United States are all moved by an immense humanitarian spirit; but I do say that the majority are, or else the declaration of war against the Central Empires would never have been received with approbation. I believe profoundly that something far deeper than national profit has moved the people of the United States to enter this war. Whatever may be thought of the motives of other nations fighting, only one thing can be thought of the motive of the United States. The Americans have nothing to gain by success in this war, except something spiritual, mental, manly, national, and human. They are in this war because they believe that the German policy is a betrayal of civilization. From August, 1914, there was a considerable percentage of the public who believed that the United States should, in the name of civilization, have officially resented the invasion of Belgium. Personally, I believe that it would have been extremely difficult for the United States to enter the war six months before she did. I was in the United States for some months on this trip. I have been from New York to San Francisco. I was at Washington when President Wilson dismissed Count Bernstorff and heard him do so, and I am firmly convinced of this—that President Wilson committed his country to this war at the right moment—neither too soon nor too late. He had stopped up every avenue of attack by the pacifists and the jurists and the pedants and the pettifoggers.

Perhaps here I may be permitted to

say a few words concerning my own work since the beginning of the war. It is in a way a story by itself, but I feel justified in writing one or two paragraphs about it. Practically since the day war broke out between England and the Central Powers I became responsible for American publicity. I need hardly say that the scope of my department was very extensive and its activities widely ranged. Among the activities was a weekly report to the British Cabinet on the state of American opinion, and constant touch with the permanent correspondents of American newspapers in England. I also frequently arranged for important public men in England to act for us by interviews in American newspapers; and among these distinguished people were Mr. Lloyd George (the present Prime Minister), Viscount Grey, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Walter Runciman, (the Lord Chancellor), Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Cromer, Will Crooks, Lord Curzon, Lord Gladstone, Lord Haldane, Mr. Henry James, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Selfridge, Mr. Zangwill, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and fully a hundred others.

Among other things, we supplied three hundred and sixty newspapers in the smaller States of the United States with an English newspaper, which gives a weekly review and comment of the affairs of the war. We established connection with the man in the street through cinema pictures of the Army and Navy, as well as through interviews, articles, pamphlets, etc.; and by letters in reply to individual American critics, which were printed in the chief newspaper of the State in which they lived, and were copied in newspapers of other and neighboring States. We advised and stimulated many people to write articles; we utilized the friendly services and assistance of confidential friends; we had reports from important Americans constantly, and established association, by personal correspondence, with influential and eminent people of every profession in the United States, beginning with university and college presidents, professors and scientific men, and running through all the ranges of the

population. We asked our friends and correspondents to arrange for speeches, debates, and lectures by American citizens, but we did not encourage Britishers to go to America and preach the doctrine of entrance into the war. Besides an immense private correspondence with individuals, we had our documents and literature sent to great numbers of public libraries, Y. M. C. A. societies, universities, colleges, historical societies, clubs, and newspapers.

It is hardly necessary to say that the work was one of extreme difficulty and delicacy, but I was fortunate in having a wide acquaintance in the United States and in knowing that a great many people had read my books and were not prejudiced against me. I believed that the American people could not be driven, preached to, or chivied into the war, and that when they did enter it would be the result of their own judgment and not the result of exhortation, eloquence, or fanatical pressure of Britishers. I believed that the United States would enter the war in her own time, and I say this, with a convinced mind, that, on the whole, it was best that the American commonwealth did not enter the war until that month in 1917 when Germany played her last card of defiance and indirect attack. Perhaps the safest situation that could be imagined actually did arise. The Democratic party in America, which probably would not have supported a Republican President had he declared war, were practically forced by the logic of circumstances to support President Wilson when he declared war, because he had blocked up every avenue of attack.

There were some who said—and I heard them say it—that the breakage of diplomatic relations with Germany would not mean actual war. My reply was: "It won't be the will of the United States to enter the war; it won't be a desire to fight. It will be the action of Germany—in stinging and lacerating the conscience of a great people." The record was a terrible one. Every one knows that the Prussian military organization had thrown overboard all rules of war which centuries of civilization had produced and imposed; a

solemn treaty, signed, was "a scrap of paper," hospitals and hospital-ships were proper food for the metal of guns and torpedoes. Gas and fire were used as war weapons—to the final injury of those who initiated their use. Prisoners, not by tens, but by thousands and scores of thousands, were treated shamefully, and the Belgian people, to the number of 300,000, were driven under the lash of slavery to the mines and factories of Germany and France, to set free men who could do duty in the German armies. The chambers of the German embassy in America were the breeding-places of crimes against the civil life of the United States, passenger-ships were sunk, factories were bombed or set on fire, all kinds of tricks were used to influence American opinion in England, and innocent lives by the scores of thousands were sacrificed. In France and Belgium towns and villages were wiped off the map for no military purpose, with no strategic intention, but with a vile and polluted barbarity, to break the spirit of a people or of peoples. America was shocked at the bombardment of helpless and undefended towns of England and Scotland by airships. Her spirit was abashed and shaken by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. She endured and yet endured. She waited and still waited, vainly believing that some spirit of remorse might stir Germany and change her course of action.

She awoke, however, to the fact that Germany's promises of reform, given to President Wilson after the sinking of the *Sussex*, in regard to the submarine were only given to gain time, to manufacture new types of submarines more powerful, and then with an insolence and a disdain worthy of Attila the Hun they announced indiscriminate attacks upon all shipping within the war zone. Also, Germany declared that she could allow only certain ships of the United States to sail, and on certain specified terms and conditions—and that only after a cry of indignation had gone up from the press of the United States. This was the final act which turned President Wilson from a pacifist into a warrior. And it is wholly in keeping with the spirit of Prussianism, that the Zimmerman note to Mexico, with its evil suggestions of

treachery of Japan, and its declaration that New Mexico, Texas, and other American States and territory would be acquired again by Mexico, should have come at the critical moment when war was inevitable.

I had been in America through all these months of developing purpose and sentiment, and I had seen a whole people, who in January last had appeared to have grown indifferent to horror, suddenly amalgamate themselves, strip themselves of levity and indifference and the dangerous and insidious security of peace, into a great fighting force, which is not the less a fighting force because down underneath everything in the United States is a love of peace and devotion to the acquisition of wealth. None but a great fighting people could have, or would have, imposed conscription at the very beginning of the war. None but a skilled fighting people could have produced a Navy which silently and swiftly entered the war in the war zone within a week, and landed an army on the coast of France, with submarine-destroyers in those perilous seas, within two months of the declaration of war.

I speak of the Americans as a fighting people; I believe that this war will prove them to have everything that they have always had—courage, swiftness of conception, capacity to perform, and a lightning-like directness. The American nation has never been conquered. Like all democratic peoples, they are quick to anger, but slow to move; yet it must be remembered that out of the mass of conflicting views one great purpose can seize and hold the imagination and the capacity of the American people, just as the same elements seize and control the spirit of the people of England and France. I heard on many hands in the United States angry criticism of those in authority, but I heard it in England, and I saw it in France; and I know that England and France have renewed in this war the ancient great qualities of their peoples.

There has never been a war in the whole history of the world where so much courage was needed, and there has never been a war where so much dauntless courage has been shown. Think of

what France was at the beginning of this war! Think of what England was! Officially, France was rotten when war broke out; officially, England was supine when war broke out, with this difference, however, that the small English Army was perfectly equipped and admirably appointed. The big English Navy was in perfect condition, while in France, as Germany knew, there was inadequacy of equipment for the army, and there were political difficulties which made the task of government and fighting Germany almost impossible. Where, I ask, is the official rottenness of France or England now? The truth is that nothing was rotten at the core.

England is not a republic, but she is the most democratic nation on earth, and that is saying much. What I mean is this: the British people can turn a Government out of office at a moment's notice, and king or monarchy cannot prevent it. The same thing exists in France; but here in America, with your written Constitution, your President and his Cabinet cannot be turned out under four years. It may be that you are right in your system, but if the will of the people is the spirit of democracy, England, at any rate, is as much a democratic community as this country of the United States.

Now the United States is in the war, and I prophesy, with faith and confidence, that all that has made America great will make her do in this war what France and England have done. Let me be a little explicit. I have heard many criticisms of the American Government from Americans themselves, but my comment has always been, Judge of a Government by what it does, and judge of the American Government in time of war by what it does in time of war. It is well known that there had been no preparation on the part of the Army or Navy of the United States for entrance into the war. Yet, when war was declared, there was instant and decisive action in both departments of the Army and the Navy.

The American Navy has done splendid work in relieving the British Navy from patrol work on the western side of the Atlantic, in the convoying of freight-ships and passenger-ships, and

by sharing in the attacks upon the German U-boats in the war zone. The material assistance has been great—the moral assistance has been immense. No one could overestimate the moral effect of the entrance of the United States into the war. It must not be forgotten that she is the one nation about whose motives there could be no suspicion. She is in the war with no territorial or national ambitions—with nothing except the aspiration to fulfil the democratic principle: that all nations shall be allowed to work out their own salvation without fear or trembling—fear of punishment for right doing, and without trembling before the lash of tyranny.

The United States, true to its ancient faith, is out to defeat the loathsome purpose of Germany, which is the control of the world, the warping and suppression of small countries, and the application of the accursed Prussian doctrine of *Kultur* to all the rest of the world. The United States is in the war in the interests of civilization and humanity—for the right of every nation to live and have its being according to conscience and the laws of humanity. The United States is in the war because she believes she has the right to traverse the high seas, obeying the laws of warfare as laid down by the continued practice of many countries until the final codification by the Hague Conference. The United States is in the war in the protection of her own individual national rights; and those individual national rights are the properties of all countries; but the United States is also in the war because she believes that a republic which is the supreme democracy of the world should take her stand for the cause of civilization, which has been abused and despoiled by Germany. The United States is in the war for the cause of humanity. At the beginning she disbelieved that the German nation meant what Great Britain declared she did mean. But now, after every known law of warfare has been broken by Germany, she realizes the truth. And what is the truth? It is that the German people believe that Prussia and Prussian civilization should control the universe, and that it does not matter how that control is secured so long as it is got.

No more pernicious doctrine ever moved Pope or potentate in the Middle Ages. It is, in effect, Never mind how you do it so long as it is done! On that basis assassination would be a virtue. The United States has come to understand that when Germany passed a law preserving perpetual citizenship to her people, whatever other nationality they adopted, she was aiming at the heart of civilization. I have a brother who has become an American citizen. I think I should curse him to the uttermost death if he declined to take up sword or rifle to defend the United States in a war with Great Britain. I believe that is what all Americans feel. I did not know that my brother had become an American citizen until a year ago. It gave me a pang; but he did what was right. He was not entitled to make the United States his home, live by American energy, profit by American enterprise, and remain a Briton. Think, then, of what this foul principle of Prussia is. It would have me say to my brother, "Be an American citizen, but remember that your real duty lies with the land of your birth, and when she calls, you must tear up your pledge and compact and sworn word and come back to the Union Jack."

I wonder how many Americans know that all German-Americans are still Germans by law; and if they do know it, how they must resent the iniquity of the nation that makes of the law of naturalization a scrap of paper, to be torn up, like the sacred compact for the neutrality of Belgium!

The first act of Germany in this war was an act of perfidy, and I firmly predict that the last act will be an act of shame. She may succeed against Rumania, she may succeed against Russia, she may enter Petrograd with her armies, but so did the army of France in the time of Napoleon; and when I think of the millions of people in Russia, chaotic, undisciplined, uncontrolled, and yet aspiring, I still have a grim kind of satisfaction in knowing that if Russia has to be the momentary sacrifice, it is Germany that will be sacrificed in the end.

Lately I saw on a screen, at a theater in New York, pictures of hundreds of

thousands of Russians accompanying victims of the Revolution to unconsecrated graves and without religious rites or ceremonies. However depressing such a scene may have been, the really startling effect produced upon my mind by this photography was that Russian life is without system, and that the poetic aspiration for a freer constitutional life is horribly handicapped by lack of knowledge and experience and the habit of control. The faces of the revolutionary leaders have few claims to consideration.

The Duma is as yet no more than a place of oratory. It has never had power or real authority, and, however great Kerensky or any other civilian leader may be, it must first be an army leader that will discipline that great nation into form. No civil dictator will be adequate for the task. I do not know what Mr. Root's views are, save from his public utterances, but I am quite certain that he realizes the truth of what I say—that Russia is in the melting pot, and from the crucible it must be the strong hand of a soldier that will pour out the liquid of order and civilization.

During the days I was in America I saw from my hotel window in New York two processions or parades of American regiments. The main effect upon my mind was a sense of lithe fitness and splendid discipline, which is much out of harmony with the general view of American organized life. I have known the United States for a great many years, and from the standpoint of acquaintance I should be able to judge of her with fairness and accuracy. The thing that has amazed and interested me most in my whole association with American life has been a sense of undiscipline in all the ordinary movements and activities in casual circumstances. But I believe there is no nation on earth that, in unusual circumstances, can pull itself together and get what it wants with precision and definiteness more than the United States. After all, the reason for this is simple. The American hates convention and is opposed to what he considers unnecessary discipline in ordinary life, but given the necessity for discipline in hazardous circumstances,

he conforms to its rigidity with rare and manly skill.

I once stood between two Socialist labor members of the House of Commons at the Bar of the House of Lords, when King Edward VII. was opening Parliament with Queen Alexandra. One of these Socialist members had been very rebellious against the whole ritual of British legislative life, but on this occasion, at the moment when King Edward said in a quiet, conversational tone: "Pray, my Lords, be seated," and peers and peeresses in ermine and silks and coronets sank to their seats, this Socialist member turned to his friend and said, "Jimmy, this 'll take a lot of moving!"

To-day this Socialist member is a colonel in the British Army, and has bent to the logic of events all prejudice and spurious independence. His Socialistic principles are what they always were, but he has learned that traditions of a thousand years are powerful moral elements in the government of a people. So the average American. He is out against unnecessary form and discipline, but show him the necessity for it and his native independence makes his obedience to the necessity a very gallant and superbly confident thing. Democratic as the American citizen is, he bends to the pressure of events with a dignity and a vigor which make him a superb partner in international activity.

When people tell me that the United States can be of little use in this war I ask myself, "What is *use*?" If the United States had not sent a man to France, her financial support of the Allies alone would be a throat-grappler for Germany. I believe the United States is spending twenty-four million dollars a day, but only eight millions of that is for her own military equipment—the other sixteen millions are for loans to the Allies. And if the test of the belligerents is power to endure, surely the wealth and resources of the United States settle that point.

If war is the test of endurance, only three things are necessary—men, money, and equipment. Unless Germany was able to defeat England and France before December of last year (1917), the *débâcle* of that country was sure. The

United States can supply men, money, and equipment. She has over one hundred millions of people; she cannot be attacked by the armies of the enemy on her own soil; she has unlimited resources; her supply of men can be twelve millions, if necessary; her supply of money can be boundless, and there is no nation on earth that can excel her in organization for equipment.

Now, there is no chance, or there is the millionth chance, of Germany defeating France and England this year. She cannot do it in the winter-time, and when the summer has come the United States will have great numbers of men ready to take the field—probably 700,000. She has food, raw materials, and constructive skill. She has a capacity for applied science greater than any other nation fighting. I believe that with her aid the Entente Allies are as sure of winning this war as we are certain that the sun will rise and set to-morrow.

Great Britain has increased her acreage under wheat by one million acres, and all the products of her soil have been vastly increased. The United States has tremendously increased her production of foodstuffs, and when that genius for economic administration, Mr. Hoover, has been at work for another three months there will be an enormous curtailment of wastage in the Union. With one hundred millions of people, if there is a saving which represents five dollars per person for a year, there are five hundred million dollars contributed to the food-supply of the Allies.

The United States has not begun to appreciate her responsibilities and the dire necessity that faces her, but there is a quickness of apprehension in the American mind which is as good as brawn and muscle and the stolid and rigid insistence of the British people. It took us in Great Britain two and a half years to achieve conscription. It took the United States about two and a half months. There never was any real fight over the principle, and please to remember that this is a democratic country, and that when the Republic applied conscription in her Civil War there were bloody riots and an uprising of sections of New York. If it is true, and I know it is, that over seventy per

cent. of the population of New York City is foreign-born, what a magnificent demonstration of democratic responsibility this application of conscription has been!

America is building ships in great quantities for the war service. She once had, proportionately to her population, the second greatest mercantile marine of the world. She lost that mercantile marine through no incapacity, but because she could make more money by investing her capital in industries and railway transportations. Now she is building 1,270 ships of 7,968,000 total tonnage, at a cost of \$2,000,000,000, and by the middle of this year she will have a really great mercantile marine. This is in addition to almost 2,000,000 tons of shipping now building in American yards which has been commandeered by the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Meanwhile, it must not be forgotten that all her shipping and all the German shipping that was in her ports have been seized for the use of the Entente Allies. Every day that passes strengthens and solidifies the Allies' engines of attack and defense. Every day that passes accelerates the intrepidity and the force of Allied aggression. Every day that passes lessens old antagonisms between Great Britain and the United States, and deepens in the American mind an appreciation of Britain's worth and valor.

The American is beginning to understand that in 1914 France—as France—might have been wiped from the international map had it not been for Britain and Britain's Navy and her "contemptible little Army." It is beginning to dawn upon the most prejudiced American mind that, in all the main departments of the war, Great Britain has borne, and is bearing, the overwhelming burden. France could not have fought so well without British money and British steel, British cloth, and the British Navy and Army; and Italy and Russia could not have carried on.

One does not need to say now that Great Britain was forced into the war by a spirit of honor, by the dictates of humanity and civilization, and not for commercial purposes. One does not need to say that if Great Britain had

intended war she would not have rejected during so many years Lord Roberts's appeal for a national service army. All the records published prove that Great Britain was meant to be the victim of Prussian aggression.

Does the American public stop to remember who were the people in Great Britain who declared war? The Government in power at Westminster was a peace-loving Government, which had fought military and naval preparation with constant vigor and hatred. Who is Lloyd George, the present Prime Minister of Great Britain? He is a man whose life was in danger and who was assailed during the South African War because of his anti-war sentiments. I am certain that no intelligent human being will believe that the present Prime Minister of England is militaristic, just as I am certain that no sane American would call President Woodrow Wilson a man of war.

If the United States had not believed in Great Britain's *bona fides*, she would not have committed herself to this stupendous enterprise. Let all the world remember that Great Britain was the ancient enemy of the United States. Let the doubter recall that the United States has now linked hands with a nation whom at her Revolution she regarded as a tyrant and oppressor, as the ancient foe of liberty and democracy.

The War of the Revolution, that of 1812, and the American Civil War deepened the gulfs between the two great peoples, but, blessed be Providence, there are now no outstanding questions vexing England and the United States. We have settled the Maine boundaries dispute, the persistent Newfoundland fisheries question, the Oregon trouble, the Venezuela difficulty, the Civil War claims, the Panama anxiety, and now no vexed subject keeps us apart. What was accomplished at Manila toward making America a world power was exceeded infinitely there by the splendid action of Admiral Crichton and Britain's Navy in threatening the German naval forces, which drew the two nations together in a spirit of comradeship. If the United States disbelieved in Great Britain she would not be fighting in France and on

the high seas. Never, in all the history of the two countries, was there such a demonstration of understanding and friendship as when Mr. Balfour was received in Washington, New York, and elsewhere. And let it here be said that Great Britain could have sent no one who would so have won the confidence of the American Government and people in the same way or to the same extent as Mr. Balfour. Whatever else this war may do, the greatest thing done for humanity and civilization has been to make these two nations one in the brotherhood of battle. Of this let every American be sure, that the closer comradeship of the two great peoples has not a single foe in Great Britain. Jealousy, envy, and a little malice there would always be between two great friendly rivals speaking the same language, but envy, jealousy, and a little harmless malice exist between States and cities of this Union and between countries of the British Empire. Never since the War of the Revolution had a British flag been hoisted on an American official building till last spring, and never had the same friendly compliment been paid to the American flag in England. But now they have waved together over Washington's tomb and over the House of Commons. Also, it should be remembered that the Society of Pilgrims, whose work of international unity cannot be overestimated, has played a part in promoting understanding between the two peoples, and the establishment of the American Officers' Club in Lord Leconfield's house in London with H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught as president, has done, and is doing, immense good. It should also be remembered that it was the Pilgrims' Society, under the fine chairmanship of Mr. Harry Brittain, which took charge of the Hon. James M. Beck when he visited England in 1916, and gave him so good a chance to do great work for the cause of unity between the two nations. I am glad and proud to think that I had something to do with these arrangements which resulted in the Pilgrims! taking Mr. Beck into their charge.

I have sometimes been amazed at the hostility to Great Britain in certain por-

tions of the United States and among certain sections of the people. Perhaps the real cause of this misunderstanding—for it is nothing else—is ignorance or forgetfulness of the facts of history. It is true that George III. endeavored to impose upon the American people the Stamp Act, just as the kings of France and Spain and Holland had imposed upon their colonies impositions for revenue, but it should not be forgotten by any American that King George III. failed, not only in America, but in Great Britain, his own country. Among his greatest enemies in this wretched business were Pitt, Fox, Rockingham, and Shelburne, and the operations of war in the United States on behalf of England were conducted by German mercenaries and a handful of the British professional Army, of whom a great many officers of standing and eminence refused to serve. It was impossible to raise an army of volunteers in England, and King George dared not attempt to raise a conscript army. Pitt declared in the House of Commons, when America refused to submit to the Stamp Act, that he rejoiced she had resisted. There was as great a fight in the British Parliament over the American war as there was in America itself on the field of battle. There is no British man to-day who is not opposed to George III. in what was perhaps the most insane and unwise national task ever undertaken by a British king.

It must not be forgotten that Benjamin Franklin, the representative of the United States in Paris, was in constant correspondence with British statesmen during the Revolutionary War, and the leaders of the opposition to King George in the British House of Commons were eager to give to the United States, as she was given in 1783, a status as a nation and not a province on the seacoast. The United States was given the Northwest Territory and the basin of the Ohio River to the Mississippi, so making possible the wonderful extension of power which has given to the American national life forty-eight States instead of the thirteen which fought King George. It should also be remembered that the Revolutionary War of the United States was a struggle of

British men for rights which were being fought for in the British Parliament and against the last stand of British monarchical autocracy.

The United States is a warm friend of France, and properly so; but it must not be forgotten that the greatest enemy of American development was Napoleon Bonaparte, who considered all parliaments as chattering concerns, and, having grabbed from Spain the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, with New Orleans, the Middle West from the Mississippi to the Rockies, and established a base at Santo Domingo, ordered his Minister of Marine to furnish him with a full plan of conquest; and commanded the combined fleets of France and Spain to carry a French army to the shores of Louisiana. It must be remembered that the man who planned this maneuver was one of the greatest soldiers in history, and had an army which at that time was greater than any army in the world.

What saved the United States from this attack? Great Britain, and Great Britain only. The report of Mr. Rush, the American minister in London, contained the statement of Henry Addington, the British Prime Minister, that in case of war Great Britain would take and hold New Orleans for the United States. This is history. Who was the American President at the time? It was Thomas Jefferson, the great pacifist, whose firm despatch to Robert Livingston, in Paris, contained these words: "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." What was the result of this? Napoleon decided it was better to sell to the United States what would be certain to be lost, because he believed that the British fleet, supporting the United States, would take Louisiana from France—Louisiana, which he had forced from Spain.

The main cause of the War of 1812 was not the impressment of seamen from American boats by the Royal Navy, as is generally supposed, but the fact that both France and England had forbidden any neutral nation to trade with the other, and because of England's preponderating fleet she could make her blockade effective and Napoleon could not. The United States, therefore,

joined what she considered the lesser of her enemies, France, in attacking the greater, England.

I have no doubt that many Americans regret the War of 1812 as most Britishers regret the acts of George III. which precipitated the Revolutionary War; but for nearly a hundred years the British Navy, and behind it the British Government, has been the best friend that the United States ever had in its history. What Lafayette did for the United States was great and good, and what Great Britain did in 1824 was, in one sense, greater and better. It was George Canning, the British Foreign Minister, who informed the American minister of the intention of the Holy Alliance to attack representative government in both hemispheres, and offered the assistance of the British fleet in defending institutions won by valor, devotion, and power. It is remarkable that, when the purpose of the Holy Alliance was made clear, that the high contracting powers should "use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative government," the Duke of Wellington immediately left the Congress at Verona. Soon after it was announced, Great Britain and the United States proclaimed that they could not see with indifference any South American territory transferred to any Power.

Then it was that the Monroe Doctrine became an accepted fact, but the United States could not have made it a fact unsupported and unprotected by the British Navy. It is no exaggeration to say that the policy and prosperity of the United States have had a free and fair run for over the last ninety years, because Great Britain, which had learned her great lesson in the American Revolutionary War, made her Navy the defender of the Monroe Doctrine. Perhaps the aged Jefferson's counsel to President Monroe on this matter is the best evidence of what I say. These were Jefferson's words:

The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. . . . America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe. She should,

therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe.

One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid, and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the bands, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the one nation which can do us the most harm of any one on all the earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to unite our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause.

It is wonderful to think that after these ninety-odd years the hope of Jefferson has been fulfilled. We are at last fighting once more "side by side" in the same cause on the battle-fields of Europe, and against an enemy whose whole ambition has been to establish German control in the Western Hemisphere, as in Europe and in the East. No one knows better than President Wilson, who is a historian of high capacity, that what I say here is true. Monroe's letter to Jefferson, again quoted by Mr. Page, clearly indicates the initiative of Great Britain in the matter of the Monroe Doctrine. These are President Monroe's words:

They [two despatches from Mr. Rush, American minister in London] contain two letters from Mr. Canning suggesting designs of the Holy Alliance against the independence of South America, and proposing a co-operation between Great Britain and the United States in support of it against the members of that alliance. . . . My own impression is that we ought to meet the proposal of the British Government.

Well, the Monroe Doctrine has been a success, and, at the tomb of Washington, Mr. Arthur Balfour, in effect, reaffirmed the friendly doctrine of George Canning, in which the British nation has as much interest, and for which it has as much honest affection, as the hundred millions of population of the United States.

I repeat that Great Britain is a friend of the United States in all that matters, and I believe that the present war, if it failed in everything else, will succeed

in this—it will bring shoulder to shoulder with a handclasp of understanding and a spirit of co-operation two great peoples without whom there is no real future for democracy in the world. The monarch of Great Britain has infinitely less power than the President of the United States, so far as the policy of his country is concerned. He is the head of the clan, as it were, the patriarch of the tribe, but his power is limited to a point where even Socialism says, "This man cannot hurt his people politically; he can only hurt them socially and morally by his example." It is impossible to discuss here the merits of our two systems of government; but one thing is clear, that the British Constitutional Monarchy is as democratic as the republican Constitution of the United States.

Of this thing I am sure: that the days of wilful misunderstanding between Great Britain and America are gone forever! And I like to think that when these banners of war are rolled up, and the terms of peace are signed, that the two most democratic nations on earth, the two most advanced in civilization and enterprise, will be working hand in hand for the political good of all the world.

For some months I saw the United States from many corners of the compass, and I state with unvexed confidence that a new spirit has entered the mind of the American people where Great Britain is concerned. They realize that England's severest critics are within her own borders; that her sternest monitors are patriotic Britons; and that the burdens she has borne in this struggle to preserve civilization from disruption are beyond all comparison with those of the other belligerents. The thousand years' traditions of Great Britain belong also to the United States, because the foundations of American liberty and freedom had their origin in the principles embedded in the British Constitution. That is why members of the British Empire to-day can be proud of Washington, glad of Alexander Hamilton and Jefferson and Adams and Franklin, and be the faithful friend of President Monroe, whose doctrine could never have become valid and continuous without the British Navy. I feel bold

enough to say that there is not a home in Great Britain that is not happier because the United States, the chief republic of the earth, is linked with us in the struggle for freedom and the small nations.

I was in the United States when all the great missions of the Allies arrived—Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Belgium, and now Japan. *And now Japan!* I emphasize these words because east and west in the United States, in San Francisco, in New York and Washington, I had found until very lately the most consuming distrust of the Government at Tokio and the people of Japan. It is, however, comforting to think that this mission of friendship from Japan is the direct result of the Zimmerman note. Whatever Japan's far purposes may be—laying aside all other considerations—it pays her better to be the friend of the Allies than the friend of Germany. I say it pays her better only because there are those who think that Japan in the politics of the world is out for gain. What could she gain by becoming the enemy of the United States, and, therefore, the enemy of England? Because, let this be understood, Japan knows her treaty of alliance with Great Britain does not include the possibility of war with the United States on the part of this Oriental Power. If Japan occupied the Pacific coast, her first immediate foe would be Great Britain, because British Columbia is on the Pacific coast, and Great Britain could

not permit Japan or any other nation except the United States to seize or hold any portion of that littoral.

I believe that the anxieties of America have not been well based. I believe that the Japanese nation is as friendly to the United States as she is to Great Britain; and I also believe that, even on the lowest grounds of material benefit, Japan is true to her friendship with Great Britain and the Allies in this war. Far more dangerous is the German menace against the United States than the Japanese menace. And it must not be forgotten that the American Navy, whatever it is, exists to-day because Mr. William C. Whitney, the Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, saw in German commercial invasion of South America a peril to the United States.

What the United States will do in this war is being shown from day to day—and this thing is sure, that even the German-American no longer believes that Germany is fighting a war of defense; but rather that she precipitated the war, and is only "defending" herself because she failed in her first enterprise. I do not know to what extent the activity of the United States will expand, but I do know that if the war continues for another year the pinch of administration and losses in the field will stiffen the backs of the American people to the greatest effort that has ever been made in the history of the world.



A Journey Into Journalism

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER



HENRY WISEMAN, baker and confectioner, was an easy laugh, a boy-faced and boy-minded man, sociable, sympathetic, and generous with pastry. As a laugh he was known from the courthouse square to the railroad. His attacks began with whoops and ended with groans. One number on his regular program of hilarity sounded like a weak imitation of a bobolink. Toward the end there was always a series of convulsive gasps denoting great suffering. It was at this point that Doctor Gobey, then a new-comer in town and not as yet burdened with patients, rushed in hopefully with his black case and promptly became a public character. Wiseman laughed impartially at his own jokes, at those of other people, at things he read in the paper—sometimes at his own solitary thoughts.

"I don't dare be as funny as I can around Henry," Mr. Webber, the reliable but cynical druggist, often said. "A real joke would kill him."

On crisp autumn afternoons it had come to be a pleasant thing for youths in funds, or those enjoying friendly relations to those in funds, to sit in the warmly odorous back room and grow watery of mouth as the oven door was opened. Wiseman appreciated the sterling qualities of Randolph Harrington Dukes; he took pleasure in the face-making abilities of Tom Rucker, predicting a moving-picture future for Tom; he loved to watch "Fatty" Hartman ruin his figure with sarcotic foods; Bud Hicks, the staple and fancy boaster, was a constant delight to Henry Wiseman.

Henry was all things to all boys. He talked books with Tug Wiltshire and prize-fights with Ted Blake. He had a kind of burlesque farmer talk for Link Weyman, never allowing that youth to forget his rural origin. His face, so

round and ruddy and innocent of lines of thought and care, was a mirror for moods. His lips moved in sympathy with the speakers, and, when he felt a joke coming on his features were ready in plenty of time. And if, during an hour of high jinks, all his young guests committed financial suicide, he could still not be called mercenary. He gave back his profits, over and over, in odds and ends of breadstuffs; a round of hot buns was not unusual, and there had been such a thing as pie. Some people choose to waste their substance upon yachts and old masters; this pleasure-loving baker preferred to maintain a troop of entertaining eaters.

Upon a Friday afternoon in late September, when the door had been slammed upon composition and rhetoric, ratio and proportion and discipline, Henry had news as well as entertainment for the younger set.

"Here's a chance for you fellows—Hey! Listen to this! Henders, of the *Bulletin*, will pay five cents an item for news for the paper. He hasn't any reporter—Look out, Ranny! You'll burn yourself."

Ranny, standing near a pan of bread cooling upon the table, was fingering a nickel within his pocket and making squirrel motions with his mouth.

"What's the matter with that there Rawlins?" he asked.

"Gone away, I understand, to get a job on a city paper. The editor is going to try to get along without a reporter and buy his news from bright young fellows. In fact, I suggested it myself."

"Fatty" Hartman found this a delightful place in which to think of nickels.

"Wha-what kind of news?" he asked. "Like somebody going away or something or coming back or something?"

"Yes, or anybody being sick."

"I know somebody," said Bud Hicks

—"I know loads of sick people. I know more sick people than—" Bud stopped suddenly and became suspiciously quiet. Everybody became suspiciously quiet and thought deeply. The place would have been as still as the grave had it not been for the way Henry Wiseman was carrying on. That easy laughter was finding the situation quite irresistible. When the boy-faced man had settled down to that series of gasps indicating that the end was in sight, Bud Hicks suddenly left the room for the front part of the bakery and the street. Wiseman suffered a relapse and had to be reminded that the bread was now cool enough to be sold to Randolph Harrington Dukes as per five cents presented therewith. Ranny broke the crust and dealt out indigestible portions to all present. For bread, which at home was a sorry compulsory food, was a great delicacy at Wiseman's bakery.

When Bud Hicks returned he kept his companions in cruel suspense for a moment. Then he said, suddenly:

"Well, I guess I'll have some cream-puffs."

"What poor sufferin' creature did you sell for this?" Henry asked.

"Mr. Dooling. He lives close to our house. I had a old lady, too, but he wouldn't take her because she has been sick so long. Mr. Henders said she's been sick ever since he was a boy."

Henry Wiseman dealt out five cream-puffs with a trembling hand.

Into this amusement center now walked Link Weyman, all ignorant of the day's big news, but voting his own arrival a timely one.

"Gimme something good," he said.

"They's none left," said Bud. "Where you been all the time?" School had been out for an hour, and an earnest seeker for companionship could have found his fellow-loafers long before this.

"I had to go home," said Link. "My mother ain't so very well to-day."

"That's too bad," said Ranny, unexpectedly. "Wha's the matter with her?"



"I'LL GIVE YOU MY CREAM-PUFF IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHA'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR MOTHER"

"Huh?" Link was astounded at this expression of interest.

"I mean, wha's she got? Like rheumatism or scarlet fever? Or what?"

"Or consumption?" asked "Fatty," helpfully.

Link got the idea that everybody was making fun of him—a notion that Henry Wiseman's frivolous behavior did nothing to dispel.

"Aw, keep still, can't you?" he exclaimed. "What 're you pickin' on *me* for?"

"No; no foolin'. I'd like to know." Ranny got a better idea. "I'll give you my cream-puff"—Link looked hard at the cream-puff, and Ranny was forced to amend—"the rest of it, if you'll tell me wha's the matter with your mother."

"Give it to me first."

After a moment's hesitation and one bite, Ranny handed over a good half of a cream-puff and put up his ear for news.

"She's got a headache," Link whispered.

"Is that all?" Ranny could not keep the disappointment out of his tone.

"What's the matter with you? You want my mother to be sick?"

Ranny looked sadly at the cream-puff now departing by the Link Weyman route. He doubted whether he could get a nickel from an editor out of Mrs. Weyman's headache. But he had purchased this news at great expense (Bud Hicks's expense) and did not propose to throw it away without a trial. So, with a wink at his fellow-journalists, he left for the office of the *Bulletin*.

Mr. Henders gloomily marked a place in the proof he was reading. "Well," he said, gruffly.

"Mrs. Weyman—" Caution compelled Ranny to stop. "I heard you gave out nickels for news."

He could scarcely have made a better start. Mr. Henders was beginning to regret his half-joking assent to Wiseman's plan. Already a lot of unimportant and irrelevant information had drifted into the office and soaked up his time. But Mrs. Weyman was the wife of the county treasurer and of public concern.

"Yes. What about Mrs. Weyman?"

"She ain't so very well."

"Oh, Mrs. Weyman sick?"

"No, not sick, I don't think. But she ain't so very well. Link told me."

"Slightly indisposed?"

"Yes," said Ranny, eagerly. "That's what's the matter with 'er."

Mr. Henders wrote the depressing news upon a piece of copy-paper, hung it upon a hook, and yelled at some unseen power up-stairs whose name seemed to be Jake. When he could not think of anything further to do, he gave Ranny his nickel.

Greatly elated, the successful author went back to the port of missing boys to share his profits with Henry Wiseman's regular rounders. Link Weyman had meanwhile been enlightened, and when he found that he had sold the serial rights to his mother's headache for a mess of pastry he demanded half of the proceeds. But Ranny's answer was addressed to the proprietor:

"Gimme some of them there lollypops. Ever'body can have one."

A cream-puff cast upon the waters had returned in the form of half a dozen lollypops of assorted colors. A pleasant half-hour was enjoyed by all.

"Le's see," said Ranny, trying to get the last bits of nourishment from the stick. "Anybody else sick or anything?"

Nobody could recall a single new invalid. They might have starved to death then and there, but Henry Wiseman, who thought this a good show, now did the handsome thing by way of a sugary kind of bread called Chicago rolls and sent the boys home to supper.

Ranny mystified his parents that evening by inquiring thoughtfully after their welfare. He went so far as to consider the physical condition of the neighbors.

"How's Mrs. Brown feeling?" he asked, when mother made reference to a visit from that neighbor.

Mrs. Brown, it seemed, was enjoying her usual robust health. Ranny was rather sorry he had not been at home when she called, for Mrs. Brown knew a great deal about the bodily ills of the citizens. He might well cultivate her society a little more than had been his custom.

Accordingly, the next morning he paid a brief visit to Mrs. Brown, upon the pretext of returning an oil-can, but his

call produced no five-cent information. He wandered down to the bakery in the hope that something profitable had already been turned in, but all the boys who had assembled were there under a similar hope. It was here that the idea was born of visiting the 11:23 train and getting a line upon the traveling public. They adjourned in a body to the station, and presently began to fight with one another for tidbits of news. Ted Blake, who was among those present, proved to be rather a muscular news-gatherer. It was he who pushed Tom Rucker down and outdistanced all competitors in the race to tell the editor of a traveling-man who was returning to spend the week-end with his family (as he had been doing for twenty-odd years).

While competition was keen so long as news was afloat, once an item was accepted and paid for, a beautiful spirit of communism prevailed. Nobody sank so low as to save money. Thus "Fatty" Hartman, who could not bring himself to ask strangers about their personal affairs, and who was still a spotless amateur, got his share of every nickel that went over the bakery counter as well as of the dividend which Henry declared just before dinner.

But the afternoon's news-gathering struck a rock which all but ruined the reportorial business. At two o'clock, with the streets crowded with farmers' vehicles, a splendid free entertainment was opened on the court-house corner—a black-faced banjo-player, in fact, with

excruciating songs and sleight-of-hand tricks. The comedian could do surprising things with a silver dollar, once removing it from the hat-band of Lem White, to the great delight of those who knew Lem. Presently the entertaining part of the performance ceased and the



"I HEARD YOU GAVE OUT NICKELS FOR NEWS"

eminent specialist, who referred to himself as Professor de Long, gave a lecture upon bodily ills.

Ranny and the fourth estate remained because of the professor's promise that there would be further amusement later. Meanwhile it was impossible not to hear what the long-haired, dark-skinned medical man was saying. He described certain matters with such realism that Ranny had an uneasy feeling that he

himself was a victim of lumbago and sciatica. Finally the doctor sold a number of bottles of an all-conquering remedy (the formula for which had come down to him from an Indian ancestor) at the ridiculous introductory price of one dollar per bottle.

"Before Sambo resumes his part of the entertainment," said Professor de Long, "I want to make an announcement. If my engagements permit, I shall be among you for a week. I shall be glad to welcome each and every one of you who is a sufferer at my consultation parlors in the Commercial House. No charge for consultation; everything confidential. Now, Sambo, if you will oblige us—"

This part of the show proved perfunctory, and the boys soon adjourned to the bakery for refreshment of soul and possibly even of body. Ranny, meanwhile, had been indulging in mental lucubration.

"We could hang around the hotel and watch," he said, "and get a lot of news about people with lumbago an'—you know—that other thing—si—sky—"

"Yeah, skyrocket," said "Fatty." "Oo! I got the skyrocket!" For a long time "Fatty" went about fairly twisted with this ailment, grabbing himself at various places that occurred to him.

"No, listen—no foolin'," said Ranny, earnestly.

Tom Rucker, through sheer perversity, caught up an implement called a scovel, a thing normally used by Wiseman for removing bread from the oven, but now transmuted by Tom's lively fancy to a banjo.

"Tink-a-tonk, tink-a-tonk," he said. "I'm Sambo. Lookee! This is him."

"Fatty" threw off his infirmity and did a devastating dance which would have been more appropriate in a vacant lot. Bud Hicks removed an imaginary dollar from Link Weyman's ear. Henry Wiseman contributed his regular program of hearty laughter from whoops to groans. It was long before Ranny could get any serious consideration for his proposal.

"You'd have to get him to tell you what people had," said Henry. "I don't know whether Henders— Sup-

pose I go an' see him. Watch the store for a minute, will you, boys?"

He left without a hat, chuckling to himself. The entertainers and journalists moved into the salesroom and became clerks. A woman who chose this unfortunate time to buy a loaf of bread met with embarrassing cordiality. Before she was allowed to leave she had to decline offers of doughnuts, salted peanuts, candy, and chewing-gum.

When Henry came back to rescue his business from ruin, he brought good news.

"It's all right with Henders," he said to Ranny, "but you'll have to go after this Professor de Longhair and get him to tell you what people have got. Tell him it will be good for his business."

"All right, I'll tell him. You mean, go and talk to him?" asked Ranny. "No, I guess—I don't want to do that so very much. Part Indian an' ever'-thing. Mebbe— Why don't you go along?"

"No, I don't want to mix in this. 'Course, if you're afraid—why— How about you, Bud?"

"I ain't afraid. I wouldn't be afraid of six doctors. What 're you scared of, Ranny? We'll go along and—wait outside—and if anything happens—w'y—we'll be right there outside."

"And help you run," said the baker.

"I can't go," said "Fatty." "I gotta go home—an' not talk to no Indians. I ain't feelin' so very well"—the comic spirit came to "Fatty's" relief—"I got the skyrocket."

But in the end, through a process of boasting, accusations of cowardice, and skilful prodding by the baker, the whole party moved glacially toward the Commercial House. When they entered the hotel office they found the clerk selling cigars to a stranger who looked somehow familiar. With reluctant feet Ranny approached the desk, his backers scattering about, looking at maps and pictures and pretending that they were not acquainted with him.

"We want to see—" Ranny's voice played queer tricks and he had to try again. "Is Mister—you know—Doctor—Pe'fessor de Long—is he here? We—these here fellas want to talk to him."

The somewhat familiar cigar-buyer,



COMPETITION WAS KEEN SO LONG AS NEWS WAS AFLOAT

gathering up his change, looked sharply at Ranny.

"What's that doing down there?" he asked, stooping and picking a quarter off of the astonished Ranny's knee. "You hadn't ought to keep your money there. Somebody might take it." With these prophetic words he put the coin into the pocket of his flamboyant red-and-green waistcoat.

Ranny looked thoughtfully at both his knees, then at the mysterious stranger. Now a light of understanding beamed upon his face; there was only one person in the world who could make a quarter grow where no money had ever grown before.

"You're Mister—I know who you are. I thought you was" (it seemed best to put the matter delicately)—"I didn't know you was a white man."

Bud Hicks here lost interest in a picture of the Grand Cañon, "Fatty" dropped his study of railroad geography, and all closed in hopefully.

"What'd you want to see the professor about?" asked the now Caucasian "Sambo," ostensibly removing a cigar from Tom Rucker's breast pocket and lighting it. "Want to cure this fellow of the tobacco habit?"

"Do some more tricks," said Ted Blake, gruffly.

This was proving such a delightful

social occasion that Ranny was sorry to spoil it. However, he did manage to convey the idea that they were representatives of the press desiring to interview the visiting physician. "Sambo" looked puzzled.

"This is a new one on me," he said to the hotel clerk, who had been enjoying life thoroughly. "Do you know these guys?"

The clerk, sobered by responsibility, replied, "Yes, I *know* 'em," somehow implying that anybody associating with these hard characters did so at his own risk.

"Well, if this fellow will give back that key, we'll go up to the room and see what the professor says." "This fellow"—plainly indicated—was Ted Blake.

"I 'ain't got your key," he said, sullenly.

"All right—no key, no professor."

Ted protested earnestly and turned his pockets inside out, disclosing irrelevant matter. "I wouldn't take your ol' key. You can search me. I wouldn't take—ta-t-t—" His sentence died away in a splutter as the key dropped to the floor. "I didn't know—honest—"

"All right, now we'll go up."

They followed "Sambo" up the single flight of stairs, all keeping a discreet distance from his nimble fingers. Their guide opened the door, and after a moment's conversation with his chief bade them enter. The doctor turned on his brisk, professional manner.

"Well, young gentlemen, what can I do for you?" He swept his hand through his flowing locks. "You don't look like an invalid." The doctor's eye rested upon "Fatty's" wholesome figure. All were making ineffectual attempts to stand behind one another, Ranny being left in the exposed front trenches. He now went "over the top."

"We get five cents for every news we bring to the paper. You know—if anybody is sick or anything. We tell the editor and he gives us five cents. So now, if anybody has got lumbago or si—sky—" (Ranny kept his eyes away from "Fatty," who was doubtless looking frivolous)—"anything like that—w'y, you tell us—an', an' so we'll get five cents." He paused a moment and

added, "It 'll be good for your business."

"Who told you *that*?" asked the professor, suspiciously.

"Henry Wiseman."

"Who's he?"

"He's a b-baker."

"What does *he* get out of it?"

"He don't—he don't get anything." A new idea came to Ranny. "Only we gener'ly always spend our five cents there."

"Henry doesn't get anything except everything," said "Sambo," emitting smoke.

"What do you think of this business, Charley?" asked Professor de Long.

"I wouldn't trust 'em. They probably got their pocket full of your things right now." All hands nervously flew to pockets. "See how suspicious they act?"

The doctor smiled indulgently. "No, boys, I guess the editor wouldn't take any news about me."

"Yes, he would. He told Henry he would."

"Friend Henry again," said Charley.

"We might give it a trial. For instance, there was a man in here just a few minutes ago—a Mr. White—Lemuel, I believe—"

"I know him," said Ranny. "He works in the livery-stable, kinda."

"I know him awful well," said Bud Hicks, who was standing in the doorway.

"Mr. White has been a lifelong sufferer from lumbago—the despair of the medical profession." Here the doctor raised his voice as one speaking to the larger public. "He is now under treatment by Professor de Long, who has had twenty-five years' ex— Here! Where you going?"

Nobody stopped to answer, because everybody had something else on his mind. The representatives of the press squeezed through the doorway and clattered down the bare wooden stairs. But in shooting for the door Ted Blake showed more speed than control, and consequently struck the pseudo-African somewhere in the fancy waistcoat. "Sambo," off guard, lost his balance and his cigar, and went down in a shower of sparks.

The immediate task of the eminent

specialist was to keep his comedian from burning up. Ranny had intended asking the professor for further invalids, but something told him that this was no longer any place for an innocent reporter. So he joined in the race for the home paper, but found himself blocked in the stairway by the snickering "Fatty," a slow-moving vehicle and difficult to pass.

It is evidence of how little justice there is in this world that Ranny was denounced down the stairway and almost caught, while the race to tell the editor about Lem White's lifelong lumbago was won by Bud Hicks, who had kept near the door. It was Ranny, therefore, not Bud, who in self-defense had to yell "Ol' Longhair" at the enraged and baffled doctor. It was Bud, therefore, and not Ranny, who acted the genial host (in the matter of salted peanuts) at Wiseman's bakery.

There in the fading light of afternoon

Tom Rucker did facial imitations of the eminent specialist. Ted Blake built up a pleasant fiction that he had assaulted "Cherley Sambo" in revenge for the affair of the key. Link Weyman had a near-gold finger-ring which he removed from unexpected parts of all present. "Fatty" Hartman contracted a hideous new disease called "Lembago." Henry Wiseman broke all existing generosity records with a round of strawberry "pop."

Ranny got his fair share of all this high living, but not that credit to which, by his merits, he was entitled.

"Who was it thought it up," he demanded, "an' talked to Sambo an' the pe'fessor and ever'body? Answer me that."

Henry's round face was sympathetic, but Ranny had to go home to a prosaic supper and nine-o'clock bed without being acclaimed the hero of the day.

The tangled threads of this affair





RANNY, DENOUNCED DOWN THE STAIRWAY, YELLED "OL' LONGHAIR" AT THE ENRAGED DOCTOR

were gathered up in the busy Saturday-night marts of trade—that no boy's land from which the *Bulletin's* new reporters were barred by their youth and the tyranny of parents. There would be no issue of the paper until Monday, but there were easy lines of communication among the down-town centers of activity—pipe lines dripping with current events. By seven o'clock it was a matter of common knowledge that Professor de Long had appeared before the city marshal and made charges of discourtesy and assault against the *Bulletin* and its staff of ungentlemanly reporters and that Henry Wiseman had been unfavorably mentioned as inciting to riot. The marshal had declined to take action on the doubtful legal ground that the accused were Lakeville residents, while the doctor was rather a foreigner.

In the livery-stable zone it was understood that Lem White was thinking of

"taking steps" on behalf of privacy and personal liberty. At eight the professor's street entertainment opened to wide-spread hilarity, but no business was forthcoming. Lem White's lumbago had been classified by the citizens as comedy, and no other lifelong sufferer cared to bring himself into public notice. Presently it was known as far east as Randall's barber shop that Editor Henders was launching a campaign against the future licensing of street fakers. (Randall, the barber, admitted a personal prejudice against the doctor because of the long hair.)

While the evening was yet young, Link Weyman appeared at the *Bulletin* office (not personally, but by his best friend and mother, Mrs. Weyman) and severed all connection with newspaperwork. At ten, incomplete returns from the Commercial House indicated that Professor de Long and his assistant were

planning to take the midnight train for greener pastures.

It was late when Editor Henders locked the front door of his office and stepped over to Webber's drug-store for cigars and persiflage. Doctor Gobey was there, highly pleased with events, and Mr. Webber himself looked fairly genial.

"I've got to fire my reportorial staff," said the editor. "I can't stand strain the way I could when I was younger."

"Remember that old Hindu story?" said Doctor Gobey. "There's something about it in *Kim*—how the devil played with the boys and repented of it."

"Have you had any complaints?" asked the druggist, innocently.

"Complaints? I could almost say" (Mr. Henders was mentally writing an item for Monday's paper) "that these boys are retiring from the newspaper business as a result of a great popular movement."

"Showed a little too much imagination, did they?" asked Mr. Webber.

"No; that isn't fair," replied the editor, warmly. "So far as I know, there was no deception."

"I didn't mean to make any serious charges. Only, of course, honesty is abstract and pastry is concrete."

"Henry's is, anyhow"—thus Doctor Gobey restored general good humor. "Who's going to pry into our personal affairs now?"

"Rawlins is back. The city papers didn't seem to clamor much for his services. These kids, now—it wouldn't be right for us to do anything for them. Of course you fellows have saved the exclusive poisoning rights—"

"I wouldn't want to give my sanction to that kind of conduct," said Doctor Gobey, jingling silver coins. "They were disrespectful to strangers."

"Very deplorable," said the druggist, opening the cash-register drawer to the sign of "No sale." "I understand from Henry that my neighbor, Ranny Dukes, was really responsible for the outrage. Let's put the blame on him."

As a result of this dark conspiracy a fund of \$1.87 presently lay upon the druggist's counter, to be deposited with Henry Wiseman, awaiting the disposal of Treasurer Randolph Harrington Dukes, who at this moment, all innocent of the attack upon his fair name, was entering upon the second lap of a long-distance sleep.

"They'll start a newspaper," said the editor, "and ruin me."

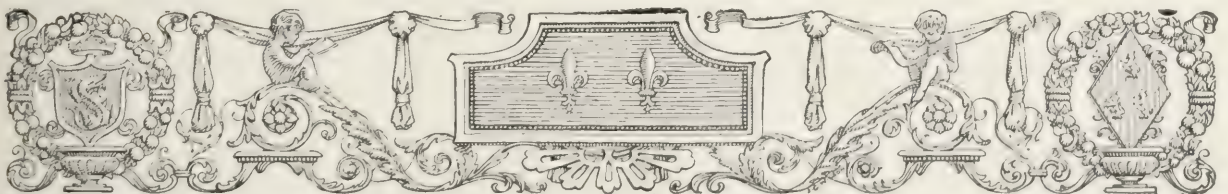
"Let's go over to the White Front Restaurant," proposed Doctor Gobey, "and the barber shop. The boys will all chip in."

"I'll close up," said the druggist, "and meet you presently at the bakery."

Mr. Webber went methodically about his task of locking up the cash, clearing the prescription-desk, and putting out the lights.

"For Heaven's sake, what's that noise?" he exclaimed. As he sprang for the door he had a guilty feeling that the young bloods of the town were giving the visitors some kind of send-off. He opened the door and gazed out into the darkened and deserted street down which came echoing the sounds of human torment—whoops; weird, unearthly cries as of banshees in pain; now a quieter, pastoral note of bobolinks and babbling brooks; now gasps and dying groans. A look of relief came over the face of the reliable druggist.

"They should have broken it to him gently," he muttered. "A real joke would kill him."



A Writer's Recollections

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART II



HERE were other figures in the Fox How circle who soon became names of power to the Tasmanian child, though one of them—my uncle, William Delafield Arnold, the first organizer of education in the Punjaub, author of *Oakfield*, and father of Mr. Balfour's War Minister, H. O. Arnold-Forster—I never personally saw. He died on his way home from India the year after we reached England, and is commemorated in two of Matthew Arnold's best-known poems, the "Stanzas from Carnac," and "A Summer Night." My father's second sister, Mary, then Mrs. Hiley, who had inherited Arnold of Rugby's fearless Liberalism, and learnt social wisdom from F. D. Maurice, came tenderly to the help of the little colonials; and in her Leicestershire home, close to Charnwood Forest, I passed some of the enchanted days of childhood, when a rushy pool becomes the ocean, and a copse the primeval forest.

But it was not only the kindred—it was also the friends of Fox How whose influence, or whose living presence, made the atmosphere in which the second generation of children who loved Fox How grew up.

Wordsworth died in 1850, the year before I was born. He and my grandfather were much attached to each other—"old Coleridge," says my grandfather, "inoculated a little knot of us with the love of Wordsworth"—though their politics were widely different, and the poet sometimes found it hard to put up with the reforming views of the younger man. In a letter printed in Stanley's *Life* my grandfather mentions "a good fight" with Wordsworth over the Reform Bill of '32, on a walk to Greenhead Ghyll.

And there is a story told of a girl friend of the family who, once when Wordsworth had been paying a visit at Fox How, accompanied him and the Doctor part of the way home to Rydal Mount. Something was inadvertently said to stir the old man's Toryism, and he broke out in indignant denunciation of some views expressed by Arnold. The storm lasted all the way to Pelter Bridge, and the girl on Arnold's left stole various alarmed glances at him to see how he was taking it. He said little or nothing, and at Pelter Bridge they all parted, Wordsworth going on to Rydal Mount, and the other two turning back towards Fox How. Arnold paced along, his hands behind his back, his eyes on the ground, and his companion watched him, till he suddenly threw back his head with a laugh of enjoyment. — "What *beautiful* English the old man talks!"

The poet complained sometimes, as I find from an amusing passage in the letter to Mr. Howson quoted below, that he could not see enough of his neighbor, the Doctor, on a mountain walk, because Arnold was always so surrounded with children and pupils, "like little dogs" running round and after him. But no differences, great or small, interfered with his constant friendship to Fox How. The garden there was largely planned by him during the family absences at Rugby: the round chimneys of the house are said to be of his design; and it was for Fox How, which still possesses the MS., that the fine sonnet was written, beginning—

Wansfell, this household has a favored lot
Living with liberty on thee to gaze.

—a sonnet which contains, surely, two or three of the most magical lines that Wordsworth ever wrote.

It is of course no purpose of these

notes to give any fresh account of Wordsworth at Rydal, or any exhaustive record of the relations between the Wordsworths and Fox How, especially after the recent publication of Professor Harper's fresh, interesting, though debatable biography. But from the letters in my hands I glean a few things worth recording. Here, for instance, is a passing sketch of Matthew Arnold and Wordsworth in the Fox How drawing-room together, in January 1848, which I find in a letter from my grandmother to my father:—

Matt has been very much pleased I think by what he has seen of dear old Wordsworth since he has been at home, and certainly he manages to draw him out very well. The old man was here yesterday, and as he sat on the stool in the corner beside the fire which you knew so well, he talked of various subjects of interest, of Italian poetry, of Coleridge, etc. etc.; and he looked and spoke with more vigor than he has often done lately.

But the poet's health was failing. His daughter Dora's death in 1847 had hit him terribly hard, and his sister's state—the helpless though gentle insanity of the unique, the beloved Dorothy—weighed heavily on his weakening strength. It is thus we see him in the unpublished letter referred to on a previous page, written in this very year—1848—to Dean Howson, as a young man, by his former pupil the late Duke of Argyll, the distinguished author of *The Reign of Law*. The Rev. E. F. Howson, afterwards Dean of Chester, was a few years later brought by his marriage into connection with the Arnolds and Fox How; and his son allows me to print the letter. The Duke and Duchess had set out to visit both the Lakes and the Lakes "celebrities," advised evidently as to their tour by the Duke's old tutor, who was already familiar with the valleys and some of their inmates. Their visit to Fox How is only briefly mentioned, but of Wordsworth and Rydal Mount the Duke gives a long account. The picture, first, of the old man's drooping state, and then of the sudden flaming out of the poetic fire, will I think interest any true Wordsworthian.

On Saturday — writes the Duke — we

reached Ambleside and soon after drove to Rydal Mount. We found the Poet seated at his fireside, and a little languid in manner. He became less so as he talked. . . . He talked incessantly, but not generally interestingly. . . . I looked at him often and asked myself if that was the man who had stamped the impress of his own mind so decidedly on a great part of the literature of his age! He took us to see a waterfall near his house, and talked and chattered, but said nothing remarkable or even thoughtful. . . . Yet I could see that all this was only that we were on the surface, and did not indicate any decay of mental powers. Still—we went away with no other impression than the vaguest of having seen the man, whose writings we knew so well—and with no feeling that we had seen anything of the mind which spoke through them.

On the following day, Sunday, the Duke with a friend walked over to Rydal, but found no one at the Mount but an invalid lady, very old, and apparently paralyzed, "drawn in a bath chair by a servant." They did not realize that the poor sufferer, with her wandering speech and looks, was Dorothy Wordsworth, whose share in her great brother's fame will never be forgotten while literature lasts.

In the evening, however—

—after visiting Mrs. Arnold we drove together to bid Wordsworth good-by, as we were to go next morning. We found the old man as before, seated by the fireside and languid and sleepy in manner. Again he awakened as conversation went on, and, a stranger coming in, we rose to go away. He seemed unwilling that we should go so soon, and said he would walk out with us. We went to the mound in front and the Duchess then asked if he would repeat some of his own lines to us. He said he hardly thought he could do that, but that he would have been glad to read some to us. We stood looking at the view for some time, when Mrs. Wordsworth came out and asked us back to the house to take some tea. This was just what we wanted. We sat for about half an hour at tea, during which I tried to direct the conversation to interesting subjects—Coleridge, Southey, etc. He gave a very different impression from the preceding evening. His memory seemed clear and unclouded—his remarks forcible and decided—with some tendency to run off to irrelevant anecdote.

When tea was over, we renewed our request that he should read to us. He said—"Oh dear, that is terrible!"—but consented,

asking what we chose. He jumped at "Tintern Abbey" in preference to any part of "The Excursion."

He told us he had written "Tintern Abbey" in 1798, taking four days to compose it; the last twenty lines or so being composed as he walked down the hill from Clifton to Bristol. It was curious to feel that we were to hear a Poet read his own verses composed fifty years before.

He read the introductory lines descriptive of the scenery in a low clear voice. But when he came to the thoughtful and reflective lines, his tones deepened and he poured them forth with a fervor and almost passion of delivery, which was very striking and beautiful. I observed that Mrs. Wordsworth was strongly affected during the reading. The strong emphasis that he put on the words addressed to the person to whom the poem is written struck me as almost unnatural at the time. "My dear, dear friend!"—and on the words, "In thy wild eyes." It was not till after the reading was over that we found out that the poor paralytic invalid we had seen in the morning was the *sister* to whom "Tintern Abbey" was addressed, and her condition, now, accounted for the fervor with which the old Poet read lines which reminded him of their better days. But it was melancholy to think that the vacant gaze we had seen in the morning was from the "wild eyes" of 1798.

. . . We could not have had a better opportunity of bringing out in his reading the source of the inspiration of his poetry, which it was impossible not to feel was the poetry of the heart. Mrs. Wordsworth told me it was the first time he had read since his daughter's death, and that she was thankful to us for having made him do it, as he was apt to fall into a listless, languid state. We asked him to come to Inverary. He said he had not courage; as he had last gone through that country with his daughter, and he feared it would be too much for him.

Less than two years after this visit, on April 23, 1850, the death day of Shakespeare and Cervantes, Arnold's youngest daughter, now Miss Arnold of Fox How, was walking with her sister Susan on the side of Loughrigg which overlooks Rydal Mount. They knew that the last hour of a great poet was near,—to my aunt, not only a great poet, but the familiar friend of her dead father and all her kindred. They moved through the April day, along the mountain-side, under the shadow of death; and, suddenly, as they looked at the old house opposite, unseen hands drew

down the blinds; and by the darkened windows, they knew that the life of Wordsworth had gone out.

Henceforward, in the family letters to my father, it is Mrs. Wordsworth who comes into the foreground. The old age prophesied for her by her poet bridegroom in the early Grasmere days was about her for the nine years of her widowhood, "lovely as a Lapland night"; or rather like one of her own Rydal evenings when the sky is clear over the perfect little lake, and the reflections of island and wood and fell, go down and down, unearthly far into the quiet depths, and Wansfell still "parleys with the setting sun." My grandmother writes of her—of "her sweet grace and dignity," and the little friendly acts she is always doing for this person and that, gentle or simple, in the valley—with a tender enthusiasm. She is "dear Mrs. Wordsworth" always, for them all. And it is my joy that in the year '56 or '57 my grandmother took me to Rydal Mount, and that I can vividly recollect sitting on a footstool at Mrs. Wordsworth's feet. I see still the little room, with its plain furniture, the chair beside the fire, and the old lady in it. I can still recall the childish feeling that this was no common visit, and the house no common house—that a presence still haunted it. Instinctively the childish mind said to itself "Remember!"—and I have always remembered.

A few years later, I was again, as a child of eight, in Rydal Mount. Mrs. Wordsworth was dead, and there was a sale in the house. From far and near the neighbors came, very curious, very full of real regret, and a little awe-stricken. They streamed through the rooms where the furniture was arranged in lots. I wandered about by myself, and presently came upon something which absorbed me so that I forgot everything else—a store of Easter eggs, with wonderful drawings and devices, made by "James," the Rydal Mount factotum, in the poet's day. I recollect sitting down with them in a nearly empty room, dreaming over them in a kind of ecstasy, because of their pretty, strange colors and pictures.

Fifty-two years passed, and I found myself, in September 1911, the tenant

of a renovated and rebuilt Rydal Mount, for a few autumn weeks. The house was occupied then, and is still occupied by Wordsworth's granddaughter and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Wordsworth. My eldest daughter was with me, and a strange thing happened to us. I arrived at the Mount before my husband and daughter. She joined me there on September 13. I remember how eagerly I showed her the many Wordsworthiana in the house, collected by the piety of its mistress—the Hayden portrait on the stairs, and the books in the small low-ceiled room to the right of the hall which is still just as it was in Wordsworth's day; the garden too, and the poet's walk. All my own early recollections were alive; we chattered long and late. And now let the account of what happened afterwards be given in my daughter's words as she wrote it down the following morning.

Rydal Mount, September 14, 1911.

Last night, my first at Rydal Mount, I slept in the corner room, over the small sitting-room. I had drawn up the blind about half-way up the window before going to bed, and had drawn the curtain aside, over the back of a wooden arm-chair that stood against the window. The window, a casement, was wide open. I slept soundly, but woke quite suddenly, at what hour I do not know, and found myself sitting bolt upright in bed looking towards the window. Very bright moonlight was shining into the room and I could just see the corner of Loughrigg out in the distance. My first impression was of bright moonlight, but then I became strongly conscious of the moonlight striking on something, and I saw perfectly clearly the figure of an old man sitting in the arm-chair by the window. I said to myself—"That's Wordsworth!" He was sitting with either hand resting on the arms of the chair, leaning back, his head rather bent and he seemed to be looking down, straight in front of him with a rapt expression. He was not looking at me, nor out of the window. The moonlight lit up the top of his head and the silvery hair and I noticed that the hair was very thin. The whole impression was of something solemn and beautiful, and I was not in the very least frightened. As I looked—I cannot say, when I looked again, for I have no recollection of ceasing to look, or looking away—the figure disappeared, and I became aware of the empty chair.—I lay back again, and thought for a moment in a pleased and contented way—"That was

Wordsworth." And almost immediately I must have fallen asleep again. I had not, to my knowledge, been dreaming about Wordsworth before I awoke; but I had been reading Hutton's essay on "Wordsworth's Two Styles" out of Knight's *Wordsworthiana*, before I fell asleep.

I should add that I had a distinct impression of the high collar and stock, the same as in the picture on the stairs in this house.

Neither the seer of this striking vision—unique in her experience—nor I, to whom she told it within eight hours, make any claim for it to a supernatural origin. It seemed to us an interesting example of the influence of mind and association on the visualizing power of the brain. A member of the Psychical Society, to whom I sent the contemporary record, classified it as "a visual hallucination," and I don't know that there is anything more to be said about it. But the pathetic coincidence remains still to be noted—we did not know it till afterwards—that the seer of the vision was sleeping in Dorothy Wordsworth's room, where Dorothy spent so many sad years of death-in-life; and that in that very corner by the window, Wordsworth must have sat, day after day, when he came to visit what remained to him of that creature of fire and dew, that child of genius, who had been the inspiration and support of his poetic youth.

In these rapid sketches of the surroundings and personal influences amid which my own childhood was passed, I have already said something of my father's intimate friend, Arthur Hugh Clough. Clough was of course a Rugbeian, and one of Arnold's ablest and most devoted pupils. He was about three years older than my father, and was already a Fellow of Oriel when Thomas Arnold, the younger, was reading for his First. But the difference of age made no difference to the friendship which grew up between them in Oxford, a friendship only less enduring and close than that between Clough and Matthew Arnold, which has been "eternized," to use a word of Fulke Greville's, by the noble dirge of "Thyrsis." Clough, as I have already said, took some suggestion from the incident of my father's going to New Zealand, for the picture of his

hero Philip in the "Bothie," and it was partly the visit paid by Tom Arnold and his friend John Campbell Shairp, afterwards Principal Shairp of St. Andrew's, to Clough's reading party at Drumnadrochit in 1845, and their report of incidents which had happened to them on their way along the shores of Loch Ericht, which suggested the scheme of the "Bothie." One of the half-dozen short poems of Clough which have entered permanently into literature—*Qui laborat orat*—was found by my father one morning on the table of his bachelor lodgings in Mount Street, after Clough had spent the night on a shake-up in his sitting-room, had breakfasted and gone off early—leaving the poem behind him as payment for the night's entertainment. In one of Clough's letters to New Zealand I find—"Say not the struggle naught availeth"—another of the half-dozen—written out by him; and the original copy—*tibi primo confisum*, of the graceful though unequal verses, "A London Idyll." The little volume of miscellaneous poems, called *Ambarvalia*, and the "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" were sent out to New Zealand by Clough, at the same moment that Matt was sending his brother the *Poems by A*.

Clough writes from Liverpool in February 1849,—having just received Matt's volume—

At last our own Matt's book! Read mine first, my child, if our volumes go forth together. Otherwise you won't read mine—*Ambarvalia*—at any rate, at all. Froude also has published a new book of religious biography, auto or otherwise, (*The Nemesis of Faith*) and therewithal resigns his Fellowship. But the Rector (of Exeter) talks of not accepting the resignation, but having an expulsion—fire-and-fagot fashion. *Quo usque?*

But when the books arrive, my father writes to his sister with affectionate welcome indeed of the *Poems by A*, but with enthusiasm of the "Bothie."

It greatly surpasses my expectations! It is on the whole a noble poem, well held together, clear, full of purpose, and full of promise. With joy I see the old fellow bestirring himself "awakening like a strong man out of sleep and shaking his invincible locks"; and if he remains true and works, I think

there is nothing too high or too great to be expected from him.

"True," and a worker, Clough remained to the last hours of his short life. But in spite of a happy marriage, the burden and perplexity of philosophic thought, together with the strain of failing health, checked, before long, the strong poetic impulse shown in the "Bothie," its buoyant delight in natural beauty, and in the simplicities of human feeling and passion. The "music" of his "rustic flute"

Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan.

The poet of the "Bothie" becomes the poet of "Dipsychus," "Easter Day," and the "Amours de Voyage"; and the young republican who writes in triumph—all humorous joy and animation—to my father, from the Paris of '48, which has just seen the overthrow of Louis Philippe, says, a year later—February 24, 1849—

To-day, my dear brother republican, is the glorious anniversary of '48, whereof what shall I now say? Put not your trust in republics, nor in any constitution of man! God be praised for the downfall of Louis Philippe. This with a faint feeble echo of that loud last year's scream of "A bas Guizot!" seems to be the sum total. Or are we to salute the rising sun, with "Vive l'Empereur!" and the green liveries? President for life I think they'll make him, and then begin to tire of him. Meanwhile the Great Powers are to restore the Pope, and crush the nascent Roman Republic, of which Joseph Mazzini has just been declared a citizen!

A few months later, the writer—at Rome—"was in at the death" of this same Roman Republic, listening to the French bombardment in bitterness of soul. He writes several letters to my father in the very thick of the fighting. These have already been published in Mrs. Clough's memoir of her husband. But in another letter, written partly after his return home, which has remained unprinted, I find:—

I saw the French enter.—Unto this has come our grand Lib. Eq. and Frat. revolution! And then I went to Naples—and home. I am full of admiration for Mazzini. . . . But on the whole—"Farewell Politics!"—

utterly!—What can I do? Study is much more to the purpose.

So in disillusion and disappointment, "Citizen Clough" leaving Oxford and politics behind him, settled down to educational work in London, married, and became the happy father of children, wrote much that was remarkable, and will be long read—whether it be poetry or no—by those who find perennial attraction in the lesser-known ways of literature and thought, and at last closed his short life at Florence in 1862, at the age of forty-one, leaving an indelible memory in the hearts of those who had talked and lived with him.

To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the Great Mother's train
divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow the mighty Mother doth not see)
Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old!—

But I remember him, in an English setting, and on the slopes of English hills. In the year 1858, as a child of seven, I was an inmate of a little school kept at Ambleside, by Miss Anne Clough, the poet's sister, afterwards the well-known head of Newnham College, Cambridge, and wisest leader in the cause of women. It was a small day-school for Ambleside children of all ranks, and I was one of two boarders, spending my Sundays often at Fox How. I can recall one or two golden days, at long intervals, when my father came for me, with "Mr. Clough," and the two old friends, who, after nine years' separation, had recently met again, walked up the Sweden Bridge lane into the heart of Scandale Fell, while I, paying no more attention to them, than they—after a first ten minutes—did to me, went wandering, and skipping, and dreaming by myself. In those days every rock along the mountain lane, every boggy patch, every stretch of silken, flower-sown grass, every bend of the wild stream, and all its sounds, whether it chattered gently over stony shallows, or leaped full-throated into deep pools, swimming with foam—were to me the never-ending joys of a "land of pure delight." Should I find a ripe wild strawberry in a patch

under a particular rock I knew by heart?—or the first Grass of Parnassus, or the bog auricula, or streaming cotton-plant, amid a stretch of wet moss ahead? I might quite safely explore these enchanted spots under male eyes, since they took no account, mercifully, of a child's boots and stockings—male tongues besides being safely busy with books and politics. Was that a dipper, rising and falling along the stream, or—positively—a fat brown trout in hiding under that shady bank?—or that a buzzard, hovering overhead. Such hopes and doubts kept a child's heart and eyes as quick and busy as the "beck" itself. It was a point of honor with me to get to Sweden Bridge—a rough crossing for the shepherds and sheep, near the head of the valley—before my companions; and I would sit dangling my feet over the unprotected edge of its grass-grown arch, blissfully conscious on a summer day of the warm stretches of golden fell folding in the stream, the sheep, the circling hawks, the stony path that wound up and up to regions beyond the ken of thought; and of myself, queen-ing it there on the weather-worn keystone of the bridge, dissolved in the mere physical joy of each contented sense:—the sun on my cotton dress, the scents from grass and moss, the marvellous rush of cloud-shadow along the fells, the brilliant browns and blues in the water, the little white stones on its tiny beaches, or the purples of the bigger rocks, whether in the stream or on the mountain-side. How did they come there—those big rocks? I puzzled my head about them a good deal, especially as my father, in the walks we had to ourselves, would sometimes try and teach me a little geology.

I have used the words "physical joy," because, although such passionate pleasure in natural things as has been my constant Helper (in the sense of the Greek *ἐπίκουρος*) through life, has connected itself no doubt, in process of time, with various intimate beliefs, philosophic or religious, as to the Beauty which is Truth, and therewith the only conceivable key to man's experience, yet I could not myself indorse the famous contrast in Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," between the "haunting passion"

of youth's delight in Nature, and the more complex feeling of later years, when Nature takes an aspect colored by our own moods and memories, when our sorrows and reflections enter so much into what we feel about the "bright and intricate device" of earth and her seasons, that "in our life alone doth Nature live." No one can answer for the changing moods that the future, long or short, may bring with it. But so far, I am inclined to think of this quick, intense pleasure in natural things, which I notice in myself and others, as something involuntary and inbred; independent—often selfishly independent—of the real human experience. I have been sometimes ashamed—pricked even with self-contempt—to remember how in the course of some tragic or sorrowful hours, concerning myself, or others of great account to me, I could not help observing some change in the clouds, some effect of color in the garden, some picture on the wall, which pleased me even—for the moment—intensely. The impression would be gone, perhaps, as soon as felt, rebuked by something like a flash of remorse. But it was not in my power to prevent its recurrence. And the delight in natural things—colors, forms, scents—when there was nothing to restrain or hamper it, has often been a kind of intoxication, in which thought and consciousness seemed suspended—"as though of hemlock I had drunk." Wordsworth has of course expressed it constantly, though increasingly, as life went on, in combination with a too facile pantheistic philosophy. But it is my belief that it survived in him in its primitive form, almost to the end.

The best and noblest people I have known have been, on the whole—except in first youth—without this correspondence between some constant pleasure-sense in the mind, and natural beauty. It cannot therefore be anything to be proud of. But it is certainly something to be glad of—"amid the chances and changes of this mortal life"; it is one of the joys "in widest commonalty spread"—and that may last longest. It is therefore surely to be encouraged both in oneself, and in children; and that, although I have often felt that there is something inhuman, or infrahuman in

it, as though the earth-gods in us all—Pan, or Demeter—laid ghostly hands again for a space, upon the soul and sense that nobler or sadder faiths have ravished from them.

In these Westmorland walks, however, my father had sometimes another companion—a frequent visitor at Fox How, where he was almost another son to my grandmother, and an elder brother to her children. How shall one ever make the later generation understand the charm of Arthur Stanley? There are many—very many—still living, in whom the sense of it leaps up, at the very mention of his name. But for those who never saw him, who are still in their twenties and thirties, what shall I say? That he was the son of a Bishop of Norwich, and a member of the old Cheshire family of the Stanleys of Alderley, that he was a Rugby boy and a devoted pupil of Arnold, whose *Life* he wrote, so that it stands out among the biographies of the century, not only for its literary merit, but for its wide and varied influence on feeling and opinion; that he was an Oxford tutor and Professor all through the great struggle of Liberal thought against the reactionary influences let loose by Newman and the Tractarian movement; that, as Regius Professor at Oxford, and Canon of Canterbury, if he added little to learning, or research, he at least kept alive—by his power of turning all he knew into image and color—that great "art" of history which the Dryasdusts so willingly let die; that as Dean of Westminster, he was still the life and soul of all the Liberalism in the church, still the same generous friend and champion of all the spiritually oppressed that he had ever been? None of the old "causes" beloved of his youth could ever have said of him as of so many others:—

Just for a handful of silver he left us
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—

He was no doubt the friend of kings and princes and keenly conscious always of things long-descended, with picturesque or heroic associations. But it was he who invited Colenso to preach in the Abbey after his excommunication by the fanatical and now forgotten Bishop of Cape Town; it was he who

brought about that famous Communion of the Revisers in the Abbey, where the Unitarian received the Sacrament of Christ's death, beside the Wesleyan and the Anglican, and who bore with unflinching courage the idle tumult which followed; it was he too who first took special pains to open the historical Abbey to working-men, and to give them an insight into the meaning of its treasures. He was not a social reformer in the modern sense; that was not his business. But his unfailing power of seeing and pouncing upon the interesting—the dramatic—in any human lot, soon brought him into relation with men of callings and types the most different from his own; and for the rest he fulfilled to perfection that hard duty—"the duty to our equals," on which Mr. Jowett once preached a caustic and suggestive sermon. But for him John Richard Green would have abandoned history, and student after student, heretic after heretic, found in him the man who eagerly understood them, and chivalrously fought for them.

And then, what a joy he was to the eye! His small spare figure, miraculously light, his delicate face of tinted ivory—only that ivory is not sensitive and subtle, and incredibly expressive, as were the features of the little Dean; the eager thin-lipped mouth, varying with every shade of feeling in the innocent great soul behind it; the clear eyes of china-blue; the glistening white hair, still with the wave and spring of youth in it; the slender legs, and Dean's dress, which becomes all but the portly, with, on festal occasions, the red ribbon of the Bath crossing the mercurial frame:—there are still a few pictures and photographs by which these characteristics are dimly recalled to those at least who knew the living man. To my father, who called him "Arthur," and to all the Fox How circle he was the most faithful of friends, though no doubt my father's conversion to Catholicism to some extent, in later years, separated him from Stanley. But not long ago I unfolded a letter from Stanley to "dearest Tom," written by Stanley on the night before my father left England for New Zealand in 1847, and cherished by its recipient all his life. In these lines of profound

feeling and farewell, addressed to "my earliest, dearest, and best of pupils," Stanley gave free voice to his love both for the father and the son. He describes how, in 1842, when he returned to Oxford lonely and heart-broken, in the October term after the sudden death of Arnold of Rugby, his guide and hero, the companionship and affection of Arnold's favorite son, then an undergraduate in the college of which Stanley was fellow and tutor, had made the solace of his life; and he pours into his good wishes for "Tom's" success and happiness on the other side of the world, a yearning personal note, which was perhaps sometimes lacking in the much-surrounded, much-courted Dean of later life. It was not that Arthur Stanley, any more than Matthew Arnold, ever became a worldling in the ordinary sense. But "the world" asks too much of such men as Stanley. It heaps all its honors and all its tasks upon them, and without some slight stiffening of its substance the exquisite instrument cannot meet the strain.

Mr. Hughes always strongly denied that the "George Arthur" of *Tom Brown's School Days* had anything whatever to do with Arthur Stanley. But I should like to believe that some tradition of Stanley's school-days, still surviving when "Tom Hughes" went to Rugby, had entered at least into the well-known scene where Arthur breaks down in construing the last address of Helen to the dead Hector, in class. Stanley's memory indeed was alive with the great things or the picturesque detail of literature and history, no less than with the humorous or striking things of contemporary life. And in later life it was not only for the grown-up that he used these gifts of his. As a child at Fox How I remember them well,—the fascination and terror with which they held one. To listen to him quoting Shakespeare or Scott or Macaulay was fascination—to find his eye fixed on one, and his slender finger darting towards one, as he asked a sudden historical question—"Where did Edward the First die?"—"Where was the Black Prince buried?"—was terror—lest, at seven years old, one should not be able to play up. I remember a particular visit of his

to Fox How, when the dates and places of these royal deaths and burials kept us—myself in particular—in a perpetual ferment. It must, I think, have been when he was still at Canterbury, investigating, almost with the zest and passion of the explorer of Troy or Mycenæ, what bones lie hid and where, under the Cathedral floor, what sands—"fallen from the ruined sides of Kings"—that this passion of deaths and dates was upon him. I can see myself as a child of seven or eight, standing outside the drawing-room door at Fox How, bracing myself in a mixture of delight and fear, as to what "Doctor Stanley" might ask me when the door was opened; then the opening, and the sudden sharp turn of the slight figure, writing letters at the middle table, at the sight of "lit-

tle Mary"—and the expected thunderbolt:

"*Where did Henry the Fourth die?*"

Confusion—and blank ignorance!

But memory leaps forward to a day four or five years later, when my father and I invaded the little Dean in his study at Westminster. I remember well the dark high room, and the Dean standing at his reading desk. He looks round—sees "Tom," and the child with him. His charming face breaks into a broad smile; he remembers instantly, though it is some years since he and "little Mary" met. He holds out both his hands to the little girl—

"Come and see the place where Henry the Fourth died!"

And off we ran together to the Jerusalem Chamber.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Prayer for the Old Courage

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

STILL let us go the way of beauty; go
The way of loveliness; still let us know
Those paths that lead where Pan and Daphne run,
Where roses prosper in the summer sun.

The earth may rock with War. Still is there peace
In many a place to give the heart release
From this too-vibrant pain that drives men mad.
Let us go back to the old love we had.

Let us go back, to keep alive the gleam,
To cherish the immortal, God-like dream;
Not as poor cravens flying from the fight,
But as sad children seeking the clean light.

O doubly precious now is solitude;
Thrice dear yon quiet star above the wood,
Since panic and the sundering shock of War
Have laid in ruins all we hungered for.

Brave soldiers of the spirit, guard ye well
Mountain and fort and massive citadel;
But keep ye white forever—keep ye whole
The battlements of dream within the soul!

Tragressor

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY LAWRENCE PERRY

[SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—Captain Reginald Tragressor, of the British Army, suffering from shell shock, which has deranged his memory, is recuperating in the United States. Riding through the woods at Hempfield, he comes upon Dodo Curzon, who has fallen from her horse. He accompanies her to her home, where he is introduced to her family and to Philip Toler, who is in love with Dodo. A press report, which comes into Toler's hands, leads him to believe that the real Captain Tragressor has been killed in action, and that the Englishman, who is being entertained at the Curzon's country home and is becoming seriously interested in Dodo, must be an impostor. At this juncture Sir Arthur Ballantyne and his daughter enter the story. The latter is Tragressor's fiancée.]



FOR the moment speech was denied me. With the apparently rational conviction that the real Captain Tragressor had been killed in action and that the man putting up at the Curzons' was a fortune-hunter; with mind attuned to the complications thereby involved and every thought bent upon getting rid of the fellow with the least possible publicity and a minimum of pain for Dodo—with the situation thus, I say, what more startling *dénouement* could possibly be conceived than the unexpected appearance of the girl to whom he was engaged to be married?

Mechanically I reached into my pocket and drew forth the clipping I had borrowed from Penworthy. Sir Arthur merely glanced at it and handed it back with a shrug—a pure case of mistaken identity, such as was constantly occurring.

When the error was discovered, he said, Tragressor's name was placed upon the list of missing. In reality he had been wounded and taken by the Germans.

"When they retired from Noyon they left him behind," concluded the baronet. "I fancy they didn't particularly care to keep him, as his mind was practically a blank from shell shock."

"Shell shock!" My exclamation seemed to startle Sir Arthur, who glanced at me in surprise while I hurried

on. "Then this aphasia of which he has spoken is genuine—"

"My dear sir," was the grave reply, "it is only too painfully so." Thereupon, with frequent commiserating glances at Miss Ballantyne, who sat leaning forward, arms folded across her lap, her wonderful eyes fixed thoughtfully upon a remote corner of the apartment, he narrated the salient facts in Tragressor's pitiable story.

It seems he had been promptly identified by the advancing English and invalided home. Physically his recovery had been rapid, but on the mental side his progress had been extremely dilatory.

While his aphasia, or, rather, amnesia, bore a general resemblance to type, there were deviations of sufficient importance to confound the prognosis of the best London specialists. For a time the past was utterly lost. He knew merely that he existed in the present; life for him dated from the moment when he recovered consciousness in a field hospital. Everything back of that was a blank. Curiously, he could place his mother as his mother—his father, Gen. Sir Almeric Tragressor, C.B., had yielded his life in the Boer War—but of his boyhood and all the more recent events of a brave, brilliant, crowded life he had no memory whatever.

Of Tragressor's romance with his daughter, Sir Arthur, of course, said little, did nothing more than state the fact of their engagement in the second year

of the war, she a member of the Red Cross at the front and he under her care, slightly wounded.

"It is not too much to say," concluded Sir Arthur, "that Captain Tragressor has shown a marked improvement. Under the most painstaking care a certain amount of the past has been reconstructed in his mind. Unfortunately, there is much ground left to cover. He has the consciousness of having known my daughter—but that is all. He accepts my word that I am an old friend of the Tragressors' and thus interested in his recovery."

"I see," my father clucked his sympathy. "Too bad! too bad!"

I glanced at Miss Ballantyne, who had risen and walked to a window, where she stood with her back toward us, looking out into the night. Sir Arthur gestured toward her and shook his head gloomily.

"The physician recommended a trip to the States in the hope that a change of environment would hasten the processes of restoration. There are signs to indicate the wisdom of the idea, and yet—and yet—" Again the speaker glanced at the girl.

It was sufficiently clear in all its brave pathos. This superb girl, loyal in her devotion, had set herself to the task of beginning at the beginning, of winning Tragressor's love a second time and thus by subtle degrees re-establishing a phase of the past which, among others, was absolutely dead to him.

"But," she said, with a brave smile, "I am afraid we hadn't realized how bored he was until he left us suddenly—"

"Bored! Stuff!" stormed Sir Arthur who thereupon proceeded to tell of Tragressor's flight and of their utter ignorance of his whereabouts until a paragraph among society notes of the *Herald* had announced him as the guest of the Curzons at Overbrook.

"Our duty, quite naturally, is to keep in touch with him at all times," he continued, "but I most heartily confess this present hiatus is perplexing."

So it was, indeed. I was quite certain he did not realize just how perplexing.

"The paper," said the girl, quite simply, "spoke of a Miss Curzon—?"

She looked at me in speaking. I affected negligence and merely nodded.

But it wouldn't do. Her eyes transfixed me, whereupon, seeing no other course, I plunged ahead and told of the meeting of Tragressor and Dodo, of the hospitality of the Curzons, and, in fact, everything, except, of course, the growing intimacy of the young officer and the girl, and of my peculiar, if unofficial, status in the situation. All this, I decided, she must learn for herself.

"Sir Arthur, our course is plain." My father brought his palms together as he always did in moments of great decision. "Until you've studied the land and adopted a course of definite procedure you will be our guests. I shall insist upon making capital of our business relations to that extent at least. Now—now"—as the Englishman held out his hands in polite expostulation—"I decline to hear of any alternative. In fact, there is none. Your course is to keep as closely in touch with Captain Tragressor as possible until such time as he becomes weary of the Curzons—which, naturally," he snorted, "will not require many days."

"But a hotel—?" ventured the girl.

"There is no hotel worthy of the name," frowned my father, I inwardly egging him on. "We are not a great way from the Curzons'; my son is on extremely friendly terms with them. Your best, in fact your only tack is to remain with us. Philip will telephone the Ritz to-morrow and have your trunks forwarded, and in the mean time—"

But I had already touched a button, and when a footman appeared I ordered him to bring in the luggage and to send the car back to New York. While superintending this my mother, who had been presiding over a meeting in the village of a body of women engaged in war relief or something, arrived in her motor. I held her on the veranda long enough to give her the salient points of the situation, and then followed her into the house.

"Yes, Arnold," she said as my father came forward, "Phil has told me—"

"Oh, has he?" grunted the stanch old fellow, thereupon introducing her to the two guests.

My mother was all that Adelia Curzon would like to be and never could be.



"THE SITUATION IS ABSOLUTELY RIDICULOUS. THEY'VE ONLY KNOWN EACH OTHER TWO DAYS!"

The utmost sweetness and sympathy and dignity were hers as she walked straight to Miss Ballantyne and with ineffable tact made her at home.

"Sir Arthur," she added, turning to the father, "I have heard so much of you in the past few months that I regard you as an old friend."

And so it was settled. Miss Ballantyne was tired and soon went to her room. My father carried Sir Arthur to his study, and I went into the library and, lighting a pipe, gave myself up to tumultuous thought.

A pretty situation, indeed. That Tragressor and Dodo were in love was perfectly patent. Yet here in this house was a girl to whom he was already plighted, a girl to whom, probably, his heart would go out with all the old fervor as soon as the mists had cleared from his brain and the past lay before him in all its shining, cleanly cut reality. What then of Dodo? And in the mean time, what of this stunning English girl? She

had spoken of having bored Tragressor. Well, in that event there must be something more serious than shell shock the matter with him. Such, at least, was my snap judgment concerning the girl who now lay up-stairs, probably sleepless, torn by thoughts of this "Miss Curzon" with whom apparently her betrothed husband was so contented a guest.

The telephone bell broke insistently upon my meditations. I hurried into the hall-closet extension and closed the door. It was, as I suspected, Ethel. Nothing, she said in response to my anxious inquiry, had happened after my departure. The inquisitive rector had finally been driven to cover, the dinner proceeding to a serene and peaceful ending, with Tragressor and Dodo as oblivious to any one but themselves as politeness allowed. Ethel, of course, was bristling with curiosity which I was in no mood to gratify.

"You come and see mother in the morning," I said, unable to keep a cer-

tain note of mystery out of my voice. Her reply was a haughty good-night and an unnecessarily vigorous hanging up of the receiver. . . .

Hempfield, try as she may have, has not yet succeeded in outgrowing the influence of the old American Sabbath. Dinner parties, sport on the polo-field, tennis-courts, and golf-links—in fact, all the diversions which the gilded suburban community has adapted or originated to the end that the so-called Lord's Day shall be a pleasure rather than a bore—had not as yet succeeded in making the first day of the week as other days, not in Hempfield at least. Sunday still held a subtle significance for most of us. To me, personally, there was a softer, more benign quality in the sunlight, a deeper lilt in the wayward breezes—an atmosphere, in short, definite in its quality as in its manifestations.

It was not so much the thrill of unusual circumstances as habit which caused me to awaken a full two hours before breakfast—always on Sundays a stately and thoroughly satisfactory function in our family life—and to bathe, shave, and dress with the enjoyable prospect of an hour of philosophic reverie under a group of oak-trees near the white-pillared pergola which ran from the rear of the house. The morning was regal; the fresh, scented breath of adolescent summer swept from the distant hills, and the serene blue of the heavens was broken only by shreds of fleecy clouds. The dew-laden turf, gemmed by the royal pomp of peony and gladioli and rose-garden, ran down to meet the hedged highway, and all about was the blitheness of bough and branch flaunting the fresh, delicately marked foliage of early maturity.

"Wonderful!" I sank into a rustic chair, lighting a cigarette, but started up immediately as the full-throated echo of the exclamation came musically from the pergola. It was Miss Ballantyne, making her way from behind a mass of rose-bushes. She was in white, no hint of color save the ivory tint of her throat, the delicate flush upon her cheeks. She came across the velvet turf with the grace of a goddess with her splendidly poised figure, her fine brow and calm gray eyes, and the rich chestnut hair.

So cool she was, so serene, so much a part of the flowers and the clouds and the wind-rush and the songs of the birds, that I am afraid I stood rather foolishly absorbed in the picture—and you know there isn't a girl in the world who doesn't know your thoughts when you are looking at her and thinking of her alone. She flushed, but spoke easily enough:

"Perhaps this is your meditative hour. I am aware how valuable it is to literary men—"

"How do you know I am a literary man?" I gestured toward the chair near mine. "Please."

"How perfectly beautiful!" she sighed, complying and glancing around. "I haven't the slightest reason for believing I am not in England, don't you know. Your trees—hedgerows—everything is very like. . . . I usually read before breakfast. I took the liberty of foraging in the library and discovered *Equine Interludes* and *Cross Country*. They are known in England. In fact, they are accepted as evidence that there is in America a philosophy of the horse akin to ours. Can you imagine how excited I am to discover that you are the Philip Toler who wrote them?"

Modestly ignoring the last sentence, I expressed my wish that America would view the two books from England's viewpoint.

I looked at the volume in her hand. It was a rather impressionistic recital of my summer's experience with the American Field Service in France.

"You won't care for that trifling stuff."

Her eyes flashed proudly. "Won't I! You are one of the Americans who—" She paused abruptly. "And yet—and yet peace is so beautiful. This radiant morning shows what the world is really for, doesn't it? To be here out of all that over there is like bathing in Elysium."

I didn't reply, staring moodily at the distant perspective of hill and valley, my mind, however, filled with the bleak tragedy of northern France. Her voice brought me back; there was a brave, strained note.

"I wish, Mr. Toler," she was saying, "that you would tell me, without the

slightest reservation, about Rex—about Captain Tragressor.”

“You mean—” I hesitated.

“Yes, I mean Miss Curzon. She is beautiful, of course—and worth while—?”

“Miss Ballantyne, she is a girl in a million,” I replied, with all due emphasis. In truth, the emphasis brought me to a realization of just what I had said. “I mean,” I added, hastily—and lamely, “in the United States, of course.”

She spoke gently. “Oh, that wasn’t necessary, really.”

“Yes, it was,” I declared. I was about to plunge in regardless, but a saving sense of fitness intervened to prevent the *gaucherie*.

But would it really have been so left-handed, after all? Dodo Curzon was, indeed, a girl in a million—but not in any million frequented by Betty Ballantyne. Brilliant as Dodo was in her blond beauty, her delicate colorings, her ardent spirits, her blithe, sparkling personality, the English girl with that fine leaven of depth and character and poise

was to me vastly more alluring. If the figure be acceptable, Dodo was the rivulet, flashing and laughing over pearly stones and clean white sand; Miss Ballantyne suggested deeper waters, “stilled at even,” reflecting the light of the sunset heavens and the silent foliage of bordering oaks. Where one was vivacious the other was serene; where one was animated, restless, the other was poised. Dodo mocked you with her eyes; Miss Ballantyne studied you and gave you weight and made you self-respecting. Both admirable, both alluring, and yet—and yet—

She broke a long silence. “It’s best to be quite frank, I think. You see the difficulty, of course. . . . I have gathered that Rex has been attracted by—by Miss Curzon—?”

I arose with an exclamation of concern. “The situation is absolutely ridiculous. Why, they’ve only known each other two days!” I shrugged. “I don’t know that you understand the meaning of our term ‘crush,’ but it’s one of those touch-and-go attachments—”



“COME ON, IF YOU DARE,” CRIED DODO

She smiled faintly. "You would consider this, then, a crush?"

"I don't know," said I, candidly. "Who can ever tell?"

"Who, indeed?" Accepting the grave possibilities, it was characteristic of this girl, as I came to know her, that her first thought was of Dodo.

"What an impossible situation for Miss Curzon!" she murmured.

"Have you considered," I suggested, gravely, "what an impossible situation it is not only for her, but for you and for Tragressor? Then, too, there are future complications."

She gestured. "I don't know quite what to do. I have a certain duty to Rex and, I suppose, to myself—"

"One thing that must be done, and at once," I interposed, "is to advise Dodo Curzon as to the facts. When she knows them the situation will be simplified."

She smiled wearily. "Will it? I wonder. At all events, you are quite right."

There was, of course, no logical reason why she should have had the slightest feeling of animosity or irritation against Dodo; none the less, in view of the delicacy of the circumstance and the peculiar nature of the situation, it would have been no more than human had there been some emotion of the sort. But there was none. Her character was far above pettiness and her breadth of mind encompassed all shades and values. As for me, I could not but wonder at my lack of enthusiasm at the prospect of having Dodo free.

"I am perfectly willing to tell her," I offered, "unless, perhaps, your father—"

"My father!" She smiled faintly. "No; you are awfully good, Mr. Toler, but I shall tell her, of course." She sighed. "I haven't the slightest idea what I shall say or how I shall say it. I can only hope—" She paused. "I mean it will be simpler if—if it chances to be friendship—as yet."

If she was looking for encouragement, I had none to give. In some agitation I resumed my seat at her side, wondering if death were more bitter than the experience she had been living—the daily vigil with not even the ghost of a dead love; the husk that had contained it an ever-present jeer at all she had

known and felt and held most dear; the ceaseless watching for the warm light in eyes that were coldly impersonal; waiting for those words of formula so very, very old and yet always so new, that never came; salving pride, bruised in countless ways, with the smile of a brave hope, and over-riding humiliation with the exalted consciousness of duty. And the net result: the flight of Tragressor—bored. What a mockery! Had ever gifts so priceless been laid at the feet of insensate clay?

I don't know why I did it, don't know how I ever dared, but after the interval of silence I suddenly leaned forward and caught her hand. She understood the motive—perhaps better than I did, at least better than I did after the thrill of those cool, firm fingers went through me. It was all momentary. . . .

"Are any of you for church?" My mother looked around the breakfast-table with the patient smile of one whose summer Sabbath mornings were spent in a lonely pew. Sir Arthur and father most palpably were not. They had progressed only through the first English loan and meant to go much further.

"Miss Ballantyne and I are going for a ride," I parried. "She hasn't any clothes, but all Marian's riding-things are in her closet; they'll fit to a dot." (Marian was a younger sister, engaged in work in the American hospital in Neuilly.) "Oh, it isn't at all for pleasure," I added, replying to a playful grimace. "We thought of dropping in at Overbrook. The sooner the better, you know."

My mother arose, employing in her assent words which in the kindness of her heart showed that her sympathy embraced the plight of both girls.

An hour later Miss Ballantyne stood in front of a stall, rubbing the brown nose of Marian's hunter.

"What a beauty! What a perfect dear! You and I are going to be great friends, old fellow." She patted his flank as the groom led him out. "What's his name?"

"Junius," I replied. "He hasn't been out as much as he would like; he'll be a bit strenuous, I'm afraid."

"Of course."



EVERY INSTINCT OF FIGHT HAD SURGED TO THE SURFACE AND WAS NOT TO BE DENIED

Nodding nonchalantly, she placed her booted foot in my hand and was launched lightly into the saddle, where she sat smiling down at me, her cheeks burning, her eyes preternaturally bright. With the immediacy of our visit to Overbrook growing, her mood had quickened and she had talked three to the minute in palpable nervous tension.

As the Curzon estate was not a great way off, I thought it better to take a circuitous route through the hills, trusting to the influence of the beautiful scenery and the thrill of the saddle to restore her mind at least to comparative equanimity.

In the mean time I watched her admiringly. She was a picture—she was also a splendid horsewoman of the sort you see in the first flight at Leicester-

shire—a fine, stanch cross-country seat and the ability to hold the reins capably in either hand.

As I had hoped, her thought soon began to veer from the delicate task lying ahead, her mind given up to the sheer enjoyment of the canter along the picturesque highway.

"You have the American - cowboy seat," she said, as we broke from a spirited gallop. "I came to know it very well in the summers I spent at my brother's ranch in New Mexico. I like it."

"Every one here says it's spectacular and bad form," I laughed. "But it tells on the polo-field."

"Then you play polo?" She regarded me with keener interest.

I was about to say something depre-

catory, when suddenly I saw her face go white and her eyes turn into hard disks. Following her glance ahead, I caught sight of two persons on horseback who had apparently turned in from a cross-road. There was no doubt about that gleaming oriflamme which fell from under the hat of the woman, and still less doubt about the straight figure of the man.

"Dodo Curzon and Tragressor!" I exclaimed, in a low voice, and glanced sharply at the girl; but without reply she spoke to her horse, who lunged forward at accelerated pace. I forged to her side, and thus without speaking we drew rapidly up on the pair, who were going along slowly, quite close together, and talking earnestly.

At my sharp halloo both turned in the manner, I thought, of those who felt that whoever was hailing them had a positive genius for the inopportune. However, this was no time for delicacy.

"Hello, Dodo!" I cried, spurring forward. "Pull up a moment. I want you to meet some one."

In another second we formed a group in the middle of the road. I was breathing rapidly, but I am sure my face contained the proper expression of polite informality.

"Miss Curzon, this is Miss Ballantyne. Tragressor, I am sure you—"

But his exclamation interrupted. "By Jove! Miss Ballantyne, I owe you one! Oh, this is tremendous!" He paused, his eyes fixed dreamily upon the girl. "It's coming back, everything—"

While we stood, not breathing, he broke the heavy silence.

"Of course! You are the Red Cross nurse back of Ypres. We were great pals, weren't we? You were very decent to me—" He stopped abruptly. Miss Ballantyne, sitting like a statue on her horse, held his eyes.

"Rex"—I could see Dodo Curzon start—"is that all you recall? Try and think, please."

Tragressor had started no less palpably than his partner at the employment of the diminutive.

"Rex—?" The word trembled on his lips. He stopped abruptly, puzzled. Then he smiled politely. "Oh yes, of course."

It must have been like the cut of a whip to the English girl. Her face went white. Dodo, not comprehending and somewhat irritated, was staring fixedly at her. I had to break the awful silence.

"Let's jog along a bit. We were going to drop in on you, Dodo."

"One moment, please." Miss Ballantyne gestured at me with her riding-crop. "Rex—"

Tragressor started as though she had shot at him, while that blank, glassy expression which comes over the face of an English gentleman when he has been unreasonably affronted crept over his features. The scene was simply unbearable, and I was about to assert myself in a peremptory manner when the excited cry of an urchin in a neighboring field caused us to look up, our eyes falling upon a spectacle that sent the blood tingling.

A fox in full action was dusting across the road—wary, cautious, discriminating in spite of his headlong flight. I recognized him instantly, by the light tuft on the tail and similar marking under the throat, as a clever old customer whose matchless cunning and unflagging endurance had set the huntsmen of Hempfield at naught for four seasons—"Old Reddy."

Behind came the baying of hounds, and as we looked four of old Jephtha Armitage's pack burst onto the highway and slithered through the fence into the next field. There were no horsemen in sight or hearing; no doubt the huntsmen and the whipper-in, with the main body of the pack, had been turned off on a cross-scent.

My problem had been to break up this disconcerting *rencontre* in the middle of the road. Here came an inspiration, caught from Dodo's snapping eyes and flaming face and the tenseness of Miss Ballantyne's seat on her horse. It wasn't our hunt, and it was out of season, besides. But these were minor considerations; the main thing was to get this little tea party moving.

"I heard my voice rocketing in the bark of the hunting-field:

"Tally-ho!"

"Tally-ho!" Dodo's shrill cry merged with mine among the echoes. "Come on, if you dare." Followed the quick beat

of hoofs as she made her turn to the roadside and put the animal to a three-rail fence with a small ditch on the other side.

I caught the glance Dodo threw back at Miss Ballantyne—a swift, sharp flash of defiance and challenge, quite in keeping with the attitude of tacit dislike she had maintained throughout, as though her instinct had warned her from the first that this girl was destined to break in upon her happiness. The challenge was so characteristic of her temperament that I could not forbear to smile.

It was a brief smile, though. Events were moving too swiftly for aught else. With a stirring, "Come on," Tragressor set sail for the fence like a Berserker, Miss Ballantyne not two jumps behind him. Dodo in the mean time had soared superbly and was off and away over a stretch of pasture and field that rolled on for at least a mile.

Yipping like a cowboy, I went over in the wake of my companion, whose mount took the fence easily enough, but evidently miscalculated the width of the ditch, landing with his forefeet on the bank, his hind hoofs in the water. Stumbling and lurching, I thought Junius was going to fall, but he regained footing and the girl, who was not riding astride, sat like a rock.

"Go on, go on!" she cried, with a touch of impatience. "I'm all right."

"Righto!" I knew what sort of a mount she had and I knew that, all things being equal, he could travel with anything in the Curzon stable. Miss Ballantyne must have known it, too, in spite of the stumble, for she did nothing but speak to Junius as he began to lay the meadow tufts under his shapely legs.

Tragressor was a bit heavy for his mare, at least for hunting, but he managed to keep pace with Dodo, who was riding great guns up a stretch of vivid upland, the baying of the hounds coming back in the wind.

"We'll catch them," I called.

My partner, whose grim, set face indicated that she had grasped every shade of the situation, nodded.

We had laid six acres under our hoofs when the second fence came into sight. It was barbed wire—not to be jumped, of course. I was near enough to hear Dodo's cry of vexation as she raised slightly in her stirrups and looked for a gate. It lay about a hundred yards down, and, by cutting across, Miss Ballantyne and I were able to come up, as a farmer, who chanced to be standing at the opening, swung the barrier wide.

The English girl lashed her horse for the opening and sideswiped Dodo's mount. Men usually bawl each other out in such a mishap, but the two girls merely looked and then sped on.

Tragressor held back with a polite smile, but I gestured him on. It wasn't



"MISS CURZON, YOU WERE SUPERB—"

our fight. He nodded and pounded through the opening, flinging back something over shoulder to the effect that:

"A horse and a fox are made for each other, as the old blighter Jorrocks said."

The field that we were now in covered some twelve acres. It was still level and

thrill of the chase I no longer held any idea of holding back. But, drive my horse as I would, I could not overtake those two beautiful Amazons; the best I could do was to get a couple of lengths on Tragressor, who, by the way, was watching the girls with glistening eyes, and with the abstracted expression of a man riding mechanically while engaged in deep thought.

The hounds clambered over a corner of the field where two fences met in a clump of bushes. There were four rows of rails; Dodo's horse and Junius took it abreast like two steel springs, the stinging withes of the bushes relieving both riders of their hats. But hats were of least concern. We were now on clean-scented ground and the hounds were kiting along with tails up and ears flapping.

We galloped after them up a long stubbly slope and then over a three-foot wall into a wide area of open country — utterly different ground from that over which we had been galloping with nothing save fences that could not be covered with a stride.

A rasping ditch opened before me as though fluttering into view on a moving-picture screen. The banks looked pebbly and rotten.

"Look out!" I called.

Dodo lowered her head and spoke to her mare. The animal, without a quiver, launched herself across the wide opening and her hind hoofs struck fairly on the far bank. The gravel gave way; pebbles and clumps of earth splashed into the water, Dodo clinging desperately. While the mare was regaining her stride the English girl took the jump clean as a whistle and forged ahead, cutting Junius with her crop for the first time.



TRAGRESSOR HAD DISMOUNTED AND WAS WALKING TOWARD DODO

good riding. The two girls were going neck and neck about twelve feet apart, Dodo leaning forward jockey fashion, Miss Ballantyne with her statelier and more conventional side-seat and yet as much a part of her mount as Dodo was.

In the middle of the field the hounds paused, confused by something that had thrown them off. We pulled up while they nuzzled about, until suddenly a young dog which had been nosing independently threw up his head, giving thrilling voice, and was off at right angles, the other three scuttering after him.

In an instant we were off, and in the

The horse put his ears back and fairly threw his feet at the ground. Dodo, her face devoid of color, got her mount straightened out and went off helter-skelter, perhaps fifteen feet behind her rival. It was to the death now, beyond all doubt. Every instinct of fight that sturdy forebears had implanted in the nature of these two high-strung girls—whose ancestors, perhaps, had tried to kill one another from Lexington to Yorktown—had surged to the surface and was not to be denied.

I let Tragressor range alongside.

"What a ride!" he grinned, his eyes, however, hard and filled with glinting lights.

"There'll be a broken neck out of this, Tragressor."

But he had the British sportsman's optimism. "Oh, they'll muddle out."

"Right." It certainly wasn't for me to show sentiment if he had none.

The hounds were now a full field away. I could see them pausing in doubt and then turning off and making across some furrowed land at the end of which was a tall hedge of privet and young second-growth trees.

The girls were approaching the hedge, which was too tall to admit of a view of conditions on the other side. I saw Miss Ballantyne raise her head and look curiously forward; Dodo, too, was rising in her stirrups.

I knew the hedge well. It was not to be jumped. It was tall and thick and there was a brook on the other side.

"There's a break to your left," I called, and to my immense satisfaction I saw Miss Ballantyne look back at me and then begin to swerve to one side. Then I heard Tragressor's sharp cry:

"George! Miss Curzon's going to pound her—going to pound her, by Jove!"

To my horror Dodo was crouching upon her steed, urging her straight for the hedge like a thunderbolt.

"Dodo!"

The next instant Miss Ballantyne had wheeled her horse around and was making for the spot Dodo had selected.

"You can't do it! Do you hear?" I yelled.

But the fierce drum-beat of hoofs on the hard clay drowned my voice. Gallop-

ing at top bent, I saw Dodo's mount, her breast almost touching the four-foot stone wall at the bottom of the hedge, rise straight upward. There was a crash, a shattering of boughs, a clattering of stones, another crash.

"Betty! Betty Ballantyne!" Tragressor's voice sounded like a trumpet.

But the other girl, never turning, took the jump and crashed through the barrier like a thunderbolt.

Without volition I urged my horse toward a comparatively thin spot in the hedge some thirty feet farther down and went through, Tragressor practically at my side. The flying water and gravel filled my eyes; I pawed at them desperately, afraid, yet eager to lend a hand in the heart-breaking *dénouement* of this wild ride. Then like the voice of an angel came an exclamation from Tragressor.

"Thank God!"

Sweeping the veil of mud and water from my eyes, I looked toward the opposite bank of the wide brook. And there, on the backs of their quivering horses, the girls sat like two statues.

Dodo's yellow hair was tumbling loose, and across her forehead and face were two long, livid scratches. Miss Ballantyne, no less disheveled, was bleeding from a cut under the eye. The breasts of both were rising and falling, their lips parted in greedy catching at the air. Their eyes were fixed upon each other, expressionless.

Tragressor and I pulled up and watched them—a slight distance away. It was as though we knew that the puissance of the scene demanded nothing from us save silence and aloofness.

Suddenly the English girl leaned forward and patted her horse's neck. Then looking up, the faintest shadow of a smile in her level eyes, she reached out her hand to Dodo.

"Miss Curzon, may I make my reverence? You were superb—"

Dodo started. "And you—you—" She took the proffered hand. "You—" Her lips were working, her eyes suffused. As she fought valiantly for her self-control Tragressor with an exclamation forged, not to her side, but to Miss Ballantyne's.

"Betty," he said, quietly, "I'm sorry."

"Betty!" Dodo leaned forward in her saddle. "I—"

"Dodo, wait a minute." My voice was stern. She turned to me, flushing, but neither Tragressor nor Miss Ballantyne held thought of us.

"When did it come to you, Rex?" Miss Ballantyne was searching him, her eyes half-closed. A sort of hopelessness had settled upon his face.

"When you went through the hedge," he replied. "Do you remember our ride in Surrey two years ago this month—when you fell? It was a hedge like that—smaller."

Dodo, unconsciously, probably, had ridden to my side and we sat immobile, our eyes fastened upon the two.

Slowly Tragressor turned to us, the look of death upon his face, but eyes shining strangely.

"Miss—Miss Curzon I—I don't know what to say. My memory had gone, as you know. Now—now everything has come back. I want you to—to—" He gestured toward the other girl. "I—Miss Ballantyne, to whom—I was engaged before I was—I mean to whom I am now engaged—"

A peal of rich, rippling laughter broke in upon his words. Breathing heavily, I turned. Miss Ballantyne had her gloved hand at her face, as though in excess of mirth. She ceased abruptly and then fixed Tragressor with eyes which never blinked, which seemed to penetrate and leave his every inward emotion naked. Finally she spoke.

"Rex, hasn't your reviving memory played you a trick? . . . You said *engaged*."

"Eh?" Tragressor stared at her.

"You do me great honor—but think: surely you mistake."

For a full minute eye met eye, and who knows what hidden messages of thought and feeling were conveyed!

"Was I mistaken?" There were depths of significance in his voice.

And her voice, equally surcharged, came low and firm, "I am quite sure you were, Rex."

For a moment there was silence. Then Dodo's laughter rang clear, laughter vibrant with relief and with emotions far deeper.

Miss Ballantyne swung her horse about. "Come, Mr. Toler, I am sure father will worry; and at all events you were going to show me—I don't know what," she added, in a low voice, "but for God's sake get me away."

Tragressor had dismounted and was walking toward Dodo, she smiling down at him. I spoke to my horse, and with Miss Ballantyne following we made for the highway.

We had ridden half an hour before the girl spoke. "What a wonderful girl!" she said.

"Dodo Curzon?" As she nodded I went on: "Miss Ballantyne, I was not able to read your thoughts, or know what lay behind your mood, but will you permit me to say I have no patience with your act of sacrifice?"

She looked at me dreamily. "Was it sacrifice? Is it sacrifice to yield a man to a girl whom he loves better than he does you?"

"How do you know that was true of Tragressor?"

She struck her crop sharply upon her boot. "Oh, I *know* it. I know Rex Tragressor. I know myself." She closed her eyes. "There were the battle-field, the long hospital nights, the glamour of heroes. . . . There were reports of his death. Was the shock so great as it should have been? The thought occurred at the time. Should it have vanished so quickly? I had that thought also. Then his return; there was nothing then to consider but duty. . . . Now duty has ended." She looked at me. "Is it through silly pride I tell you this?"

"Silly nothing!" I exclaimed. "I see. He wasn't for you; he—he—didn't meet you intellectually, or—or—" I stopped abruptly. "Do you know," I went on, "I feel like cheering?"

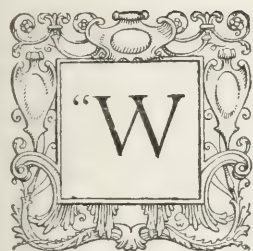
"Like cheering?" She looked at me and then something in my eyes made her turn away, flushing vividly, but smiling, too.

And I knew, knew as though the information were written on the blue skies in flaming gold, that some time, I didn't know just when, but some time, the day would come when I would tell her why I felt like cheering—and that she would wish to hear.

The New Socialist Alignment

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Member of the Root Commission to Russia



WE were Germans before we were Socialists," retorted an eminent Social Democrat of Germany when taunted with the record his party has made in the last five years. "A long time before," he might have added; also, figuratively, "a long distance." The war has been to the world a series of disillusion, but none of them of sharper or more painful meaning than when we saw that all the fine professions of the German Socialists in favor of peace and universal brotherhood were soluble at the mere touch of the imperial scepter, waving to war.

Indeed, in this case the reality, which most of us have not yet fully grasped, is still worse. When did the war begin? April, 1913; not August, 1914, as the press always has it. The real declaration of war was made by the German Reichstag when it struck observing Europe dumb and chill by passing an extraordinary war credit of \$250,000,000; and to that act of belligerency in a time of profound peace the Socialists in the Reichstag gave practically their support.

All men in the world accustomed to make upon the day's news an intelligent diagnosis must have gasped and stared at this portent. Unless Germany deliberately planned now to bring down upon mankind the war her armament had silently threatened these many years, there was no good reason for this perilous saber-rattling; certainly none appeared in the state of Europe. Yet the Socialists seemed to be for it; that was the incomprehensible fact. August Bebel, then still active, was the ablest and most famous of their leaders, and criticism from many lands seemed to goad him into a defense. It was of a nature to chill the last hope in any friend of peace. Two reasons he gave for the Reichstag's

action. One was that President Poincaré of France, who had been but newly elected, was a war-like and dangerous man and no one could tell to what lengths he might go. The other was that in the Balkan wars the Turks, taught by German officers, had been beaten by the Serbians, taught by French. The judicious might grieve indeed when they came upon such an offering from such a source, and anybody able to read might see that war was close at hand.

The world had long looked upon the German Socialists as one of its safeguards. It had been told that even if the War Lord should command to battle the Socialists would not abate one jot of their faith, and affecting pictures were drawn of the typical German Socialist folding his arms and allowing himself to be shot rather than obey his Kaiser and go forth to shoot his brother proletarians. Four millions was the strength of the German Socialist party; all opposed to war and ready to refuse to engage in it. How then could Germany ever break the peace? Let her drill her great armies as she might list, delight her rulers with her far-famed autumn maneuvers, and make the welkin and other things ring about the Mailed Fist. The Social Democrats were the sufficient answer to all that.

And now it appeared to our dazed senses that this belief must be surrendered as but fantasy. Now it appeared that when a band of jingoes went to and fro beating the war drum the Socialists were as much entranced with the rub-a-dub as any school-boy of them all.

Either so or they were sand-blind to what other men could see very plainly, even men farther from the stage and not directly concerned in the play there. Many good men in Switzerland, for instance, knew perfectly well what was going on. They did not need an apos-

tolie revelation to understand that nations do not adopt extraordinary war credits of \$250,000,000 to expend the money on Sunday-schools. These excellent men, in reasonable alarm, started out to see if the world's peace might not still be kept. We ought not to overlook now what the historian will probably regard as the most significant event of the whole war prologue. The Swiss invited the radical members of the French Chamber of Deputies and of the German Reichstag, Socialists and advanced liberals, to come to Berne for a friendly, informal conference that they might find a basis for common action and avert the coming storm. It was a kindly and might have been a serviceable thought, but it came to nothing for only one reason that the Swiss had overlooked. They believed that radicals everywhere were opposed to war and ready to take any steps to prevent it. In this they seemed to have made no error about the French radicals, who came to Berne in a body, and seemed but too glad to come. But when they arrived they found they had only themselves to talk to; the German radicals largely failed to respond.

Some minds, I understand, are still able to cling to the notion that in those days of fate the German Socialists were the innocent dupes of a wicked, designing Government in which they had placed a beautiful and child-like faith. The suggestion that the skilful Bebel and the adroit Scheidemann not once suspected war to mean war, could never appeal powerfully, I should imagine, to the adult mind; but, anyway, the story of the collapse of the Berne conference ought to give it its quietus. Yet it is only one of many incidents that will never fit with any theory that the Socialists did not know what they were doing. I spent the summer of 1913 in France, Germany, and Austria, and the storm signals were flying so plainly that even the eye of an alien visitor could hardly mistake them. A large part of the German press, flagrantly led by the journals that supported the Pan-Germanic League, was engaged in trying to arouse in the German people a virulent hatred of France. The thing was as open as day; the campaign was deliberate and unmistakable;

and any one that read at all could not escape it.

A part of this vicious effort was a series of fantastic tales of outrage, insult, and injury alleged to have been suffered by Germans that ventured unattended upon French soil. It was to be noted that all these events were staged in French towns along the eastern part of the frontier, a fact that I have since pondered as not likely to have been accidental. Another circumstance that might have struck the least attentive was that, although the press described events certainly calling for action by the Government of the victim, Berlin turned not a hand in any of these matters.

The most famous and successful of the narratives was the weird tale of Hans Müller. This was said to be a poor German boy who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion and merely because of his nationality was horribly tortured and maltreated until at last he had been beaten into a dying condition and left to rot upon the desert. The fire-eating part of the German press dwelt upon all this with infinite detail; one, I remember, going to the length of a picture of the body of poor Hans abandoned to the vultures. A furious demand went up for an official apology and reparation from France. The wilder among the journals were all for an ultimatum from Germany that France disband her Foreign Legion, the German ambassador to ask for his passports within twenty-four hours if the demand were not complied with. This, of course, would be equivalent to a declaration of war.

Then the whole story was raked to and fro by competent authority and shown to be a web of falsehoods. There had been no Hans Müller in the Foreign Legion; no member of it, whether German or other, had been persecuted or abused; none had been left dying on the desert. Journalism has not known balder inventions or more wicked; the whole thing must have been the work of wholly depraved minds, for it might easily have brought about a war.

All the other stories in this category made a similar record. It was proved by patient investigation that no German woman had been persecuted at Lunéville; that no German traveler had been

beaten at Verdun; that no German traveling salesmen had been mobbed at Nancy. Yet the fire-eating press ignored all these demonstrations and continued to print and refer to the canards as if they were things veritable and established. What was still more alarming was the course of the Socialist journals. It was to have been expected, most assuredly, that they at least would perceive the danger of such incendiary utterances and strive to counteract them. I was unable to discover that any of them did so, or that Socialists as individuals were interesting themselves on the side of sanity and safety, even after the jingo fabrications had been stripped bare and riddled.

These were ugly signs, and, coupled with the incessant beating of the tocsin by the League, might well fill with dismay and forebodings every friend of peace. The attitude of the Socialists and their press seemed so inexplicable that when I returned home I addressed to one of the most distinguished and fair-minded of the German Socialists a series of inquiries on the subject. With the prolegomena appropriate to his position, I asked him to explain, if he would be so good, the course of the Socialists in the Reichstag; why they had refused or neglected to attend the Berne conference; why they had made no effort to combat the war-drum campaign of the League press; why the Socialist journals had not printed the truth about the Hans Müller fabrication; why they had not overwhelmed the war-makers with the facts about the Lunéville story and other fictions of the kind; why the manifestly alarming situation created by these fables had not been denounced by the Socialist organizations. These inquiries were sent through an intimate friend of the Socialist leader. I never received a reply.

When the war broke out the civilized world was amazed at the spectacle offered by the German Socialists, ardent in the support of their Government in a wanton and wicked assault upon a small country then at peace with Germany. Nothing more repugnant to the announced principles of Socialism could be imagined than the brigandage Germany practised upon Belgium; and German Socialists

not only acquiesced in it, they took a hand in it. Instead of the beautiful martyrdom in the cause of peace and brotherhood that we had been promised, German Socialists, apparently with great good-will, seized arms and went forth to shoot their Socialist comrades of Belgium and France. Not all of them did this, of course; we are not to forget the example of Liebknecht and his handful of followers; but in these cases the world can deal only with averages, and no one can pretend that the average German Socialist showed any more hostility to the war than the veriest Junker.

Some of them attempted to take shelter in an ingenious but unsubstantial plea that an inexorable necessity drove them to the firing-line. Civilization, they said, was in danger from Russian barbarism. Germany was about to be overrun by Russian hordes. German kultur, the real hope of the world, was in peril of annihilation. Russia, envious of German success, prosperity, and superior intelligence, was about to descend with its vast, ignorant millions upon a defenseless Fatherland. Under these conditions their duty was to fight. The cause of Socialism, as of the world's intellectual welfare, demanded that the invasion be stopped; that the Russians, standing now with boots uplifted to trample out this benign light, should be driven back.

So to drive them back and rescue kultur from the threatened destruction by the savage north, Germany marched due south, invaded Belgium, and made its historic lunge at Paris. It never seemed to occur to these acute reasoners that the world would remain unconvinced of their innocence when it looked upon this performance. The horrors of Aerschot and Herve seemed to outsiders an extremely faulty answer to the alleged threat of Russia. Moreover, to those that knew the inside of the European game the excuse seemed from the first no better than a grim jest. Whatever the two Governments might pretend for gallery effect, the real Russia and the real Germany were always one in sympathy; the Kaiser was always the Czar's dearest friend. The negotiations for a separate peace, cut short by the Russian Revolution, were the expression

of the actual sentiments of two sovereigns far too much interested in upholding the monarchical principle to be committed to the "crushing" of any of its powerful exponents. It was not the Russian hordes that the Kaiser feared; it was the rising tide of democracy in the world, threatening to put out of business the last of the kings.

But, aside from all this, something occurred two and a half years later that caused this plea of the German Socialists to appear both foolish and dishonest. When the Russian people arose, threw off the blight of autocracy, and founded the Russian democracy the first and imperative duty of the German Socialists, if they were sincere, was to hail the new order with rejoicing and absolutely to refuse to fight against it. For this there were unassailable reasons. The Russian Revolution was a great political upheaval and more; it was a great Socialist triumph. Almost all the Russian Revolutionists were Socialists; they adopted the Socialist red flag as the national ensign of new Russia, they organized the first Socialist government in the world. The German Socialists were condemned out of their own mouths. If civilization could be in any danger from such Russians the whole Socialist theory was a menace. If the Socialist theory were right, then the German Socialists should be fighting on the side of new Russia, not against it.

In truth the last ground had been cut from under them. They had always professed ardent admiration for political democracy. Here was a people that had won out of tyranny to freedom, and the German Socialists now appeared in an effort to drive them back to servitude. Here was flying at last the red flag, the symbol of the Socialist faith, the colors of the international brotherhood. The German Socialists had always professed the utmost devotion to that flag. They now appeared in the act of making war upon it, of tearing it down that it might be supplanted with the old flag of capitalistic despotism. Before a movement could endure an inconsistency so monstrous as this the world would have to lose all sense of the congruous and the just.

The truth then appears that the Ger-

man people, under the inspiration and example of their Government, had eaten of the insane root of world empire, and Socialism was no more of a protection against that poison than was Conservatism. A long period of success and unexampled development had turned the German head. The Day, toasted by twenty years of German officers, had come at last; a wild, alluring dream of destiny to be fulfilled seized the minds of millions, Socialists and others. This is easy to understand, and easy also to adjust to the precepts of German heroes from Frederick the Great to Bismarck, but no human being can ever reconcile it with the cornerstone of Socialism or with the teachings of two generations of admired Socialist sages, mostly of German birth. The great idea of the extreme, doctrinaire or Marxian Socialists was always that the members of the proletariat of all lands owed allegiance and loyalty to their class above any country or "capitalistic" form of government. "Workers of the world, unite!" was their incessant slogan. Be loyal to your class. They preached what they called the class war while they solemnly exhorted against all other kinds of warfare. Whatever the plea might be, all wars between nations were made by and for the sole benefit of the exploiting or capitalist class. Fight everywhere against that class and for your own; do not think of fighting for your country. It means nothing to you; your class means everything.

But now it was demonstrated that the first time this doctrine was put to the test, the first time the issue was really raised whether Socialists should go with their country or go with their class, they forgot all about both class and revered doctrine and went with their country. And these were the Socialists of whom, in accordance with their pretensions, the most had been expected! If the doctrine of class loyalty would not work with them would it work at all? Was it not sufficiently shown, for this age and probably for ages to come, as no more than an agreeable dream? Men had not, after all, been remade; the ponderous volumes of *Das Kapital* had not changed their essential impulses. The old instinct of loyalty to the soil whereon

one was born could not with a few elegant phrases be eliminated from the human heart. It must be so, for if any Socialists could be thought to be emancipated from the nationalistic feeling and at the same time sophisticated about the adroit manipulation of that feeling it was surely the German Socialists, who had the advantage of so much practical experience, who had been so long successful in the political field. And yet what they called the "capitalistic" press of their country, and the worst part of that press, had but to call to them with some faked-up stories of insult and some cheap appeals to patriotism and they turned Chauvinists like the rest!

I am not, however, interested in indicting the German Socialists, but in trying to estimate what will be the effect of all this upon the Socialist movement of the world. Before the war the organized part of that movement was dominated by Germans and German influence. That kind of domination will never be possible again. In the old days the German Socialists used to bring to the triennial International Socialist Congress a spirit of prideful arrogance that other delegates often found extremely indigestible. The Germans usually made plain, and without excessive suavity, their view of the movement, which was that of proprietorship. Representation in the Congress is on the basis of the number of Socialist votes cast at the last preceding national election. This gave to the German Socialists, who had cast all these millions of votes and won all these seats in the Reichstag, a great numerical advantage and the authority of success.

Another reason for their masterful attitude was their impression that Socialism was a product of the Fatherland, a thing "made in Germany," like a brand of cutlery or half hose. Karl Marx was a German Jew; most of the eminent writers on Socialism had been Germans; the rest of the Socialist world was peopled with novices and persons in pupillage who it was quite preposterous to think were capable of any real acquaintance with the arcana of the science. The Germans at the Congress usually had their way about everything. In view of the facts mentioned in the

foregoing pages it is clear enough that hereafter, if there continues to be any organized international movement, they will be in a very different position in regard to it.

This is to say nothing of another and obvious influence that will be at work to quiet them, provided, as before, there is any such organization as we used to know. The easy supposition is in some quarters that when the war is over all the existing animosities will be as if they had never been, and delegates from all nations will meet together in oblivious harmony. This may be right, but an incredulous world will have to be shown about it. Moreover, while there may be English Socialists that will take the chance of sitting at an International Congress by the side of a man that pointed a rifle at the heart of Edith Cavell, and French Socialists willing to go cheek by jowl with apologists for what happened at Senlis and Lille, something else is to be reckoned with, and that is the feelings of the rank and file of the workers in England and France. What the rank and file of English workers think about a show of tender amity and warm regard for Germany they have made fairly well known, and the chance is small that their views will change much in this generation; German air raiders and submarines have attended to all that. But the most important phase of the matter still remains. Socialism's advance (outside of International Congresses) is supposed to be through the conversion of the proletariat. The small chance it will have with the English proletariat if English Socialists meet on terms of cordiality with the men that killed Captain Fryatt, let us say, while the German Socialists continue their ardent support of German autocracy, is apparent. We are to remember that almost every other nation that has been at war with Germany has cases like that of Captain Fryatt. It is contrary to human nature that these things should be wiped in an instant and as with a sponge from the memories of men.

No International Socialist Congress has been held since Copenhagen, 1910. One was due at Vienna, in 1913, but the Viennese, because of local difficulties,

asked for a year's postponement, and then the war broke out a few days before the Congress was to assemble. It is planned to call a Congress as soon as peace may be declared. Delegates, no doubt, will be sent from many countries, but the hope that the division in the movement can be healed or the old conditions restored is manifestly a dream.

It is not alone that men do not so readily forget, nor that in the supreme crisis of the movement the German Socialists turned against the faith they had embraced. Besides these dividing influences the war has revealed two irreconcilable conceptions of Socialist theory and activities.

I think something of the kind was indicated even before the war; at the Stuttgart Congress of 1907, for instance, in the sharp clash between the Germans on one side and the French and Italians on the other. Heedful men might have seen even then that racial differences so vital would be likely to show with more emphasis on a greater occasion. The French and Italians appeared with an idealistic conception of Socialism; the Germans with one wholly materialistic. These things will not cohere. The Germans have always looked upon Socialism from the point of view of the stomach. It was a thing to fill bellies, not to gratify the yearnings of the race for freedom and intellectual expansion. Any view but the materialistic was called by German authorities "unscientific" and sourly frowned upon. But this, of course, brings us once more against the old rock of national or racial instinct. Socialism can advance in the world only by winning the support at the polls of peoples that have at least some measure of electoral freedom. Such people will not be won by what is inherently repugnant to them, and a theory of bald materialism without a touch of the ideal will never appeal much to Frenchmen, Italians, or Americans. There must be more involved than plenty of *Wienerwurst*. This is one reason why Socialism has made so little progress in this country. It has been presented to the American voter always in its uncouth German garb, and he has not cared for it in that attire and never will.

We are to remember, further, that the

war is exceedingly likely to bring about a great spiritual uprising in the world; if it does not, indeed, it will have been fought largely in vain. The ideal, which is the only real, will occupy a larger share of men's thoughts than ever before. It is unlikely that the German Socialists will abandon a conception to which they have been so thoroughly committed and one so consonant with national instincts, but if they do not the greater part of the Socialist movement of the world will probably take its way without much regard to them, whether here or abroad.

The war has taught some other lessons, or should have taught them, to those capable of being instructed. One is that this world cannot be remade in a minute. There are now neither trumpets nor soap-box orators, however expert in vocalism, that can in an instant blow down the walls of Jericho. The New Day for which Socialists look will not arrive with a bound, but come as the product of evolution and changing conditions. To preach the impossible view of the Socialist doctrine merely discredits what is sound. The generality of men is much too sane to believe that the American people, let us say, will arise of a morning, overturn the present business and social system and by noon have the co-operative commonwealth swinging harmoniously down the ringing grooves of time. These things do not happen. In former days when one had a glimpse of this truth the custom was to assure him that the tactic was good because by demanding a great deal we achieved a part. "By demanding revolution we get reform," Keir Hardie was wont to say. It does not now appear so. In this country, at least, by talking mirage you merely waste time.

The war has shown that neither this nor that other once favorite Socialist method of kicking everybody in the face is the best way. Americans will not rapturously welcome the idea that they must quarrel with every man that owns more than one shirt. If they go into the subject at all, they are usually too wise to believe that all men that have money are thieves and all that have not are angels. They will freely admit that the existing system works great injustice and ought to be changed, but they do

not see how it is to be changed by personal abuse of its supposed beneficiaries, who are also oftentimes its victims.

Heretofore we have had in the United States this most singular condition of a larger Socialist sentiment than exists in any other country and a smaller representation of it in the recognized Socialist movement. With the essentials of Socialism almost everybody in the United States, aside from our near-aristocrats, is in sympathy. The charge involved may not be designated to them by any Socialist label, but they are of its faith nevertheless. Most men that accepted the idea shied from any connection with the Socialist organization because in its methods and make-up it seemed alien, fanatical, and unworkable on this soil. You can never get very far in this country with a political party whose members call one another "comrade," are bound by iron-clad regulations to surrender their judgment at the polls to a committee of gentlemen with unpronounceable names and a tangled dialect, and observe a sign-manual after the manner of a secret society. The American voter does not understand these things, never will, and does not care to.

Hitherto the organized Socialist movement in the United States has been German made and adjusted to the German psychology. The war made the final showing of this fact when it revealed a majority of the American Socialist party as preferring the cause of Germany to the survival of Socialism in Russia. Like their eminent leader, they were Germans before they were Socialists—or anything else. It would be absurd to suppose that Americans, aware of the American psychology and American conditions, could work again with an element whose loyalty to the country of their origin went beyond all loyalty to the country they had sworn to support as much as it went beyond their devotion to Socialist principles. The International Socialist organization will be steered whither the men in charge of it may direct; it will no longer express the Socialist movement. When we remember that two months of the war moved Great Britain farther and faster to Socialism than forty years of argument and disquisition had moved it, the utility

of the old device of trying to convert the converted doesn't seem impressive. Great changes are impending when the war shall end, the greatest the world has known and the most valuable to its peace and happiness, but the organized efforts of theorists and long-distance disputants will probably have little to do with these transformations.

Here in the United States the Socialist machine takes on some temporary bulk and makes some additional noise because of passing sympathy with it from extreme pro-Germans and from pacifists in whom the faculty of co-ordination is lacking; but these are but spasmodic manifestations and without significance. Probably few of the pro-Germans, brewers, and afflicted pacifists that have joined themselves this last year to the American Socialist party have the least knowledge of or interest in the principles of Socialism; probably many of them would be horribly shocked at the slightest likelihood of the success of those principles. German sympathies and pacifism run mad have made strange bedfellows; also the pro-German feeling has driven many indoctrinated Socialists far from the ancient moorings. A cardinal article of faith with these used to be that the Socialists wanted no votes except those of men convinced of the Socialist creed. It is, in fact, but another illustration of the rather disconcerting discovery with which I started. The old racial or nationalistic instinct is stronger than we had fondly believed. The wing of the Socialist party that has taken a position against the Government in the war is chiefly of German or Jewish origin, and with many Jews the inborn feeling of hatred against Russia seems to be unconquerable even when the hideous old Russian autocracy has fallen before new-born democracy.

In such conditions, a philosophical view of the future of Socialism in the United States is that it will be a progress in fact but not in name. Many of the fundamental things contended for by the Socialists will come now by evolution and changed conditions. The Utopia may still be far off, but by different designations the practical essence of the Socialistic doctrine cannot be averted. These changes will probably be with as

little reference to organizations as to him of the soap-box. If a party that in a time of war and national emergency deliberately sets itself against the country and the Government could be much of a factor in the political field the American voter would have to be remade, and the Socialist party of the United States was sufficiently handicapped even before its recent adventures in disloyalty.

This country has had no monopoly of the disillusion process. The same thing has been at work abroad. Even the German party is now hopelessly split. In Great Britain, H. M. Hyndman, the veteran and pioneer of the British Socialist movement, for many years its ablest champion, has withdrawn from the regular organization and formed a new association similar in purpose to the new Socialist union in America. In Great Britain, as here, it was the war that precipitated the division. Mr. Hyndman and his friends took the position that the war had been forced upon the world by Germany, that the real issue was between autocracy and democracy, that if autocracy should win the very foundations of Socialist hope would be swept away, that without democracy Socialism would be impossi-

ble and unthinkable, and that as autocracy made the attack the duty of every Socialist was to give himself to democracy's defense. The element in Great Britain that does not sympathize with him has made no good answer to these propositions. It seems to have cast out the Hyndman thesis merely on the general principle that war is to be opposed no matter how it comes about, for what ideal of freedom or defense it may be waged, or what may be the consequences of victory on one side or the other. There are optimists, of course, that think this split may be healed, but the hope is probably baseless.

It is also immaterial. In Great Britain as in America and some other countries the attempt to found a kind of Socialist sect, bitter of countenance and fanatical of creed, was always a failure and always would be. A wall of alien methods long blocked the progress of social reform. The war has broken a way through it and indicated industrial democracy as a nearly attainable goal. Some persons, undoubtedly, will continue to try to pass through the wall by butting at it, but this would seem to be an overrated pleasure and unattractive to men not so much interested in orthodoxy as in results.

The Cup

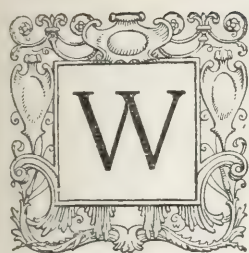
BY SARA TEASDALE

I CANNOT die who drink delight
From the cup of the crescent moon,
And hungrily, as men eat bread,
Love the scented nights of June.

The rest may die—but is there not
Some shining, strange escape for me,
Who found in Beauty the bright wine
Of immortality?

De Vilmarte's Luck

BY MARY HEATON VORSE



THAT Hazelton's friends called his second manner had for a mother despair, and for a father irony, and for a god-mother necessity. It leaped into his mind full-grown, charged with the vitality of his bitterness.

Success had always been scratching at Hazelton's door, and then hurrying past. The world had always been saying to him, "Very well, very well indeed; just a little bit better and you shall have the recognition that should be yours." Patrons came and almost bought pictures. He was accepted only to be hung so badly that his singing color was lost on the sky-line. Critics would infuriate him by telling him that he had almost—almost, mind you—painted the impossible; that his painting was what they called "a little too blond."

How Hazelton hated that insincere phrase which meant nothing, for, as he explained to Dumont the critic, as they sat outside the Café de la Rotonde after their return from the *Salon*, Nature was blond—what else? He, Dumont, came from the Midi, didn't he? Well, then, he knew what sunshine was! How could paint equal the color of a summer's day, the sun shining on the flesh of a blond woman, a white dress against a white wall? Blond? Because he loved the vitality of light they wanted him to dip his brush in an ink-pot—*hein?* Dumont would be pleased if he harked back to the gloom of the old Dutch school, or if he imitated the massed insincerities of Boecklen, Hazelton opined from the depths of his scorn.

Dumont poised himself for flight on the edge of his hard metal chair. He was bored, but he had to admit that if ever Hazelton was justified in bitterness it was to-day when, after a long search through the miles of canvases, he had finally discovered his two pictures hung

in such a position as to be as effective as two white spots. He escaped, leaving Hazelton hunched over the table, his forceful, pugnacious, red countenance contrasting oddly with the subtle anemia of his absinthe. He was followed by Hazelton's choleric shouts, which informed him that he, Hazelton, could paint with mud for a medium if he chose.

His profession of art critic had accustomed Dumont to the difficulties of the artistic temperament, and he thought no more of Hazelton until he ran into him some ten days later. There was malice in Hazelton's small, brilliant eyes, and an air of suppressed triumph in his muscular, deep-chested figure. His face was red, partly from living out of doors and partly from drink. He rolled as he walked, not quite like a bear and not quite like a seafaring man—a vigorous, pugnacious person whose vehement greeting made Dumont apprehensive until he glanced at Hazelton's hands, which were reassuringly small.

"Well," he said, "you remember our conversation? It was the parent, my dear Dumont, of dead-sea fruit of the most mature variety." Hazelton considered this a joke, and laughed at it with satisfaction. He was very much pleased with himself.

Dumont went with Hazelton to his studio. On Hazelton's easel was a picture of dark, wind-swept trees beaten by a storm. They silhouetted themselves against a sinister and menacing sky. The thing was full of violence and fury, it was drenched with wet and blown with wind.

"Who did this?" asked Dumont. "It is magnificent!"

"You like it?" asked Hazelton, incredulously. And then he repeated himself, changing his accent, "You like it, Dumont?"

"Certainly I like it," Dumont answered, a trifle stiffly. "There is vitality, form, color! Because you are not happy

the public had forced these canvases into obscurity.

"Another name signed to them—a Frenchman preferably—and we might hear a different story," he added.

A sudden idea came to De Vilmarte. "Listen!" he said. "I have exposed nothing for two years. Indeed, I have been doubtful as to whether I should expose again. I know well enough that were my family unknown and were not certain members of the jury my masters, and others friends of my family, I might never have been accepted at all—it has been a sensitive point with me. Unfortunately, my mother and my friends believe me to be a genius—"

"Well?" said Hazelton, seeing some plan moving darkly through De Vilmarte's talk.

"Well," said De Vilmarte, slowly, "we might play a joke upon the critics of France. There is a gap between this and my work—immeasurable—one I could never bridge—and yet it is plausible—" He glanced from a sketch of his he was carrying to Hazelton's picture.

Hazelton looked from one to the other. Compared, a gulf was there, fixed, unbridgable, and yet— He twisted his small, nervous hands together. Malice sparkled from his eyes.

"It is plausible!" he agreed. He held out his hand. A sparkle of his malice gleamed in De Vilmarte's pale eyes. They said no more. They shook hands. Later it seemed to Hazelton the ultimate irony that they should have entered into their sinister alliance with levity.

The second phase of the joke seemed as little menacing. You can imagine the three of them outside the Rotonde, Hazelton and De Vilmarte listening to Dumont's praise of De Vilmarte's picture. You can enter into the feelings of cynicism, of disillusion, that filled the hearts of the two *farceurs*. De Vilmarte's picture had been accepted, hung well, then medaled. The critics had acclaimed him!

They sat there delicately baiting Dumont, bound together by the knowledge that they had against the world—for they, and they alone, knew the stuff of which fame is made. They were in the position of the pessimist who has proof

of his pessimism. No one really believes the world as bad as he pretends, and here De Vilmarte and Hazelton had proof of their most ignoble suspicions; here was the corroding knowledge that Raoul's position and popularity could achieve the recognition denied to an unknown man. He was French, and on the inside, and Hazelton was a foreigner and on the outside.

"Well," said Raoul, when Dumont had left them, "we have a fine *gaffe* to spring on them, *hein?* It's going to cost me something. My mother is charmed—she will take it rather badly, I am afraid."

"Well, why should she take it?" asked Hazelton, after a pause. "Why should we share our joke with all the world?"

"You mean?" asked Raoul.

It was then that the voice of fate spoke through Hazelton.

"You can have the picture," he said, jerking his big head impatiently.

"Do you mean that I can have it—to keep?"

"Have it if you like. Money and what money buys is all I want from now on," said Hazelton, and he shook his shoulders grossly and sensually while his nervous hands, the hands whose work the picture was, twisted themselves as though in agonized protest.

Hazelton went back to his studio and stood before his blond pictures, the children of his heart. It was already evening, but they shone out in the dim light. He was a little tipsy.

"So," he said to them—"so all these years you have deceived me, as many a man has been deceived before by his beloved. Your flaunting smiles made me think you were what you are not. Dumont was right—my foster-child is better than you, for she made her way alone and without favor. I tried to think I had painted the impossible. Light is beyond me. Why should I think I could paint light? I am a child of darkness and misfortune. I know who my beloved is. You shall no longer work to support your sister!"

"What are you doing?" came his wife's querulous voice. "Talking and mumbling to yourself before your pictures in the dark? Are you drunk again?"

Some months passed before De Vilmarte and Hazelton met again. They ran into each other on the corner of the Boulevard Raspail and the Boulevard du Montparnasse.

"Hey! What are you doing so far from home?" cried Hazelton.

"Looking for you."

"I was going to you," Hazelton acknowledged.

They stared at each other scrutinizingly, each measuring the other with dawning distrust. Each waited.

"Let us go to the Rotonde," Hazelton suggested.

They talked of other things, each waiting for the other to begin. Hazelton had the most resistance; he had flipped a penny as to whether he should go to seek De Vilmarte, but De Vilmarte had made his decision with anguish. It was he who finally said:

"You know—about the matter of the picture—my mother is quite frantic about my success. She is failing—"

"*Toc!*" cried Hazelton. "My poor wife has to go to the hospital."

"Nothing to do, I know," said De Vilmarte, looking away diffidently, "but for one's mother—"

"But for one's wife," Hazelton capped him, genially. "An aged mother and a sick wife, and a joke on the world shared between two friends— What will a man not do for his sick wife and for his aged mother!"

A little shiver of cold disgust ran over Raoul. For the first time he felt a vague antipathy for Hazelton, his neck was so short and he rolled his big head in such a preposterous fashion.

They said good-by, Hazelton's swagger, De Vilmarte's averted eyes betraying their guilty knowledge that they had bought and sold things that should not be for sale.

Just how it came to be a settled affair neither De Vilmarte nor Hazelton could have told. Now an exhibition occurred for which De Vilmarte needed a picture; now Hazelton dogged by his need of money would come to him. Hazelton's wife was always ailing. Her beauty and her disposition had been undermined by ill health and self-indulgence, and he was one of those men temperamentally in debt and always

on the edge of being sued or dispossessed.

But in Hazelton's brain a fantastic and mad sense of rivalry grew. He had transferred his affection to his darker mood. Every notice of De Vilmarte's name rankled in his mind. De Vilmarte's growing vogue infuriated him. He felt that he must wring from the critics and the public the recognition that was his due so that this child of his, born of his irony and his despair, and that had been so faithful to him in spite of abuse, might be crowned. Just what had happened to both of them they realized after the opening of the *Salon* next year.

"Take care," Hazelton had warned De Vilmarte, "that they do not hang you better than they do me. That I will not have." He had said it jokingly; but while De Vilmarte's exhibit was massed, and he had won the second medal, Hazelton's was scattered, and he had but one picture on the line; worse still, the critics gave Hazelton formal praise while they acclaimed De Vilmarte as the most promising of the younger school of landscape-painters.

De Vilmarte sought out Hazelton, full of a sense of apology. He found him gazing morosely into his glass of absinthe like one seeing unpleasant visions.

"It is really too strong," Raoul said. "I am sorry."

"It's not your fault," Hazelton replied, listlessly. "It's got to stop, though!" He did not look up, but he felt the shock that traveled through De Vilmarte's well-knit body. "It's got to stop!" he repeated. "It's too strong, as you say."

There was a long silence, a silence full of gravity, full of despair, the silence of a man who has suddenly and unexpectedly heard his death sentence, a silence in whose duration De Vilmarte saw his life as it was. He had begun this as a joke, after his first agonized indecision, and now suddenly he saw not only his mother but himself involved, and the honor of his name. He waited for Hazelton to say something—anything, but Hazelton was chasing chimeras in the depths of his pale drink. As usual, his resistance was the greater.

He sat hunched and red, his black hair framing his truculent face, unmindful of Raoul.

"It has gone beyond a joke," was what Raoul finally said.

"That's just it," Hazelton agreed. "My God! Think how they have hung you—think how they have hung me. Where do I get off? Have I got to work for nothing all my life?"

"The recognition—you know what that means—it means nothing!" cried Raoul.

Hazelton did not answer.

"But I can't—confess now!" Raoul's anguish dragged it out of him. "I could afford to be a *farceur*—I cannot afford to be a cheat."

Hazelton looked at him suddenly. Then he laughed. "Ha! ha! The little birds!" he said. "They stepped in the lime and they gummed up their little feet, didn't they?" He lifted up his own small foot, which was well shod in American shoes. "Poor little bird! Poor little gummed feet!" He laughed immoderately.

Disgust and shame had their will with Raoul.

Hazelton was enchanted with his own similes, and, unmindful of his friend's mood, he placed his small hand next Raoul's, which was nervous and brown, the hand of a horseman.

"Can you see the handcuffs linking us?" he chuckled. "'Linked for Life' or 'The Critics' Revenge.'" He laughed again, but there was bitterness in his mirth. "We should have told before," he muttered. "I suppose it is too late now. I cannot blame you or myself, but, by God! I'm not going to paint for you all my days. Why should I? We had better stop it, you know." He drank deeply. "Courage, my boy!" he cried, setting down his glass. "I will have the courage to starve my wife if you will have the courage to disappoint your mother."

They left it this way.

When De Vilmarte again entered Hazelton's studio, Hazelton barked at him ungraciously: "Ho! So you are back!"

"Yes," said Raoul, "I am back." He stood leaning upon his cane, very ele-

gant, very correct, a hint of austerity about him that vanished charmingly under the sunshine of his smile.

Hazelton continued painting. "Well," he said, without turning around, "you have not come, I suppose, for the pleasure of my company; but let me tell you in advance that I have no time to do any painting for you. I am not your *bonne à tout faire*."

By Hazelton's tone De Vilmarte realized that he was ready to capitulate; he wanted to be urged, and he desired to make it as disagreeable as he could because he was not in a position to send De Vilmarte to the devil any more than De Vilmarte could follow his instinct and leave Hazelton to come crawling to him—for there was always the chance that Hazelton might be lucky and would not come crawling.

"It's your mother again, I suppose," said Hazelton, ungraciously.

De Vilmarte grew white around his mouth; he grasped his cane until his hand was bloodless. "Some one unfortunately told her that they were urging me to have a private exhibition, and her heart is set upon it."

"There are a number of things upon which my wife's heart is set," Hazelton admitted after a pause, during which he painted with delicate deliberation and exquisite surety while, fascinated and full of envy, De Vilmarte watched the delicate hand that seemed to have an independent existence of its own that seemed to be the utterance of some other and different personality than that which was expressed in Hazelton's body. He turned around suddenly, grinning at De Vilmarte.

"How much are you going to pay for my soul this time?" he asked.

They had never bargained before. In the midst of it Hazelton stopped and looked De Vilmarte over from top to toe. No detail of his charm and of his correctness escaped him.

"How are you able to stand it?" he asked. "It must be hard on you, too." The thought came to him as something new.

"Oh," said Raoul, with awful sarcasm, "you think it is hard on me?"

"You must be fond of your mother," said Hazelton. This time he had not

meant to be brutal, and he was sorry to see De Vilmarte wince, but he did not know how to mend matters. "How are we going to break through?" he said. "What end is there for us? I do it for my wife, whom I don't love, poor wretch, but for whom I feel damned responsible; and you sell your soul to please your mother. And do you get nothing for yourself, I wonder—" He half closed his little eyes, which glinted like jewels between his black lashes. "Appreciation and applause must be pleasant. One can buy as much with stolen money as one can with money earned. . . . There is only one way out—it is for one of us to die, or for one of *them*. There is death in our little drama, *hein, mon vieux?*"

It was the private exhibition that fixed De Vilmarte's reputation as an artist. It also marked in his own mind the precariousness of his position. And now the matter was complicated for him because he fell in love with a young girl who cared for his talent as did his mother. She was one of those proud young daughters of France who had no interest in rich and idle young men. Each word of her praise was anguish to him. The praise of the *feuilletons* he could stand better, because some way they seemed to have nothing to do with him. It was the price which he paid willingly for his mother's happiness.

He cared so much that he had tried not to care for her, and again his mother intervened. It was in every way a suitable match, and his mother told him that she did not wish to die without a grandchild. "You have obligations to your art," she said, "but your obligations to your race are above those."

She was now very feeble. His wedding and his next *Salon* picture filled her mind. She was haunted by the presentiment that she would not see the summer come to its close.

So Raoul would hurry from her room to Hazelton to see how the picture was coming on. Hazelton was painting as he had never painted before. It seemed, indeed, as if he had a double personality, and as if each one of these personalities was trying to outstrip the other. As

happens sometimes to an artist, he had made a sudden leap ahead. No picture that he had painted had the depth or the beauty or the clear, flowing color of this one. But he lagged along. It was as though the beauty of the picture which De Vilmarte was to sign tortured him, and he did not wish to finish it. He would stand before it, lost in the contemplation of its excellences like a devotee, refusing to paint.

The picture Hazelton was painting for his own signature was dark and magnificent, but the picture which he was painting for De Vilmarte had a singular radiance. It was as though at last Hazelton had painted the impossible; light shone from that picture. Yet it was not finished. Days passed, and Hazelton had not brought the picture further toward completion.

One day when De Vilmarte came in he found Hazelton brooding before it. He had been drinking. Tears were in his eyes. "It is too beautiful—too beautiful! Light is more beautiful than darkness. The taste for the black, the menacing, is the decadent appreciation of a too sheltered world. I cannot finish this picture for another to sign."

"No," De Vilmarte soothed him, "of course not."

"Oh, my beautiful!" cried Hazelton, addressing his picture. "I cannot finish you! Come, De Vilmarte, we will drink."

De Vilmarte went with Hazelton. He watched over him as a mother over her child. He talked; he reasoned; he sat quiet, white-lipped, while Hazelton would speculate as to what De Vilmarte got out of it.

"You are, I think, like the victim of a drug," he said, jeering at De Vilmarte, his brilliant eyes a gleam. That was truer than Hazelton knew. He could not stop. His mother, his fiancée, his friends, the critics, his world, expected a picture from him. He visualized them sometimes pushing him on to some doom of whose exact nature he was ignorant. Again it was to him as though they dug a dark channel in which his life had to flow.

Meantime he had to nurse Hazelton's sick spirit along. He would go with him as he drank, stand by him in his studio,

urging him to paint. In this way they spent hideous days together.

Hazelton developed a passion for torture. He was tortured himself. Alcohol tortured him, his embittered nature tortured him. He loved to see De Vilmarte writhe. He was torn between his desire to finish the picture and the anguish which he felt at seeing it about to pass into another's hands. There were days when its existence hung in the balance.

"You see this palette-knife," he would tell De Vilmarte, "and this palette of dark paint? A twist, my friend, a little twist of the knife and a little splash, and where is this luminous radiance? Gone!" And he would watch De Vilmarte as he let his brush hover over the brilliant surface.

How it hurt Raoul he knew, because when he thought of destroying the picture it was as though a knife were twisted in his own heart.

One afternoon De Vilmarte nursed Hazelton from café to café, listening to his noble braggadocio.

"Remember," Hazelton urged Raoul, "the wonderful Mongolian legend of the father and son who loved the same woman, and whom for their honor they threw over a cliff! That's the idea—the cliff! You shall throw our love over the cliff—you shall destroy the picture yourself. Come back with me!" He was as though possessed. Full of apprehension, De Vilmarte followed him.

They stood before the picture. It shone out as though indeed light came from it. Hazelton put the palette into De Vilmarte's hand.

"Now, my friend, go to it!" he cried. "Paint, De Vilmarte—paint in your own natural manner! A few strokes of the brush of the great master De Vilmarte, and color and light will vanish from it. Why not—why not? You suffer, too—your face is drawn. You think I do not know how you hate me. I don't need to look at you to know that. We always hate those who have power over us. Paint—paint! If I can bear it, surely you can. *Paint naturally*, De Vilmarte! Paint into it your own meagerness and banality! Paint into my masterpiece the signature of your own defeat."

The afternoon was ebbing. It seemed

as though the room were full of silent people, all holding Raoul back—his world, the critics, his fiancée, his mother. Besides, he had no right to destroy this beautiful thing to save his honor.

"You are not yourself," he said.

"Aha! I know what you think of me. Ha! De Vilmarte, but I am a master, a great painter. Paint, and betray yourself. Ha! *sale voyou*, you will not? You are waiting to steal from me my final beautiful expression. You stand there—How is it that you permit me to call the Vicomte de la Tour de Vilmarte names? Why do you not strike me?"

"Oh, call me what you like," Raoul cried. "Only finish the picture. There is very little more to do."

"I tell you what I shall call you," Hazelton jeered at him. "I will call you nothing worse than Raoul—Ra-oul—Ra—o—u—l!" He meowed it like a tom-cat. "How can I be so vile when I paint like an angel, Ra—o—u—l . . . Ra—o—u—l!"

Sweat stood on Raoul's forehead. He stood quiet. The picture was finished.

"Sign, my little Raoul, sign!" cried Hazelton. And with murder in his heart, a bitter tide of dark and sluggish blood mounting, ever mounting, Raoul signed and then fled into the lovely spring evening.

"This is the end," he thought. "There shall be no more of this. Not for any one—not for any one, can I be so defiled!" For he felt the mystic identity between himself and his mother—that he was flesh of her flesh, and that in some vicarious way she was being insulted through him.

But it was not the end. It was with horror that Raoul learned that the picture had been bought by the state, that he was to receive the Legion of Honor. His mother was wild with joy.

"Now," she cried, embracing him—"now I can depart in peace." She looked so fragile that it seemed as if indeed her spirit had lingered only for this joy. She looked at him narrowly. "But you have been working too hard—you look ill. A long rest is what you need."

"A very long rest," Raoul agreed. He left the house, and, as if it was a magnet, the great exhibition drew him

to it, and in front of his picture stood the thick, familiar figure of Hazelton, his nose jutting out truculently from his face, which was red and black like a poster. He broke through his attitude of devoted contemplation to turn upon Raoul.

"Bought by the state!" he cried. "To be hung in the Luxembourg!" He pointed menacingly with his cane at De Vilmarte's neat little signature. "Why, I ask, should I go to my grave unknown, poor, a pensioner of your bounty? Why should you be happy—fêted?"

The irony of being accused of happiness was too much for De Vilmarte. He laughed aloud.

"Wouldn't it be better for you to be an honest man?" croaked Hazelton.

"Only death can make an honest man of me," answered De Vilmarte.

"My death could make an honest man of you," Hazelton said slowly. It was as if he had read the dark and nameless secret that was lurking in the bottom of De Vilmarte's heart.

For a moment they two seemed alone in all the earth, the only living beings. They stood alone, their secret in their hands.

Then Hazelton's lips began to move. "My God!" he said. "Bought by the state and hung in the Luxembourg! Bought by the state and hung in the Luxembourg!" He repeated it as if trying to familiarize himself with some inexplicable fact. "I will not have it!" he went on. "I will not have it! If I'm not bought by the state I shall not go on!"

Raoul looked at him with entreaty. Hazelton came up to the surface of consciousness and his eyes followed Raoul's. A very frail little old lady was being pushed in a wheel-chair near them.

"My mother," Raoul whispered.

"I wish to meet her," said Hazelton.

She bowed graciously and then sat in her chair gazing at the picture bought by the state. Pride was in every line of her old face. She seemed returned from the shadows only to gaze at this picture. Then, in a voice which was cracked with age, she said, turning to Hazelton:

"I know your work, too, Monsieur—the opposite of my son's. It is as though

between you you encompassed all of nature's moods. To me there has always been—you will laugh I know—a strange similarity, as though you were two halves of a whole, as day and night."

A cold wave flowed over Hazelton, a feeling as though his hair were lifting on the back of his head. It was as though this frail old lady was linking him irrevocably to Raoul. He was powerless now to take his own.

"Madame," he said, "I feel as if no one had understood my work before."

But she had turned to gaze upon her son's painting. A sort of senility enveloped her, and his drunkenness reached out to it. His gaze had in it respect and tenderness and abnegation. His manner, more eloquent than words, said: "I give up; I resign. Take it."

He went to the end of the gallery, and Raoul saw him sit down in the attitude of one who waits. When Mme. de Vilmarte left, Raoul joined him.

Hazelton's head sank deeply between his shoulders; his pugnacity had oozed away. After a time he spoke with an effort. "I understand," he said. "I understand—"

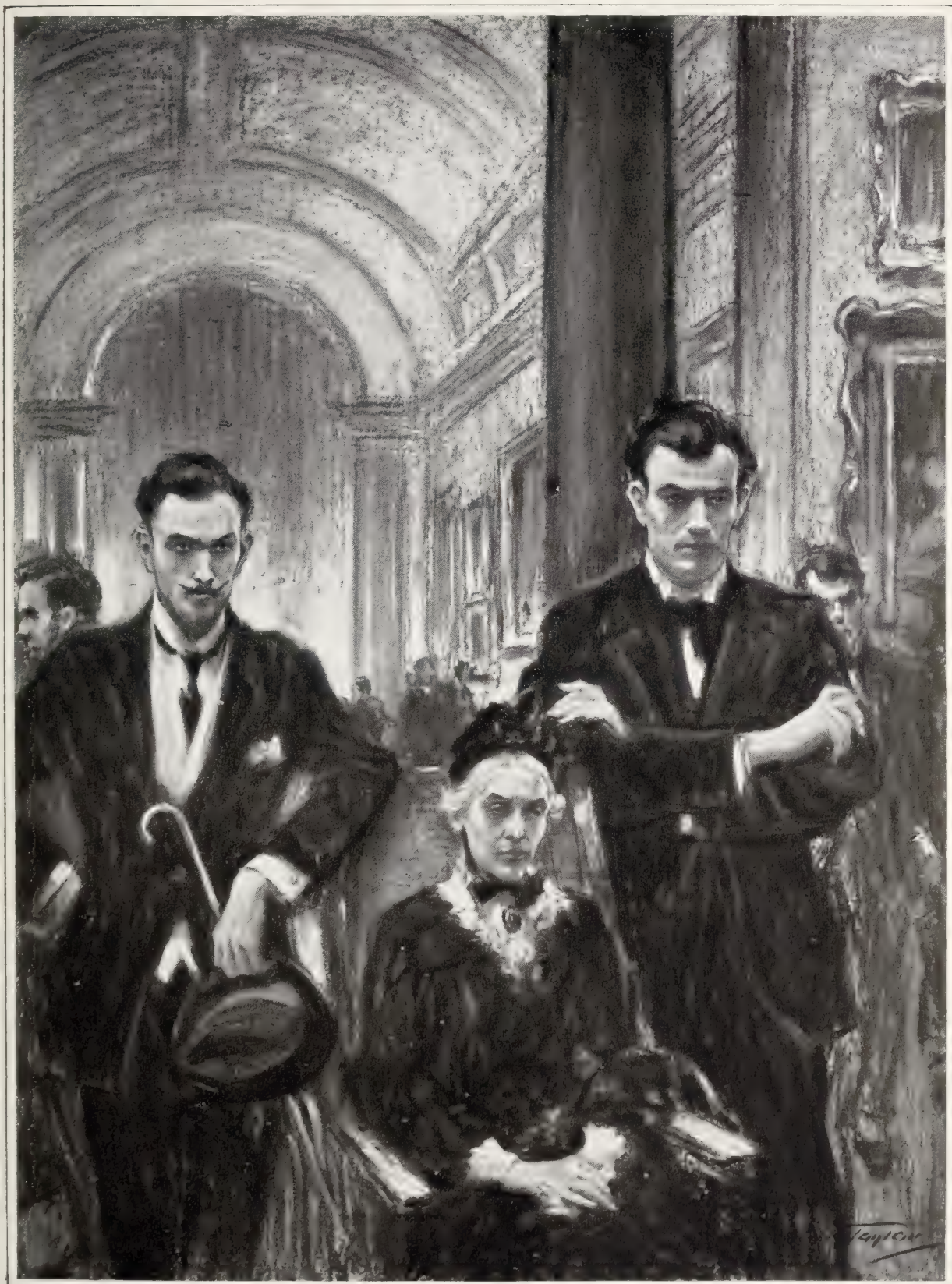
A curious sense of liberation seized De Vilmarte. His old liking for Hazelton returned. "I am sorry for all of us," he said.

"My poor friend, there is no way out," said Hazelton. "I am vile—a beast. But trust me—believe in me."

"I will," cried De Vilmarte, deeply touched.

Hazelton's little jewel-like eyes were blurred with unwonted sentiment. "I am a king in exile," he muttered over and over. "A king in exile," he repeated. This sentimental simile seemed to be a well of bitter comfort for him.

This story should end here, for stories should end like this, on the high note; but life is different. Hazelton was a man with a bad liver, and he got no joy from his sacrifice. Moreover, in real life one seldom fights a decisive battle with one's lower nature. One goes on fighting; it dies hard when it dies at all. There are the high moments when one thinks the battle won, and the next day the enemy attacks again, with the battle to be fought over.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

IT WAS AS THOUGH THIS FRAIL OLD LADY WAS LINKING HIM IRREVOCABLY TO RAOUL

Hazelton had formed the habit of cursing fate and De Vilmarte, and, to revenge himself, of threatening De Vilmarte's exposure, and he continued to do these things. And De Vilmarte let his mind stray far in contemplating Hazelton's possible vileness, and in doing this he himself became vile. What he could not recognize was the definite place where Hazelton's vileness stopped. His life was like a fair fruit rotten within.

It was the summer of 1914, and Hazelton, whose drunkenness before had been occasional, now drank always, and forever in the background of De Vilmarte's mind was this powerful figure with its red face and black hair and truculent bearing, drunken and obscene, who carried in his careless hand the honor of the De Vilmartes. At any moment Hazelton could rob Raoul of his pride, embitter his mother's last hours, and make him the laughing stock of his world. Raoul became like an entrapped animal running around and around the implacable barriers of a cage. It is a terrible thing to have one's honor in the hands of another.

He thought of everything that might end this torment, and he found no answer. Madness grew in him. Wherever Raoul de la Tour de Vilmarte went, there followed him unseen a shadow, swart, dark, and red-faced. It followed him, mouthing, "Ra-o-u-l—Ra-o-u-l!" like a cat. "Ra-o-u-l! Ra-o-u-l!" from morning till night. When De Vilmarte was at a table in a café a huge and mocking shadow sat beside him, and it said, wagging its head in a horrid fashion, "There's death in our little drama, *hein, mon vieux?*"

The fate that had made their interests one, bound them together. They sought each other out to spend strange and tortured hours in each other's company, while in the depths of Raoul's heart a plan to end the torture was coming to its own slow maturity, and grew large and dark during the hot days of July. He could not continue to live. The burden of his secret weighed him down. Nor could he leave Hazelton behind him, the honor of the De Vilmartes in his hands.

The bloody answer to the riddle leaped out at him. Hazelton's death—that was the answer. Then De Vilmarte

could depart in peace. For two mad, happy days he saw life simply. First Hazelton, then himself.

One day he stopped short, for he realized he could not go until his mother—went. He must stay a while—until she died.

He had to wait until she died. He watched her, wondering if his endurance would outlast her life. He tried not to let her see him watching—for he knew there was madness in his eyes—and he would go out to find his dark shadow, for often it was less painful to be with him than away from him—he knew then what Hazelton was up to. He spent days in retracing the steps which had brought him to this desperate *impasse*. They had been easy, but he knew that weakness was at the bottom of it—perhaps, unless he did it now, he would never do it—perhaps an unworthy desire for life—and love—might hold back his hand.

So De Vilmarte lived his days and nights bound on the torturing pendulum of conflict.

Suddenly Europe was aflame. France stood still and waited. And as he waited, with Europe, Raoul for a moment forgot his torment. War is a great destroyer, but among other things it destroys the smaller emotions. Its licking flame shrivels up personal loves and hates. When war was declared, old hates were blotted out, and hopeless lovers trembling on the brink of suicide were cured overnight. Small human atoms were drowned in the larger hate and the larger love. Men ceased to have power over their own lives since their lives belonged to France.

So when war was declared, choice was taken from Raoul's hands. A high feeling of liberation possessed him. He walked along the street, and suddenly he realized that instead of going toward his home he was seeking his other half, the dark shadow to whom he had been so bound.

On Hazelton's door a note was pinned, addressed to him.

"My friend," it said, "you have luck! You will have your regiment, while nothing better than the ambulance, like a *sale embusque*, for me. If harm comes to you, don't fear for your mother."

This letter made him feel as though Hazelton had clasped his hand. He no longer felt toward Hazelton as an enemy, since France had also claimed him.

Madness had brushed him with its dark wings. By so slender a thread his life and Hazelton's had hung! Yes—and his honor!

"Thank God!" he said, "for an honorable death!" It was the last personal thought that was his for a long time. War engulfed him. Instead of an individual he was a soldier of France, and his life was broken away from the old life which now seemed illusion; the days which streamed past him like pennants torn in the wind.

Later, in the monotony of trench warfare, he had time to think of Hazelton. He desired two things—to serve France, and to see Hazelton. Raoul wanted a word of friendship to pass between them, and especially he wanted to tell Hazelton that he need not worry about his wife. He wrote to him, but got no answer. Life went on; war had become the normal thing. The complexities of his former life receded further and further from him, and became more phantasmal, but the desire to see Hazelton before either of them should die remained with Raoul.

When he was wounded it was his last conscious thought before oblivion engulfed him. There followed a half-waking—pain—a penumbral land through which shapes moved vaguely; the smell of an anesthetic, an awakening, and again sleep. When he wakened fully he was in a white hospital ward with a sister bending over him.

"In the next bed," she said, "there is a *grand blessé*." She looked at him significantly. "He wishes to speak to you—he is a friend of yours."

In the next bed lay Hazelton, the

startling black of his shaggy hair framing the pallor of his face.

With difficulty Raoul raised his head. They smiled at each other. From the communion of their silence came Hazelton's deep voice.

"Why the devil," he said, "did we ever hate each other?"

Raoul shook his head. He didn't know. He, too, had wanted to ask Hazelton this.

"It has bothered me," said Hazelton. "I wanted to see you—" His voice trailed off. "I've wanted to ask you why we have needed this war—death—to make us know we don't hate each other."

"I don't know," said De Vilmarte. It was an effort for him to speak; his voice sounded frail and broken.

"Raoul," Hazelton asked, tenderly, "where are you wounded? Is it bad?"

"I don't know," Raoul answered again.

"It's his head," the sister answered for him, "and his right hand."

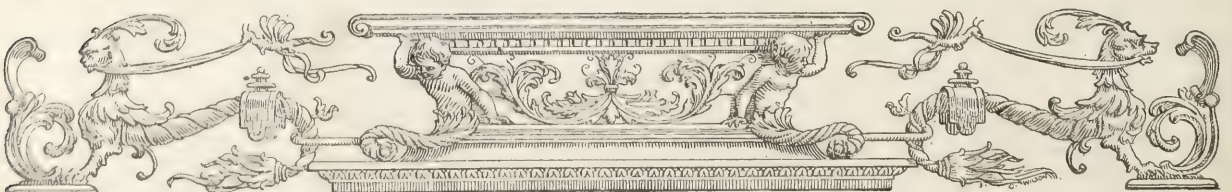
Hazelton raised his great head; a red mounted to his face; his old sardonic laughter boomed out through the ward. With a sharply indrawn breath of pain: "Oh, la—la!" he shouted. "'*Cré nom! Cré nom!*' What luck—imperishable! I'm dying—your right hand—your *right* hand!" He sank back, his ironic laughter drowned in a swift crimson tide.

The nurse beckoned to an orderly to bring a screen. . . .

Tears of grief and weakness streamed down Raoul's face. To the last his ill luck had held. He hadn't been able to make his friend understand, or to make amends. His right hand was wounded, and he could no longer serve France.

The sister looked at him with pity. She tried to console him.

"Death is not always so mercifully quick with these strong men," she said.



Do We Despise the Novelist?

BY W. L. GEORGE



HERE are times when one wearies of literature; when one reads over one's first book, reflects how good it was, and how greatly one was misunderstood; when one considers the perils and misadventures of so accidental a life and likens one's self to those dogs described by Pliny, who run fast as they drink from the Nile for fear they should be seized by the crocodiles; when one tires of following Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's advice, "to sit down in the back garden with pen, ink, and paper, to put vine leaves in one's hair and to write"; when one remembers that in Flaubert's view the literary man's was a dog's life (metaphors about authors lead you back to the dog), but that none other was worth living. In those moods, one does not agree with Flaubert; rather, one agrees with Butler:

Those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time.

One sees life like Mr. Polly, as "a rotten, beastly thing." One sighs for adventure, to be a tramp or a trust magnate. One knows that one will never be so popular as Brown's Meat Extract; thence is but a step to picture oneself as less worthy.

We novelists are the showmen of life. We hold up its mirror, and, if it look at us at all, it mostly makes faces at us. Indeed, a writer might have with impunity sliced Medusa's head; she would never have noticed him. The truth is that the novelist is a despised creature. At moments when, say, a learned professor devotes five columns to showing that a particular novelist is one of the pests of society, the writer feels exalted. But as society shows no signs of wanting to be rid of the pest, the novelist begins

to doubt his own pestilency. He is wrong. In a way, society knows of our existence, but does not worry; it shows this in a curiously large number of ways, more than can be enumerated here. It sees the novelist as a man apart—as a creature fraught with venom, and, paradoxically, a creature of singularly lamb-like and unpractical temperament.

Consider, indeed, the painful position of a respectable family: its sons make for Wall Street every day; its daughters for Fifth Avenue and fashion, or for the East Side, good works, and social advancement. Imagine that family, which derives a steady income, shall we say in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars a year, enough to keep it in modest comfort, confronted with the sudden infatuation of one of its daughters for an unnamed person, met presumably on the East Side where he was collecting copy. You can imagine the conversation after dinner:

SADIE: "What does he do, Papa? Oh, well, he's a novelist."

PAPA: "What! A novelist? One of those long-haired, sloppy-collared ragamuffins without any soles to their boots? Do you think that because I've given you an automobile I'm going to treat you to a husband? A saloon loafer!" (We are always intemperate.) . . . "A man whom your mother and sisters . . ." (Our morals are atrocious.) . . . "I should not wonder if the police . . ." (We are all dishonest, and yet we never have any money.) . . . "I was talking to the minister . . ." (We practise no religion, except that occasionally we are Mormons.)

And so on, and so on. Papa won't have it, and if in the end Papa does have it (which he generally does when Sadie has made up her mind), he finds that Sadie's eyes are *not* blacked, but that Sadie's husband's boots *are* blacked; that the wretched fellow keeps a balance at the bank, can ride a horse, push a

perambulator, drive a nail; but he does not believe it for a long time. For it is, if not against all experience, at any rate against all theory that a novelist should be eligible. The bank clerk is eligible, the novelist is not. We are not "safe"; we are adventurers, we have theories, and sometimes the audacity to live up to them. We are often poor, which happens to other men, and this is always our own fault, while it is often their misfortune. Of late years we have grown still more respectable than our forefathers, who were painfully so: Dickens lived comfortably in Marylebone; Thackeray reigned in a luxurious house near Kensington Square and in several first-class clubs; Walter Scott reached a terrible extreme of respectability—he went bankrupt, but later on paid his debts in full. Yet we never seem quite respectable, perhaps because respectability is so thin a varnish. Even the unfortunate girls whom we "entice away from good homes" into the squalor of the arts do not think us respectable. For them half the thrill of marrying a novelist consists in the horror of the family which must receive him; it is like marrying a quicksand, and the idea is so bitter that a novelist who wears his hair long might do well to marry a girl who wears hers short. He will not find her in the bourgeoisie.

The novelist is despised because he produces a commodity not recognized as "useful." There is no definition of usefulness, yet everybody is clear that the butcher, the car conductor, the stock-jobber are useful; that they fulfil a function necessary to the maintenance of the state. The pugilist, the dancer, the vaudeville actor, the novelist, provide nothing material, while the butcher does. To live, one wants meat, but not novels. We need not pursue this too far and ask the solid classes to imagine a world without arts; presumably they could not. It is enough to point the difference and to suggest that we are deeply enthralled by the Puritan tradition which calls pleasure, if not noxious, at any rate unimportant; the maintenance of life is looked upon as more essential than the enjoyment thereof, so that many people picture an ideal world as a spreading corn-field dotted with cities that pay

good rents, connected by railroads which pay good dividends. They resemble the revolutionary who on the steps of the guillotine said to Lavoisier, "*La République n'a pas besoin de savants.*" This is obvious when the average man (which includes many women) alludes to the personality of some well-known writer. One he has come to respect—Mr. Hall Caine, because popular report says that his latest novel brought him in about half a million dollars; but such men as Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. H. G. Wells leave strange shadows upon his memory. Of Mr. Bennett he says: "Oh yes, he writes about the North Country, doesn't he? Or is it the West Country? Tried one of his books once. I forget its name, and, now I come to think of it, it may have been by somebody else. He must be a dreary sort of chap, anyhow; sort of Methodist."

Mr. H. G. Wells is more clearly pictured: "Wells? The fellow who writes about flying-machines and men in the moon? Jules Verne sort of stuff, isn't it? He's a Socialist."

And so out with Mr. Bennett, one of our best modern stylists, who, in spite of an occasional crowding of the canvas, has somehow fixed for us the singular and ferocious tribe from which he springs; so out with Mr. Wells with his restless, impulsive, combative, infinitely audacious mind. The average man says, "Flying-machines," and the passion of Mr. Wells for a beautiful, if somewhat over-hygienic, world is swept away. Those are leading instances. Others, such as Mr. Conrad, Mrs. Edith Wharton, O. Henry, Mr. Galsworthy, are not mentioned at all; if the name of Henry James is spoken, it leads up to a gibe at long sentences.

The attitude is simple; we are not taken seriously. Novelists have to take mankind seriously because they want to understand it; mankind is exempt from the obligation because it does not conceive the desire. We are not people who take degrees, who can be scheduled and classified. We are not doctors of science, licentiates of music schools. We are just men and women of some slight independence, therefore criminals; men who want to observe and not men who want to do, therefore incredible. And

so, because we cannot fall into the classes made for those who can be classified, we are outside of class, below class. We are the mistletoe of the social oak.

It is perhaps in search of dignity and status that the modern novelist has taken to journalism. Journalism raises a novelist's status, for a view expressed by a fictitious character is not taken seriously, while the same view fastened to an event of the day acquires importance, satisfies the specific function of the press, which is more and more that of a champion of—found causes. The newspaper is a better jumping-off ground than the pulpit or the professorial chair; it enjoys a vast circulation, which the novel does not; it conveys an idea to millions of people who would never think of buying a newspaper for the sake of an idea, but who buy it for news, murder cases, or corn-market reports; it is a place where a writer may be serious, *because the newspaper is labeled as serious, while the novel is labeled as frivolous.*

This is vital to the proposition, and explains why so many novelists have sought refuge in the press. It is not exactly a question of money. Journalism rewards a successful novelist better than does the novel, though successful novelists make very good incomes; they often earn as much as the red-nosed comedian with the baggy trousers and the battered derby. Thackeray, Washington Irving, Kingsley, and notably Dickens knew the value of journalism. Dickens was the most peculiar case, for it is fairly clear that *Nicholas Nickleby* helped to suppress the exploiting schools and that *Oliver Twist* was instrumental in reforming workhouse law; both works were immensely successful, but Dickens felt that he wanted a platform where he could be always wholly serious—for this the *Daily News* was born in 1846. Likewise, Mr. Wells has written enormously upon war and economics; Mr. Arnold Bennett has printed many political articles; Mr. Galsworthy has become more direct than a novelist can be, and written largely on Cruelty to Animals, Prison Reform, etc. It is the only way in which we can be taken seriously. We must be solemn, a little dull, patriotic or unpatriotic, socialistic or conserva-

tive; there is only one thing we may not be, and that is creative and emotional.

It should be said in passing that even the press does not think much of us. Articles on solid subjects by novelists are printed, well paid for, sought after; it does a paper good to have an article on Demon Finance by Mr. Dreiser, or on Feminism by Mr. Zangwill. The novelist amounts to a poster; he is a blatant advertisement; he is a curiosity, the man who makes the public say, "I wonder what the *Daily* is up to now." But be assured that Mr. Zangwill's views on Feminism do not command the respectful treatment that is accorded a column leader in the *Times*; he is too human; he sparkles too much; he has not the matchless quality of those leaders which compel you to put on an extra stamp if you have to send the paper through the post.

The newspapers court the novelist as the people of a small town court the local rich man, but neither newspaper nor little town likes very much the object of its courtship. Except when they pay him to express them, the newspapers resent our having any views at all; the thought behind is always, "Why can't the fellows mind their own business, and go on writing about love and all that sort of stuff?" During the war, references to novelists who express their views have invariably been sneering; it is assumed that because we are novelists we are unable to comprehend tactics, politics—in fact, any "ics," except perhaps the entirely unimportant esthetics. But the peculiarity of the situation is that not a voice has been raised against professors of philology who write on finance, against bishops dealing with land settlement, against doctors when they remap Europe, against barristers, business men. They may say anything they like; they are plain, hard-headed men, while our heads are soft enough to admit a new idea.

* To define the attitude of the press is in modern times to define the attitude of the state. From our point of view this is frigid. In America there are no means of gauging a novelist's position, for your classification rests upon breeding, celebrity, and fortune. Ours rests upon breeding and reliability. You are

more adventurous than we. Britannia rides in a chariot, while your national emblem foreshadowed the aeroplane. And so, in America, it may profit a man as well to be a Jack London as an Elihu Root. You have no means of recognizing status, while in England we have honors. We distribute a great many honors, and indeed the time may come, as Mr. Max Beerbohm says, when everybody will be sentenced to a knighthood without the option of a fine. Honors are rather foolish things, monuments that create a need for circumspection; they are often given for merits not easily perceived, but still they are a *rough* test of status. Setting aside money, which is the primary qualification, and justifies Racine in saying that without money honor is but a disease, a title is a fairly clear sign of distinction. Sir Edward Shackleton, Sir Douglas Haig, Sir Frederick Treves, Lord Reading, Sir William Crookes, Lord Lister—all those titles are obvious recognition of prominence in polar exploration, the army, the law, medicine, research, as the case may be; there are scores of medical knights, many law lords, many major-generals, and admirals endowed with the Knight Commandership of the Bath. We do not complain. They deserve their honors, most of them. They deserve them more than the politicians who have received for long service rewards that ability could not give them, than the Lord Mayors who are titled because they sold, for instance, large quantities of kitchen fenders. When we consider the arts, we observe a discrepancy. The arts do not ask for honors; they are too arrogant, and know that born knights cannot be knighted. Only they claim that an attempt should be made to honor them, to grant them Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Chamberlain's privilege of refusing honors.

Consider, for instance, the Order of Merit, one of the highest honors that the British Crown can confer. At the end of last year it numbered twenty-one members. Among them were some distinguished foreigners—Prince Oyama, Prince Yamagata, and Admiral Togo; historians, pro-consuls, four admirals, and one novelist, Mr. Thomas Hardy. We do not complain that only Mr.

Thomas Hardy was chosen, for there is nobody else to set at his side—only we do complain that in this high order four admirals find a place. Are we then so rich in admiralty, so poor in literature? The same is still truer when we come to the inferior orders, which are still fairly high, such as the Commandership of the Bath. That ancient order is almost entirely recruited from among soldiers, sailors, politicians, and civil servants; it does not hold the name of a single novelist. Only one novelist, Sir Gilbert Parker, is a Privy Councilor, though the position is honorific and demands no special knowledge. On the Privy Council you find labor members of Parliament, barristers, coal-owners, sellers of chemicals and other commodities. In all the other orders it is the same thing; for novelists there are neither Commanderships of the Bath, nor of the Victorian Order, nor of St. Michael and St. George, no honors great or minor; no man has ever in England been offered a peerage *because* he wrote novels; and yet he has been offered a peerage because he sold beer. George Meredith was not offered a peerage, even though some think that his name will live when those of captains and kings have melted into dust. Our little band of recognized men such as Sir James Barrie, Sir Rider Haggard, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—small is the toll they have taken of public recognition; perhaps they should not expect it; perhaps they have been recognized only because of certain political activities; but must we really believe that so many lawyers and so few writers are worthy of an accolade? Is the novelist worthless until he is dead?

This picture may seem too black, and, indeed, it is mainly that of Great Britain, where contempt for literature has risen to a peculiar degree, but even in your country it applies. Make an imaginative effort; see yourself in the reception-room of some rich man in New York, where a "crush" of celebrities is taking place. A flunky at the head of the stairs announces the guests. He announces: "Mr. Charles Evans Hughes! . . . Mr. W. D. Howells! . . . The Bishop of Oklahoma!" Who caused a swirl in the "gilded throng"? The notable cleric? The former candidate for the Presidential

chair? Or your premier novelist? Be honest in your reply to yourself, and you will know who, at that hypothetical reception, created a stir. The stir, according to place or period, greeted the politician or the bishop, and only in purely literary circles would Mr. Howells have been preferred. For the worship of crowds goes to power rather than to distinction; to the recognized functionary of the state, to him whose power can give power, to all the evanescent things and seldom to those stockish things, the mile-stones on the road to eternity. The attitude of the crowd is the attitude of the state, for the state is only the crowd, and often just the mob; it is the chamberlain of ochlocracy, the leader who follows. In all times the state has shown its indifference, its contempt, for the arts, and particularly for literature. Now and then a prince, such as Louis of Bavaria, Philip of Spain, Lorenzo the Magnificent, has given to literature more than respect. He has given love, but that only because he was a man before a prince. The prince must prefer the lawyer, the politician, the general, and indeed of late years what prince was found to patron George Meredith or Henry James?

The attitude of the state to the novelist defines itself most clearly when a royal commission is appointed. In England royal commissions are *ad hoc* bodies appointed by the Government from among men of political influence and special knowledge, to investigate a special question.

As a rule they are well composed. For instance, a royal commission on water-supply would probably comprise two or three members of Parliament of some standing, the president of the Institute of Civil Engineers, a professor of sanitation, a canal expert, one or two trade-unionists, one or two manufacturers, and a representative of the Home Office or the Board of Trade. Any man of position who has shown interest in public affairs may be asked to sit on a royal commission—provided he is not a novelist. Only one novelist has attained so giddy a height—Sir Rider Haggard. How it happened is not known; it must have been a mistake. We are not weighty enough, serious enough, to be

called upon, even if our novels are so weighty and so serious that hardly anybody can read them. We are a gay tribe of Ariels, too light to discuss even our own trade. For royal commissions concern themselves with our trade, with copyright law, with the restriction of the paper-supply. You might think that, for instance, paper-supply concerned us, for we use cruel quantities, yet no recognized author sat on the commission; a publisher was the nearest approach. Apparently there were two great consumers of paper, authors and grocers, but the grocers alone were consulted. What is the matter with us? Is our crime that we put down in indecent ink what we think and feel, while other people think and feel the same, but prudently keep it down? Possibly our crimes are our imagination and our tendency to carry this imagination into action. Bismarck said that a state conducted on the lines of the Sermon on the Mount would not last twenty-four hours; perhaps it is thought that a state in the conduct of which a novelist had a share would immediately resolve itself into a problem play. Something like that, though in fact it is unlikely that Ariel come to judgment would be much more fanciful in his decrees than the historic Solomon.

All this because we lack solidity—and yet the public calls us commercial, self-advertisers, money-grubbers. It is thought base that we should want three meals a day, though nobody suggests that we can hope to find manna in the street, or drink in our parks from the fountain Hippocrene. We are told that we make our contracts too keenly, that we are grasping, that we are not straight—and yet we are told that we are not business men. What are we to do? Shall we form a trade-union and establish a piece rate? Shall we sell our novels by the yard? May we not be as commercial and respected as the doctor who heals with words and the lawyer who strangles with tape?

Now and then the defenses of society and state are breached and a novelist enters Parliament. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. A. E. W. Mason followed Disraeli into the House of Commons, but it is very extraordinary. No one knows how

these gentlemen managed to convince the electors that with their eye "in fine frenzy rolling" they would not scandalize their party by voting against it. (Those writing chaps, you know, they aren't *safe*!)

It must be said that once in Parliament the novelists did not have a very good time; they were lucky in having been preferred to a landowner, or a pawnbroker, but once in they had not the slightest chance of being preferred to those estimable members of society. It was not a question of straight votes; it never came to that, for Mr. Belloc soon disagreed with both sides and became a party of one, while Mr. A. E. W. Mason as a rush light flickered his little flicker and went out. It is as well; they would never have been taken seriously. It is almost a tradition that they should not be taken seriously, and it is on record in most of the worldly memoirs of the nineteenth century that the two main objections to Disraeli were his waistcoats and his authorship of *Contarini Fleming*. Nero liked to see people burned alive; Disraeli wrote novels. Weaknesses are found in all great men.

There seems in this to lie error as well as scandal. When a new organization is created, say for the control of lamp-oil, obviously a novelist should not be made its chairman, but why should a blotting-paper merchant be preferred? Indeed, one might side with Mr. Zangwill, who demands representation for authors in the Cabinet itself, on the plea that they would introduce the emotion which is necessary if the Cabinet is to manage impulsive mankind. As he finely says, we are professors of human nature; if only some university would give us a title and some initials to follow our name, say P.H.N., people might believe we knew something of it. But the attitude of the state in these matters is steadfast enough. It recognizes us as servants rather than citizens; if in our later years we come upon hard times, we can be given, through the Civil List, pensions which rescue us from the indignities of the poorhouse, but no more. Mostly these pensions benefit our heirs, but the offering is so small that it shocks; it is like tipping an ex-President a dollar.

Thus Mr. W. B. Yeats enjoys a pension of \$750, Mr. Joseph Conrad, of \$500. Why give us pensions at all if they must be alms? One cannot be dignified on \$500 a year; one can be dignified on \$25,000 a year, because the world soon forgets that you ride a gift horse, if that horse is a fine, fat beast. The evidence is to be found in the retiring pensions of our late lord chancellors, who receive \$25,000 a year; of our judges, \$5,000 to \$18,750; in the allowances made to impoverished politicians, which attain \$10,000. Out of a total of \$1,600,000 met by our Civil List, literature, painting, science, research, *divide* every year \$6,000. Nor do the immediate rewards show greater equality. Lord Roberts was voted \$500,000 for his services in South Africa; Mr. Thomas Hardy has not yet been voted anything for *The Dynasts*. I suspect that America is just as dull.

The shame of literature is carried on even into the following generations. The present Lord Nelson, who is not a poor man, for he owns seven thousand acres of land, is still drawing a pension of \$25,000 a year, earned by his august ancestor, but the daughter of Leigh Hunt must be content with \$250. We are unknown. We are nobody; Rouget de l'Isle, author of "La Marseillaise," gave wings to the revolutionary chariot, but tiny, bilious, tyrannic Robespierre rode in it, and rides in it to-day through the pages of history, while men go to their death singing the words of Rouget de l'Isle and know him not.

Even in our own profession of authorship the novelist is an object of disdain. We are less than the economists, the historians, the political writers; we amuse while they teach; they bore, and as they bore it is assumed that they educate, dullness always having been the sorry companion of education. Evidence is easily found; there exists a useful, short encyclopedia called *Books That Count*. It contains the names of about four thousand authors, out of whom only sixty-three are novelists. Divines whose sermons do not fetch five cents at the second-hand bookseller's, promoters of economic theories long disproved, partisan historians, mendacious travelers—they crowd out of the *Books*

That Count the pale sixty-three novelists, all that is left of the large assembly that gave us *Tom Jones* and *The Way of All Flesh*. This attitude we observe in most reference-books. We observe it, for instance, in the well-known *Who's Who Year Book*, which, amazing as it seems, contains no list of authors. The book contains a list of professors, including dental surgery, a list of past presidents of the Oxford Union, a list of owners of Derby winners, but not a list of authors. The editors of this popular reference book know what the public wants; apparently the public wants to know that Mr. Arthur H. King is general manager of the Commercial Bank of London, Ltd.—but the public does not want to know that Mr. Anatole France is a great man. The only evidence of notice is a list of our pseudonyms. It matters that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne should write under the name of "Logroller," for that is odd. Mr. Le Gallienne, being an author, is a curiosity; it matters to nobody that he is a man.

What is the area of a novelist's reputation? How far do the ripples extend when he casts a novel into the whirlpool of life? It is difficult to say, but few novelists were ever so well known to the people as were in their time such minor figures as Rockefeller or Dingley, nor is there a novelist to-day whose fame can vie with that of, say, Mr. Roosevelt. It is strange to think that Dickens himself could not in his own day create as much stir as such obscure personages as Captain Waddell, Peabody or President Johnson. He lacked political flavor; he was merely one of the latter-day prophets who lack the unique advertisement of being stoned. It will be said that such an instance is taken from the masses of the world, most of whom do not read novels, while all are affected by the politician, but in those circles that support literature the same phenomenon appears: the novel may be known; the novelist is not. The novel is not respected and, indeed, one often hears a woman at a big lending library ask for "three of the latest novels." New novels! Why not new potatoes? She takes the books away calmly, without looking at the titles or

the names. She is quite satisfied; sometimes she does not care very much whether or not she has read those novels before, for she does not remember them. They go in at one ear and come out at the other, presumably, as a judge said, because there is nothing to stop them.

It is undeniable that the great mass of readers forgets either names or titles; many forget both. Some of the more educated remember the author and ask their library for "something by Henry Sydnor Harrison," because he writes such sweet, pretty books, a definition where slander subtly blends with veracity. But, in most cases, nothing remains of either author or title except in hazy impression; the reader is not quite sure whether the book she liked so much is *Fraternity* or the *Corsican Brothers*. She will know that it had something to do with family, and that the author's name began with "G"—unless it was "S." It cannot be otherwise, so long as novels are read in the way they are read—that is to say, if they are taken as drugs. Generally, novels are read to dull the mind, and many succeed, ruining the chances of those whose intent is not morphean, which fulfil the true function of art—*viz.*, to inflame. The object of a novel is not to send the reader to sleep, not to make him oblivious of time on a railway journey; it is not to be propped up against a cruet and consumed between the chop and the pudding; it is meant to show character, to stimulate observation, to make life vivid, and as life is most vivid when it is most unpleasant, the novel that is worth reading is set aside. For such novels stir the brain too much to let it go to sleep. Those novels are judged in the same way as the baser kind, and that is perhaps why the novel itself stands so low. It does stand low, at least in England, for it is almost impossible to sell it to the public. Inquiries made of publishers show that they expect to sell to the circulating libraries seventy to seventy-five per cent. of the copies printed. To sell to a circulating library is not selling; it is lending at one remove; it means that a single copy bought by a library is lent out to anything between twenty and a hundred people. Sometimes it is read by more, for it is sold off when the

subscribers no longer want to hire it. It goes to a town of the size of, say, Tacoma. Discarded after a year or so by this second set of subscribers, it may be sold off for two or three cents, with one thrown into the dozen for luck, and arrive with its cover hanging on in a way that is a testimonial to the binder, with its pages marked with thumbs, stained with tears, or, as the case may be, with soup, at some small stationer's shop in a little market town, to go out on hire at two cents a week, until it no longer holds together, and goes to its eternal rest in the pulping machine. On the way, nobody has bought it except to let it out, as the padrone sends out the pretty Italian boys with an organ and a monkey. The public have not bought the books to read and to love. The twenty-five or thirty per cent. actually sold have been disposed of as birthday or Christmas presents, because one has to give something, and because one makes more effect with a well-bound book for a dollar than with two dollars' worth of chocolates. Literature has been given its royalty on the dollar of economy. Yet, impossible as the novel finds it to tear its dollar from the public, the theater easily wheedles it into paying five dollars or more for two stalls. It seems strange that two people will pay five dollars to see a dramatized novel on the boards, yet would never dream of giving a dollar for the original book. That is because theater seats must be paid for, while books can be borrowed. Plays, and especially players, can be remembered; a book may be returned. It goes so far that novelists are continually asked "where one can get their books," meaning "where they can be borrowed"; often they are asked to lend a copy, while no one begs a ride from a cabman. Things are not as bad as that in America; why the lending library has not asserted itself in your country is difficult to say, for clotted masses of population are the atmosphere in which it lives. It may be due to your novels being published at a cheap rate; it may be that a large proportion of your population is not clotted, but is so scattered that a library could not reach it; it may be that the high quality of the American

magazine has created a reading public. Or it may be that you are just barbarians with all the generosity of the savage, and that when your civilization is ancient you will acquire the vices of ours. That is what generally happens in the course of civilization.

In England, the public of the novel is almost exclusively feminine. Few men read novels, and a great many nothing at all except the newspaper. They say that they are too busy, which is absurd when one reflects how busy is the average woman. The truth is that they are slack and ignorant. They have some historic reason to despise the novel, for it is quite true that in the nineteenth century, with a few exceptions, such as Thackeray, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Dickens, Scott, George Eliot, the three-volume novel was trash. It dealt generally with some rhetorical Polish hero, a high-born English maiden, cruel parents, and Italian skies. Right up to 1885 that sort of thing used to arrive every morning in a truck at the lending library, but if it still arrives in truckloads, it should not be forgotten that other novels arrive, too. That is what the men do not know. If they read at all you will find them solemnly taking in "The Reminiscences of Mr. Justice X. Y. Z.," or "Shooting Gazelles in Bulbuland," "Political Economics," or "Economic Politics" (it means much the same either way up). All that sort of thing—that frozen, dried-up, elderly waggishness, that shallow pomp, is mentally murderous. Sometimes men do read novels, mostly detective stories, sporting or very sentimental tales. When observed, they apologize and say something about resting the brain. That means that they do not respect the books they read, which is base; it is like keeping low company, where one can yawn and put one's boots on the sofa. Now no company is low unless you think it is. As soon as you realize that and stay, you yourself grow naturalized to it. Likewise, if you read a book without fellowship and respect for its author, you are outraging it. But mankind is stupid, and it would not matter very much that a few men should read novels in that shamefaced and patronizing way if they were not so open

about it. If they do not apologize, they boast that they never read a novel; they imply superiority. Their feminine equivalent is the serious-minded girl who improves her mind with a book like *Vicious Viscounts of Venice*; if she reads novels at all, she holds that, like good wine, they improve with keeping, and must be at least fifty years old. By that time the frivolous author may have redeemed his sins.

It is because of all these people, the people who borrow and do not cherish, the people who skim, the people who indulge and cringe, and the people who do not indulge at all, that we have come to a corruption of literary taste, where the idea is abashed before the easy emotion, where religiosity expels religion, and the love passion turns to heroics or to maundering, that the success of the second-rate has come about. It is a killing atmosphere. It is almost incomprehensible, for when the talk is of a political proposal, say of land settlement in the Northwest, or of a new type of oil engine, hardly a man will say, "I am not interested." He would be ashamed to say that. It would brand him as a retrograde person. Sometimes he will say, "I do not like music," but he will avoid that if he can, for music is an evidence of culture; he will very seldom confess that he does not care for pictures; he will confess without any hesitation that he does not care for any kind of book. He will be rather proud to think that he prefers a horse or a balance-sheet. It will seldom occur to him that this literature of which some people talk so much can hold anything for him. It will not even occur to him to try, for literature is judged at Jeddburgh. It hardly ever occurs to any one that literature has its technique, that introductions to it are necessary; a man will think it worth while to join a class if he wants to acquire scientific knowledge, but seldom that anything in the novel justifies his taking preliminary steps. It is not that literature repels him by its occasional aridity; it is not that he has stumbled upon classics, which, as Mr. Arnold Bennett delightfully says, "are not light women who turn to all men, but gracious ladies whom one must long woo." Men do

not think the lady worth wooing. This brings us back to an early conclusion in this chapter: novelists are not useful; we are pleasant, therefore despicable. Our novels do not instruct; all they can do is to delight or inflame. We can give a man a heart, but we cannot raise his bank interest. So our novels are not worthy of his respect because they do not come clad in the staid and reassuring gray of the text-book; they are not dull enough to gain the respect of men who appreciate only the books that bore them, who shrink away from the women who charm them and turn to those who scrag their hair off their foreheads, and bring their noses, possibly with a cloth, to a disarming state of brilliancy.

Sometimes, when the novelist thinks of all these things, he is overcome by a desperate mood, decides to give up literature and grow respectable. He thinks of becoming a grocer, or an attorney, and sometimes he wants to be the owner of a popular magazine, where he will exercise, not the disreputable function of writing, but the estimable one of purchasing. Then the mood passes, and he is driven back to Flaubert's view that it is a dog's life, but the only one. He decides to live down the extraordinary trash that novelists produce. Incredible as truth may be, fiction is stranger still, and there is no limit to the intoxications of the popular novelist.

The novel is a commodity, and if it seeks a wide public it must make for a low one: the speed of a fleet is that of its slowest ship; the sale of a novel is the capacity of the basest mind. Only it might be remembered that all histories are not accurate, all biographies not truthful, all economic text-books not readable. Likewise, it should be remembered, and we need quote only Mr. W. D. Howells, in evidence, that novels are not defined by the worst of their kind. . . . It is men's business to find out the best books; they search for the best wives; why not for the best novels? There are novels that one can love all one's life, and this cannot be said of every woman.

There are to-day in England about twenty men and women who write novels of a certain quality, and about as many who fail, but whose appeal is to the most intelligent. These people are

trying to picture man, to describe their period, to pluck a feather from the wing of fleeting time. They do not write about radium murders, or heroines clad in orchids and tiger-skins. They strive to seize a little of the raw life in which they live. The claim is simple; even though we may produce two thousand novels a year which act upon the brain in the evening as cigarettes do after lunch, we do put forth a small number of novels which are the mirror of the day. Very few are good novels, and perhaps not one will live, but many a novel, concerned with labor problems, money, freedom in love, will have danced its little dance to some purpose, will have created unrest—always better than stagnation, will have aroused controversy, anger; impelled some people, if not to change their life, at least to tolerate that others should do so. *The New Machiavelli*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The White Peacock*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, *Ethan Frome*—none of those perhaps is a supreme book, but every one of them is a hand-grenade flung at the bourgeoisie; we do not want to kill it, but we do want to wake it up.

It is the bourgeoisie's business to find out the novels that will wake it up; it should take as much pains to do this as to find out the best cigar. The bourgeoisie has congestion of the brain; the works of scholars will stupefy it still more; only in the novelists of the day, who are rough, unpleasant, rebellious, restless, will they find a remedy.

Whether the reading public can discern that undying flame in the choking smoke of books written for money and not for love, is another question. Every year more novels are published, but when one considers the novelists of the past, Thackeray's continual flow of sugary claptrap, the incapacity of Dickens to conceive beauty, the almost

unrelieved, stagey solemnity of Walter Scott, the novelist of to-day is inclined to thank God that he is not as other men. Those old writers trod out paths for us, but they walked blindfold; let us recognize their splendid qualities, their feeling for atmosphere, their knowledge of men, but we find more that is honest and hopeful in a single page of *Tono-Bungay* than in all the great Victorians put together. Yes, we are arrogant. Why not? Why should it be natural to us to see our faults and not our talents? We are held in contempt, but such was the fate of every prophet; they make us into mummies and we learn mummery, but Balzac and Turgenev rise from their own dust. We are not safe people, or quiet people; not tame rabbits in a hutch, nor even romantic rogues; most of us are no more romantic than jockeys.

It is, perhaps, because we are not safe (and are we any less safe than mining magnates?) that we are disliked. We are disliked, as Stendhal says, because all differences create hatred; because by showing it its face in the glass we tend to disrupt society, to exhibit to its shocked eyes what is inane in its political constitution, barbarous in its moral code. We are queer people, nasty people, but we are neither nastier nor queerer than our fellows. We are merely more shameless, and exhibit what they hide. We have got outside, and we hate being outside; we should so much like to enlist under the modern standard, the silk hat, and yet we are arrogant. Doctors, judges, bishops, merchants, think little of us; we regret it and we rejoice in it. We are unhappy and exalted adventurers in the frozen fields of human thought. We are the people who make the "foot-prints on the sands of time." Later on, the bourgeoisie will tread in them.



The Crucible of Time

BY MARIE MANNING



HAD JOHN WARREN THAYER been a movie star, at one of those spectacular salaries the newspapers mention so lightly, he could not have made up for the rôle of capitalist more convincingly than nature cast him for the part.

Of imposing stature, he was inclined to the temperate fullness that indicates a struggle between the good things of life and a wholesome fear of their consequences. Hair sufficiently frosted about the temples to add a note of distinction; features of a pleasing sternness, conveying a hint of early self-denial; and now, in the fullness of success, looking out on a world that had been *his* oyster—with the air of a connoisseur in oysters.

In his youth Thayer had had strongly socialistic tendencies: Karl Marx had been his Bible, Kropotkin his ideal, Verlaine his poet. With such early tendencies, it is almost superfluous to add that at forty-six the law of averages had laid hands on him and landed him as the president of a corporation at once the joy of the muck-raker and the hope of the legislator seeking fame.

His attitude toward the idealistic wild oats of his youth was one of tender retrospection. Like a man who has been snatched from a *mésalliance*, he remembered the affair with sentiment—but maturer judgment had long since pointed out the error of his ways.

The errand that had brought him to the sullen little mining town for a conference with a group of labor leaders who hinted at a "walk-out," on the part of his company's operatives, in default of concessions—had not been successful. The meeting had been saved from disorder only by the promise of an immediate consultation with certain of the company's officers, regarded by the labor faction as more liberal than Thayer.

A further development in the conspiracy against him was that the wretched village had no taxicab service. And the moribund horse hitched to four warped wheels was no laughing matter to a man who felt his presence in New York that evening to be a question of life and death.

Promises to the driver were in vain; the old horse had not gone half-way to the station before the train pulled out with a sinister snort at Thayer. In a homicidal mood he returned to the hotel.

A dusty elk's head stood guard over a set of rickety pigeon-holes, the greasy imitation-leather chairs were still in the process of being polished by citizens—argumentative and ruminant. The clink of thick dishes called attention to a dreary vista of dining-room, visible through gaping folding doors. There wouldn't be another train out till three o'clock.

The coop-like elevator presently descended to the level of the office floor and disgorged a group of women. Others waiting in the "Ladies' Parlor" joined them; more swept in from the street, and soon the dingy offices, parlors, and waiting-rooms of "Rucker's Grand Palace Hotel" presented such a mobilization of petticoats as to suggest a church fair or a heart-to-heart talk with a beauty specialist.

"Is the minister going to get slippers?" Thayer inquired of the shabby man who had been caught with him in the feminine current and swirled to one side, like a chip in a stream.

The derelict, ignorant of his companion's identity, confided, with a grin, "They're more interested in mother's getting a show at the pants than the minister getting slippers."

"Who does the talking—short-haired woman, or a long-haired man?"

"The Big Sister," they call her, 'n', when she gets through playin' ball with 'em, they're 'bout ready for anything

from carrying old man Thayer's head on a pike to going home and getting dinner like good little girls."

"Are they miners' wives?"

"Some are, and some are single women."

Thayer made his way to the "Ladies' Parlor," already filled with women; some one brought in a grim white pitcher of ice-water—it looked like the missing mate of a wash-basin—and the meeting was opened.

A fussy little woman introduced the speaker with the assurance of an impresario who harbors no doubt as to his lion's roar. After the usual "needs no introduction," she built an imposing structure out of the lady's past deeds. She had put through such and such remedial legislation, unaided—she had held aloft the standard of this and that—and, like Horatius, she was prepared to hold their bridge single-handed against the enemy.

Madame Chairman paused, and the subject of the panegyric arose and nodded to the audience. By all the laws of contrariety she ought to have been an anti-climax—but she wasn't. The speaker was rather tall than otherwise, with a well-knit, boyish figure, and her utter absence of make-up, in this day of the worship of the grease-pots of Egypt, made her seem curiously young. She was the type of woman, the world over, that any man would have felt himself in luck to have drawn for a dinner partner.

There was thought in her clothes, deep thought; they made the best of every advantage that nature had given her, and at the same time they rather artfully evaded description. No man, and only a few women, could have realized the prayer and fasting that such a subtlety of effect costs.

But Thayer wasn't giving a thought to her clothes; there was something hauntingly familiar about Madame Chairman's paragon. He leaned forward and studied her face through narrow lids. Yes—no—it couldn't be! This woman must be years younger than Connie Fenton, and yet there was something about her that no woman but Connie Fenton ever had. There was the same delicious contour of chin, the upward turn to the corners of the mouth,

the same long, narrow eyes in which twin devils of merriment lurked. She began without a hint of uplift, strikes, suffrage, to tell them stories—if it were Connie Fenton, she was flirting with her audience the way she used to flirt with him, twenty years ago.

She was a past-mistress of all the tricks of oratory and public speaking; she carried along her audience; she tossed the different elements that composed it in the air, and kept them flying like a juggler manipulating balls. And when she had them ready to cry or laugh, at a nod from her, she brought up her heavy artillery and turned it upon the system under which they lived. She didn't mention Thayer's company by name, but her prettiest shots played about its alleged iniquities.

In the mean time the president of the reviled company was becoming more and more convinced that the speaker was Connie Fenton. He resumed his close-lidded scrutiny—if that were Connie, she had discovered the secret of perpetual youth!

It was over twenty years ago that they used to read poetry and burst into young rhapsodies of reforming the world. But it had not been all uplift, either, that summer at Heron Beach. There had been the mad, glad, deliriously happy days that had led to their brief engagement. It had come about rather unexpectedly; there had been the appalling storm that had overtaken them in his sail-boat—the struggle with death that had all but gone against them—the rush of sunlight that had welcomed their landing on the tiny island of refuge. And there had been the gloriously perfect rainbow that to their young, ecstatic egoism seemed their own especial symbol.

Thayer, who had been a trifle pompous and mid-Victorian in his manner of wooing, remembered he had quoted:

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds
away
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

And Connie had agreed to be all these pleasant and charming things. But, alas, their heaven-tinted arch was doomed to sudden destruction. Before

a week had passed Thayer had come to her, eager, enthusiastic, but plainly perturbed.

"It's not just our line, Connie," he gasped, convulsively, "but it's too good to pass up. The J. C. & L. have offered me a job in their legal department. You see, I can talk to the men in their own language—Marx & Co. have done the trick."

But the girl had persisted in thinking he was joking.

"Don't you see?" he had answered. "If I accept, we can be married now; if I turn them down we can wait anywhere from five years to the end of time—that strikes me as the joke being on us."

At last the girl had realized her lover was in earnest—it would be useless to recount the scene that followed; the man of millions still remembered the scorch of her parting words. She had gone to New York to forget, in the drudgery of settlement work. For two years she did her hair unbecomingly—and then she went out of her maiden's mourning. Thayer had never heard of her from that day to this.

The speaker had finished; she took her hands from behind her back and held out one with the palm turned upward in mute appeal. Thayer had not another moment's doubt; that was Connie's hand, Connie's gesture. He waited for the seething wave of women, rising from camp-chairs and surging toward her, to subside. Why hadn't she married?

It was perfectly evident to Thayer's philosophy that she had not, or she wouldn't have taken to the platform. Thank God *his* wife stayed home. And yet, he found himself rather touched by her spinsterhood. Never, in all the years of his steadily mounting success, had he been as utterly happy as during those breathlessly joyous weeks at Heron Beach. A warm, tender impulse surged through his veins at the thought of them. It had been the Garden of Eden while the apple-trees were still in blossom.

He waited for the last of the crowd to ebb; then he came forward and held out his hand. She did not harbor the least doubt concerning him.

"Oh, Jackie Thayer, I *am* glad!"

No one else had ever called him Jackie; it had been years since any one had called him Jack, the absurd diminutive seemed almost indelicate—and yet, he was foolishly pleased.

At closer range she was not so young-looking as she had been from a distance; there were frank lines at the corners of her eyes, and a hint of parentheses at the ends of the mouth.

"You haven't changed at all," he said, and the familiar stencil assayed about ninety per cent. more of truth than it usually does.

She did not repeat the formula; instead she answered, "But you have—you used to be a nice boy, and now you're a personage."

An adroit method of waiving aside her late abuse of him and his company, Thayer decided, but perhaps she didn't know of his connection with the concern.

"When you got up, Connie, to straighten out the world, I thought you were a *débutante*. How do you keep so young?"

"I wonder if I really do, any more?" Her tone carried a degree of pathos that was beyond the farthest range of coquetry. Then she rushed on, before he had time to answer: "If you think my cake's not stale, the recipe is simple: some common clay, some common sense, a heaping cupful of humor, another of good digestion, the whole to be leavened with a cake of compressed conscience, a dash of salt, a dash of tears, a dash of sweet. And talking of cakes makes me realize how hungry I am. Do you think we could get lunch here?" She reflected: "I know the manager. And once or twice I've evoked a steak that did not recall the indestructible picture-books of childhood. I travel with my own coffee percolator."

He had glimpses of her, rushing about from the dining-room to the office, which presently began to bear fruit in the shape of a waiter denuding a table of a doubtful cloth, toothpicks, a bottle of catsup, a blue salt-shaker. In a little while she came for him, and there was a steak that could be cut, some creamed potatoes, and a crisp, cool salad that Connie was dressing with the hand of a master. Her ability to produce food

thrilled him even more than the conservation of her beauty—the wonders of Connie seemed cumulative.

She ought to have married, he reflected, with a curious blending of regret and satisfaction; she must have cared more deeply for him than he had imagined. The thought swept him back to his youth; there was something, after all, in this business of one great love—it wasn't all silly poetry.

"Connie, this is wonderful—you and I—after all these years. Tell me about yourself since—we—since—"

"Since we spent the summer at Heron Beach," she comfortably amended. "There isn't much to tell. I've never been able to get out of the poor-but-honest class. Just now I'm able to do a little public speaking. Confessions are not my line—I've been too good to be interesting. Do you know I came very near meeting you and Mrs. Thayer once? I was stopping with your neighbors, the Calhouns, but I had to go home unexpectedly."

The introduction of the Mrs. Thayer *motif* pulled up Mrs. Thayer's husband sharply; the superimposed glow of boyish pleasure faded from the face of the man of affairs. Unconsciously he straightened his spine; he suggested Atlas upholding convention. Atlas, in a frock-coat, who would pass the plate of a Sunday.

"You must meet my wife; she's in the other camp, you know—dead against the thing you're asking for—"

A nod intimated that Connie was already acquainted with the fact. He waited rather anxiously at first for the propaganda he felt she was going to launch, but she could manage a pause as gracefully as she could talk. They were silent.

"Well, aren't you going to try and convert me?" he asked, presently.

"Good gracious, no!" She beamed up at him with her most radiant smile. "Do you ever dance now? You were the finest partner I ever had."

He was conscious of a trace of pique. Why had she assumed that attitude? It was too much like his own waving aside of a pretty woman who wanted to talk politics during dinner. Of course the things she had been saying were the

most absurd nonsense, and he would have been glad to set her right about these matters, once and for all.

"So you don't care about converting me?"

"No proselyting in my hours of ease, Jackie. Besides, I like you as you are. If I were a nice little bit of pink-and-white fluff you wouldn't have to explain to people why you liked me. Now you're the male equivalent of that—a nice, big, medieval type, full of quaint conceits about women. After a morning spent on the platform, your type is very comfortable."

"The mischief it is!" And for the moment Thayer quite hated her. But he saw that her eyes were dancing with merriment, and he laid the soothing balm to his ego that she wouldn't argue with him because she couldn't, she didn't dare.

"Do have some more coffee, Jackie; uplift we have always with us—coffee and love have a way of cooling."

He took the coffee and another helping of salad; it was a miracle how good both were and how, with a wave of the hand, she had brought about a good meal. She always had a genius for women's work.

Poor little Connie, that wealth of femininity, home-making, mother love, turned into platform capers! It was a crime, and one for which he felt himself, somehow, not wholly blameless. And yet—repudiate his selfishness as he would—the thought that she had never married was sweetly, subtly gratifying. Surely a woman so lavishly endowed had not remained single for lack of opportunity. She had brought something better than mere beauty into middle age; she had personality, wit; she could make a desert like Rucker's Grand Palace Hotel blossom with a good meal! Why, then, had she not married?

In silence he toyed with the delicious madness of asking her—why had she never married? Life was so infernally drab, one day so monotonously like another, in spite of all he had accomplished, that he was tempted—monstrously tempted—to snatch his bit of rainbow and carry it with him into the outer darkness of success.

"Connie dear"—and he couldn't keep

the ragged note out of his voice—"why have you never married?"

Connie dear sat staring at him, as horrified as if she had been convicted of a crime—of bigamy, perhaps.

"Good Heavens! Jackie, I am married—I thought you knew all about it. I married Gilbert Stead, the illustrator—"

For the first time, she realized what worlds apart were their orbits. For years she had posed for her husband's illustrations; her type was as well known to the magazine-reading public as the "grateful and comforting" lady in the full skirts. She had cheated time for Gilbert's sake; the persistent conservation of her beauty had not been inspired by vanity, but that her husband's art should not lose the inspiration of his favorite model.

If she were married, why, in Heaven's name, was she philandering after the platform? He continued to stare at her, with an uncomfortable feeling of having been tricked.

And then all the old mocking merri-ment, that was so essentially a part of Connie's charm, rippled out in her reply: "For goodness' sake, don't sit there looking as if you had paid a specialist a thousand dollars to say you hadn't six weeks to live. You didn't stay single yourself, Jack. Why should you expect me to go through life consecrated to—our rainbow?"

"Oh, Connie, I'm a duffer; but finding you after all these years—and so like your old self— Hang it! you're the most unmarried looking and acting woman I've ever seen! It was as if things had never stopped, as if we two had kept along with our rainbow." And then all the boy look went out of Thayer's face and left him the way he always faced the camera when he sat for "The Successful Men Series."

"You must come to see us the next time you're in New York; I have four children—my oldest boy is taller than you. He's going into the aviation corps of the Army."

Thayer's tone was admirably dry. "How can you assume obligations like a family when there is the world to save?"

"Alas! it's the uplift I've been faithless to; the family has flourished."

"You didn't neglect it this morning?"

"My husband and children are cruising about the Chesapeake—our sole luxury is a sea-going Ford. On my way to join them, I stopped over a day to talk to these women."

Thayer looked at his companion as if he were seeing her for the first time. Their whole relationship, from early youth to middle age, seemed to have resolved itself into a game of hide-and-seek. He had felt he knew Connie as a girl, but their parting had proved that he hadn't known her at all. And now, after twenty years, she had cropped up again—slender, poised, attractive—and once more he had made up his mind about her, only to learn that she was still miles away from his diagnosis. She was not, as he had taken her to be, the fine-spun vestal priestess tending her lamp in the sanctuary of memory—she was a married woman with four children.

He found himself resenting "her platform mania" as he never would have resented it had she remained single. And yet, how infernally young it had kept her. His wife—the wives of his friends—women who spent their time amusing themselves, living up to their husbands' positions—became middle-aged, stuffy, dull, compared to her.

Connie was a live wire, a brand to start conflagrations, an influence against the existing order—but she was still a magnetic force. She had been a tremendous mouthful, and, like the boa-constrictor, he wanted to go off quietly and digest her at his leisure.

But *she* felt the need of no leisure and quiet in which to digest Mr. Thayer—her feminine intuitions had done that for her twenty years ago.

In the mean time Thayer went back to Chicago, and in two weeks had "digested" Connie, and was persistently aware of a craving for more. He continued to accumulate reasons—urgent, ethical, involving millions—adequately explaining to himself why the needle of inclination always pointed due New York.

The preliminary investigation of his company's affairs had been set by the district attorney for a date about ten days off, and it was more than likely that the inquiry would be carried into the Department of Justice. Thayer, who

had been anticipating this turn of events for years, had the situation well in hand and had not planned to go to New York till a day or two before the hearing.

A consultation with his New York attorneys now presented itself imperatively, as did also the looking over of certain papers of the company in their New York offices. The capitalist's privilege of bringing the mountain to Mohammed had not seemed to have occurred to him in this instance.

He felt, too, that Connie ought not to be going about at this time disseminating her fireside brand of anarchy. She meant well, but she didn't know what she was talking about. It was this reckless juggling with the existing order of things that was at the bottom of so much unrest, that made conditions unstable and played the mischief with labor. As a brand, Connie seemed well worth snatching from the burning. Thayer's first step in the campaign of rescue he planned for Mrs. Stead was to ask his wife if she would like to have a little run to New York. He put the trip on the ground that their jeweler had written to say he had acquired a particularly fine five-carat emerald, and didn't she think it would make a splendid pendant for her necklace?

Mrs. Thayer replied if her plum-colored chiffon velvet could be rushed by the end of the week, she'd love to go; otherwise she hadn't anything to wear.

The preliminary moves of the game having worked out satisfactorily without disclosing any human-interest *motif* in the background, Mr. Thayer mentioned casually to Mrs. Thayer that on his last trip East he had met, in the mining district of Pennsylvania, "a woman agitator" who, curiously enough, had turned out to be an old acquaintance.

Mrs. Thayer, her non-committal face insured against revelation, waited.

Mr. Thayer then supplied a brief footnote, to the effect that Mrs. Stead was a girl he had met one vacation; they used to dance together and imagine they discussed socialism. "It was years before I knew you, sweetheart. You can imagine how long ago it was!"

Mrs. Thayer imagined. Like the zoologist, who can construct the entire

fossil from a tiny surviving bone, Mrs. Thayer was endowed with the wifely talent of building up a working feminine hypothesis from a dropped word or two, and sometimes from even silence itself.

But Mr. Thayer had no idea of his wife's gifts. Regarding her now, from across the expanse of the Elizabethan library—wholly free from the intrusion of books, though the decorator had supplied some with the furnishings—it seemed to him that Mrs. Thayer had been molded from an especial clay, divinely ordained by Providence for the construction of helpmeets. She never asked questions; sudden paroxysms of suspicion never darkened the placid domestic atmosphere; they were undoubtedly dull, but they were also tranquil.

Thayer's wife had the reminiscent beauty of a pressed flower; there were still suggestions of color and delicacy, but the effect was that of desiccation. She regarded life through eyes perpetually barricaded against surprise; her speech was insured against sudden rejoinder; she played an endless game—to keep her husband from knowing what she really thought.

He never dreamed of this continual plot and machination at his elbow; he thought of her as a pane of glass, on the other side of which was nothing. As for Connie, now—Connie! The thought of her made his head reel—a thing it hadn't done since Heron Beach.

The plum-colored chiffon was finished by the end of the week, and duly packed with fourteen other creations. The Thayers left Chicago.

The afternoon of their arrival in New York they motored to the jeweler's, and were received as royalty. Mrs. Thayer's collection of emeralds was sufficiently important to command a suppleness of spine among jewelers anywhere from Maiden Lane to Calcutta.

Thayer bought his wife the precious stone, and they returned to their hotel without exchanging twenty words. He explained his connubial silences by saying such tremendous financial crises rested on his shoulders, necessitating so much controversy and such exhausting talk, talk, talk, that he couldn't stand the strain if it were not for the silence at home. After the gift of the emerald,

the man of affairs kissed his wife good-by and rushed off to a telephone-booth outside the hotel with the air of a school-boy who has finished his Latin verbs—regular conjugation.

Connie answered the phone. Yes, certainly she was home and would be glad to see him. She was dying to know what the “matter of deep importance” was he wanted to discuss. She was so sorry her husband wasn’t in—but he always spent his afternoons at the studio, when the light was good. But two of the children were home, and behold Cornelia impatient to display her jewels. Certainly—she’d be delighted to call on Mrs. Thayer. . . . Yes, she’d be glad to lunch with them Thursday at half-past one. . . . No, she didn’t know whether *he* had an engagement—he’d surely come if he hadn’t. . . . Yes—all the tea you want. . . . Yes—she remembered how he liked it.

Thayer rang off, and automatically Connie began to inspect her jewels. She suggested another gown to Peggy, and the six-foot Eric, who, his father said, managed his new bass voice “as if he were taking lessons on it,” was entreated not to coil himself up like a steam-heater. The jewels decided on flight, rather than have “the gentleman deceived as to our face value.”

The little flurry with the children gave Connie a flush that Mr. Thayer might readily have attributed to a different cause. For a moment, at sight of her, he felt his youth sweep back to him—again he was the young knight, the seer of visions, and he and Connie stood side by side in the morning glow, and the kingdoms of the world were about them. He came back to earth with a curiously painful realization that each had chosen a different kingdom, and the roads that led to them were miles apart.

“You’re wonderful—wonderful, Connie!” His eyes dwelt on her vivid slenderness of outline. With her he would never have felt old, and drab, and dead. What had his success amounted to? A dreadful gilded drabness! Youth had gone, the rainbow had gone—only Connie remained.

“It’s the candle-light,” she protested in the same old way that she had always evaded compliment; “it hands out mar-

velous complexions alike to the just and the unjust.”

“There was no candle-light two weeks ago, at Shammerlok,” he protested.

“No; but there were steak and salad and coffee,” she smiled.

“Yes, feed the brute and you can count on him.” He whirled and confronted her.

Connie rather quickly indicated the chair he were to take; his joyous parlor gymnastics were a trifle alarming.

In the Steads’ drawing-room Thayer found himself enveloped in a gracious atmosphere of old mahogany, old prints, rare porcelains, wood fires burning on hearths, candles lighted in tall silver candlesticks, reflecting a domesticity at once suave and restful. A fine restraint seemed to pervade everything like a delicate aroma. There was somehow conveyed a magical sense of frugality employed to charming ends. But to Thayer it bespoke only the obvious truism that the Steads were poor.

Connie sat in her low chair by the open fire and watched a log break into a shower of sparks, like stars, against the velvet black of the chimney. It was wonderful sitting here with Jack Thayer and not feeling obliged to talk. If he had been one of her own crowd, they would have been deep in the war, or the Freudian theory, post-impressionism, or something else.

She was vaguely aware that, on principle, she ought to have resented Thayer. He stood for everything she was against—he ought to have driven her to argument, statistics, satire—but, strangely enough, she didn’t seem to care a hang about what had grown to be his convictions. Frankly, she admitted to herself, she liked the man. In youth he had seemed to her a moral defaulter; in middle age she ascribed his outlook to defective vision. A larger tolerance made her sympathize rather than condemn.

In the mean time she was enjoying, immensely, the little excursion away from her own class—made up of delightful, intelligent people whose angle of vision was the same as her own. They lived, as did the Steads, largely on their artistic wits, and their various schemes for guarding their flats and studios from

the wolf depended on keeping those wits polished and in fighting trim.

Thayer's mere presence—disposed of in a winged chair on the opposite side of the fireplace—created an indefinable atmosphere of stability. The very look of him seemed to argue an oncoming wave of prosperity; he was like finding a horseshoe or a four-leaved clover. For the present Connie asked nothing more than to bask in the firelight with Thayer's impressive bulk opposite. With the years her life had become frantically rotary; the power to stop had long since passed from her; the most she hoped for was the ability to hang on. And Thayer's substantial presence, in its aura of power, gave her the feeling of being held by a steady hand on her own particular flying wheel.

She wondered how it would have been if the high-flown quarrel of their youth had never taken place. Why had she not been more tolerant when her lover had shown that first tendency to weaken in favor of money? Undoubtedly, she could have kept him from being the joy of the muck-raker, the hope of every legislator who aspired to be a David and kept an open eye for Goliaths.

Suppose she had married him and kept him—well, comfortably poor, might she not have found with him that sense of security and rest that had never been hers?

Stead was all mind, nerves, and talent. A jarring sound, a wrong color, a platitude "queered" him for the whole day. His muse was a whimsical jade that Connie must feed, cajole, and coddle—the wife must never relax and be comfortable for a second, for fear some middle-aged line might set and deprive her husband of his favorite model. She had spent her married life in walking a trestle; she never dared look, for fear she'd drop. With the serene figure opposite her, her feet would have been comfortably planted on the earth.

Quite without realizing it, she sighed and picked up a bit of sewing; it was this well-remembered trick of hers, to sew in seasons of perturbation, that brought Thayer to her side.

She had not been so composed, then, as she had looked for the past ten minutes. He put one of his large white

hands over hers—sewing and all. What she resented most deeply was that this act of appropriation did not make her angry—she ought to have minded it, as she ought to have minded the thing he stood for; to her chagrin, she found she objected to neither. But you would never have guessed her moral shortcomings from her manner:

"Jack, this is not Heron Beach. Your watch seems to have run down—about twenty years."

"No, it's not Heron Beach—worse luck!"

They were both standing now, and Thayer suddenly loomed through the candle-lighted dimness of the little drawing-room, the colossus he was in the big outside world. Connie's look fluttered from the commanding figure before her to the door—she wished the children would come in. She was beginning to be afraid of this impelling force that seemed to have caught her up and blindly to be making off with her to regions beyond her orbit.

"No, it's not Heron Beach," he repeated. "You and I didn't know Heron Beach when we came to it—it was the road to Paradise, but like young fools we blundered on."

Had they? Her unfailing intuitions questioned this, and while she was still considering the psychology of their case Thayer's arms stole about her and she found herself crushed to him in an embrace that cleared the atmosphere by the storm it evoked.

His rashness spoiled the delightful rainbow world to which she had taken her weary spirit for refreshment; it was the end of her little excursion. The chill wisdom of all the ages was in her voice as she answered:

"Don't you know the kisses that are never given are the best? They're like the cakes of platitude—you can't have them and eat them."

Connie could hear her children trooping down the stairs; the house suddenly seemed full of them, and the sound of their feet was good to her ears.

Thayer met the children, who overpowered him by their size. In spite of what Connie had said, he expected to find them cute things in socks and sashes. He then took his leave, after

expressing the hope that Mr. Stead's engagements would permit all of them lunching together next day, and Connie promised to let him know by telephone.

The man of affairs walked back to his hotel, then turned away and walked more; he wanted no trace of what he called "the Connie influence" to be visible when he presented himself to the family Cuvier, though he never guessed her skeleton-building gifts.

At dinner he mentioned to her that he had called on Mrs. Stead, the woman who had made the speech that day he was at Shammerlok, and that he had thought it well to invite her and her husband to lunch with them the following day.

"It will be interesting to meet some Bohemians," Mrs. Thayer had said, on hearing the husband was an illustrator. "Some of the best people in Chicago have them to dinner."

But Stead proved rather an inaccessible proposition. At lunch he disappointed his hostess by not having long hair and making jokes—her idea of a Bohemian. On the contrary, he spoke with the precision of an Englishman, was of the aloof, scholarly type, dressed fastidiously, and possessed a disquieting dryness more alarming than humor. His sole concession to the profession of art appeared to be a small, pointed Vanddyke beard.

Thayer's announcement that he intended to buy some pictures and begin to form a collection left Mr. Stead cold. The illustrator appeared to regard the collection as inevitable as death and taxes. He was even sympathetic at the ordeal awaiting Thayer. But he showed no disposition to strip off his coat, dive into the maelstrom of picture-dealing, and come up bearing art treasures for his host.

"To observe the traditions"—Stead seemed to talk from behind a mask, so imperturbable was his gravity—"a man in your position usually begins with Henner; it's easy to recognize his school and there are still a number of them on the market."

Connie dealt her husband a side glance in which there were both appeal and a see-you-later menace. He met it with disarming ingenuousness:

"You're doubtless forgetting, my dear, that a great many of the big American collections have had Henner as a keystone, even if their owners felt justified in parting with him later."

The Thayers solemnly accepted the Henner tip; the mention of the name evoked an agreeable association of handsome weeping women with red hair and falling draperies.

After her husband's wickedness, Connie's talk grew a trifle hectic; she filled up conversational gaps that he might not have the opportunity to offer a second hint worthy of his first. And she carried him off, after the black coffee, as soon as decency would permit.

Never an impulsive man, Thayer had a way of taking such by-products of success, as his pleasures, with the deliberation with which less careful souls might seek a dentist. The little four-cornered lunch—Connie and her husband, he and his wife—constituted in his eyes a public ceremony of avowal, whereby all men might know that the Thayers were duly acquainted with the Steads, and ate with them publicly beneath the sheltering palms of a glittering hotel. His duty to society thus fearlessly and openly performed, he had no hesitation at dropping in at the Steads' as often as he could conveniently make an excuse for doing so. He never happened to find Connie alone again, which he interpreted as fear on her part—fear of the power he still had over her.

Nothing could have been more flattering to Thayer than this conception of their case—*i. e.*, his and Mrs. Stead's. It fanned the flame of his ego—the fires of Indian summer burned like June.

In cosmic importance the flare-back to Heron Beach began to rival the great day, already dawning, when Thayer, by his masterly array of facts, logic, eloquence, and personality, was going to win over the district attorney and prevent the case of his company from going to the Department of Justice. Connie must be there and see his triumph.

The rôle of special pleader appealed to Thayer immensely; he deprecated the fashion of the day in public speaking—chill statistics and cold-storage facts—his taste was all for the impassioned oratory of the last generation, his ideals

were the "silver-tongued" boys who depended on rhetoric and the flowers of speech to turn the trick rather than the methods of to-day. If Connie would only consent to hear him plead, he felt he could make short work of her hearth-rug brand of anarchy.

Therefore, the morning of Mr. Thayer's especial Day of Judgment, he called up Mrs. Stead and tentatively suggested, in view of the line she had taken against corporations that day at Shammerlok, it seemed only reasonable that she should be familiar with the company's presentation of its case. And would she hear him make the speech of his life before the district attorney?

And Mrs. Stead chirped gaily from her end of the wire the single word, "Delighted."

Her immediate acceptance made Thayer lose his head to the extent of answering, "How beautiful it would be if we could walk out into the autumn sunshine together instead of my having to make a speech before that stuffy old party!"

And Connie, greatest of pedestrians and practical to the bone, answered: "Why not do both? The district attorney's office is not more than four, or at most five, miles from here. Meet me, and we'll walk down together."

She heard him gasp at the other end of the wire, but mistook his consternation for pleasure. "A five-mile walk before he made that argument—was the woman mad?" he asked himself. His wife would never have suggested such a thing. In despair he asked her if she wouldn't rather walk back instead.

"It's all the same to me," she tossed back, "as long as I get my daily five miles," and agreed to meet him at the district attorney's office as soon as she could get there.

The sight of Connie's glowing cheeks half won her forgiveness when they shook hands a couple of hours later. He was glad to find that the district attorney's office was full to repletion; it evinced a proper interest in the statements of a man of his importance. Almost immediately he began to talk, while Connie, with the keenness of a hound on a trail, listened.

After a few minutes she found that the friendly and encouraging grin, gen-

erously accorded his opening remarks, began to produce a stiff and irksome sensation on her features. Gradually it was borne in upon her that he didn't mean to be funny. Those sonorous platitudes were not delivered playfully, but in dead, sober earnest.

As one who had had her own share of success in public speaking, she wondered what trick he had up his sleeve—what was the plot, how would he succeed in extricating himself from the bog of copy-book maxims in which he appeared to be floundering. She waited patiently; she waited impatiently; she waited what seemed to be eons and eons, while Thayer kept right on with his perversely reactionary doctrine of might constituting right. It was all as quaint as Prussian propaganda. He buttressed his maxims by scriptural quotations more or less irrelevant, and his gestures recalled the measuring of ribbon with a flourish. She began to feel uncomfortable; it was frightful that he could make such a spectacle of himself and not be conscious of it.

Connie, sitting there, full of the shame that ought to have been Thayer's, but wasn't, recalled the rapier-like play of her husband's wit—light and admirable, it was full of deadly aim and quick, sure thrust. What an aid to public speaking was the good table talk at home—and how terrible life must be for that poor little woman! Connie no longer thought of her as Mrs. Thayer, but as an object of commiseration. As for herself—Connie Stead—she seemed to have borne a charmed life, matrimonially speaking.

She wondered if she ever really appreciated Gilbert before. His fineness, his uncompromising standards, their whole scheme of life. Suddenly she came to herself. Thayer—from a certain dropping of the voice and relaxing of the hands, that suggested the running down of a clock—appeared to be concluding. He was saying:

"More in sorrow than in anger" was the company obliged to call in strike-breakers, which had resulted in a heavy toll of lives. The company's attitude toward the miners was that of a parent toward a child—a child that must be disciplined for its own wayward sake. Borne along on the purling stream of his

own eloquence, Thayer's features had assumed a look of beatitude, his gestures those of benediction.

And this was the man that she had found restful and sustaining. She flushed angrily at the thought. There was a kind of postscript peroration about the serpent's tooth and the thankless child, and the speech was over.

Connie remembered thinking that his face, as he held it up to her, anticipating congratulations, was like a plate waiting to be filled. She didn't fill it; instead they began their autumn walk in the sunshine—five miles of it.

Mrs. Stead was one of those women who carry, even into middle age, something of the child. She was furiously angry with Thayer, not only because he had robbed her of the rainbow illusion of her youth, but because he had convinced her she could make a fool of herself. And, like a child, she wanted to punish him quickly, with the first weapon that came to hand.

On the subject of his appeal she was dumb; he tried to think it was because his arguments were unanswerable, but the failure of his plea had already begun to seep even through his epidermis. He wanted Connie to reassure him that the speech had gone off well.

He hadn't walked for years; one of his cars was continually waiting. Connie dashed across streets into nests of motors with the assurance of a street Arab. More dead than alive, he followed.

Sulkily the captain of industry limped after his dryad of yester-year. She cut under a prancing team that drew a brewer's cart, she dodged a motor-truck, she landed on an "island" and waved him to follow. He deliberately waited for the policeman's escort. He was beginning to hate her.

She invited him in when they reached her door, but he knew it was an invitation not meant to be accepted. It was the end of their rainbow. He said he was afraid there would be a wire at the hotel recalling him to Chicago, and he took his leave.

But Thayer did not return to his hotel

in the interests of the important telegram; instead he threw his exhausted frame into a taxicab, drove to the jeweler's, and bought his wife a pair of emerald ear-rings. He had a fancy to see her in ear-rings, they seemed so feminine.

Mrs. Thayer accepted the gift graciously. Her husband kissed her as he had not kissed her in years, and said, he was going to take the sweetest little woman in the world out to the best dinner little old New York could give, and afterward they'd do a musical show; he'd heard that "The Violet Pajamas" was great.

And in the little drawing-room with the open fires and candle-light, not far from the Park, Stead now sat in the winged chair opposite his wife.

"Do you know, Connie dear, you look lovely enough to tempt me to reconsider that offer to decorate the ballroom of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. I half chucked it—it's been impossible to get a model for that central figure of morning. They came to my studio, their faces full of sophistication and sometimes gum—the 'morning after,' they suggested."

"Hinting for your poor old wife, aged forty-three, to pose as morning?"

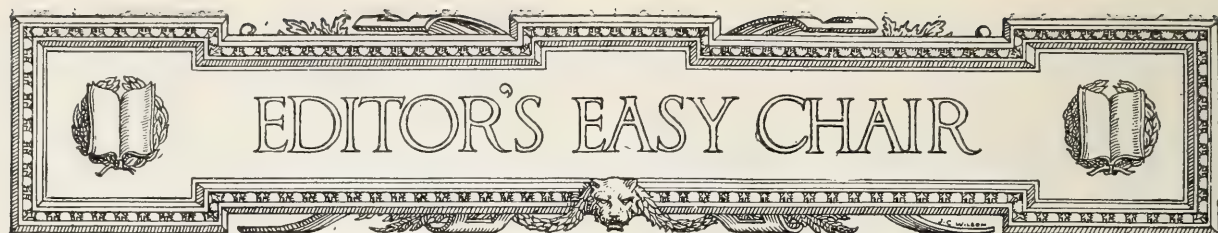
"I take no stock whatever in that forty-three legend. You look quite young enough to pose for any lady who went through life raising Cain. By the way, where's the fat capitalist?"

"I've just walked him to death. His bones and bonds *requiescant in pace*. And—I might as well confess that my imagination went on several excursions with him before I heard a sample of his oratory."

"You can't make me jealous if you took him on any excursions—imaginary or otherwise; it must have been in the capacity of porter. Now Connie, stand up, please, tiptoe, breathless, eager—There, that's it. I'm going to do you in rose and violet draperies. And there's going to be a lot more in this picture than just a heathen goddess awakening."

"What, for instance?" she queried.

"Well," he drawled, teasingly, "awakening to local blessings, for one thing."



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

MR. ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE has ended his very faithful and intelligent labors on the biography of a man nearer and dearer to his generation than any other author, in two volumes of *Mark Twain's Letters*. Unless more material should unexpectedly offer itself, these letters will tell us the last we shall be told of one who can never be told enough of, and who tells himself in them more explicitly and directly than in all his other work. Every author tells himself in his work if his work is inventive, and no writer can imagine traits or characteristics or qualities which do not already exist in human nature as it is actually or potentially known to him from himself. With Mark Twain this is verified first and last in his books, whether they are the crude effect of newspaper reporting, or the play of controlless fancy, or ostensibly the record of travel. The book which first made him universally known, *Innocents Abroad*, is almost entirely autobiography, although it is a story of travel in the strangest guise that travel ever took on under unprecedented conditions. Still closer to personal experience is *Roughing It*, which is the Wild West variously speaking from the Wildest Westerner ever inspired by the things happening either to him or to others. *The Gilded Age*, or Mark Twain's half of it, embodies a part of his immortal part in *Mulberry Sellers*, and in *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, one of the most poetic inventions in all fiction, the Boss is the reflex of Mark Twain's bold and lovable soul. Tom Sawyer is the boy who was Mark Twain, and Huck Finn is the boy whom no one but such a boy as Tom Sawyer could have realized. In *The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* it is the Arthurian Yankee and Missourian boy who heroically befriended the immortal maid, and the same

spirit in *Following the Equator* reduces the facts of travel to their proper level below the emotions of the traveler. In his slightest and crudest sketch we feel the cordial hand-clasp of the author and hear his kind, brave American voice, speaking from himself and of himself, to his American, his human, counterpart in the reader. The letters addressed to his friends are scarcely less intimately addressed to the general reader. Each of them holds as much of himself as he could put into it, pressed down and running over, no matter how little or large the measure of it. They are each written from some vital occasion and never from an impulse invited or pretended. If ever he starts involuntarily from some unreal motive he is presently in full earnest, throbbing and hammering away like one of the high-pressure steamboats of his own Mississippi. Any of the famous epistles of the past, like Pope's or Walpole's, or Lady Mary Montagu's, or Byron's, or Carlyle's, show fictitious and factitious in their pose of intentional literature beside these letters of Mark Twain, which are the more of universal import because of their intensely individual appeal.

The reader of this magazine already knows the quality of the letters gathered here, but not their variety and scope. None of them could be spared from a study of the nature and character of the man, and no one who wishes to know him truly will find himself shut from the intimacy of a soul which had no reserves, no pretenses, no manner of falsehood, not even false shame. He is sometimes ashamed, and then he is ashamed with reason, or with the belief that he has reason. The reader who is of the same make, the good average American make, will be, first of all, glad of the letters which Mark Twain wrote to his mother in his boyhood when he left home and

until he had grown a gray-haired man. At times the letters joke her, at times cheer her, but always tenderly caress her with his boyish affection. It is known to those who know Mr. Paine's biography how simple, often to rudeness, the early circumstances of Mark Twain's life were, but if anything were needed to testify to the inner beauty of his life, these letters of the young boy and the old boy to his mother will convince the witness least acquainted with the average American life.

To this end the letters of this wonderful collection are tense with what Mark Twain felt and thought at the time he wrote them, and in their complex they constitute the history of that philosophy of the world which became honestly his in its denial of a conscious Creator, and its affirmation of the failure of whatever force wrought the creation of man. By birth and by marriage he was of the Calvinistic faith which bowed the neck of most Americans in the early eighteen-seventies and then began to break of its own impossibility and to substitute the prevailing scientific agnosticism. His personal unreligion went far back in his early life. The faith he had been taught in his childhood passed with his childhood, but it held against his reason and remained in his affection long after it had ceased in his conviction, and until his church-going became a meaningless form. Then when he turned from the form the heroic woman who had no life apart from his could only say, "Well, if he must be lost, I do not wish to be saved," and their Christianity ceased to be a creed and remained a life. Probably the change was not so profound when it became open as even she had imagined; the sorrows which time accumulated upon them were those which life brings. They were of the common lot, and no special tragedy. The least part of their trouble was that loss of fortune which he so heroically bore and she so heroically inspired him to bear, but the death of his children would seem to have struck him with a sort of dismay, as if no one else had known the like, and it finds naïve utterance in the letters. The gaiety goes out of them, not lastingly, but again and again after it has come back. The gloom

deepens around him to the end; he fights it away, he downs it again and again, but the doubt that has always haunted him hardens into denial and effects itself at last in such an allegory as *The Mysterious Stranger*, who bedevils a world without reason and without pity.

Of course the thing will not do, and there are times when the cry of pain becomes a burst of laughter turning upon the unreason of the reasoning; but any one who leaves out the tragedy of the great humorist's suffering leaves the part of Hamlet out of life's play of Hamlet. No humorist knew better than he that there is a time to laugh and a time to weep, and that absence from felicity cannot be lifelong. Almost to the very last he steadfastly denied himself the hope of life hereafter, though before the very last, but then only at the entreaty of those dearest who stood nearest him, he is said to have permitted this hope, with a murmur, a look.

It does not greatly matter. The fact does not impeach the veracity of what had gone before in the books or in the letters which went before the books. None of the letters, idly begun, failed of final significance, and the perception of the lasting verity of the actualities touched upon sometimes took on the character of forecast. Such a strain breaks out in a letter written eighteen years ago to the friend who had hated equally with him the war of England upon the Boer Republics. "Privately speaking, this is a sordid and criminal war, and in every way shameful and excuseless. Every day I write (in my head) bitter magazine articles about it, but I have to stop at that, *for England must not fail*. It would remain an inundation of Russian and German political degradation, which would envelop the globe and steep it in a sort of Middle-Age night and slavery, which would last until Christ comes again. Even if wrong, and she is wrong, England must be upheld. He is an enemy of the human race who shall speak against her now." Is there any one presently treating or talking of the actual situation who could more clearly and strongly divine our duty toward our Motherland, often our Step-Motherland, or more strongly urge it? If this is wisdom concerning that

little wicked war of England's *against* Liberty eighteen years ago, how profoundly wise it is concerning her war *for* Liberty now—her war, our war, humanity's war! Has the truth about Germany been said more clearly, potently, finally?

Mark Twain was often humorously, perversely, wrong in literary matters. He was not always well advised or well informed in his criticisms of authors, but concerning men, concerning their duty toward one another, he never went awry. He was of a magnanimity which differences him from most of our writing and printing tribe, as much as his basic earnest differences him from the clowning and buffooning generation whom we have been content to keep in shameful license for our fooling, as the kings of old kept their antics and jesters; but if it remained for Mark Twain, after his earlier books, to convince us that his lightest laugh often muted the saddest sigh which breaks from a sense of the insoluble mystery of things—here in these many hundreds of letters is the proof of it. They really repeat in different sort the story of his life, which their editor has already told so well, and they form in autobiographical terms another biography of him. Mr. Paine from time to time directs the eye and leads the mind to the meaning of the letters, but never officiously or intrusively, and he has suggested enough of each correspondent's personality to give a clue to the writer's relation to him, but not more than enough. Scores of the letters, even beyond a hundred, are addressed to one person, but the quality of all the others makes up for the want of quantity in them. They mostly utter what was in the heart and mind of the writer, but do not suffer it to be forgotten that, while first of all a man, Mark Twain was lastingly a literary man. He did greatly and truly love his art, and his letters testify how greatly and truly he desired to excel in it, how modestly and humbly and even biddably he endeavored for excellence in it. When the occasion of some letter seems far from literature you are taught that literature was never absent from his mind. It may be some great or little fact that moves him, but he does not fail to make the

reader feel that the literary value of it was always dear to his soul. The like is so with all our scribbling tribe, but literature is not the only end, or even the chief end with the great ones, while with the mean ones it is the supreme if not the sole end. Perhaps the finest piece of literature among these letters is that one which tells of how the negro tenant farmer saves the lives of his landlord's wife and children from the runaway team at the risk of his own life. It is splendid; it glows and thrills with the beauty of dramatic reality; as literature it could not be better, but the sense of literary intention is far from it; nothing could be further than any notion of style or art. The thing reports itself, photographs itself through the mind of the witness on the mind of the reader of the story.

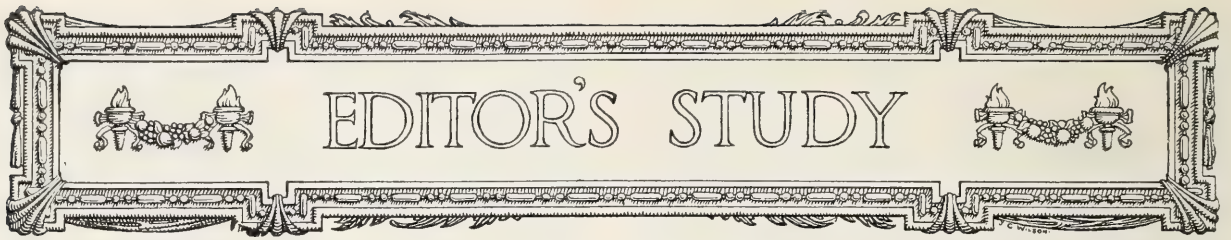
The letters abound in masterpieces, large or little, and they will remain monuments of the sincerity and simplicity of the writer's soul. The occasion is often slight, but it is never unreal. He rushes gladly to praise his friend or joyfully to hail him alive. He riots in the blame of some one who has wronged him or misunderstood him, and then is quickly and eagerly sorry for it. He says terrible things, as if only for the sake of taking them back. In the course of his often revengeful impulses, he formed the habit, as he tells us, of pouring out the fury of his resentment in a letter bubbling as with the tide from a fiery furnace, and then of putting the letter by and never sending it. He found that this served all the purpose of a glutted vengeance, and he enjoyed the pleasure of the joke on himself; but he never failed to send any letter which he wrote in his love of a friend, and no friend of his could do anything worthy of remembrance without getting such a letter. His habit of affectionate outburst leaves the hundreds and hundreds of letters in these volumes the witness of a heart as essentially kind as his nature was noble, while all the moments of hate and revenge have perished from the record.

The reader who happens to come simultaneously or consecutively, as we have come, upon these letters of Mark Twain's and the *Letters of John Holmes* will have, we hope, our pleasure in find-

ing them, however unlike outwardly, essentially of the same make. They could not be more different than they are in tradition and derivation, or more unmistakably, more intimately American. The younger brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes spent his whole life in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with several reluctant, homesick absences in Europe, and his letters are addressed to half a score of intimate townsmen, primarily and chiefly Lowell, and to a few women friends young and old. His theme is always Cambridge, as it had formed itself in his experience and affection around the heart or the mind of the great university in whose shadow he was born, and not far away died. He claimed for himself the name Oppidanist as expressive of his quality of local patriot, and his thoughts departed as little from the place as his affections. He delighted in the utter provinciality of his Cambridge, which consisted with the broader universality of the mind and heart; and he never wearied of tenderly mocking these peculiarities of its early days before it ceased to be a village and became a rather overgrown town, with every appliance of a sufficiently uncharacteristic suburb. A college "commencement," as he remembers it from his boyhood, is the play of his tender irony, and a gentle self-satire wins the reader's heart through the writer's memories of obsolete Fourths of July, and long-faded manners and customs. There is gossip as of the same household, so close are the ties that bind the writer to the friends whom he constantly entreats to tell or hear some new or old thing of Cambridge. It is always

worth while, no matter how slight, and his delicate whimsicality sweetens it with a most Lamb-like, Charles Lamb-like loveliness. It is a humorist of the finest strain who gives himself in these letters, and the very spirit of New England quaintness penetrates the whole, whether it utters itself in the letters beginning French, or Latin, or German, and gladly lapsing to the native parlance, or continuing straight English throughout. The talk can never be a thing too small even when of a cat that crosses the street before the simple little house where the writer lived out the days left him from the years spent in his birthplace, and where Miss Longfellow's sympathetic introduction so winningly studies him. It is all utterly Cantabridgian, and the letters, wherever postmarked, arrive from Cambridge, where the writer really abode no matter where he went. But there is no foray of the imagination anywhere delightfuller than his travesty of himself in the supposed letters of Goliath Tittle, where he tells his nephews of the strange voyages and shipwrecks of the Yankee mariner on cannibal islands and in seas forlorn. The character created for this purpose, though quantitatively such a slight sketch, is qualitatively of substance as firm and fine as any in New England literature, and such as would have won the vehement applause of Mark Twain, who liked all genuine things. It is too late to declare how much or little the author of these letters would have liked the letters of our supreme humorist, but we cannot doubt of his adequate pleasure in them, or, if we cannot, we will not, for fear of injustice to his memory.





HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THOUGHT—all of it which yields real knowledge—is not so distinct from action as a certain detachment we associate with it seems to imply. The conscious state, inseparable from thinking, is to action as light to heat. So, when Goethe says, “Thought dilates—action contracts,” he attributes to thinking the primary characteristic of all emotive and active force. Indeed, the expression of thought in its simplest form is often indistinguishable from that of feeling, of emotion.

We separate elements which, in primitive culture, seemed inseparable. Life, in so far as then it was seen at all, was seen whole. The reaction from contact with things first awoke self-consciousness with some sense of detachment; but still the thing seemed so immediately and dominantly a part of its perception that, when language was first created, *thing* was the root of the verb *to think*, as, in Latin, *res* was of *reor* (to reason). *Reality* had the like immediate derivation, as if one should say, “the very thing.” Undoubtedly language, in its first estate, which was also complementary to the first estate of human sensibility, showed generally the same integration of the material with the mental and even with the spiritual.

This was not materialism, in our sense of that term. The visible universe was exalted to such a degree—not unjustly for itself, but largely because of the life imparted to it from a warmly responsive subjective human sensibility—that the most intimate union therewith seemed the summit of natural felicity. Human function and sensibility were not only closely bound up with nature, but were as intimately blended together, and humanity, in such society as was possible, was linked one member to another by family ties and communal association. This state of primal integral develop-

ment must pass and give place to mental analysis, detachment from nature, and a social classification based upon differences rather than likenesses, before what we call materialism could exist.

Our modern languages still, in their radical elements, retain survivals of the old primitive blend of all the elements, natural and human, formerly consisting in a simplicity which civilization has broken up. Our culture, in lines of refinement, seems to advance through a kind of corruption, both normal and abnormal, as if it were a law of our social specialization. Of course the abnormality is an accident, not a law. We cannot progress in our human way without detachment from nature, if only to be clever enough to permit her willing service; but it is not thus inevitable that we should become unnatural—that is our error, our perversity. Wisdom—the most ancient of all wisdom—would lead us to prize nature’s companionship above her service.

That way danger might have lain, as we now conceive. Man might have gone on worshiping the sun forever—though we easily fall into the mood of the child Goethe, raising his little altar to the rising orb. Children are all primitives, if left to themselves. But, as a matter of fact—and almost that phrase is suspiciously conventional—we have taken other paths, away from nature, have become more distinctly human, and yet, in some ways, more inhuman—lacking, at least in the plain human.

The primitive was very far from being plain man, was too completely bound up with nature to be in the proper sense a man at all—that is, with any conscious sense of human destiny. And now, after all the development humanity has had through ages of civilization, how intricate and confusing does the problem of that destiny appear! Is it strange that

civilization has seemed to so many thinkers a disease, to be cured only by desperate remedies?

Clearness of vision and sanity of human functioning must come through a vast but radical elimination, whereby out of all the intricate confusion a real humanity, and by that we mean a plain humanity, shall be disclosed. Thus only can civilization do its perfect work and find the conditions for its own justification. Civilization is not itself a source of spiritual life, of creative imagination, or of human reasonableness and refinement. It is its weakness that is quite cut off from all these, except in so far as the progress it stimulates and promotes is a permissive condition of human evolution, or as the higher life of humanity turns to quicken and vitalize the currents of its activity. It has mainly to do with the formal adjustment of the external relations between man and man and between nation and nation. As embracing educational and humanitarian institutions it has a more intimate touch upon life; but even here its authority is arbitrary, imposed from without.

It is because its authority is of this sort and is yet so indispensable, that civilization tends to multiply artificialities and conventions. Once wealth consisted only of living things—growing fields, flocks and herds—now mostly of the tokens of credit and of exchange values. Materialism, in the modern sense, becomes possible. Greed, ambition, the pride of wealth and power, and with these envy, have demoniacally possessed us, and never, at least not until now, has there been shown the steep place for our descent into the sea. So we lament, and, gripped by the sudden conviction of possessions that are not wealth and of passions that only corrupt the soul, we see that yawning deep. But while we lament, an alternative presents itself, displacing conviction with glittering temptation. As in a transformation scene, we hear from other heights the voice of a Diabolus, stronger than any that rends us, armored and helmeted, muttering, "Evil, be thou my good," and calling to all peoples, "Take upon me the yoke of my Kultur; and under cover of my Imperial Might and Craft ye shall find peace."

But, really, it was the appearance of this monster in its more frightful mien that had already convicted Western civilization of its own demoniac obsession. To that civilization, left to its free and peaceful development, or, better yet, helped by the co-operation of the civilization of Central Europe, the dilemma we have presented was not the only solution of the problem of a troubled world. Nor are we to-day shut in between the choice of the devil and that deep sea.

As we have intimated, civilization represents the most arbitrary forces of the human will, as contrasted with the creative forces of religious faith, imagination, reason, and scientific invention. When we think of it, we think of governments, political devices, economics, formal justice, police regulation, laws, penalties—the whole administrative mechanism of the world, in its most impersonal aspect. So human life builds about itself its sheltering walls. The Latin word for "walls" (*mœnia*) means also "offices," such as we have here enumerated.

More and more, as we advance, we commit of our life to this vast mechanism—more indeed than it could bear but for our power to inspire it with our human hopes and sympathies. Even the ancients came to identify civilization with all the arts that refine and to regard it as summing up all human progress. In Christendom it has meant so much more that we might well imagine a time to come when a principle of control should in the course of spiritual evolution so far possess the heart of man that the walls built about us by arbitrary authority should no longer be necessary—that authority yielding to the authority essential to an abounding life.

But we have inspired the mechanism of our civilization with passions of our perverse human nature other than those that elevate. Envy, at once the cause and effect of exploitation, has encroached upon the growth of human sympathy, especially in international relations, where no passionate patriotism tends to subdue and save, just as weeds spring up more readily beyond the borders of the cherished garden. Hence the cold mechanism of commercial and political economy has full scope,

with no restraint save the fear of reprisal.

In the fulfilment of human destiny, so large is the scope given to the freedom of man's arbitrary volition that he seems to be denied any progress or even evolution except in the line of his efforts and experimentation; so that his most obvious characteristic is his fallibility. The underlying purpose which creatively determines his experience he cannot attribute to his individual will, nor wholly to heredity, which unites him to his family and his race. It is the mystery in which he is one with the universal will and intelligence, and which is his eternity. The larger elements of his real culture arise in him from this invisible and as yet only partially realized world—the source of all real values and satisfactions.

In our visible world of broken lights human development is through drifting currents whose goal is hidden from all mortal vision. The coasts of our civilization, beset by the contrary winds of conflicting selfish interests, offer us no safe anchorage. These winds blow from seemingly peaceful inland gardens, each cherished by a sentiment of passionate national patriotism, confined within its own borders, except as loosely leagued together in groups of conflicting alliances. Even in these separate communities of Christian homes and institutions, civilization of itself offers no absolute guarantee against class conflicts; it brings the whole world into closest neighborhood and interdependence without giving it also assurance of intelligent and sympathetic co-operation.

We have too confidently assumed that civilization is inclusive of all our life and indulged the fear that its ruin would be the direst of disasters that could befall humanity. Really man's spiritual development is the vitally determining dynamic of social evolution. In its ascendancy it fears not the fall of any system. Its anchorage is in eternal principles. It regards humanity as a whole, not in its brokenness, but in its integrity—therefore as living by the righteousness which makes for wholeness. Clearly, then, it cannot itself be

a formal system or aim at conventional uniformity. It is an agent of transformation, and the solvent of every order of civilization. It must be equipped for all vital reactions, and can never cry for a stagnant peace.

The life of the spirit does not harden the structure of humanity as the arbitrary functioning of a competitive civilization tends to do through its incessant striving and straining for outward efficiency, fortification, and discipline. The discipline of the soul conserves plasticity and openness to unseen and exhaustless sources of miraculous re-enforcement and renewal. Only softness is solvent, as water wears away stone. Freely and fruitfully this life flows outward to the ends of the earth. Its sensibility thus becomes the ultimate world sense.

The terms of civilization, in peace or in war, must to-day be translated into those of spiritual evolution, in accord with this world sense and illustrating the completeness of its expansion. But for this world sense the present war, like all previous ones, might have been localized or, at least, confined to Europe and its dependencies, significant only as an exceptionally hard knot among those into which civilization, because of its incompleteness, is forever entangling itself. It is not a mere happening that it has become a world war, but because for once the currents of civilization have of necessity become evolutionary currents, and so tend to solvency.

The hope that militarism—the most reactionary element in our present civilization—may now everywhere clearly illustrate its hard brittleness and fall to pieces is a compensation for the compulsion of its menace.

There is, indeed, the larger hope in the severity of the ruin precipitated by this compulsion. In the completeness of the divestiture lies the possibility of a radically new order of civilization, embracing all humanity. The loss of the most precious human lives is the burden of our sorrow, though no cause could be worthier of the chastening sacrifice. For the rest, these wintry winds sweep away empty notions, vain illusions, and unreal values, reducing us to plain humanity.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Thwarted Pygmalion

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

MR. MORTIMER PRESBRY was just what his name sounded like, an artist—that is to say, a window-dresser in a smart up-town shop on a satisfactory salary; really a *very good* salary for art, which is not always overpaid.

Gross emolument, however, was secondary. Mr. Presbry loved his art—loved it for art's sake in general, and in particular for a very private reason, which he never told to any one in the world—not until the great, the wonderful, the supreme moment when—

But I forestall my story. The reason buried in the depths of Mortimer Presbry's soul was, of course, a woman. Not an ordinary woman of flesh and blood—far from it—oh, very far! A woman, indeed, with neither—one, in fact, with almost no human attributes; such lifeless, even if shapely, hands; feet quite rudimentary, almost unrecognizable as such; nothing, really nothing of consequence, below the waist-line. . . .

But ah, above! Such shoulders, such a throat, such ravishing eyes and features! Mr. Presbry believed that no sculptor had ever modeled a more superb vision of beauty than the lovely lay-figure *Lenore*, pride of Silkman & Co.'s immense show-windows, queen of Mortimer Presbry's heart.

She had come in one day in a consignment from Paris, and Mr. Presbry had known, as soon as he saw her unpacked, that she was his affinity. All his young life he had been thrown in the society of beautiful lay-figures, but never before had one given him more than a momentary thrill. Sometimes at evening when

the big olive-hued shades were pulled down and Mr. Presbry, his soul in his work, arrayed the beautiful, obedient units of his flock, he had been fanned as it were by a breath of tenderness that was not entirely a matter of art. But this had been a vague, indefinite emotion, transitory and without consequence.

Now all was changed. Mortimer Presbry had met his fate. She was not like those others. Her classic features were not conventional like theirs. And then her deep, lustrous eyes, her melting lips—half parted as if about to speak—ah, she had personality, that was it, almost a soul! For the moment he did not go farther than that. Then from somewhere came the startling thought that



TURNING HIS EYES UPWARD IN ADORATION



HE GLEANED THE OLD TALE OF THE GREEK SCULPTOR
AND HIS IVORY STATUE

perhaps she had been modeled from life—that somewhere she lived. Mr. Presbry's heart thrilled, then grew sad. No, it could not be—life held nothing so rare, so perfect; in any case she would be in a far land and lost to him—ah, yes, lost—and it was then that he named her Lenore, for Mr. Presbry read a good many poems and knew several of those by Mr. E. A. Poe almost by heart. Lost Lenore! there was a sweet, sad beauty in the name that breathed romance to Mr. Mortimer Presbry's soul. Even when he decided to think of her as purely a creation—the dream of some artist-poet like himself—he did not change the name.

Mr. Presbry's life became as a kind of beautiful vision which formed and floated as it were around Lenore. When at five o'clock the great emporium closed and the wide shades were closely drawn Mortimer Presbry stepped straight into dreamland. Then it was he arrayed Lenore and her court in resplendent costumes from the unrivaled assortment of Silkman & Co., reserving always the most beautiful for Lenore. It was as if she was his muse, inspiring him to such supreme flights of his art that each day an increasing throng of window-shoppers col-

lected outside, until Mr. Presbry, in time, received a substantial increase in his salary.

It was in those quiet hours behind the wide drawn shades that Mortimer Presbry really lived. Then modestly, even timidly, baring Lenore's charms as far as they went, he rearranged her in the robe of his choice. If he blushed at certain moments of this sweet service should we not honor him for it? Chiffon, tulle, old lace and velvets, in what costly fabrics did he not attire Lenore? At this hour of the day she was his, and his only. They two were alone—those others about her did not count. They were, so to speak, accessories—that is to say, furniture. Lenore was never that to Mortimer Presbry. She had personality, as I have said. He touched her at such times as tenderly, as reverentially as if she had held somewhere within her—her organism (the actual nature of which he resolutely ignored)—a pulsing, loving heart. Sometimes in the final moments of his functions he was almost overcome. Dropping on his knees to arrange the folds of the skirt and adjust the delicacies of the "hang," Mr.

Presbry now and again turned his eyes upward in adoration, and even sometimes clasped his hands in an instant of pure rapture. What if he had guessed at such moments that a presence in the outer dimness, a queen-like creature—whose grace was not entirely lost in a formless wrap, whose chiseled throat and classic features were not all concealed by a disfiguring veil—through a crack of light between the shades, with lustrous, liquid eyes watched him at his ministrations! Had Mortimer Presbry guessed this he might have fainted. Possibly he would have died. Art is intense—one can never tell.

There was a gown that Mr. Presbry chose oftener than any other as being most suitable to Lenore; a truly regal robe of deep wine-colored velvet, cut, ah, how, in the neck? and with what majestic flow? My language fails in these details, but I know that its corsage, or something, was sown with amethysts and pearls, and that it seemed created only for Lenore. Clad in it, her melting eyes matching its deeper shadows, she became all that a queen should be—imperial without being supercilious, compassionate though supreme.

Mr. Presbry's fear was that the amethyst gown would be sold. Himself employing the very means to such a consummation, he yet lived in daily dread of it. When Lenore was not wearing the dress, he hid its special box far down in the drawer of rich apparels, where it would be less likely to be offered by some soulless salesman, to be bought and profaned by some unworthy purchaser.

In his quiet bachelor apartment Mr. Presbry reflected much on Lenore, and sometimes pictured her as one warm and living—magnificent, but human, even kind. It was a roseate thought, infinitely alluring. Generally it led to a state of dreamy sadness, during which Mr. Presbry at intervals repeated in a half-whisper the words "lost Lenore," and felt that in some way his life was a sweet sacrifice, a kind of apotheosis of the might have been.

But now it was that something quite serious happened. You have gathered, perhaps, that Mr. Presbry was literary—that is to say, fond of certain books. Perhaps he had written, but if so the fact has been concealed. In his snug bachelor apartment he had a handsome shelf of volumes to which he added from time to time. One evening, quite late, drifting carelessly through the *Pol* to *Ree* volume of his new encyclopedia—the handsome half-morocco instalment set—his eye caught the word "Pygmalion," and almost at a glance he had gleaned the old tale of the Greek sculptor and his ivory statue to whom the gods, upon earnest solicitation, had granted life.

Mr. Presbry read the brief account through again, very carefully, every word of it, aloud. Then rather suddenly he closed the book and began walking the floor. Gentle reader, do not jump to a hasty conclusion. Mortimer Presbry was not in the least what the boys at the emporium would have called a "nut." Oh, by no means. It never occurred to him that any amount of supplication would incarnate Lenore, but he did go galloping back into the past and revel rather deeply in the possibilities of what happened to Pygmalion and Galatea: he did toy lovingly with his earlier thought that so lifelike a vision as Lenore might indeed have been modeled after the living flesh, and that somewhere in the world her soul might be seeking his—its affinity—and that if he set out and sought far and wide, beyond all the horizons, he might one day find her. What then? Ah, then he would fall upon his knees and arrange her "hang"—no, not that; but he would breathe his soul out in words of adoration, after which he would bring her here, where they would dwell in a state of bliss, forever and forever.

Mr. Presbry allowed his fancy to expand.

He would draw his savings and buy the amethyst gown. Also other things—oh yes—and when he came home from his work she would be arrayed in it, though waiting for him to give it the final deft touches of art. He would be her vassal, her slave. Mornings he would prepare her dainty breakfast and serve it to her while she still reclined among the pillows clad in the flimsy dressing-robe in which he had more than once attired her at the emporium. It would be quite loose at the throat, and—but the thought suffused him. He could not go further.

Pygmalion and Galatea! He did not care especially for those names. Galatea was well enough; there was a pretty and useful fabric by that name. But Pygmalion, never! The boys at the store already called him Presto, though that was a kind of compliment. The other they would be apt to shorten to Piggy. He could not have endured that.

Mr. Presbry retired late and slept rather uneasily. When he went out for his coffee the weather was prosaically sharp and he decided that he would not immediately set out to scour the horizons for his lost Lenore. Even if she existed she would be in France. Few in private life were going to France these days, and Mortimer Presbry's taste in dress did not run to the mustard tones; besides, he was fully a year beyond the draft age. Furthermore, it was always possible that Lenore, grown tired of waiting, had entered a nunnery—she might even have wed another. Heavy thoughts, but conclusive—she must remain his Lost Lenore. His inanimate, his unawakened Lenore was safely under lock and key, the vehicle and inspiration of his art. To-night he would array her in the amethyst gown.

Evening brought a shock—the imperial gown was gone! He thought it might have been misplaced. He searched madly, then asked a salesman who still lingered. Yes, he knew about it. One of the men had sold the dress during the afternoon. No, he did not remember the purchaser very well—rather slender, he thought—wore a heavy military cape and a veil. She had taken her purchases along, in her car. It was good to get the velvet sold, for it was getting just a little off the style.

Mr. Presbry sighed heavily as he laid out an array of costumes for his evening work. Then the store became empty and semi-darkened. The heavy front shades were closely drawn. He carried the boxes to the wide windows and began to consider their contents. Which of those choice creations was most worthy of Lenore?

He was still undecided when there came a rattle at the great handle of the front entrance. It was locked, and Mr. Presbry



BUT MR. PRESBRY HAD COLLAPSED UPON THE NEAREST COUNTER

at first paid no attention. The rules of Silkman & Co. were strict. No goods were shown after hours.

But the rattle came again—this time more vigorously; very likely a salesman had forgotten something. Mr. Presbry stepped to the entrance and pulled back the shade. A large limousine stood outside, and at the door a rather slender figure, wearing a long military cape and a veil. The light was not very good, just there, but something about the veiled profile caused Mr. Presbry's heart to behave queerly. He turned the latch with a cold hand and pulled the door open. The veiled lady stepped in and gently, but definitely, pushed it shut behind her. She did not say anything, at first; neither did Mr. Presbry. Something told him it was one of life's great moments.

The mysterious visitor was first to break the silence. Through the veil came a voice of music—such a voice as Mr. Presbry might have imagined for Lenore.

"I thought," the voice said, "that you—that you might like to see how it looked on the—on the real one; the— I mean the original."

Still Mortimer Presbry was as silent as a stopped clock. A dainty pair of gloved hands flung back the military cape, stripped off the hat and veil. Mr. Presbry backed

weakly to the counter and gripped it hard. Arrayed in all the glory of the amethyst gown, Lenore, his Lost Lenore, stood before him!

Only the evening before, in his room, Mr. Presbry had vividly, even fondly, rehearsed what he would say and do if the gods should ever bring him face to face with the living Lenore. It had been wasted preparation. He stood now quite helpless—his muscles paralyzed, his case of tetanus complete. Lenore was calmer.

"You see," she said, "I was the model for that figure. My father and I were in Paris; he did museum work—groups in wax, you know. But those things have gone out a good deal, of late years, and when the war came we were quite poor. So then he got a chance to make some of those fashion things. I sat for one which he made just before we came back to America."

She whom he had named Lenore paused, but Mortimer Presbry gave no sign of life other than a silent swaying, semi-rotary movement.

"I saw myself in your windows," Lenore went on, "and used to pass often to look at the beautiful clothes I wore. One night I was quite late. The shades were down, but I peeked in through a crack and saw you at work. You were putting on the amethyst

gown. You must have thought it becoming—you let her wear it so much. After that I came often to peek in and watch you. It was splendid; you seemed so—so in love with—your art."

Mr. Presbry managed to make a few inarticulate sounds. Lenore added:

"You didn't seem to care so much for—for the others."

"Oh—oh—oh no," struggled Mr. Presbry, "I—I didn't. I—I—"

The splendid personage in jeweled velvet seemed not to remark his agitation.

"I used to say," she went on, "some day I will buy the amethyst gown and let him see me in it—let him see if he really—if he thinks I am—as—as—if he thinks it becoming, I mean. Do you—do you really like me in it?"

Mr. Presbry closed his eyes. He was laboring heavily. "Lenore," he panted, "Lenore!"

"Lenore? No, my name is Polly—Polly Dawson. But I thought as I came along just now that it ought to be Galatea, like the old story, you know. Yours is not Pygmalion, is it? Because, sometimes, those nights when I watched you, I thought you might be thinking—kind of wishing, you know—that she was not—that she might be

a real person, I mean. Or was it just your art that made you—look at her that way, and clasp your hands sometimes, and—"

Mr. Presbry awoke to an explosive protest. "Oh no!" he gasped; "oh no! oh no!" He seemed possessed with repeating these words until they died away at last into an almost whispered "Lenore—my lost Lenore!"

"But I am not lost, and I am not Lenore. I am Polly Dawson, and I don't think you like my name, and I think you like the old lay-figure better than—better in the amethyst gown, I mean—than the original."

Whereupon Mortimer Presbry arose to the occasion.

"Lenore, Galatea, Miss Dawson," he said, "if I am not dreaming, I am in heaven. You are my only love—my queen of queens—my dream come true. I will toil for you—I will slave for you—I will *die* for you—I—"

"You don't need to do any of those things," laughed Polly Lenore Galatea Dawson. "My husband's uncle was in the munitions business. He died last week and left us a million dollars. Don't bother with the old windows to-night. Come home with me in the car and see the finest baby in the world."

But Mr. Presbry had collapsed upon the nearest counter.

Lenore was lost indeed.

Too Much

WHEN the men for the National Army left a New Mexico town for their training-camps recently, a feature of the farewell ceremonies was the presentation of a comfort-bag to each of them. Some of the boys were unaccustomed to the use of the various toilet articles with which the bags were generously supplied, and were visibly more disconcerted than grateful when they received their gifts. One of them was heard to exclaim, as he gazed resentfully at the bag dangling from his forefinger, "And now, on top of everything else, I've got this darn thing to contend with."

Mistaken Identity

WHEN her sister's small boy was a couple of days old Mrs. H. went to visit the family. The baby's father could give his attention and his thought to the new-comer only. Mrs. H. was sitting in the room with her brother-in-law when the family physician, who is a very corpulent gentleman, passed through the room on his way to visit his patient. As he went through the door Mrs. H. said, "My! isn't he fat?" And to her amazement the proud young father exclaimed:

"Have you seen him stripped?"

To the Re-echo Club

A constant reader of the Editor's Drawer of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* ventures to send in the following plea:

I CANNOT read the old poems
I read long years ago;
Re-echo Clubs have spoiled them
And made them cause of woe.
Forgotten are their ancient strains,
Their pathos silent now—
I cannot in the old lines
Escape the Purple Cow.

I cannot read Rossetti,
Nor Wordsworth's pastoral lay—
You've made them all so petty,
Including Thomas Gray;
That bold-faced Maid of Niger
Rides rough-shod through them all:
I cannot blame the Tiger,
That on him she did pall.

I cannot read the old poems,
They're parodied too well;
I fear those tomes once cherished
May soon no longer sell.
You spare nor Keats nor Shelley,
Nor Browning's cryptic rime;
I cannot read the old poems;
I hope I may some time.

GERTRUDE HALL KENT.



An Unforgotten Hero

"And these, my dears, are the very clothes your Grandfather wore during the Great War when he gave up meat twice a week and took only two lumps of sugar in his coffee."

Association of Ideas

FATHER, who was endeavoring to inculcate in ten year old Henry, a love for things historical, asked:

"What ancient ruler was it who played on the fiddle while Rome was burning?"

"Hector, sir."

"No, not Hector. Hector was no ruler, but a Trojan prince. Try again."

"Then it was Duke."

"Duke? What do you mean, Henry?"

"Well, then it must have been Nero. I knew it was somebody with a dog's name."

Well Posted

"THAT'S the flag of my country," declared little Daisy, pointing to the flag-botton on the visitor's lapel.

"And what's the name of your country?" asked the visitor, unexpectedly.

"'Tis of thee," answered Daisy, promptly.

No Use for Them

A NEW YORK traveling salesman was awaiting an opportunity to exhibit his samples to a merchant in a backwoods town in the Southwest when he observed that a newly arrived customer had purchased over the counter a couple of nightshirts. Shortly thereafter a tall, gaunt individual, with his trousers stuffed in his boots, said to the salesman:

"What was them that that feller bought?"

"Nightshirts," was the answer. "I have no doubt that the proprietor would like to sell you one or two."

"I reckon not," said the tall man. "I don't set around much o' nights."

His Natural Rôle

A NERVOUS old beau entered a costumer's and said:

"I want a little help in the way of a suggestion. I am going to the French Students' masquerade ball to-night, and I want a distinctly original costume—something I can be quite sure no one else will wear. What can you suggest?"

The costumer looked him over attentively, bestowing special notice on his gleaming, bald and shining head.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, thoughtfully. "Why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"

Unexpected

HE was calling on the one and only girl. "William," she said, softly expecting the usual answer—"William dear, have you any idea what heaven must be like?"

"Well, I'll tell you, darling. Until to-day I had never given the matter a thought, but now I believe I have a very good idea of what heaven is like."

"Yes?" she murmured, breathlessly, "Tell me what gave you this idea."

"Well, it's this way," said dear William, softly, "I was listening to a recruiting officer's description of life in the army!"

What He Got

A WELL-KNOWN lawyer is accustomed to lecture his office staff from the junior partner down, and Sammy, the office-boy, comes in for his full share of admonition. That his words are appreciated was made evident to the lawyer recently by a conversation between Sammy and another office-boy on the same floor.

"What you get?" asked the other boy.

"Ten thousand a year," the lawyer overheard his own boy reply.

"Aw, g'wan!"

"Sure," insisted Sammy, unabashed. "Four dollars a week in cash and the rest in legal advice."

Trade In War-time

SOON after the war broke out a friend called on an English merchant who did a large continental business.

"The war must have hit you hard," he ventured.

"Very hard," said the merchant. "I've over ten thousand dollars owing me in Germany, and it's touch-and-go whether I ever get a penny of it. Still, we've got to put up with something for the country."

"I am glad you take it so cheerfully," said the friend.

"Well, of course there's profit and loss in war-time. I owe eighteen thousand dollars in Germany."

A New Theory

MARY was a very serious-minded young miss of ten, and was keenly interested in the religious education of her younger sister Dorothy, aged six. Indeed, she felt that the little sister's education in Biblical stories had been sadly neglected. One day she confided to her mother that Dorothy was very ignorant on the subject of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, and should be enlightened before the next Easter-time came around.

The mother suggested to Mary that she be the one to tell the little sister the stories, and to make them just as vivid and real as she could.

This Mary did, and at the close of the recital the only comment made by Dorothy was this:

"Say, were those men GERMANS?"

Hard for the Stork

ONE Sunday afternoon when Jones, who had been visiting the Zoo, came home, he announced to the family:

"They've got a new baby hippopotamus."

Whereupon his daughter, about fifteen, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. When she had subsided somewhat the father growled:

"What are you laughing at?"

"I was just thinking," giggled the girl, "that that rather kills the stork story."



Going to Stay With His Uncle



"If you don't mind, mister, we'd like to use your stone wall for a minute this morning?"

Correct

FATHER was helping little Johnny with his natural history, and thought it well to ask a few new questions.

"Can you tell me what a groundhog is?" asked the parent.

"Sure," said Johnny, with surprising promptness. "It's sausage."

A Problem

AT the beginning of the campaign for food conservation two old colored women met in the street while on their way home from work. They gazed at each other solemnly. Finally one of them voiced the thought of both.

"Sis' Ca'lline," she said, looking into her half-filled basket, "how does you reck'n me 'n' you is gwine to feed our husban's an' chilluns wid de little bit o' vittles our white folks leaves on de tables dese days?"



"Is that a well-bred dog?"

"Well-bred! Why, lady, if that dog was a human, the Four Hundred would be chasin' round trying to get an introduction to 'im"

Quite at Home

DORIS was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor.

"Oh, you don't know what we have upstairs!"

"What is it?" the neighbor asked.

"A new baby brother," said Doris.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I think so," said Doris. "He's got his things off."



"WHEN SPRING UNLOCKS THE FLOWERS TO PAINT THE LAUGHING SOIL"—HEBER

Painted for Harper's Magazine by Elizabeth Shippen Green

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PAGODAS AT TA-LI-FU ERECTED TO THE SPIRITS OF THE WIND, EARTH, AND WATER

Traveling Toward Tibet

BY ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

In charge of the Asiatic Zoölogical Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History

Photographs by YVETTE BORUP ANDREWS

IT is somewhere in the vast plateau of Tibet and Central Asia north of the Himalaya Mountains that the earliest remains of primitive man will probably be found. From this region came the successive invasions which poured into Europe from the east, to India from the north, and to China from the west. The migration route to North America led over the Bering Strait (then

land) and spread fan-wise south and southeast to the farthest extremity of South America.

Doubtless there were many contributing causes to these extensive wanderings, but one of the most important must have been the movements of other mammals from this great distributing center. Primitive man was a hunter, and as the game moved upon which he

lived, so did he follow. Thus to the anthropologist and zoölogist alike the Central-Asian plateau is one of the most important regions of the earth, as it is also one of the least known.

When the Asiatic zoölogical expeditions of the American Museum of Natural History were projected in 1915 it was with the ultimate purpose of exploring this vast, almost unknown, region. Before undertaking a project of such magnitude a certain amount of preliminary work was essential, and for this reconnaissance the first expedition left in March, 1916. Its white members consisted of Mr. Edmund Heller, my wife (Yvette Borup Andrews), and myself. A Chinese interpreter, Wu Hung-Tao, with five native assistants and ten muleteers, completed the personnel.

Mr. Heller, a collector of wide experience who was one of Colonel Roosevelt's assistants on his African hunt, largely occupied himself in the trapping of small mammals. Mrs. Andrews, the official photographer, was especially fitted for her position through an expert knowledge of color photography, which, together with motion pictures, formed

an important part of that phase of the work. My own efforts were devoted to the management of the party and the hunting of big game. This preliminary expedition was for the purpose of making a general zoölogical reconnaissance, and especially for the collection of mammals, so that no efforts were directed toward a scientific study of the native tribes or the ethnology of the region. The success of any expedition is due in a great measure to the efforts of its individual members, and it is a pleasure to acknowledge my personal indebtedness and that of the American Museum to Mr. Heller, Mrs. Andrews, and Wu Hung-Tao for their faithful and efficient service.

The region chosen for the initial expedition was Yun-nan, the most southern and western province of China, which is bordered on the northwest by Tibet, on the south by Tongking, and on the west by Burma. Yun-nan might be likened to the ocean in a furious gale, for ninety per cent. of its surface has been thrown into vast mountain waves which divide and cross one another in hopeless confusion.

Because of its extreme southern posi-



FISHING WITH CORMORANTS ON THE LAKE AT YUN-NAN-FU



MOUNTAIN CHAIRS ARE THE ORDINARY CONVEYANCES THROUGHOUT YUN-NAN

tion and tremendous mountains it presents an exceedingly wide range of animal, plant, and native life. In the north along the Tibetan frontier the great Snow Mountain range, a spur of the southeastern Himalayas, reaches an altitude of eighteen thousand to twenty thousand feet, and the fauna is essentially Tibetan, an overflow from the Central-Asian plateau; in the south and west, near the Tongking and Burma borders, the valleys are not more than two thousand feet above sea-level and all life is that of the mid-tropics.

Practically no zoölogical work has been done in the province, although its botany is fairly well known, and without doubt, when the 2,100 mammals secured by the expedition have been studied, it will be found that a large proportion of them represent species new to science.

Our greatest difficulty during the entire expedition was to get accurate information about collecting-grounds, for none of the foreigners at Yun-nan-fu had done any hunting except for small game, and as no one whom we met had been in the mountains of the north, we could only rely upon native reports.

These were seldom correct, and often we had to ride eight or ten days without finding a spot where we could catch even a mouse. It is at such times of discouragement that one realizes a field expedition is not all pleasure and the specter of "making good" to the Museum looms large before one.

Yun-nan about equals in size the State of California, but in civilization it is little more advanced than Europe in the Middle Ages. The telegraph reaches the larger cities, but otherwise communication is only by post carried by man or mule; for the province is guiltless of railroads except for a short French line from Tongking to the capital, Yun-nan-fu.

When we left New York, China was in the midst of the rebellion against Yuan Shi-Kai which had been instigated in December, 1915, by Tsai-Ao, a former military governor of Yun-nan, and some doubt was expressed by the Museum authorities as to the advisability of proceeding while conditions were so chaotic.

I assured President Osborn, however, that if we were to wait until all revolution in China had ceased we should never

leave New York, for some one is always rebelling against some one else in the "Middle Kingdom," but usually there is little danger to foreigners if they be discreet.

The prediction proved quite true, for, although we unwittingly landed squarely in the midst of hostilities, we emerged with nothing more than some exciting experiences which gave us food for conversation during our long days of riding over the mountains. Moreover, during the entire time that we were in the field there was fighting in some part of China, but we were never seriously inconvenienced by it.

At Yun-nan-fu, the capital, we found a surprisingly cosmopolitan and modern community housed within its grim old walls—

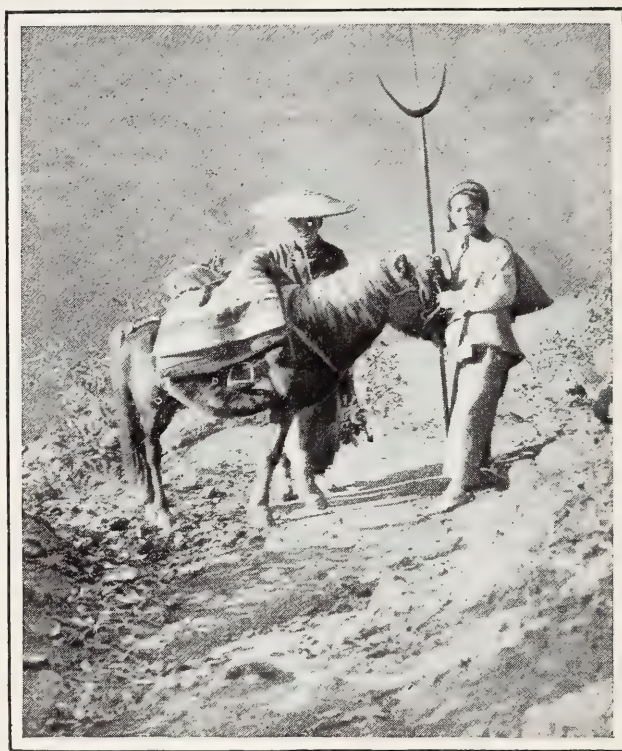
French, English, American, Dutch, Belgian, German, and Danes. Some were consuls, others business men, some missionaries, and some salt or customs officials in Chinese employ, but all received us with the cordial hospitality of the East.

On September 9th, in the late morning of a lowering day, our caravan of thirty-three mules and horses left Yun-nan-fu for the twenty-day journey to the frontier of Tibet. We were headed almost due west for the city of Ta-li-fu in the heart of the province; there we expected to secure a new caravan and go north to the Snow Mountain range, where we would never be lower than an altitude of nine thousand feet and could begin work upon the Tibetan fauna.

While our caravan skirted the beautiful lake at Yun-nan-fu, we sailed across it in a house-boat placed at our disposal

by Mr. Howard Page to intercept the pack-train on the opposite shore. We passed numbers of cormorant fishers in the reedy edges of the lake, each with a dozen or more birds sitting upon the boats, placidly drying their wings while awaiting their turn to dive into the water for the fish which they cannot swallow because of the metal rings about their necks.

After waiting an hour on a rocky headland the pack-train slowly wound up the hill toward us. The horses were extraordinary-looking animals, for at a distance they seemed to be about the size of squirrels, but they did not mind our weight; even with the one-hundred-and-sixty-pound pack which is tied to a separate saddle and



CHINESE TRAVELER WITH A TRIDENT

placed loosely upon the animal's back, they were not overloaded. This is a most ingenious method of packing, and one which is especially advantageous in a rough country, for if a mule falls down the pack comes off and is not injured; the loose saddle, however, tends to give the animal back-sores which receive scanty attention from the *mafus* (muleteers).

The Chinese *mafus* are a bad lot, individually and collectively, and cause endless trouble to the uninitiated traveler unless they are handled firmly; a little rough treatment is the most efficient medicine and produces surprising results as an antidote for imposition.

When we were fairly launched upon our long ride to the frontier of the "Forbidden Land" the time drifted by in a pleasant succession of interesting days. We were traveling the main cara-

van road from Yun-nan-fu in the heart of the province, but its constant use was no recommendation as to its condition—in fact, the bigger the road the worse it is, for practically no repairs are ever attempted after it has once been completed.

The Chinese have a proverb which says, "A road is good for ten years and bad for ten thousand," and this applies most excellently to those in Yun-nan. The main thoroughfares are paved with huge irregular blocks of stone, which, after a few seasons' use, become broken and inverted and present a state of absolute chaos. Where the stones have remained in place they are worn so slippery that it is next to impossible for man or beast to travel over them. Perhaps I have devoted undue space to what may appear to be an unimportant feature of our trip, but after two thousand miles of riding in Yun-nan it is difficult to think of China except in terms of roads.

Before we left Yun-nan-fu we were assured by the governor that we should be furnished with a guard of soldiers—an

honor few foreigners escape! The first day out we had four—all armed with umbrellas! These accompanied us to the first camp, where others appeared to take us on the next day's journey. Sometimes they were equipped with guns of the vintage of 1872, but their cartridges were seldom of the same caliber as the rifles and in most cases the ubiquitous umbrella was their only weapon. Just what good they would be in the case of a real attack it is difficult to say, except to divert attention by breaking the speed limit in running away.

They are, however, an insurance policy, for if a foreigner is attacked when under such official escort an indemnity can be claimed from the Chinese Government; if the soldiers are refused, the traveler has no redress. Of course, when we began the real work of collecting in the mountains our guard of honor had to be left behind.

While traveling on the main thoroughfares, instead of pitching our tents or sleeping in the filthy inns we always found a temple on the outskirts of a vil-



OUR CARAVAN ARRIVING IN A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

lage. It was usually picturesquely situated in a grove on a hilltop, and when we had taken possession, spread our camp beds, tables, and chairs on the broad stone porch in front of a blazing fire, it made a most delightful camp.

On our ninth day from Yun-nan-fu we had a welcome bit of excitement. We were climbing a long mountain trail to a pass eight thousand feet high and were near the summit when a boy dashed breathlessly up to the caravan, jabbering wildly in Chinese. It required fifteen minutes of questioning before we finally learned that bandits had attacked a big caravan less than a mile ahead of us and were even then going through the goods.

He said that there were two hundred and fifty of them, but almost immediately a second gesticulating Chinamen appeared and gave the number as three hundred and fifty. Allowing for the universal habit of exaggeration, we felt quite sure that there were not more than fifty, and we learned later that forty was the correct number.

Our caravan was in a bad place to resist an attack, but we got out our rifles and made for a village at the top of the pass. There were not more than a half-dozen mud houses, and in the narrow space between them perfect bedlam reigned. Several small caravans had halted to wait for us, and men, horses, loads, and chairs were packed and jammed together so tightly that it seemed impossible to ever extricate them. Our caravan added to the confusion, but, leaving the *mafus* to scream and chatter among themselves, we scouted ahead to learn the true condition of affairs.

Almost within sight we found the caravan which had been robbed. Loads were overturned, and loose mules wandered over the hillside. The frightened *mafus* were straggling back, and told us that forty bandits had suddenly surrounded the caravan, shooting and brandishing long knives. Instantly the *mafus* had run for their lives, leaving the brigands to rifle the loads unmolested.



A SUSPENSION BRIDGE ON THE ROAD TO TA-LI-FU



AN INTERESTED CROWD THAT WATCHED US MAKE CAMP

The caravan, which belonged chiefly to the retiring mandarin of Li-kiang, was carrying some five thousand dollars' worth of jade and gold dust, and all was taken. Thus the thief himself had been robbed, for probably all of it had been extracted in bribes and "squeeze" from the helpless peasants of Li-kiang.

Yun-nan, like most of the outlying provinces of China, is infested with brigands who make traveling very unsafe. There are, of course, organized bands of robbers at all times, but these have been greatly augmented since the rebellion by dismissed soldiers who have taken to brigandage as the easiest means to avoid starvation.

The Chinese Government is totally unable to cope with the situation, and makes only half-hearted attempts to punish even the most flagrant robberies, so that unguarded caravans carrying valuable material which arrive at their destination unmolested consider themselves very lucky. So far as our expedition was concerned, we did not feel great

apprehension, for we let it be known that we had but little money and our equipment, except for guns, could not readily be disposed of.

All of the main caravan roads of Yun-nan have little of interest for the naturalist, but to the student of Chinese customs they are fascinating, for the life of the province passes before one in panoramic completeness. Chinese villages, wherever I have found them, are marvels of utter and abandoned filth. Those of Yun-nan are no exception to the rule, but are considerably better than the coast cities.

Pigs, chickens, horses, and cows live in happy communion with the human inmates of the houses, the pigs especially being treated as we favor dogs at home. On the door-steps children play with the swine, patting and pounding them, and one of my friends said that he had actually seen a mother bring her baby to be nursed by a sow with her family of piglets.

The natives were pleasant and friendly

and seemed to be industrious. Every inch of the valleys was under rice cultivation, and on the lower hillsides patches of corn took the place of what were once great poppy-fields for opium.

In 1906 the Empress Dowager issued an edict prohibiting the growing of opium in China, and gave guarantees to the British that it would be entirely stamped out during the next ten years. Strangely enough, these promises have been faithfully kept, and in Yun-nan the hillsides which were once white with poppy blossoms are now yellow with corn. In all our 2,000 miles of riding over unfrequented trails and in the most out-of-the-way spots we found only two places where opium was being cultivated.

The mandarin of each district, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, makes periodical excursions during the seasons when the poppy is in blossom, cuts down the plants if any are found, and punishes the owners.

Just across the frontier in Burma, opium is grown freely and much is smuggled into Yun-nan. Therefore its use has by no means been abandoned, especially in the south of the province, and in some towns it is smoked openly in the tea-houses.

In August, 1916, just before we reached Yun-nan-fu there was an *exposé* of opium-smuggling which throws an illuminating side-light on the corruption of Chinese officials.

Opium can be purchased in Yun-nan-

fu for two dollars (Mexican) per ounce, while in Shanghai it is worth ten dollars (Mexican). Tang (the military governor), the Minister of Justice, the governor's brother and three members of Parliament had collected six hundred pounds of opium which they undertook to transfer to Shanghai. Their request

that no examination of their baggage be made by the French during their passage through Tongking was granted, and a similar favor was procured for them at Shanghai. Thus the sixty cases were safely landed, but a few hours later, through the opium combine, foreign detectives learned of the smuggling and the boxes were seized.

The Minister of Justice denied all knowledge of the opium, as did the three Parliament members, and Governor Tang was not interrogated, as that would have been quite con-

trary to the laws of Chinese etiquette; however, he will not receive reappointment when his official term expires.

We reached Ta-li-fu, the second city of Yun-nan in size and importance, fourteen days after leaving the capital. Ta-li nestles into the base of a splendid mountain range fronting a beautiful lake thirty miles long, which is one of the best spots in all China for winter duck- and goose-shooting.

The city is, of course, walled, with several interesting gates, and three especially picturesque pagodas just beyond the fortifications. They are supposed to be about fifteen hundred years old and



OUR MOSO HUNTER HOTENFA BRINGING IN
THE FIRST GORAL SHOT BY THE AUTHOR



CAMPING IN A TEMPLE ON THE WAY TO TA-LI-FU

stand in the midst of the great cemetery which stretches along the base of the mountains for twenty-five or thirty miles. The stone tombs in countless thousands are so thickly scattered that they seem like a vast gray blanket spread over the mountain foot.

Ta-li-fu was the scene of tremendous slaughter at the time of the Moham-medan war some forty-five years ago, when the Chinese captured the city and turned its streets to rivers of blood. The Mohammedans were almost exterminated and the ruined stone walls testify to the completeness of the Chinese devastation.

The mandarin at Ta-li-fu was a good-natured fellow, but, like the majority of Chinese officials, dissipated and corrupt. The mandarins of lower rank usually buy their posts, and depend upon what they can make in "squeeze" from the natives of their district for reimbursement and a profit on their investment. In almost every case which is brought to them for adjustment the decision is withheld until the magistrate

has learned which of the parties is prepared to pay the highest price for a settlement in his favor. The Chinese peasant, accepting this as the established custom, if the bribe is not too exorbitant, pays it without a murmur, and, in fact, would be exceedingly surprised if "justice" were dispensed in any other way.

My personal relations with the various mandarins whom I was constantly required to visit officially were always of the pleasantest, and I was treated with the greatest courtesy. It was apparent throughout China that there is a total lack of anti-foreign feeling in both the peasant and official classes, and except for the brigands, who are beyond the law, white men can travel in perfect safety anywhere in the republic.

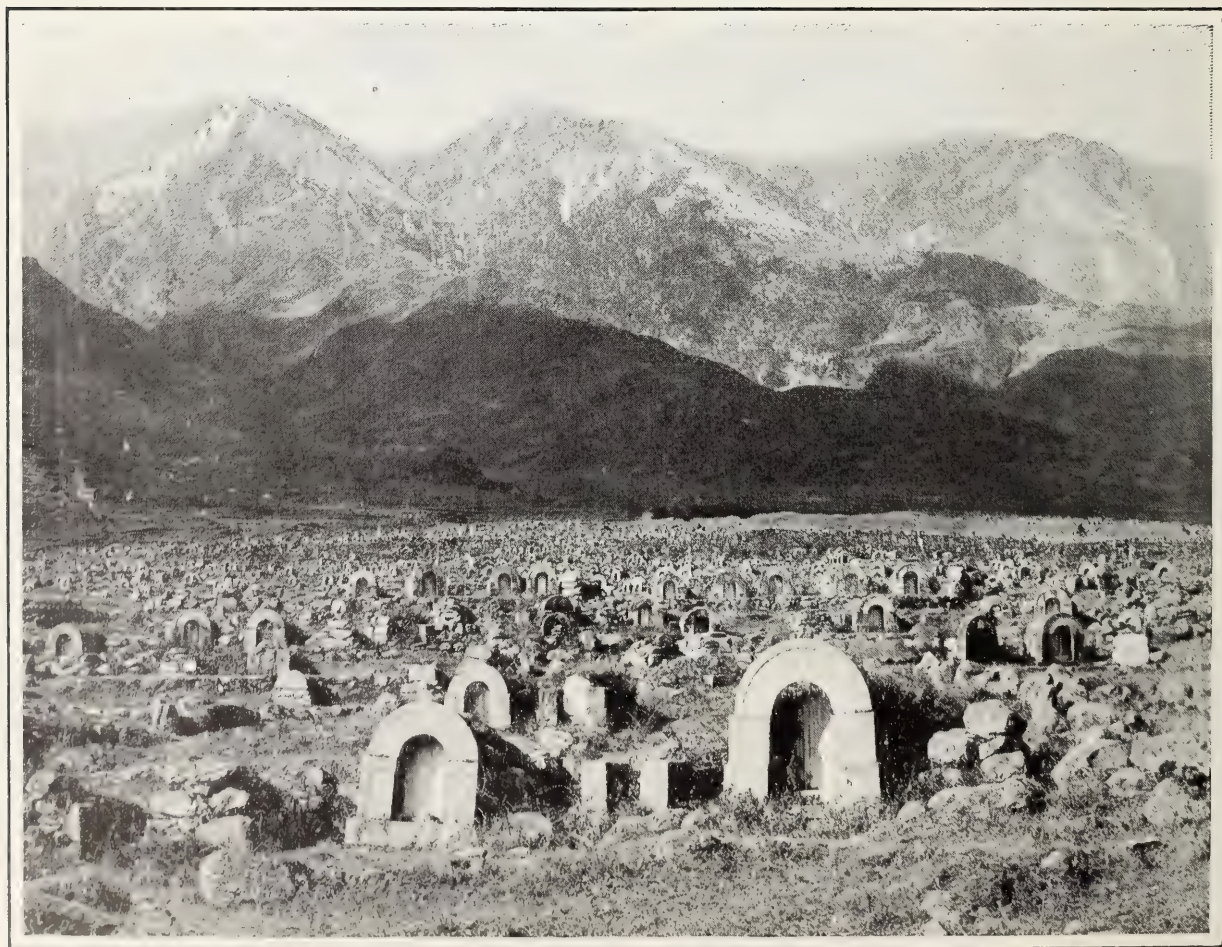
At Ta-li we secured a new caravan to take us six days northward to Li-kiang, which lies just beside the Snow Mountain, the highest peak in all Yun-nan. The northwestern portion of the province is entirely Tibetan in its topography and fauna, even though geographically it is included in China. Its population

largely consists of Tibetans and the semi-Tibetan Lolo and Moso tribes which at one time ruled all this portion of Yun-nan, with Li-kiang as the capital. There are comparatively few Chinese in this region, and in fact the province presents to the anthropologist one of the most interesting and complex problems in all Asia, for in Yun-nan there are over thirty non-Chinese tribes. Some of them are undoubtedly of the aboriginal stock which was in possession of the entire country south of the Yangtse River until they were conquered and driven out by the Chinese.

The white population of Li-kiang consists of the Rev. A. Kok, his wife, and two other ladies, all representing the Pentecostal Mission. When we first rode into the town and my wife was seen in front of the caravan there was great excitement among the missionaries, for they had not seen a white woman since their arrival four years before, and it seemed to them as though we had dropped from the clouds.

Our camp at Li-kiang was in a beautiful little temple with a flower-filled courtyard, overlooking the city from a hilltop on the outskirts. As soon as we arrived we sent word by every man, woman, and child who came to gaze at us—and they were legion—that we were in the market for specimens of all kinds. Soon they began to pour in, and we were almost swamped with rats, snakes, frogs, and toads. After the first day some strange specimens were presented for sale. Two live Maltese house-cats, a white rabbit, a live chow dog, and dozens of tame pigeons. Had we asked for girl babies, apparently there would have been quite as many offered, for several women with infants on their backs indicated only too plainly that they would not be loth to dispose of them if an opportunity was afforded.

We had a week of very successful collecting about Li-kiang. One of our first "finds" was the tree-shrew (*Tupaia chinensis*). These little animals, although insectivores and related to the



INNUMERABLE GRAVES STRETCHING LIKE A VAST GRAY BLANKET FOR NEARLY THIRTY MILES

tiny shrews which live in holes and under logs, have squirrel-like habits and have come to look like squirrels, to which they are totally unrelated. Instead of the thinly haired mouse-like tail of the ordinary shrews the *Tupaia*s have developed long bushy tails, and in fact look and act so much like squirrels

that it was difficult to convince the white residents of Yunnan, who are accustomed to seeing them run about the hedges and walls of their courtyards, that the two are quite unrelated. The tree-shrews are found only in Asia and are one of the most remarkable instances of a superficial resemblance between unrelated animals with similar habits. A close study of their anatomy has revealed the fact that with the elephant shrews of Africa they probably represent a distinct group which is connected with the

monkeys (lemurs), and the wealth of material which we were able to secure will give a splendid opportunity to carry on this important investigation. Much to our surprise, we found another genus, *Crocidura*, to be extraordinarily abundant and widely distributed, for shrews are usually difficult to secure.

All the small mammals were caught with wooden traps which we had especially made in New York. A line of sixty to eighty traps was set under logs and stumps and in the grass wherever we found the "runways," or paths, which mice, rats, shrews, and voles often

make. These animals begin to move about just after dark and we would usually inspect our traps with a lantern about nine o'clock in the evening. This not only gave the trap a double chance to be filled, but we then secured perfect specimens, for such species as mice and shrews are cannibalistic, and almost

every night, if the animals were not taken out early in the evening, several would be partially eaten.

Small mammals are often of much greater interest and importance scientifically than large ones, for, especially among the insectivores, we find many primitive forms which are apparently of ancestral stock and throw light on the evolutionary history of other living groups.

At Li-kiang we were tremendously surprised to find in the market hundreds of skins of the panda (*Aelurus fulgens*). This animal is an

aberrant member of the raccoon family, but looks more like a fox. In fact, the Chinese call it the "fire-fox" because of its beautiful red fur. Pandas were supposed to be exceedingly rare, and we could hardly believe it possible when we saw dozens of coats made from their skins hanging in the fur-shops. Skins of the huge flying squirrel (*Petaurista yunnanensis*) were also used for coats, and the discovery of the abundance of this animal was almost as great a surprise as to find the pandas. This is often the case with supposedly rare species. A few specimens may be secured from the ex-



ONE OF THE THREE FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD PAGODAS AT TA-LI-FU

treme limits of an animal's range or from a locality where it really is rare and for years be almost unique in museum collections, but eventually the proper locality will be visited and sometimes the species will be found to be abundant.

It had rained almost continually during our stay in Li-kiang and a dense gray curtain of fog hung far down in the valley, but on the morning of October 11th we awoke to find ourselves in another world. We were in a vast amphitheater of encircling mountains, white almost to their bases rising ridge on ridge, like the foamy billows of a mighty ocean. At the north, silhouetted against the vivid blue of a cloudless sky, towered the great Snow Mountain, its jagged peaks crowned with gold where the morning sun had kissed their summits. We rode toward it across a level rock-strewn plain and watched the fleecy clouds form and float upward to weave in and out or lose themselves in the vast snow-craters beside the glacier. It was an inspiration, that beautiful mountain, lying so white and still in its cradle of dark green trees. Each hour it seemed more wonderful, more dominating in its grandeur, and we were glad to be of the chosen few to look upon its sacred beauty.

In the early afternoon we camped in a tiny temple which nestled into a grove of spruce-trees on the outskirts of a straggling village. To the north the Snow Mountain towered almost above us, and on the east and south a grassy rock-strewn plain rolled away in sweeping billows to a range of hills which

jutted into the valley like a great recumbent dragon.

A short time after our camp was established we had a visit from an Austrian botanist, Baron Haendel-Mazzetti, who had been in the village for two weeks. He had come to Yun-nan for the Vienna Museum before the war, expect-

ing to remain a year, but had already been there three. Surrounded as he was by Tibet, Burma, and Tongking, his only possible exit was by way of the four-month overland journey to Shanghai. He had practically no money and for two years had been living on Chinese food, so that our coffee, bread, kippered herring, and other canned goods seemed like a Christmas dinner to him.

On our second day in the temple my wife and

I rode up the mountain to prospect for a camp site, and at twelve thousand feet found a beautiful open meadow overshadowed by the white-crowned peaks. A torrent of clear water poured down from the snow-fields above our tents, which we pitched just at the edge of the thick spruce forest.

We had hired four Moso hunters—ragged, picturesque fellows, dressed entirely in skins—and a pack of mongrel curs led by a splendid red hound as large as a wolf. One of our hunters was armed with a most extraordinary gun having a barrel over six feet long and a short curved stock like a golf-stick. The butt was placed against the cheek and the gun fired by holding a piece of burning rope to a powder-fuse which projected out from the side of the barrel.

The three other hunters carried cross-



AN OLD CHINAMAN OF TA-LI-FU

bows and poisoned arrows. They were remarkably good shots and at a distance of two hundred feet could place an arrow in a six-inch circle four times out of five. We found later that crossbows were in common use throughout the more remote portions of Yun-nan, and were only another evidence that we had suddenly dropped back into the Middle Ages and with our high-power rifles and twentieth-century equipment were anachronisms.

The natives assured us that there were gorals and serows on the Snow Mountain, and if ever there was an ideal hunting-ground this seemed to be the place. One of the primary objects of our expedition was to secure specimens of these animals, which are found only in Asia, for although gorals and serows are common in some regions, nevertheless they are rare in museum collections and but little is known of their habits and systematic relationships. They combine characteristics of the antelope and the true goat and have a close relative in Amer-

ica in our so-called Rocky Mountain goat, which is probably an early migrant from the Central-Asian plateau. Also our wild sheep, wapiti, caribou, and moose are Asiatic animals which have reached America by way of the former land connection at the Bering Strait.

The Asiatic Zoölogical Expedition secured thirty-two gorals of at least two species and eight serows of three species; without doubt no other institution in the world possesses such a representative series as that now in the American Museum of Natural History. With this material it will be possible to make a thorough study of the anatomy of both animals, and the results should be most interesting and important.

Although our camp on the Snow Mountain was pitched at twelve thousand feet, it was none too high, for the gorals were living on almost inaccessible cliffs at altitudes of from eleven thousand to sixteen thousand feet. Hunting in the thin air so far above the clouds is difficult work and for some men is impos-



THE PICTURESQUE GREAT GATE AND MAIN STREET OF TA-LI-FU

sible, but none of our party was seriously inconvenienced by the extreme altitude. Of course we could not run or exercise violently, but we found it was possible to hunt six or seven hours consecutively if the long climbs up the mountain-peaks were taken slowly.

Our camp was warm enough while the sun was out, but as soon as it disappeared behind the peaks we needed a fire and the nights were freezing cold. Nevertheless, the hunters in their ragged clothes slept beside a huge rock not far away, without a blanket or shelter of any kind.

Heller set a long string of traps just below snow-line shortly after our tents were pitched, and the next morning they were full of small mammals. The majority were the little meadow voles (*Microtus*), which had extended an intricate network of runways through the grass of the entire peak, but in the spruce forest he got numbers of the Asiatic white-footed mouse (*Apodemus*) and shrews of several species. In fact, it was a veritable paradise for small mammals

and in a week we prepared nearly two hundred skins.

Although the first morning was gray and cold, with dense clouds weaving in and out among the peaks, I went out with the hunters to try for gorals. Two of the men took the dogs about the base of a high rock shoulder sparsely covered with spruce-trees, while with two others I climbed the opposite slope. We were not more than twenty minutes from camp when the dogs began to yelp, and almost immediately we heard them coming around the summit of the peak in our direction. The two hunters made frantic signs for me to hurry up the steep slope, but in the thin air, with my heart pounding like a trip-hammer, I could not go faster than a walk.

We climbed about three hundred yards, when suddenly the dogs appeared on the side of the cliff near the summit, and just in front of them a bounding gray form. The mist shut in and we lost both dogs and animal, but ten minutes later a blessed gust of wind blew the fog away and the goral was indistinctly visible, with its back to a rock ledge,



A LOLO GUN FIRED BY MEANS OF A PIECE OF BURNING ROPE

facing the dogs. The big red leader of the pack, whom we all came to love, now and then dashed in for a nip at the animal's throat, but was kept at bay by its vicious lunges and sharp horns.

It was nearly three hundred yards away, but the cloud was drifting in again and I dropped down for a shot.

The hunters were running up the slope, frantically waving for me to come on, thinking it madness to shoot at that distance. I could just see the gray form through the sights, and the first three shots spattered the loose rock about a foot low. For the fourth I got a dead rest over a stone, and as the crash of the little Mannlicher echoed up the gorge the goral threw itself into the air whirling over and over onto the rocks below. The hunters, mad with excitement, dashed up the

hill and down into the stream-bed, and when I arrived the goral lay on a grassy ledge beside the water. The animal was stone-dead, for my bullet had passed through its lungs, and, although the front teeth had been smashed on the rocks, its horns were uninjured and the beautiful gray coat was in perfect condition.

When the hunters were carrying the goral to camp we met Heller and my wife on the way to visit the traps just below snow-line, and she returned with me to photograph the animal and watch the ceremonies which I knew would be performed. One of the natives cut a leafy branch, placed the goral upon it, and as its blood began to flow chanted a

prayer. Then laying several leaves one upon the other, he sliced off the tip of the heart, wrapped it carefully in the leaves, and placed it in a near-by tree as an offering to the god of the hunt.

I have often seen the Chinese and Korean hunters perform similar ceremonies at the death of an animal, for

the idea that it is necessary to propitiate the god of the hunt is universal. When I was shooting in Korea in 1912, and also in other parts of China, if luck had been against us for a few days the hunters would invariably ask me to buy a chicken or some animal to sacrifice for "good joss."

It may appear unsportsmanlike to have hunted gorals with dogs, which we did on more than one occasion, but in this particular region they could be killed in no other



A MOSO HUNTER WITH HIS HAWK

way. There was so much cover, even at altitudes of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand feet, that a man might spend a month "still hunting" and never see a goral. They are vicious fighters, and frequently back up to a cliff, turn on the dogs, and fight the pack. At such times, if the hunter does not arrive soon, one or two of the most adventurous dogs will almost certainly be killed.

On the Snow Mountain we found the animals singly, but at Hui-yao, not far from the Burma frontier, where we hunted another species in the spring, they were almost universally in herds of from six to eight. It was at the latter place that we had our best oppor-

tunity to observe gorals and learn something of their habits. We were camped on a branch of the Swelie River, which had cut for itself a deep gorge through a range of hills seven hundred to eight hundred feet high. A herd of about fifty gorals had been living on one of the mountain-sides not far from the village, and, although they were seen constantly by the natives, they could not be killed; but with our high-power rifles it was possible to shoot across the river at distances of from two hundred to four hundred yards.

We could scan every inch of the hill-side with our field-glasses and watch the gorals as they moved about quite unconscious of our presence. At this place they were feeding almost exclusively upon the leaves of low bushes and the new grass which had sprung up where the slopes had been partly burned over. We found them browsing from daylight until about nine o'clock, and from four in the afternoon until dark. They would move slowly about among the bushes, picking off the new leaves, and usually in the middle of the morning would choose a place where the sun beat warmly upon the rocks, and go to sleep.

Strangely enough, they did not lie down on their sides, as do many hoofed animals, but doubled their fore legs under them, stretched their necks and hind legs straight out, and rested on their bellies. It was a most uncomfortable-looking attitude, and the first time I saw an animal resting thus I thought it had been wounded, but both Mr. Heller and myself saw them repeatedly at other times, and realized that this was their natural position when asleep.

When frightened, like our own mountain sheep or goats they would run a short distance and stop to look back. This was usually their undoing, for they offered excellent targets as they stood silhouetted against the sky-line. They were very difficult to see when lying

down among the rocks, but our native hunters, who had most extraordinary eyesight, would often discover them when it was almost impossible for me to find them even with the field-glasses. We never could be sure that there were no gorals on a mountain-side, for they were adepts at hiding, and made use of a bunch of grass or the smallest crevice in a rock to conceal themselves, and did it so completely that they seemed to have vanished from the earth.

Like all sheep and goats, they could climb about where it seemed impossible for any animal to move. I have seen a goral run at full speed down the face of a cliff which appeared to be almost perpendicular and where the dogs dared not venture. As the animal landed on a projecting rock it would bounce off as though made of rubber, and leap eight or ten feet to a narrow ledge which did not seem large enough to support a rabbit.

There were certain trails leading over the hill slopes which the gorals must have used continually, judging by the way in which these were worn. We also found many signs beneath overhanging rocks and on projecting ledges to indicate that these were definite resorts for numbers of the animals. Many which we saw at Hui-yao were young of varying ages running with the herds, and it was interesting to see how perfectly they had mastered the art of self-concealment even when hardly a year old. Although at Hui-yao almost all were on the east side of the river, they did not seem to be especially averse to water, and several times I watched wounded animals swim across the stream.

Gorals are splendid game animals, for the plucky little brutes inspire the sportsman with admiration, besides leading him over peaks which try his nerve to the utmost, and I number among the happiest hours of my life the wonderful hunts in Yun-nan, far above the clouds, at the edge of the snow.





Arpeggio and Patriotism

BY ZONA GALE

ARPEGGIO SHADD was working in his garden. He was happy. The summer morning was hot and bright. The garden had been neglected for a week. He had on his oldest clothes. And Stack Mayhew and Dodd Purcell, the other two commissioners of Banning, had gone to the city to a commissioners' convention.

"You'd ought to come, too," Stack had admonished him. "If it ain't you that's always sicking us on to do things like other towns, who in time is it?"

"I got to 'tend to my potatoes," Arpeggio offered.

"The circular says them commissioners as don't u-nite with others to talk things over 'ain't got no right to be it," said Dodd Purcell.

"Yes, well, mebbe," said Arpeggio, "but them fellows 'ain't seen the bugs on my early Ohios."

Secretly he was hungering for a day close to the ground.

"They's different ways of being outdoors," Arpeggio had once said. "Some folks slips along over. Some folks takes in the outside of outdoors and never digs down in. But some folks, just the minute they step into outdoors, they just kind of *burrow*. And that's it. You got to burrow."

And a long time after he added:

"It's considerable of a blessing if you're born the burrowing kind."

Arpeggio was now burrowing. Superficially he was cultivating his early Ohio potatoes. But essentially he was concerned with the green excesses of his garden, the hot playfulness of the sun, and his doves, complaining contentedly on the shed roof or winging soft flights down to the fresh earth at his feet.

"Right round there," he heard his mother's voice. "You'll find him somewhere or other."

The well and a flowering currant hid her and the visitor. Arpeggio worked on until the shadow of the visitor fell upon the hoe. Then Arpeggio looked up, appearing to straighten his back a muscle at a time.

Hernie Nichol stood there, on his way down-town. Hernie was by occupation a livery-stable keeper, and, therefore, by the fortunes of progress and invention, nearly a leisurist. But by nature Hernie was a monarch. He had what social-efficiency experts call qualities of leadership. Or perhaps not so much qualities as quantities. That was it—quantities of leadership Hernie had. In short, at five-and-thirty Hernie Nichol was political boss of Banning.

"Hello, Shadd!" said he. "Can I get a job cultivatin' for you?"

Arpeggio drew a breath of content.

"Well, do you know, I like my hoein' so well," he affirmed, "that I'd charge you for the chance."

"Can't even help with the potato-bugs?" Hernie went on, merrily.

"Them bugs," said Arpeggio, "is trained bugs. Them little cusses—"

"Shut up," said Hernie. "I come to talk business."

It did not occur to Arpeggio to suggest a seat, or to Hernie to expect it. He elevated one foot to a saw-horse, shut one eye, selected from somewhere a sliver, dedicate now to dental ministrations. And to the complete bewilderment of his host, Hernie told him that "they" wanted him to run again for city commissioner.

"You *do*?" said Arpeggio. Wrinkled nose, one lifted brow, parted lips, head at one side, all confessed his amazement. "Why," said he, "you fellows has often give me to understand I act like a—like a horse in office."

"You do," said Hernie, smoothly; "you certainly do. But it's like this, Shadd. The old crowd wants Dodd—see? You can't beat Dodd—we can depend on him. But the reform element"—he made it sound anathema—"they're bound to put in somebody that 'll do us good—see?—and I guess they got it cinched. So, instead of fightin' 'em, we're goin' to leave 'em win out and then stick in you—see?—to hold the balance of power."

"Well, thunder!" said Arpeggio, "I thought you all thought I was crazy, slippin' in uplift on you and all like that—"

"You are," agreed Hernie, "but it's like this—see? Your kind of uplift stuff 'ain't queered nothin'—gettin' a circus here, low license, for the kids, like you done, standin' for a library, monkeyin' a little reform in the school—that ain't goin' to hurt nobody. You keep your hand offn the streets and the contracts and the appointments and the appropriations—see?—and you can slip over all the baby reform you want. We ain't too all-fired hidebound. We'll stand for some things—see?—as long as you understand the town is *ourn*."

On his foot, shod ponderously, Arpeggio knocked the earth from his hoe, extended the implement at arm's-length,

and leaned on the handle. He looked at his visitor mildly—almost sleepy was the droop of his slow lids.

"Say," said Arpeggio, "I wouldn't be commissioner to this here town again—not for a dillion dollars. They is dillions, ain't they?"

"Go on," said Hernie, and winked.

"Not," pursued Arpeggio—"not on your ambrotype. Why, man, I wouldn't be *bothered*!"

"He wants," said Hernie, addressing the unbounded blue, "he wants to be urged—by his lovin' friends."

"Here's Stack and Dodd, chasin' off to some fool commissioners' meetin' this minute, eatin' up their good time. I can't do it. I won't do it. Look at my potatoes—early Ohios and you can't beat 'em. Look at my strawberries groanin' for attention. I want to raise pigeons. I'm goin' to start an asparagus-bed. I wouldn't be commissioner again for all the graft folks thinks is in it. Go to thunder!" said Arpeggio, and hoed.

Within his loosely molded coat Hernie's shoulders shrank and expanded. He swaggered, he grinned, he came to rest with one hand on a plum-tree bough, one foot, sole out, crossing the other. "Say," said he, "coy one, drop that. It's all right. You shall be urged plenty enough."

"You poor bloke," said Arpeggio, "you can't take straight when you get it. Your ears is tuned to bluff, seems though. I hain't runnin'. Get me?"

Still Hernie grinned and even winked. "I'll tell the crowd how you stand," he said.

"You can tell the crowd," Arpeggio said, "that I 'ain't never once in my life had all the peanuts I could hold. I'm figgerin' on puttin' in a quarter-acre peanuts next year. They're a-goin' to keep me busy."

Still, as Hernie went he continued to smile knowingly. Having never heard of such an attitude, he had no conveniences for its registration. "I'll leave it be known," he had said, with a wave of his elbow and a briefly lowered eyelid, "that you'll think it over."

Arpeggio hoed indignantly. "Leave it be known *nothing*," he reiterated, to the soft staccato of his movements.

The heat was glorious, penetrating, voluptuous. The odor and hum of summer were besetting. He was swept by that tender humor of the mid-forenoon, part promise, part fulfilment, so that he paused, looked about him, breathed deep, was momentarily in intimate contact with who shall say what bright forces?

Gradually Arpeggio had become aware of a sound which, growing along the highway and mounting, had ceased at his gate. Then voices, shadows through the flowering currant. In some sweet prescience he moved forward and, under morning-glories, was confronted by two whose reality challenged his belief. There on his door-stone Miss Edith Granger, heroine of a complete set of his hopeless dreams and undemonstrated adulations. But however remote and transcendent a man perceives a woman to be, he never quite loses the savor of her presence until he has persuaded himself that it is not she who is remote, but he who has withdrawn from her, for a set of reasons occurring to him late, to be sure, but in time—thank Heaven, in time.

"Ah, Mr. Shadd," said Edith Granger, "are you here? Then you are not going in till this afternoon," and presented him to one of whom, in his exaltation, Arpeggio was but gropingly conscious, as of a glow, a fluff, a vibration, an influence—Miss Fleda Barnett, Judge Barnett's daughter, home from college, to stay in Banning. And, "We're going in now," Miss Granger added, "and we thought your mother might enjoy the ride and the meeting—"

The meeting. At last Arpeggio's mind caught and clung. They must mean the meeting of commissioners, in the city, where Dodd and Stack had gone.

"Oh yes," said he, weakly. "Yes—Ma!" he informally intoned.

Mrs. Shadd, cool-headed, ponderous, appeared, with one finger in a mail-order furniture-house catalogue. She was vast, brown-calicoed, low-collared, and her breathing showed through her abundance. In her face were serene years; lovely affirmations selected with a restrained art—love. For her gentle guests her homage was as honest as a

dog's homage. The conjunction of the four was exquisitely dramatic—in delicate inner drama—for Nature here made four climaxes expressive of her best.

The ladies sat in the shade and refused buttermilk. Arpeggio was conscious of the tender rose of Miss Fleda Barnett's linen gown, of the roses nodding in her hat, of her flashing smile. He was exquisitely conscious of the pure whiteness and the tranquil beauty of Miss Edith Granger. And he was poignantly, woundingly conscious of the clothes that he wore. He felt like a school-boy caught digging bait.

"Can't you come with us, Mrs. Shadd?" they were saying. "Do come with us," and enlarged on the wisdom of taking the air.

Mrs. Shadd thought not. She had beans a-baking. She had to get the new parlor furniture picked out while the sale was on. And, thereafter, Arpeggio heard:

"Well, then, you motor over with us, Mr. Shadd. Won't that be better than going over on the interurban, in the heat of the day—?"

All his fastnesses taken, Arpeggio heard himself saying, feebly: Sure. He might as well. Achieved the door, remembering acutely the patches on his garden trousers; returned, immaculate in what were naïvely his best clothes for all occasions. Then into the great bright car at the gate, Miss Barnett at the wheel, Miss Granger and Arpeggio side by side! A hard, white road to skim; twelve miles to unroll between Banning and the city; airs of heaven to breathe; sun and glory to descend; her voice to hear. Who would have said that he would find himself so? Arpeggio, feeling all, was fain to express it. He drew a deep breath.

"Well, I'll be jumped up!" said he.

Even the thought of the commissioners' meeting which he had scrupulously sought to evade could not breathe upon his fine elation.

"You must consider yourself very fortunate, Mr. Shadd—" Miss Granger was saying.

"I do," Arpeggio cut in, with a bow which a jolt of the car rendered, as it were, oblong. This gallantry she ac-

knowledge with a grave inclination of her head.

"—that the annual meeting of town commissioners is so near to Banning. It is a great opportunity."

"Sure," said Arpeggio. "That's right. Sure."

"Are Mr. Purcell and Mr. Mayhew as much interested as you are?" she inquired.

His glance shifted to her a shade uncomfortably. "Oh, Stack and Dodd, they've went to town already. They'll be there," he informed her.

"But of course this afternoon is the meeting that matters," Miss Barnett surprisingly threw back, over shoulder.

"Oh, sure it is. Sure," Arpeggio agreed. (What the dickens was the afternoon meeting to be about?)

Briefly he studied the bright and youthful hair and the white neck of Miss Fleda Barnett. Could *she* be going to the meeting? Why, but she was dressed good enough to be a actress. You didn't have to fuss with uplift when you was diked that way. Miss Granger was different. She was interested in libraries and all like that. Probably, he adjusted it, Judge Barnett's daughter was coming up to town to do some trading. (The word still lingers, like old essence, on the air of towns like Banning.)

"It will be," Miss Granger advanced, "a great inspiration."

"This," said Arpeggio, "is inspiration enough for me."

That time Miss Granger did not notice; or, if she noticed, gave no sign. "A hundred commissioners from all over the United States," she merely said, "talking of the welfare of the people."

"Go on!" said Arpeggio. "A hundred?"

Nor did she give sign of surprise at his unfamiliarity with this meeting of his to which he was being towed. "At least a hundred," she said, "besides the European commissioners. And all talking of better cities."

European commissioners. Arpeggio had never heard of them. He was deeply beyond his depth. After his fashion, he rescued himself. He smiled his winning, wrinkled, unforgettable smile, and lifted one shoulder.

"Better cities," he said, "better babies. Better berries. Miss Granger, you'd ought to see my new variety of Warfield strawberries. They'll bear next year. I'll bet all you'll bet that one of them berries 'll fill a little coffee-cup. And sweet!—say! Why, them berries—"

Miss Granger listened. She liked to hear Arpeggio talk. His drawl, his droll figures, his flickering brows. And as he talked she smiled and thought, and no one might know where her mind was resting.

"Gee!" said Miss Fleda Barnett, abruptly. "Look at the cars!"

She drew up in the line of machines before the hall where the commissioners were meeting. Arpeggio, being transfixed at her word, scrambled from the car, regarding her. For she was not here for trading—she was going to the meeting. And Arpeggio marveled that a woman who talked like that—free, young, kiddish, he formulated it—and looked like this—he swelled with pride as he handed her to the sidewalk—and drove a car as she drove, should give a hang about a commissioners' convention. What was the game? He touched Miss Edith Granger's hand reverently. She was exquisite, like a woman in a clothier's advertisement of a society event, he thought. Yet here she was, interested, as alert as if she were going to a party. What *was* the game?

The hall which they entered was filled. Arpeggio stared. How many had turned out. He wondered why. The whole thing had sounded to him inconceivably stupid. In the lobby two or three came forward to speak to Edith Granger. It was she who moved to a table where a bald, bored man sat, behind a few remaining badges. It was she who presented Arpeggio to this man, and the man ornamented Arpeggio with a yellow badge which bore his office and his State in black letters.

"We cannot sit with you, but you can sit with us," Miss Granger said to Arpeggio, graciously. "They have given me a box."

Now Arpeggio had never before sat in a box. His ultimate elegance had been the grand stand, to which, on his election to commissionership, he had graduated from the bleachers. Like Banning, he

considered boxes "affected." Anything that was affected, like a teacher who was partial, was beyond consideration. He emerged upon that eyrie with a choking sense that the multitude was looking at him. He sat down abruptly, and all the while he was making sure that the pin in his cravat was safely placed. After him, the ladies fluttered to their seats. But for these three, the box was empty.

"That is he now," said Fleda Barnett, excitedly. "That's Bayliss speaking. How simply *splim* that we haven't missed him."

Simply *splim*. Simply *splim*. Arpeggio said it over, the while he scanned a program which was thrust into his hands. And *who* was Bayliss?

As a matter of fact, there, just at first, it mattered to him very little who Bayliss was. Arpeggio was deep in other reflections. A box. Affected it might be, but also it was grand. He looked along the row of boxes, at the attentive, even

absorbed, faces—men, women, and, above all, young women, who looked—Arpeggio wonderingly took it in—as if they were "nice people." His eye rested contentedly on his companions. His back straightened. He was a commissioner among commissioners, in a box with ladies. Arpeggio was touched by his first sense of social importance. He was glad that he had come. What were they talking, up there on the platform, though?

After all, it seemed, they had missed Bayliss, whoever he was. His address was drawing to a close. Before Arpeggio had fairly discovered that the attention of the audience was centered, not on him, but on Bayliss, he had stopped speaking, and the audience was in motion. They had arrived just before the noon recess.

Turning to address some word to his companions, Arpeggio was struck dumb. For he beheld Miss Fleda Barnett, with her bag open in her lap, in one hand a



"I WOULDN'T BE COMMISSIONER AGAIN—NOT FOR A DILLION DOLLARS"

mirror, in one a powder-puff; and she was unconcernedly powdering her nose, in the faces of the departing multitude. Arpeggio had never seen a woman in the act of powdering her nose. He had seen many who, obviously, had assumed this powder, or had had it assumed for them. But here was Fleda powdering before him, before all. And talking:

"What a corking audience!" she was saying. "A lot of dead-wood fossils in it, of course—on every charity list in the country and don't know yet that they're robbing their towns like bandits. But just *look* at the rest of them. Every little old up-and-coming worker in the city is here. Isn't it *splim*?"

The sophomoric, the superstressing, Arpeggio missed. But he looked and listened dumbly. Here was Miss Fleda Barnett acting like a chorus-girl and talking not unlike one, as to phrasing. And yet she was feeling something about the meeting of commissioners from which this commissioner was hopelessly remote. Old standards danced, as if they were being delicately weighed—but by what scale?

"Oh, Mr. Bayliss!" said Edith Granger.

And there was Bayliss—whoever Bayliss was—in their box, and Arpeggio was being presented, was being included in an invitation to lunch, was being drawn along and absorbed by others, waiting in a passage. And there he was at table, in an adjacent café, with, say, a dozen "nice" people, the kind with whom he had wistfully longed to be since, as a youngish man, he had come up alone to the city, with five dollars in his pocket to blow in, and nobody to blow it on. He glowed.

He wist not what he ate. Ordinarily he would have been concerned in agony to know whether he was using the spoon that was the spoon, but never, never concerned quite soon enough to observe another before he made his own choice. Now he was intent on straightening the names of those whom he had met, lest he miss his advantages. One or two he recognized—Cretish, one of the city commissioners; Plunkett, a landscape fellow from New York, whose name he had seen in the head-lines. And a charming woman on his left he now

heard addressed as Mrs. Ebens, and divined that she must be *the* Mrs. Ebens of the city. To her he turned his face in some reverence. Until this moment he would have expected her to be perpetually dressing or driving to a ball. Yet here she was, also. *What was the game?*

He set himself to be agreeable to Mrs. Ebens. But first he must make sure.

"Mrs. Ebenezer Ebens, I believe," said he. "The wholesale man?"

"Yes," said the lady.

"Well," said Arpeggio, "it's real nice to be eating here alongside of you."

"Thanks," said the lady. "You, I think they told me, are one of the Banning commissioners?"

"I am," said Arpeggio, and straightened shoulders never so little. Here was social prestige for which he had hungered. He was a man among men, women, and commissioners. No need to mention that in a few months he would be out. "Of course," he added, patronizingly, "Banning's a poor little one-horse sort of town."

He was treated to a full look from the handsome and singularly penetrating eyes of Mrs. Ebenezer Ebens.

"Then," she said, "I suppose you are in exactly the position to make it better, are you not?"

Arpeggio laughed enjoyably. Quite a nice come-back, the lady had, it seemed.

"What's the matter with Banning?" she pursued. "How many people has it?"

"Five thousand six hundred and one," replied Arpeggio—he could tell you all the physical statistics of his town. "And you can bet the folks are all right, too," he added. "They're just Old Business, every one of 'em. But the town! Slow? Say!"

Mrs. Ebens touched at her pâté, at the stem of her glass, and finally gave her whole attention to Arpeggio.

"You speak," she said, mildly, "as if the town and the people are separate."

Arpeggio was uncertain how to treat this. So he laughed. That, he had found, was safe and proved you good-natured.

"Talkin' of people," he said, easily, "Say! I never saw so many out to this kind o' thing. It's always like pullin' teeth to get folks out to a convention—



"WELL, THEN, YOU MOTOR OVER WITH US, MR. SHADD"

that don't make 'em any money." It occurred to him to get her point of view. He waved his hand about the table. He leaned toward her. "What's the game?" he confidentially inquired.

But already—or was it not quite already?—she was looking beyond him to Bayliss, and Bayliss was speaking.

"—nice little place," he said, "at the

foot of the mountain. Every advantage the earth could yield them. And, by Jove! they turned their faces on the whole prospect and squeezed that little town dry for what they could make it earn."

Miss Fleda Barnett spoke with her air of unflinching ease. "That's like Banning," she said. "Isn't it, Mr. Shadd?"

Whereupon Bayliss turned his mild, considering eyes on Arpeggio and repeated. "Yes, Banning. Tell us, Mr. Shadd, about Banning."

And there was Arpeggio, who, two hours back, had confidently expected to spend the day cultivating the earth, there he was, looking into the faces of at least a dozen "nice" people; and Bayliss — whoever Bayliss was — expected him to tell them about Banning, while Miss Edith Granger and Miss Fleda Barnett were served to salad and listened.

Arpeggio's face did that with which it always met embarrassment. His eyebrows lifted, his eyelids drooped, obscuring his eyes; his mouth, as he spoke, assumed the crooked line of his preparation to smile; and he swallowed.

"Well, sir," he said, "Banning is this kind of place: If two of the business men met on the street, and both spoke to once proposing the same thing, they'd both switch off and claim they misspoke, rather 'n to agree with each other. Every place but Banning they's only four directions. But Banning has got just as many directions to kick out in as it has got folks to do the kickin'."

"No public spirit," said Bayliss.

"Public spirit?" repeated Arpeggio. "Say! If you was to come to Banning with the earth for sale half-price, they wouldn't go in on it together."

"What's the matter with Banning?" asked Bayliss. "Give us your idea of the remedy, Mr. Shadd."

Arpeggio considered, with an air of fairness. What was the matter with Banning?

"What ails it, my idea," he said, "is because it 'ain't got no public spirit. And it 'ain't got no public spirit on account of what ails it."

"Precisely," said Bayliss. And their laughter warmed the heart of Arpeggio like May.

Encouraged, he spoke again. "Banning," said he, "is all right on the morals of the folks. The homes, you understand. It's all right on the business of the merchants. The individual houses, you understand. But when you come to town decency and business co-operation — say! Believe me, there ain't it."

Bayliss nodded absently. "It's the picture of a lot of them," he said.

Positively kindled, Arpeggio went forward. "Banning," said he, with a frown and a sidewise look—"Banning is a very peculiar town, though. In this way—Banning is very, ve-ry conservative."

To his surprise, they all laughed spontaneously, enjoyably.

"Not a little town in the country," said Bayliss, "whose inhabitants won't tell you confidentially that their town is peculiarly conservative."

"Is *that* so?" said Arpeggio, his jaw dropping.

The talk drifted away from him. Bayliss became absorbed in a housing chart which Miss Granger was showing him. Mrs. Ebens was talking with Plunkett on a river-front improvement. Across the table Miss Fleda Barnett and a good-looking young fellow were discussing the adaptation of the English half-timbered shops to use in small American cities.

The idea was born to Arpeggio that these people were talking of things of which he had never heard. What did he know of the fragments which reached him from Cretish about breathing-spaces and recreation-piers? And yet was he not a commissioner, even as Cretish? He straightened, and looked smilingly from one to another, seeking an opening. But not a conversation was in progress into which he could have dipped to save his life. What in time was a public-welfare committee? He was a city commissioner, but there existed among these others a freemasonry of understanding of things which he had never conjectured. He bit his lips, pressing two fingers flatly upon them, and looked intently at the others.

"They all act so darn familiar with different things," thought Arpeggio.

But it was characteristic of him that he was not scornful of them. He was inquiring, rather, and wholly wistful.

On the way back to the hall he found himself beside Bayliss. And Bayliss was talking on something like this:

"Business interests have thought they could get along by themselves. If a man had a store, he put in a good stock, advertised well, and thought that was all



"IT'S REAL NICE TO BE EATING HERE ALONGSIDE OF YOU"

there was to it. He co-operated in exchange, in banking, and so on—but he sold alone. Naturally, when he began to get the radiant idea of selling co-operation, it's gone to his head and he's abusing it. But wait. It's taken him a long time to see that little string of shops on either side of him. It's taking him still longer to see the rest of the town. The thing is to get 'em all co-operating—the folks and their enterprises and their plans for their children. This isn't just morals. It's good business. By George! it must be wonderful to be the commissioner of a little town these days, and find ways to string things together—"

Arpeggio listened. There were, he felt, things which he ought to be able to say in reply. If he could only think what! Finally he did think of something:

"They's a lot o' new-fangled notions goin' these days," he submitted. "Keeps a fellow jumpin' to clip in on 'em. I like it," he confessed, broadly.

Bayliss, that big Bayliss, suddenly put his hand on the other man's shoulder.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," he said.

In the lobby the party passed Stack Mayhew and Dodd Purcell, leaning stiffly against the wall, and alone.

Arpeggio, pressing closer to Bayliss, nodded at them casually with, "How are you, fellows?" and passed grandly on. Then he was overcome to hear Miss Granger's voice:

"Here are Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Purcell! Wait, please. I want you all to meet these two commissioners."

Dodd and Stack, ducking from the shoulders, put out hands to all that party, who greeted them with a casual friendliness greatly puzzling to Arpeggio. Indeterminately, he felt that Dodd and Stack and, just possibly, he himself were different from the others. Yet not one of these was aloof, not one of these, he said it to himself, put on any "side." Could these strangers be making up to him, and to Dodd and Stack? When they were all seated together, Arpeggio's face wore an inquiring frown. *What was the game?*

On the great canvas stretched across the hall abruptly a picture dawned. A long street, lined with one-and-two-story shops; at the doors groceries and fruits and meat displayed; overhead lights and wires; a half-dozen billboards. He was shot through with the pang of recognition. It was Banning—the main street of Banning. There was the popcorn-wagon. There was the dog-wagon. There was Stille Bale's, and

Jed Thom's garage, and the bank. A Banning residence street, the schools and other public buildings and the two factories followed. "Typical Town of Today," the caption said.

As he listened, frowningly, Arpeggio was stung by a phrase of the speaker's:

"The excellent factory sites in such towns will not be long overlooked, but the overcrowding consequent to factory location—"

Factory sites, eh? Factory location. Grand! If Banning just had another factory or two, it 'd make the town—make it. Like enough some of these folks was looking round for a big bonus, or a low tax-rate the first year, and they was for softening up the Banning commissioners. Dodd and Stack it would be easy enough to flatter like the dickens. Miss Granger and Miss Barnett could be taken in, same as angels. But he, Arpeggio, would be onto them fast enough. There couldn't none of 'em take in A. Shadd, if it come to any factory-site proposition. He dreamed a dream of securing a colossal factory for Banning, and this at signal terms, and under the very noses of Stack and Dodd, the practical—

"Look," said Bayliss, as if the great man knew that Arpeggio's attention had wandered.

On the screen stood a noble building—simple, small, but really noble. Not Greek, not ancient, not imported at all. "Banning as Yet Unrealized," the caption said, and "A Possible City Hall." Then came possible other buildings, a library, a municipal theater, a row of little shops uniform and yet various, a strip of park and picnic-ground, a drive round the Point to the little lake. Then the pictures went somewhere else. Went to other little towns whose beautiful, simple buildings, set in green of tree and vine, gave to Arpeggio his first intimation that because a town is little it need not be ugly. But all the time that mention of factory sites haunted Arpeggio. When the lights came back he turned to Bayliss.

"One of you folks interested in a factory proposition in Banning?" it was on his lips to inquire. Before he could utter this, Bayliss spoke to him.

"Miss Granger had those Banning

pictures made," he said, "at her own expense. She colored the plates herself—perfect examples of what might be done with the average town. Banning owes Miss Granger a good deal."

Miss Granger had had those pictures made. Arpeggio grasped this, and for a space he considered. Then he turned and looked into the beautiful eyes of Miss Edith Granger. And he was moved, as he had never been moved by tears of woman, to see tears in those beautiful eyes.

"Banning," she said, "might be like that, Mr. Shadd."

Tears—tears in the eyes of this glorious woman because Banning might be like that and was not. What was this? Did people *care*? Did she care?

"I had Mr. Plunkett over yesterday," she said, "to look about. He saw it—he thinks it can be done. But he says that we must buy up the land beyond the bridge, on the river-front, so that no factory will get in there and spoil everything—"

Arpeggio listened.

"If we could call a meeting while Mr. Bayliss is here in the West," she continued, "he would come and talk about that—he said that he would."

So, then, it wasn't Plunkett or Bayliss—

"And Mrs. Ebens says that her husband is thinking of locating a factory at Banning, but he promises to keep away from the river-front, if we want it for a park—"

Full upon Arpeggio, as he sat groping, Edith Granger turned.

"And you, Mr. Shadd," she said, "are the one to help us."

Through Arpeggio went some terrific new fire of emprise. He knew it, nebulous, unmistakably derived from Miss Edith Granger's tears, yet abruptly convincing him, enlisting him. Operative for her was some force of which he had been all ignorant. It moved upon him, less an idea than an effulgence. He looked about him. Did any of the rest take it the way that she did? His eye swept the row, the hall, and he saw that the people, sitting quiet within the spell which the hour had made, were perhaps not quite as he had facilely imaged them. They were going to sing,



"BANNING," SHE SAID, "MIGHT BE LIKE THAT, MR. SHADD "

and he got to his feet. And, as they sang, something of the incorruptible spirit of that meeting caught the little man, and indefinitely he felt the commanding forces which flowed upon that audience.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears—

Faint and lovely there came breathing upon him some sense of the incomparable romance stirring in the little towns, the great towns of his land. And he stood shaken by his first sense of the patriotism which builds, builds to music, builds with all the quickening and kindling of marching feet; and builds to-morrow. Was this the way that Miss Granger was feeling? And these others, of the luncheon party? *Was this the game?*

"It's something the way I felt when I got that circus for the kids of Banning," he pathetically thought.

Arpeggio was in the grasp of a great determination. He was bursting to give it expression. As they made their way up the aisle, his dog-like eyes looked into Edith Granger's and he spoke from the fullness of his heart:

"I'll be jumped up if we don't start somethin'!" he said.

Stack and Dodd, it seemed, were also

to ride home in the car with Miss Barnett and Miss Granger. While they were bidding the others good-by Miss Fleta Barnett sat waiting at the wheel, and as she waited she powdered her nose. The others parted with happy talk and laughter. Miss Edith Granger, exquisite, serene, stepped to the car. Bayliss called his farewell—the man was genuine, voice and heart. Tentatively Arpeggio grasped it: Here were no reformers, no more than his mother was a reformer when she sought to refurnish her parlor. Here were those who liked the game, who had delight in what they dreamed.

The three men sat in the tonneau, and went down the red ways of sunset, the gold-green ways of smitten leaves and grass.

"Quite some of a meetin'," said Stack. "Must have been a hundred of us commissioners out."

"A lot of nice idees and a lot of rot," said Dodd. "Say, some of those fellows was bugs and bats, wasn't they?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Arpeggio. "I don't know."

He drew down his chin, made his cheek taut, and rubbed it reflectively, audibly.

At the City Hall Stack and Dodd were deposited, and it was then that Stack said:



HE FELT HIMSELF IN GREAT CLEAR SPACES

"Much obliged for the ride home, I'm sure. 'Sorry we lied about you, Shadd. We told the ladies you wasn't goin' in.'"

As the car kept on Arpeggio turned these words in his mind. Then Miss Granger and Miss Barnett had known that he was not— Then they had come to his house on purpose that morning. He looked at their perfect hair, their erect, well-covered shoulders.

They had deliberately carried him off to that meeting.

But he was unresentful and wonderfully content. When, as they went up Cook Street, Miss Granger turned to address him, she found him smiling. As he was set down at his gate he could not resist it.

"Much obliged for kidnappin' me and takin' me over," he said, his droll wrinkled eyes atwinkle.

They gravely bowed, but above the sound of the motor as it rolled away he thought—and could not be quite sure—that he heard Miss Fleda Barnett laugh.

Under the locusts and box-alders bordering the road Arpeggio discerned a figure slouching, swaggering toward him, a good-natured face grinning. It was Hernie Nichol, going home to supper.

"Say!" said Hernie, "I told the fellows you was cinched—with a little due persuadin'."

Arpeggio leaned on the picket gate.

His face was serene, even absent. A vine of sweetbriar grew by the fence, and he fingered this sweetbriar and sniffed at his fragrant finger-tips.

"Hello, Hernie!" he said. "Beats all about this stuff, how nice it smells on your hands. Rose geranium same way. Lemon verbenas, too. I must get me a lemon verbenas—"

"Well," said Hernie, "for cat's sake, get it. I got to eat my supper."

"Say, Hernie," said Arpeggio, and in his eyes Hernie might have observed—and did not do so—a sudden light to visit. "*All right. All right.*" Arpeggio leaned to say it with an emphasis eloquent, revealing.

Hernie caught the tone.

"You'll run?" he said. "Sure you will. Might as well have it understood between us. Then you can hang off all you want."

And now Arpeggio's voice was so loud that Hernie glanced over shoulder, to the pleasant empty fields and the cows waiting at the bars.

"Might as well have something else understood between us, Nichol," Arpeggio said. "If I get the office again, I'm likely to join in and help turn this town bottom side up—streets, treasury, appointments, appropriations, and the whole cheese."

Hernie smiled. "Sure," he said.

"Spout the reform guff all you want beforehand."

Arpeggio regarded him pleasantly.

"You heard what I said," he observed, succinctly. "Remember that I mean it. That's all."

"Queer guy," said Hernie to himself, under more locusts and box-alders, "but safe—safe. He'll get in in a walk, too."

Arpeggio went up the path and looked across his garden of fresh earth and fresh green, two-toned with long shadows and late sun. Doves curved in the air and dipped to the gravel. There breathed the inner perfume of a country afternoon.

But for once he was not conscious of these. His eyes were on the sky beyond the clustered roofs of the little town. Above those roofs, arch upon arch, rose another and a fairer town, which for the first time that day he had visioned, a town of indefinable towers. He felt himself in great, clear spaces, wide, clean spaces, where a man might move free.

The brick-yard whistle blew for six o'clock. A little boy going along the road dragged a stick briskly on the fence pickets. Mrs. Shadd came to the door with a knife in her hand.

"Corn cakes and syrup," she called. "It's all ready when you are."

To An Italian Statue

(IN A GARDEN BY THE SEA AT SOUTHAMPTON)

BY EMERY POTTLE

WAS the slow shattered surge of the sea in your ears
 In the beautiful years
 Of your sculptured youth—
 In the beautiful, blissful years
 Of Italy—

Summer and sorrow and sunlight and tears?

Were the sadness and sheen of gardens soft in your eyes,
 As the beautiful skies
 Of your sculptured youth—
 As the beautiful bending skies
 Of Italy

Stain marble pools with dim dawns and moonrise?

Was the scent of the sea and of flowers on the wind's faint flight
 Through the beautiful night
 Of your sculptured youth—
 Through the beautiful, unburdened night
 Of Italy—

Stars and sweet birds and the plaint of love's plight?

Do you dream and remember, still dream with passionless tears
 Of the beautiful years
 Of your sculptured youth—
 Of the beautiful, vanished years
 Of Italy—

Here in the sadness and sheen of my garden,
 With the surge of my sea in your ears?

Speculations

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY



WHEN"—in words of the old song—"we survey the world around, the wondrous things that there abound," and especially the developments of these last years, there must come to some of us a doubt whether civilization is going to have a future. Mr. Lowes Dickenson, in a very able book called *The Choice Before Us*, has outlined the alternate paths which the world may tread after this war—the path of "National Militarism" or the path of "International Pacifism." He has pointed out with great force the terrible dangers on the first of these two paths, the ruinous strain and ultimate destruction which a journey down it will inflict on every nation. But holding, like myself, a brief for the second path, he was not, in that book, at all events, concerned to point out the dangers which beset it. Man is instinctively averse to committing himself definitely to any particular direction, and no doubt the world will go wabbling on between these two paths much as it did in the past, but with a decided and immediate leaning toward the latter; not so much from deliberate choice as from natural reaction after a ruinous dash down the former. The world is never doctrinaire, human nature never uniform—it will never as one man join the Salvation Army. Sheer exhaustion, and disgust with suffering, sacrifice, and sudden death, will almost surely force us all into some sort of international quietude and order, and for the first time in the history of man organized justice, such as for many centuries has ruled the relations between individuals, may begin to rule the relations between states, and free us from war for a period which with good fortune may be almost indefinitely prolonged. The perpetuation of a great change like that in the life of mankind is, like the perpetuating of

smaller changes, very much a question of getting an adequate machinery of law into running order; something which men can see is there and pin their faith to; something to which they can get used and feel that they would miss if it were dissolved; something which works and has proved its utility. If an international court of justice, backed by international force, makes good in the settlement of two or three national disputes, allays two or three crises, it will with each success be the firmer and more difficult to uproot; it may very well become as much a matter of course in the eyes of the nations as our national courts of justice are in the eyes of individual citizens.

Making, then, the large but by no means hopeless assumption that such a change may come, how is the life of civilized man going to "pan out"?

In *Erewhon*, Samuel Butler's amusing satire on civilization, there is a country, "Nowhere," whose inhabitants had broken up all machinery, abandoned the use of money, and lived in a strange Elysium of health and beauty.

I confess that I often wonder how, without something of the sort, modern man is to be prevented from being exploited to death by the physical and economic machinery he has devised for his benefit. The problem for modern man becomes more and more the problem of becoming master, not slave, of his own civilization; for the history of the last hundred and fifty years is surely one long story of ceaseless banquet and acute indigestion. Certain Roman emperors are popularly supposed to have taken emetics during their feasts, that they might regain their appetites; it would appear that modern man has not that cynical wisdom, or perhaps his appetite is so insatiable that he does not mind feeling sick all the time.

Few will deny, certainly not this writer, that to be clean, warm, well fed,

healthy, decently leisured, and free to move quickly about the world are pure benefits. These are presumably the prime objects of man's toil and ingenuity, the ideals supposed to be served by the discovery of steam, electricity, modern industrial machinery, telephony, flying—all those amazing conquests of the present age which have crowded one on the other so fast that we have never had time to assimilate and digest them. Each as it came we have hailed as an incalculable benefit to mankind, and so it was, or would have been if modern man had not the appetite of a cormorant and the assimilative powers of an elderly gentleman. Our civilization is in a state of chronic dyspepsia, which, in spite of all our science—maybe because of our science—is rapidly increasing. We discover, and hurl our discoveries broadcast at a society utterly uninstructed in the proper use of them. Take an instance from Britain—the discovery of the spinning-jenny, whence came the whole system of Lancashire cotton-factories which drained the countryside of peasants and caused that deterioration of physique from which as yet there has been no recovery. Here was an invention which was to effect a tremendous saving of labor and be a great benefit to mankind. Exploited by greedy persons without knowledge, scruple, or humanity, it also caused untold miseries and grievous national harm. That and similar inventions have been the forces which dotted beautiful counties of England with the blackest and most ill-looking towns in the world, changed the proportion of country to town dwellers from about three as against two in 1761, to two as against seven in 1911. And parallels can no doubt be found in the history of America. The standard of wealth has gone up, of course. A few years ago in America I heard a colored man on a ferry-boat complaining of his weekly wage: "Fohteen dollars! What kin yeh do with fohteen dollars?" Fifty-six shillings a week. There were still plenty of English agricultural laborers then getting fourteen shillings a week. I once had a long talk with one of our very old shepherds on the South Downs, whose youth and early married life were lived on eight shillings (two dollars) a week;

and he was no exception. The standard of wealth may have gone up, though money purchases much less than it used to; but has the standard of health? Has the standard of beauty, or the standard of happiness? They certainly might have, with proper use and understanding, but, as a matter of fact, have they? I think not, in Britain, among the great bulk of the population; I doubt if they have in any European country.

Or take the discovery of flying. To what use has it been put, so far? To practically none save the destruction of life. About five years before the war some of us in England tried to initiate an international movement to ban the use of flying for military purposes. The effort was entirely abortive. The fact is that man has never gone in front of events, has always insisted on buying experience through hard facts. And I am inclined to think that we shall continue to advance backward unless we operate on our inventors and render their genius sterile until such time as we have mastered, digested, and learned to use for our real benefit the inventions of the last century or so; until, in sum, we know how to run our machines of every sort in a sane way instead of letting them run us. But since such an operation is a policy of perfection which will never be undertaken by any nation with a sense of humor, our only chance will be the international banning of certain deadly dangers, under pain of instant and universal boycott; and the establishment in every country of some wise, controlling agency which shall make sure that no inventions are exploited under conditions obviously harmful to men, either within or without the country of use. Suppose, for instance, that the spinning-jenny had come before such a board of wisdom, one imagines they might have said, "If you want to use this thing, you must satisfy us that your employees are going to work under conditions favorable to health." Or take the introduction of rubber. They might have said: "You are bringing in this new and evidently very useful article. We shall send out and see the conditions under which you obtain it." And, having seen, they would have added, "You will alter those

conditions, and use the natives humanely, or we will ban your use of this article."

The history of modern civilization shows, I think, that while we can only trust individualism to produce discovery, we absolutely cannot trust it to apply discovery without some sort of State check in the interests of health and happiness. Certain results of inventions and discoveries cannot, of course, be foreseen, but national boards of control which comprised the first brains of the generation could foresee a good many and save mankind from the most rampant evils which arise from raw and unconsidered exploitation. The child who discovers that there is such a thing as candy, if left to itself, can only be relied on to make itself and its companions sick.

Let us stray for a moment into the realms of art; for I understand that the word Art is claimed for what we call the "film"! This new discovery went as you please for a few years in the hands of inventors and commercial agents. In these few years a rampant public taste for cowboy, crime, and Chaplin films has been developed, so that a commission which has just been sitting on the matter in England finds as a conclusion that the public will not put up with more than a ten-per-cent. proportion of educational film in the course of an evening's entertainment. Now the film as a means of transcribing actual life of all sorts is admittedly of absorbing interest and great educational value; but, owing to a false start, we cannot get it swallowed in more than extremely small doses as a food and stimulant, while it is gulped down as a drug or irritant. As to the film's value as art, I am skeptically trying to keep an open mind. All that one can say at present is that the case is non-proven. A film is a very restless thing, and I cannot think of any work of art, as hitherto we have understood the word, to which that description could be applied, unless perchance it be a Wagner opera, which to me has ever seemed a bastard. When we think that art has existed for very many thousand years, if we remember that the Cro-Magnon men of Europe decorated the walls of their caves quite beautifully, we see that

art is indeed long; and that it must always require the verdict of at least a generation to tell us what is art and what is not, among the new experiments which are continually being made. When I was watching the great American film "Intolerance" I kept on wondering whether I was getting anything from it emotionally that I could not have got much more intensely from ordinary drama. I came to the conclusion that I was not. But I was certainly getting from it a more rapid and extensive brushing-up of knowledge than I should have got in two or three hours from a stage play. In other words, its value to me was educational, not esthetic—always supposing that the knowledge I gained was correct. Almost the next evening I saw Captain Beazley's film of his marvelous South American wanderings. That I found to be pure educational gain from beginning to end. Judging from those two films, I felt that the proper function of the cinema was the broadening of the mind through the presentation of life as it is. The film, of course, is in its first youth, but, honestly, I see no signs as yet that it will ever overcome, in the art sense, the handicap of its physical conditions so as to equal or surpass in depth the emotionalizing power of ordinary drama. But since it takes the line of least resistance and makes a rapid, lazy, superficial appeal to the mind, through the eye, instead of through the spoken word, it may very well oust the drama. And to my thinking, of course, that will be all to the bad.

During the filming of my own play, "Justice," I attended rehearsal to see Mr. Gerald du Maurier play the cell scene. In that scene there is not a word spoken in the play, so that there is no difference in kind between the appeal of play and film. But I was at least twice as much affected by the live rehearsal for the film as when I saw the dead result of that rehearsal on the film itself. The film sweeps up into itself a far wider surface of life in a far shorter space of time; but the medium is flat, and has no blood in it, and in my experience no amount of surface and quantity in art ever makes up for lack of depth and quality.

One dwells on the film because it is a pretty good illustration of the whole tendency of modern civilized life under the too rapid development of machines. Roughly speaking, our life seems to be turning up yearly more and more ground to less and less depth.

There is an American expression "highbrow," which, complimentary in origin, has become in some sort a term of contempt, as we use the word academic. Doubts and speculations on the trend of modern life are liable to be labeled "highbrow" at once, and to drop like water off a duck's back. There is an idea, I think, that any one who doubts our triumphant progress must be tabooed for a pedant. That does not alter the fact, however, that we are getting feverish, rushed, and complicated. We have multiplied conveniences to such an extent that we do nothing but produce them and leave ourselves no time to "live" and enjoy. We mistake "life" for living. We were rattling into a new species of barbarity when the war came, and may perhaps continue to rattle after it is over. It is herd-life in every country which is working the change; herd-life based on machines, money, and the dread of being dull. Every one knows how fearfully strong that dread is. But to be capable of being dull is in itself a disease. All modern life seems, in a way, to be a process of creating disease, then finding a remedy for that disease, which in its turn creates another disease, demanding fresh remedy, and so on. We pride ourselves, for example, on modern sanitation; but what is modern sanitation if not one huge palliative and preventive of evils which have arisen from herd-life; and does it not enable herd-life to be intensified? That old shepherd on our South Downs had probably never even come into contact with modern sanitation, yet he was very old, very hardy, very healthy, and very contented. He had a sort of inner life and satisfaction that we moderns have nearly all of us lost, and how we are ever to get it back again I do not know. The true elixirs—for there be two, I think—are open-air life and a proud pleasure in one's work; and the trouble is that we have evolved a mode of existence in which it is comparatively rare to find those two

conjoined. In old countries such as Britain the evil is at present vastly more accentuated than it is in a new country such as America. On the other hand, the itch which most men have to go to hell is such that the farther off they are from that Elysium the faster they seem to run toward it; and, I take it, machines are now driving America on even more rapidly than they are driving Europe. America has tremendous space to cover; it must take her perhaps two or three generations yet to get into Britain's state of congestion, but that she will reach it I doubt not, unless modern civilization begins to take itself very severely in hand. We are, I suppose, awakening to the dangers of "Gadarening"—rushing down the high cliff into the sea, possessed by the devils of machinery; but if any man would see how slender is the hold of our alarm, let him ask himself how much of the present mode of existence he is prepared to alter—not in the lives of other people, but in his own. Altering the habits of other people seems to be a most delightful occupation; one would have the greatest hopes of the future if we had nothing before us but that. We have capital vision for the motes in other eyes. Indeed, if we were to pile the intolerant one on the other, they would reach to that moon they wish for. Ah! and if only, having reached it, they could be forced to take up abode there! And this writer would be of the company, for he is hopelessly intolerant of intolerance! We are all ready to burn houses down if we can make sure of our opponents being at home in them—like the long-ago Irishman in Froude, a Geraldine or Desmond, who, when indicted for burning down the cathedral at Armagh, defended himself thus: "As for the cathedral, 'tis true I burned it, but sure an' I wouldn't have, only they told me the archbishop was inside."

Seriously, how to get ourselves reformed without reforming other people or being reformed by them—two processes of which one knows not which is the more objectionable—is one of the puzzles of the future. Moreover, even the legitimate province of reformers is strictly limited to the negative activities of securing evidence for the public eye,

and working for the prohibition by law of acts manifestly cruel, dishonest, or otherwise anti-social; and, granted that the word anti-social embraces everything obviously baneful, still, it hardly includes the prevailing mood of men's minds or the prevailing trend of their civilization. We can certainly not force men to live in the open, or to take a proud pleasure in their work, or to enjoy beauty, or not to concentrate themselves on making money. No amount of legislation will make us "lilies of the field" or "birds of the air," or prevent us from worshipping false gods, or neglecting to reform ourselves. The only hope lies in what we call education. Unfortunately, in order to educate, one must oneself be educated. "Democracy, at present, offers the spectacle of a man running down a road followed at a more and more respectful distance by his own soul." For democracy I should have used the broader words "modern civilization." For modern civilization has so far lent itself flaccidly to the habit of redress after the event, blindly groped itself into holes which were avoidable, and has to pull itself painfully out, only to blunder into others. It foresees nothing. It is at present purely empirical, if one may be forgiven for using a "high-brow" word.

Politics are popularly supposed to govern the direction, and politicians to be the guardian angels, of civilization. This is an error; they have little or no power over its growth. They are of it and move with it. Their concern is rather with the body than with the mind—or shall we say soul?—of a national organism. We have at present no fixed point a little higher than medium from which leverage can be applied or direction given to general tastes. Politically speaking, America has the best Constitution yet discovered; not, perhaps, a better type of politician, but certainly a Constitution superior to ours. America has in the person of her elected President a real central force which can operate with swiftness and decision, and bring in practically all the advantages of autocracy without in any way departing from the principle of government of the people by the people for the people. The British Prime Minister's position is not

nearly so detached, nor is his power so great or so swift.

Believing, as I do, that education, not politics, is the only agent capable of controlling or altering the direction of civilization, I think it a thousand pities that neither America nor Britain nor, so far as I know, any other nation, has as yet evolved machinery through which there might be elected a supreme director, or say a little board of three directors, of the nation's spirit, an educational president, as it were, with position and power analogous to that of America's elected political President. With us the Minister of Education is, as a rule, just an ordinary man of affairs, and member of the Government for the time being—though we happen at the moment to have an expert, an admirably different type of man. Why cannot education be regarded, like religion in the past, as something apart and very sacred; not merely a department of ordinary political administration? Ought not the heart and brains of a nation to be perpetually on the lookout to secure the election of the highest mind and finest spirit of the day? The appointment of such a man, or triumvirate of men, would certainly need a special sifting process of election, analogous to, but closer and more careful than, the American Presidential election by delegates. One might use for the purpose the actual body of teachers in the country, to elect delegates to finally select the flower of the national flock. It would be worth any amount of trouble to insure that we always had the best man or men. And when we had got them we should give them a mandate as real and substantial as America gives now to her political President. We should intend them not for mere lay administrators and continuers of custom,—but for true fountain-heads and initiators of higher ideals of conduct, learning, manners, and health. Hitherto the supposed direction of ideals—in practice almost none—has been left to religion. Religion as a motive force is at once too personal, too lacking in unanimity, and too specialized to control the educational needs of a modern state; moreover, religion, as I understand it, is essentially emotional and individual, and, when it becomes practical and

worldly, strays outside its true province and loses all force. Education, as I want to see it, would take over the control of social ethics, learning, and health, but make no attempt to usurp the emotional functions of religion. It would merely prevent religion from amateurish entrance into fields with which it has no direct concern.

America, in her political system, has established the very agency essential to the pressing out from democracy of the best that there is in it. She has, in working order, a sort of endless band of force—throwing up what is presumably the best American politician of the day till he forms a head or apex whence political virtue runs down again with accelerated swiftness into the toes of the people who elected him. She uses the principle of Nature herself, the symbol of which is neither the circle nor the spire, but circle and spire mysteriously conjoined.

But, if it be not politics so much as education which checks and changes our attitude to life, what we must do in every modern state, if we want to master our own civilization, is to establish in education that principle of Nature which America already follows in politics, and get an endless band of force and virtue into running order.

Talk and theorize as we will, we all know from every-day life and business that the real, the only real problem is to get the best men, the right men, to run the show. When we get them the show runs well; when we don't all is dust and ashes. The capital defect of modern civilization based on democracy is the difficulty of getting best men quickly enough. Democracy, to be sound, must secure and utilize not an autocracy, but an aristocracy of mind. The first, the really vital concern of the elected head of education would be the discovery and employment of the best men, best heads of schools and colleges, whose chief concern, in turn, would be the discovery and employment of best subordinates. The better the teacher the better the ideals. Indeed, the only hope of raising ideals is to raise the standard of teachers and teaching.

To readers in a land not one's own one has ever the fear of seeming as

strange and comic as was that native interpreter in Egypt who, when the authorities complained that he had overstayed his leave of absence, wrote back: "My absence is impossible. Some one has removed my wife. My God! I am annoyed!" Still, even the habitually cautious must take the risk of making a fool of himself sometimes; and I ramble on about such remote things as civilization, education, and the future, to American readers, for this reason: America, after the war, is going to be more emphatically than ever in material things the most important and powerful nation of the earth, and all, especially we British, have a legitimate and breathless interest in the use she will make of her power, the turn she will give to her civilization, the lead she will set. All these depend, not on her material wealth, not on her armed power, not even primarily on her world policy; they depend really on what the attitude toward life, and the ideals of her citizens, are going to be. Americans have one quality for which I look in vain in the Old World—eagerness and openness of mind; they have also, for all their absorption in success, the aspiring eye. They *do* want the good thing. These qualities, in combination with material strength, give America the chance to lead a world which, after the war, may—one hopes—be on the single plane of democratic development; but they impose on her a corresponding and rather awful responsibility. If she does not set her face firmly against "Gadarening," then we are all bound for downhill. If she goes in for spread-eagleism, if her aspirations are not at once both high and humble, toward quality, not quantity, we are all in danger of being commonized. If she should get that purse-and-power-proud fever which comes from national success and overfeeding, we are all bound for another world flare-up. The burden of proving that a democratic "live and let live" world-civilization can stand will be on her shoulders more than on those of any other nation. It will all depend on what Americans make of their inner life, on their individual habits of thought, on what they reverence and what they despise. If they despise meanness and cruelty, injustice

and oppression, shoddiness and blattancy; if they reverence chivalry, freedom, toleration, good order, and pride of work—America's star will shine before all the peoples not so blessed by fortune. She will be loved, not feared; she will lead in spirit and in truth, not in mere money and guns. She stands at the door of her real greatness, and she is malleable as yet, and will be for a long time to come. Is she to become a great statue, or a mere amorphous abortion? That is for America the long decision, a decision to be worked out not so much in her Senate and her Congress as in her homes and schools. On Americans, and America's conduct after the war, I verily believe the destiny of civilization for the next century will hang. She cannot take herself too seriously nor too humbly. If she mislays—indeed, if she does not improve—the power of self-criticism, that special dry American humor which the great Lincoln had, she will soon develop the intolerant provincialism which has so often been the bane of the earth and the undoing of great nations. If she gets a swelled head, the world will get cold feet. Above all, if she does not solve the problems of town life, of distribution of wealth, of national health, and of the mastery of our inventions, she is in for a cycle of mere anarchy, disruption, and dictatorships into which we shall all follow. The motto, "Noblesse oblige," applies as much to democracy as ever it did to the old-time aristocrat. It applies with terrific vividness to America. Great are the gifts bestowed on her by ancestry and nature. Behind her stand conscience, enterprise, independence, and adventure. Such were the companions of the first Americans, and are the comrades of the American citizens to this day. America has abounding energy, an unequalled spirit of discovery, a vast and wonderful country not half discovered. I remember sitting on a bench overlooking the Grand Cañon of Arizona, into which the sun was shining and snowstorms whirling all at once. All that most marvelous natural work of art was flooded to the brim with tawny gold, and white, and wine-dark shadows, so that the colossal carvings, as of huge rock-gods and beasts, along its sides were made living by the very mystery of the

light and darkness. I remember sitting there, and an old gentleman passing close behind, leaning a little toward me, and saying in a sly, gentle voice, "How are you going to tell it to the folks at home?" America has so much that one despairs of telling to the folks at home; so much wide and noble beauty to be to her an inspiration and uplift toward great and free thought and vision; so much music, so many pictures, such great poems wrought in the large. She has Nature on her side to make of her and keep her a noble people. In Great Britain—all told, not half the size of Texas—there is a quiet beauty of a sort that America perhaps has not. I walked not long ago from Worthing on the Sussex coast to the little village of Steyning, just north of the South Downs. It was such a day as one rarely gets in England. When the sun was dipping and there came on the cool, chalky hills the smile of late afternoon, and across a smooth valley on the rim of the Down one saw a tiny group of trees, one little building, and a stack against the clear pale-blue sky, it was like a glimpse of heaven, so utterly pure in line and color, so removed and touching. There is much loveliness in Britain, but not in the grand manner. America has the grand manner in her scenery, the grand manner in her blood, for Americans are all the children of adventure. She has had already past-masters in greatness and dignity, but she has still before her as a nation the grand manner in achievement. America knows her dangers and her failings, her own qualities and powers; what, perhaps, she cannot realize so well as one who comes from the Old World is the intense concern and interest and the real sympathy, deep down behind a stolid and often provoking surface, with which we of the old country watch her, knowing that what she does reacts on us above all nations, and will ever react more and more. Beyond surface differences and irritations, the English-speaking peoples are fast bound together. May it not be in misery and iron! If America grows to full height and dignity and walks upright, so will Britain; if she goes bowed under the weight of money and materialism, we too shall creep our ways. We run a long

race, we nations; a generation is but a day. But in a day a man may leave the track and never again recover it.

We moderns have an inclination to ride new things to death. Take a petty illustration—rag-time music! Seeing how it has extended to Britain, and beyond, one would think it a splendid discovery; yet it suggests little or nothing but the love-making of two darkies. We are riding it to death; but, unfortunately, its jigging, jogging, jumpy jingle refuses to die, and America's children and ours grow up in the tradition of its soul-forsaken sounds. Take another tiny illustration—the new dancing, developed from cake-walk to fox-trot, by way of tango, and invading Britain and beyond as invincibly as rag-time. Has it not precisely the same spiritual origin? I would ask, are these things worthy? They have not exactly the grand manner. Take the "snappy" side of journalism. To its flash-light emphasis no words can do justice. In one great city a few years ago the press snapped a certain writer and his wife in their bedroom, and next day there appeared a photograph of two intensely wretched-looking beings, under the head-line, "Blank and wife enjoy gaiety and freedom in the air." A friend told me that as he set his foot on a car leaving another great city a young lady grasped him by the coat-tail and cried, "Now, Mr. Asterisk, what are your views on a future life?" All this is but the excrescence of vitality and interest. Perhaps! But fine men are not the better-looking for being covered with spots. And are these excrescences not symptoms of a sort of fever which lies within our modern civilization, of a restlessness which is going to make achievement of great aims and great work more difficult? We Britons, as a people, are admittedly lethargic; we err as much on the side of stolidity as Americans on the side of restlessness; yet we are both subject to these excrescences. I know not what is the experience in America, but in Britain we are finding out that there is something terribly catching about vulgarity; taste is on the down-grade, following the tendencies of herd-life. It is not a process to be proud of.

Fortunately, vulgarity does not seem

able to attack the real inner man. If there is a lamentable increase of vulgarity in our epoch, there is also an inspiring development of certain qualities. Those who were watching human nature before the war were pretty well aware of how, under the surface, unselfishness, a certain ironic stoicism, and a warm humanity were increasing. These are the great town virtues, the fine products of herd-life. A big price is being paid for them, but they are almost priceless. The war has revealed them in full bloom. *Revealed them, not produced them!* Who, in the future, with this amazing show before him, will dare to talk about the need of war to preserve courage and unselfishness? All these wonders of endurance and bravery and sacrifice have been displayed by the simple untrained citizens of countries fifty years deep in peace! Never, I suppose, in the world's history was there a more peaceful century than the last hundred years. Never in the world's history has there been so marvelous a display in war of the bed-rock virtues. The soundness at core of the modern man has had one long triumphant demonstration. Take that wonderful little story of a certain British superintendent of the pumping-station at some oil-wells in Mesopotamia. A valve in the oil-pipe had split, and a fountain of oil was being thrown up on all sides; while, thirty yards off and nothing between, the furnaces were in full blast. To prevent a terrible conflagration and great loss of life, and save the oil-wells, it was necessary to turn off the furnaces. To do that meant dashing through the oil spray and arriving saturated at the furnaces. The superintendent, without a moment's hesitation, sprang through the oil spray, turned off the furnaces, and died. Modern man has been doing things like that all through this war.

We Britons are an insular people, ignorant, for the most part, of anything outside our own empire; and it has struck me as a rather wonderful tribute to America that one could go the length of Britain and find hardly a creature who was not confident that Americans will display the same endurance, bravery, and unselfishness that we have seen displayed by our own men all these

years. Instinctively, we know and feel it. There is something proud in Americans as in ourselves, something undefeated and undefeatable. It comes of our common cult of freedom and of the individual conscience, and in both our countries is a growing, not a withering, quality.

When you come to think of it, this modern man is a very new and marvelous creature. Without realizing it we have evolved a fresh species of stoic, even more stoical and broader (because less self-conscious) than were the ancient stoics. He has cut loose from leading-strings and stands on his own feet. The modern man's religion is to take what comes without flinching or complaint, as part of the day's work which an unknowable God, Providence, Creative Principle, or whatever it be called, has appointed. Far from inclining to believe in the new, personal, elder-brotherly God of Mr. Wells, my observation tells me that modern man at large has turned his face quite the other way, toward the confronting of life and death without aid from fetiches, be they cloaked never so adroitly in turned garments. By courage and kindness modern man exists, warmed by the glow of the great human fellowship, content to know that the mystery of his being is unknowable, and that if he does not help himself, and help his fellows, he cannot find the peace within which satisfies. To do his bit, and to be kind! It is by that creed rather than by any mysticism that the modern man finds the salvation of his soul. His religion is to be a common, or garden, hero, without thinking anything of it. Instead of giving our men the Victoria Cross, or Distinguished Service Order, we should make them bishops. For, of a truth, this is the age of conduct, and these have proved themselves past-masters in the bed-rock virtues. Does not the only real spiritual warmth, not tinged by Pharisaism, egotism, or cowardice, come from the feeling of doing your work well and helping others? Is not the rest all embroidery, luxury, pastime, pleasant sound, and incense? The modern man, take him in the large, does not believe in salvation to beat of drum, or that by leaning up against another person, how-

ever idolized and mystical, he can gain support. He is a realist with too deep a sense perhaps of the romantic mystery which surrounds existence to pry into it. The modern man, like modern civilization, is the creature of west and north, of atmospheres, climates, manners of life, which foster neither inertia, reverence, nor mystic meditation. He is essentially the man of action, and in ideal action finds his only true comfort. No attempts to discover for him new gods and symbols will divert him from the path made for him by Nature and the whole trend of his existence. I am sure that padres at the front in France and Flanders see that the men whose souls they are supposed to tend are living the highest form of religion; that, in their courage, their unselfish humanity, their endurance without whimper of things worse than death, they have gone beyond all pulpit and death-bed teachings. And who are these men? Just all the early manhood of the race, just modern man as he was before the war began and will be when the war is over.

The modern world, of which Americans are perhaps the truest types, stands revealed, from beneath all its froth, frippery, and vulgar excrescences, sound at heart—a world whose implicit motto is, "The good of all humanity." Herd-life, which is its characteristic, brings many evils, has many dangers. To preserve a sane mind in a healthy body is the problem. We English-speaking races are by chance, as it were, the advance-guard of modern man. It will be for us to find the answer to this problem. Because of our common language, our ties of blood and tradition, and our geographical positions, the action and reaction between us is such that we shall only find it if we work together, in no selfish or exclusive spirit. We want the betterment not only of Britain and America, but of the whole world, and with that the betterment of each man's lot.

When from all our hearts this great weight is lifted; when no longer in those fields Death sweeps his scythe, and our ears at last are free from the rustling thereof—then will come the test of magnanimity in all countries. Will modern man rise to the ordering of a sane, a free,

a generous life? This earth is made too subtly, of too multiple warp and woof, for prophecy. When he surveys the world around, the wondrous things that there abound, the prophet closes foolish lips—besides, have not writers, as the historian says, “that undeterminateness of spirit which commonly makes literary men of no use in the world?” But we do know that we English-speaking peoples will go to the adventure of peace with something of the same purpose and spirit in our hearts, with something of the same outlook.

Our world is fair and meant to be enjoyed. Who dare affront this world of beauty with mean views? There is no darkness but what the ape in us still makes; and, for all his monkey tricks, modern man is at heart farther from the ape than man has ever been.

To do our jobs really well, and to be brotherly! If in Britain and America, in all the English-speaking nations, we can put that simple faith of modern man into practice, what may not this world

of ours become? Shall the highest product of creation be content to pass his little day in a house like unto bedlam? When the present great task in which we have joined hands is ended, when once more from the shuttered house the figure of Peace steps forth and stands in the sun, and we may go our ways again in the beauty and wonder of a new morning, let it be with the vow in our hearts, “No more of madness—neither in war nor peace!” The world is wide, and Nature bountiful enough for all, if we keep sane minds in healthy bodies.

The past of America has been like a fairy-tale; her present is an epic, her future may well become a legend of inspiration and guidance to us of the Old World.

Each of us loves his own country best, be it a little land or the greatest on earth; but jealousy is the dark thing, the creeping poison. Where there is true greatness, let us acclaim it; where there is true worth, let us prize it as if it were our own.

The Path

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

HE followed the curve of the sunrise
Till he came to the gap of the hill,
Where the golden track to the morning
Beckoned, very still.

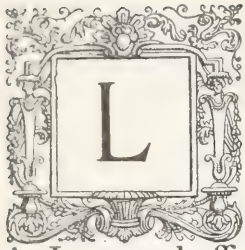
And over that ancient pathway,
In a mist of flooding foam,
He met the star-eyed shepherd
Bringing his slow flock home.

Up through the gates of magic
They drifted, one by one,
As the little white clouds on the hillside
Drifted before the sun.

Softly, before their shepherd,
They paced down the grassy rim,
And the golden track to the morning
Was no longer the way for him.

Moisture—A Trace

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE



LAST fall I revisited Arizona for the first time in many years. My ultimate destination lay one hundred and twenty-eight miles south of the railroad. As I stepped off the Pullman I drew deep the crisp, thin air; I looked across immeasurable distance to tiny, brittle, gilded buttes; I glanced up and down a ramshackle row of wooden buildings with crazy wooden awnings, and I sighed contentedly. Same good old Arizona.

The Overland pulled out, flirting its tail at me contemptuously. A small battered-looking car, grayed and caked with white alkali dust, glided alongside, and from under its swaying and disreputable top emerged some one I knew—not individually, but by many campfires of the past I had foregathered with him and his kind. Same old Arizona, I repeated to myself.

This person bore down upon me and gently extracted my bag from my grasp. He stood about six feet three; his face was long and brown and grave; his figure was spare and strong. Atop his head he wore the sacred Arizona high-crowned hat, around his neck a bright bandana; no coat, but an unbuttoned vest; skinny trousers and boots. Save for lack of spurs and chaps and revolver he might have been a moving-picture cowboy. The spurs alone were lacking from the picture of a real one.

He deposited my bag in the tonneau, urged me into the front seat, and crowded himself behind the wheel. The effect was that of a grown-up in a go-cart. This particular brand of tin car had not been built for this particular size of man. His knees were hunched up on both sides of the steering column; his huge brown hands grasped most competently that toy-like wheel. The peak of his sombrero missed the wrinkled top only because he sat on his spine. I

reflected that he must have been drafted into this job and I admired his courage in undertaking to double up like that for even a short journey.

"Roads good?" I asked the usual question as I slammed shut the door.

"Fair, suh," he replied, soberly.

"What time should we get in?" I inquired.

"Long 'bout six o'clock, suh," he informed me.

It was then eight in the morning—one hundred and twenty-eight miles—ten hours. Roads good, eh? . . . hum!

He touched the starter. The motor exploded with a bang. We moved.

I looked her over. On the running-board were strapped two big galvanized tanks of water. It was almost distressingly evident that the muffler had either been lost or thrown away. But she was hitting on all four. I glanced at the speedometer dial. It registered the astonishing total of 29,250 miles.

We swung out the end of the main street and sailed down a road that vanished in the endless gentle slope of a "sink." Beyond the "sink" the land rose again, gently, to gain the height of the eyes at some *mesas*. I know well that sort of country. One journeyed for the whole day, and the *mesas* stayed where they were; and in between were successively vast stretches of mesquite, or alkali, or lava outcrops, or *sacatone* bottoms.

It was soon evident that my friend's ideas of driving probably coincided with his ideas of going up a mountain. When a mounted cowboy climbs a hill he does not believe in fussing with such nonsense as grades; he goes straight up. Similarly, this man evidently considered that, as roads were made for travel and distance for annihilation, one should turn on full speed and get there. Not one hair's breadth did he deign to swerve for chuck-hole or stone; not one fractional mile per hour did he check for

gully or ditch. We struck them head-on—bang!—did they happen in our way. I had neither breath nor leisure for the country or conversation.

Thus one half hour. The speedometer dial showed the figures 29,260. I allowed myself to think of a possible late lunch at my friend's ranch.

We slowed down. The driver advanced the hand throttle the full sweep of the quadrant, steered with his knees, and produced the "makings." The faithful little motor continued to hit on all four, but in slow and painful succession, each explosion sounding like a pistol shot. We had passed already the lowest point of the "sink," and were climbing the slope on the other side. The country, as usual, looked perfectly level, but the motor knew different.

"I like to hear her shoot," said the driver, after his first cigarette. "That's why I chucked the muffler. It's plumb lonesome out yere all by yourself. A hoss is different."

"Who you riding for?"

"Me? I'm riding for me. This outfit is mine."

It didn't sound reasonable, but that's what I heard.

"You mean you drive this car—as a living?"

"Correct."

"I should think you'd get cramped!" I burst out.

"Me? I'm used to it. I bet I 'ain't

missed three days since I got here—and that's about a year ago."

He answered my questions briefly, volunteering nothing. He had never had any trouble with the car; he had never broken a spring; he had overhauled her once or twice; he averaged sixteen actual miles to the gallon. If I were to name the car I should have to write "adv't." after this article to keep within the law. I resolved to get one. We chugged persistently along on high gear, though I believe second would have been better.

Presently we stopped and gave her a drink. She was boiling like a tea-kettle, and she was pretty thirsty.

"They all do it," said Bill. Of course his name was Bill. "Especially the big he-ones. High altitude. Going slow with your throttle wide open. You're all right if you got plenty water. If not, why, then ketch a cow and use the milk. Only go slow or you'll git all clogged up with butter."

We clambered aboard and proceeded. The aloof desert whose terror, whose beauty, whose wonder, whose allure was the awe of infinite space that could be traversed only in toil and humbleness, had been contracted by a thing that now said 29,265.

"At this rate we'll get there before six o'clock," I remarked, hopefully.

"Oh, this is County Highway!" said Bill.



HE BORE DOWN UPON ME AND GENTLY EXTRACTED MY BAG FROM MY GRASP

As we crawled along, still on high gear—that tin car certainly pulled strongly—a horseman emerged from a fold in the hills. He was riding a sweat-covered, mettlesome black, with a rolling eye. His own eye was bitter, and likewise the other features of his face. After trying in vain to get the frantic animal within twenty feet of our *mitrailleuse*, he gave it up.

"Got anything for me?" he shrieked at Bill.

Bill leisurely turned off the switch, draped his long legs over the side of the car, and produced his "makings."

"Nothing, Jim. Expaicting of anything?"

"Sent for a new grass rope. How's feed down Mogallon way?"

"Fair. That a bronco you're riding?"

"Just backed him three days ago."

"Amount to anything?"

"That," said Jim, with an extraordinary bitterness, "is already a gaited hoss. He has fo' gaits now."

"Four gaits," repeated Bill, incredulously. "I'm in the stink-wagon business. I ain't aiming to buy no hosses. What four gaits you claim he's got?"

"Start, stumble, fall down, and git up," said Jim.

Shortly after this joyous rencontre we topped the rise, and, looking back, could realize the grade we had been ascending.

The road led white and straight as an arrow to dwindle in perspective to a mere thread. The little car leaped forward on the invisible down-grade. Again I anchored myself to one of the top supports. A long, rangy fowl happened into the road just ahead of us, but immediately flopped clumsily to one side in the brush, half afoot, half awing, like a stampeded hen.

"Road runner," said Bill, with a short laugh. "Remember how they used to rack along in front of a hoss for miles?—keeping just ahead?—lettin' out a link when you spurred up? Aggravatin' fowl! They got over tryin' to keep ahead of gasoline."

In the white alkaline road lay one lone pyramidal rock. It was about the size of one's two fists, and all its edges and corners were sharp. Probably twenty miles of clear space lay on either flank of that rock. Nevertheless, our

right front wheel hit it square in the middle. The car leaped straight up, the rock popped sidewise, and the tire went off with a mighty bang. Bill put on the brakes, deliberately uncoiled himself, and descended.

"Seems like tires don't last no time at all in this country," he remarked, sadly. He walked around the car and began to examine the four wrecks he carried as "spares." After some inspection of their respective merits, he selected one. "I just somehow kain't git over the notion she ought to sidestep them little rocks and holes of her own accord," he exclaimed. "A hoss is a plumb narrow-minded critter, but he knows enough for that."

While he changed the tire—which incidentally involved patching one of half a dozen over-worn tubes—I looked her over more in detail. The customary frame, strut rods, and torsion rods had been supplemented by the most extraordinary criss-cross of angle-iron braces it has ever been my fortune to behold. They ran from anywhere to everywhere beneath that car. I began to comprehend her cohesiveness.

"Jim Coles, blacksmith at the O. T., puts them braces in all our cars," explained Bill. "He's got her down to a system."

The repair finished and the radiator refilled, we resumed the journey. It was now just eleven o'clock. The odometer reading was 29,276. The temperature was well up toward 100 degrees. But beneath the disreputable top, and while in motion, the heat was not noticeable.

The noon mirages were taking shape, throwing stately and slow their vast illusions across the horizon. That in the old days was the deliberate fashion the desert had of searing men's souls with her majesty. Slowly, slowly, the changes melted one into the other; massively, deliberately, the face of the world was altered, so that at least the poor plodding human being, hot, dry, blinded, thirsty, felt himself a nothing in the presence of eternities. Well I knew that old spell of the desert. But now! Honestly, after a few minutes I began to feel sorry for the poor old desert! Its spells didn't work for the simple reason that *we didn't give them time!* We charged down on its phantom



NOT ONE FRACTIONAL MILE PER HOUR DID HE CHECK FOR GULLY OR DITCH

lakes and disproved them and forgot them. We broke right in on the dignified and deliberate scene-shifting of mountains and *mesas*, showed them up for the brittle, dry hills they were, and left them behind. It was pitiful! It was as though a revered tragedian should overnight find that his vogue had departed; that he was no longer "getting over"; that an irreverent upstart, breaking in on his most sonorous periods, was getting laughs with slang.

In the shallow crease of hills a shimmer of white soon changed to evident houses. We drew into a straggling desert town.

It was typical: Thirty miles from the railroad, a distributing point for the cattle country. Four broad buildings with peeled sunburned faces, a wooden house or so, and a dozen flat-roofed adobe huts hung pleasingly with long strings of red peppers. Of course one of the wooden buildings was labeled "General Store"; and another, smaller, contained a barber-shop and post-office combined. The third was barred and unoccupied. The fourth had been a livery-stable, but was now a garage. Six saddle-horses and six Fords stood out-

side the General Store, which was a fair division.

Bill slowed down.

"Have a drink?" I observed, hospitably.

"Arizona's a dry State," Bill reminded me, but nevertheless stopped and uncoiled. That unbelievable phenomenon had escaped my memory. In the old days I used to shut my eyes and project my soul into what I imagined was the future. I saw Arizona, embattled, dying in the last—wet—ditch, while all the rest of the world, including even Milwaukee, bore down on her carrying the banners of Prohibition. So much for prophecy. I voiced a thought:

"There must be an awful lot of old-timers died this spring. You can't cut them off short and hope to save them."

Bill grunted.

We entered the store. It smelled good, as such stores always do—soap, leather, ground coffee, bacon, cheese—all sorts of things. On the right ran a counter and shelves of dry-goods and clothing; on the left groceries, cigars, and provisions generally. Down the middle saddles, ropes, spurs, pack outfits, harness, hardware. In the rear a

glass cubbyhole with a desk inside. All this was customary, right, and proper. But I noticed also a glass case with spark plugs and accessories, a rack full of tires, and a barrel of lubricating oil. I did not notice any body polish. At the front door stood a waste-paper basket whose purport I understood not at all.

Bill led me at once past two or three lounging cow-persons to the cubbyhole, where arose a typical old-timer.

"Meet Mr. Billings," he said to me.

The old-timer grasped me firmly by the right hand and held tight while he demanded, as usual, "What name?" We informed him together. He allowed he was pleased. I allowed the same.

"I want to buy a yard of calico," said Bill.

The old-timer reached beneath the counter and produced a strip of cloth. It was already cut, and looked to be about a yard long. Also it showed the marks of loving but brutal and soiled hands.

"Wrap it up?" inquired Mr. Billings.

"Nope," said Bill, and handed out three silver dollars. Evidently calico was high in these parts. We turned away.

"By the way, Bill," Mr. Billings called after us, "I got a little present here for you. Some friends sent her in to me the other day. Let me know what you think of it."

We turned. Mr. Billings held in his hand a sealed quart bottle with a familiar and famous label.

"Why, that's kind of you," said Bill, gravely. He took the proffered bottle, turned it upside down, glanced at the bottom, and handed it back. "But I don't believe I'd wish for none of that particular breed. It never did agree with my stummick."

Without a flicker of the eye the store-keeper produced a second sealed bottle, identical in appearance and label with the first.

"Try it," he urged. "Here's one from a different case. Some of these yere vintages is better than others."

"So I've noticed," replied Bill, dryly. He glanced at the bottom and slipped it into his pocket.

We went out. As we passed the door Bill, unobserved, dropped into the here-

tofore unexplained waste-basket the yard of calico he had just purchased.

"Don't believe I like the pattern for my boudoir," he told me, gravely.

We clambered aboard and shot our derisive exhaust at the diminishing town.

"I thought Arizona was a dry State," I ventured.

"She is. You cain't sell a drop. But you can keep stuff for personal use. There ain't nothing more personal than givin' it away to your friends."

"The price of calico is high down here."

"*And goin' up*," agreed Bill, gloomily.

He drove ten miles in silence while I, knowing my type, waited.

"That old Billings ought to be drug out and buried," he remarked at last. "We rode together on the Chiricahua range. He ought to know better than to try to put it onto me."

"How so?" said I.

"You saw that first bottle? Just plain forty-rod dog poison—and me payin' three good round dollars!"

"For calico," I reminded.

"Shore. That's why he done it. He had me—if I hadn't called him."

"But that first bottle was identically the same as the one you have in your pocket," I stated.

"Shore?"

"Why, yes—at least— That is, the bottle and label were the same, and I particularly noticed the cork seal looked intact."

"It was," agreed Bill. "That cap hadn't never been disturbed. You're right."

"Then what objection—"

"It's one of them wonders of modern science that spoils the simple life next to Nature's heart," said Bill, unexpectedly. "You hitch a big hollow needle onto an electric-light current. When she gets hot enough you punch a hole with her in the bottom of the bottle. Then you throw the switch and let the needle cool off. When she's cool you pour out the real thing for your own use—mebbe. Then you stick in your forty-cent a gallon squirrel poison. Heat up your needle again. Draw her out very slow so the glass will close up behind her. Simple, neat, effective, honest enough

for down here. Cork still there, seal still there, label still there. Bottle still there, except for a little bit of a wart-lookin' bubble in the bottom."

It was now the noon hour. Knowing cow-boys of old, I expected no lunch. We racketed along, and our dust tried to catch us, and sleepy, accustomed jack-rabbits made two perfunctory hops as we turned on them the battery of our exhaust.

We dipped down into a carved bottom-land, several miles wide, filled with minarets, peaks, vermilion towers, and strange striped labyrinths of many colors, above which the sky showed an unbelievable blue. About the ground were scattered fragments of rock of every size, like lava, but of all the colors of the giddiest parrots. The tiniest piece had at least the tints of the spectrum, and the biggest seemed to go the littlest several better. They looked to me like beautiful jewels. Bill cast at them a contemptuous glance.

"Every towerist I take in yere makes me stop while he sags down the car with this junk," he said. Whenever I say

"Bill said" or "I said" I mean that we shrieked, for always through that great still country we hurtled, enveloped in a profanity of explosions, creaks, rattles, and hums. Just now, though, on a level, we traveled on low gear. "Petrified wood," Bill added.

I swallowed guiltily the request I was about to proffer.

The malpais defined itself. We came to a wide dry wash filled with white sand. Bill brought the little car to a stop.

Well I know that sort of sand! You plunge rashly into it on low gear; you buzz bravely for possibly fifty feet; you slow down, slow down; your driving-wheels begin to spin—that finishes you. Every revolution digs a deeper hole. It is useless to apply power. If you are wise you throw out your clutch the instant she stalls, and thus save digging yourself in unnecessarily. But if you are really wise you don't get in that fix at all. The next stage is that wherein you thrust beneath the hind wheels certain expedients, such as robes, coats, and so forth. The wheels, when set in motion, hurl these



A HORSEMAN EMERGED FROM A FOLD IN THE HILLS

trivialities yards to the rear. The car then settles down with a shrug. About the time the axle is actually resting on the sand you proceed to serious digging, cutting brush, and laying causeways. Some sand you can get out of by these methods, but not dry stream-bed sand in the Southwest. Finally you reach the state of true wisdom. Either you sit peacefully in the tonneau and smoke until some one comes along; or, if you are doubtful of that miracle, you walk to the nearest team and rope. And never, never, never are you caught again! A detour of fifty miles is nothing after that!

While Bill manipulated the "makings" I examined the prospects. This was that kind of a wash; no doubt of it!

"How far is the nearest crossing?" I asked, returning.

Bill cocked one eye in careful appraisal. "About eight feet," said he.

My mind, panic-stricken, flew to several things—that bottle (I regret my failure to record that by test its contents had proved genuine), the cornered rock we had so blithely charged, other evidences of Bill's casual nature. My heart sank.

"You ain't going to tackle that wash!" I cried.

"I shore am," said Bill.

I examined Bill. He meant it.

"How far to the nearest ranch?"

"'Bout ten mile."

I went and sat on a rock. It was one of those rainbow remnants of a bygone past; but my interest in curios had waned.

Bill dived into the grimy mysteries under the back seat and produced two blocks of wood six or eight inches square and two strong straps with buckles. He inserted a block between the frame of the car and the rear axle; then he ran



"BY THE WAY, BILL, I GOT A LITTLE PRESENT HERE FOR YOU"

a strap around the rear spring and cinched on it until the car body, the block, and the axle made one solid mass. In other words, the spring action was entirely eliminated. He did the same thing on the other side.

"Climb in," said he.

We went into low and slid down the steep clay bank into the waiting sand. To me it was like a plunge into ice-water. Bill stepped on her. We plowed out into trouble. The steering wheel bucked and jerked vainly against Bill's huge hands; we swayed like a moving-picture comic; but we forged steadily ahead. Not once did we falter. Our wheels gripped continuously. When we pulled out on the other bank I exhaled as though I, too, had lost my muffler. I believe I had held my breath the whole way across. Bill removed the blocks and gave her more water. Still in low, we climbed out of the malpais.

It was now after two o'clock. I was becoming humble-minded. Six o'clock looked good enough to me now.

One thing was greatly encouraging. As we rose again to the main level of the country I recognized over the horizon a certain humped mountain. Often in the "good old days" I had approached this mountain from the south. Beneath its flanks lay my friend's ranch, our destination. Five hours earlier in my experience its distance would have appalled me; but my standards had changed. Nevertheless it seemed far enough away. I was getting physically tired. There is a heap of exercise in many occupations, such as digging sewers and cutting wood and shopping with a woman, but driving in small Arizona motor-cars need give none of these occupations any odds. And of late years I have been accustoming myself to three meals a day.

For this reason there seems no excuse for detailing the next three hours. From three o'clock until sunset the mirages slowly fade away into the many-tinted veils of evening. I know that because I've seen it; but never would I know it while an inmate of a gasoline madhouse. We carried our own egg-shaped aura constantly with us, on the invisible walls of which the subtle and austere influences of the desert beat in vain. That aura was composed of speed, bumps,

dust, profane noise, and an extreme, exotic busyness. It might be that in a docile, tame, expensive, purring automobile, garnished with a sane and bid-dable driver, one might see the desert as it is; I don't know whether such a combination exists. But me—I may be an old foggy and a victim of that "good old days" stuff, but I cherish a sneaking idea that perhaps you have to buy some of these things at the cost of the aforementioned thirst, heat, weariness, and the slow passing of long hours. Still, an Assyrian brick in the British Museum is inscribed by a father and his son away at school with a lament over the passing of the "good old days"!

At any rate we drew into Spring Creek at five o'clock, shooting at every jump. My friend's ranch was only six miles farther. This was home for Bill, and we were soon surrounded by numerous acquaintances. He had letters and packages for many of them; and detailed items of local news. To us shortly came a cowboy who had evidently bought all the calico he could carry. This person was also long and lean and brown—hard bitten, bedecked with worn brown leather chaps, and wearing a gun. The latter he unbuckled and cast from him with great scorn.

"And I don't need no gun to do it, neither!" he stated, as though concluding a long conversation.

"Shore not, Slim," agreed one of the group, promptly annexing the artillery. "To do what?"

"Kill that Beck," said Slim, owlishly. "I can do it; and I can do it with my bare hands b' God!"

He walked steadily enough in the direction of the General Store across the dusty square. No one paid any further attention to his movements. The man who had picked up the gun belt buckled it around his own waist. Bill refilled the ever-thirsty radiator, peered at his gasoline gauge, leisurely turned down a few grease-cups. Ten minutes passed. We were about ready to start.

Back across the square drifted a strange figure. With difficulty we recognized it as the erstwhile Slim. He had no hat. His hair stuck out in all directions. One eye was puffing shut, blood oozed from a cut in his forehead and



HE WALKED STEADILY ENOUGH IN THE DIRECTION OF THE GENERAL STORE

dripped from his damaged nose. One shirt sleeve had been half torn from its parent at the shoulder. But, most curious of all, Slim's face was evenly marked by a perpendicular series of long red scratches as though he had been dragged from stem to stern along a particularly abrasive gravel walk. Slim seemed quite calm.

His approach was made in a somewhat strained silence. At length there spoke a dry, sardonic voice.

"Well," said it, "did you kill Beck?"

"Naw!" replied Slim's remains, disgustedly, "the son of a gun wouldn't fight!"

We reached my friend's ranch just about dusk. He met me at the yard gate.

"Well!" he said, heartily, "I'm glad you're here! Not much like the old days, is it?"

I agreed with him.

"Journey out is dull and uninteresting now. But compared to the way we used to do it, it is a cinch. Just sit still and roll along."

I disagreed with him—mentally.

"The old order has changed," said he.

"Yes," I agreed, "now it's one yard of calico."

Threads by Which Nations Hang

BY GEORGE ABEL SCHREINER

Late Representative of the Associated Press with the Armies of the Central Powers



THE fate of nations at war often hangs by a slender thread. In nearly all cases this thread is timely military information. If the sacred geese of the Temple of Juno had not cackled in time the Capitol at Rome might have been taken by the Gauls—would have been taken, if the legend is to be relied upon.

Since then twenty-six hundred years have elapsed, and one might think that the goose as the purveyor of military information was a thing of the past. So far as I know it is, and still in the present war there came to my notice, at first hand, a case in which other members of the feathered tribe, ducks and drakes, served the same high purpose. I refer to the ducks of Mitrovic.

Mitrovic lies on the north bank of the river Sava, in Slavonia. On the south bank of the river, which is Serbian, lies Mitrovica. Both places are important strategical bases.

The Sava is a broad sheet of water at this point, and up to the middle of November, 1914, neither Serb nor Austro-Hungarian had been able to gain foothold on the other's bank. Though the Austro-Hungarians made many attempts to cross the river in sufficient force, they always found that the Serbs were well informed as to the strength of the forces they had to checkmate. No matter what the Austrian commander might do, he would find that the Serbs had anticipated him. If he made an attempt to cross the river to the west of Mitrovic, the Serbs were sure to be there *en masse*. Several attempts to cross the Sava opposite Sabacs were frustrated in a like manner.

It was plain that spies were at work.

This was no startling discovery, by the way. Many of the Slavonians sym-

pathized with the Serbs. Jugo-Slavism had ripened to that extent anyway. Many arrests were made among the inhabitants of Mitrovic and the villages up and down the river.

But that did not seem to improve matters, as General Potiorek found out on several occasions. The river bank was carefully patrolled. No boat was ever seen to cross the Sava, and nobody seemed to fish for bottles which might have contained the information. No trace of heliograph, semaphores, wire, signal lantern, and the like was ever found. The case seemed hopeless.

But one day an Austrian officer, a little shrewder than the rest, noticed that there were ducks on the river near the western outskirts of Mitrovic. There was a shallow place in the water nearby, and to this the birds had been in the habit of going in search for food.

It would have been a simple matter to order the ducks off the river. But the Austrians had lost so much time by now that a few days did not matter. It seemed more important to find out whether the ducks served any particular purpose aside from their usual one.

"They did," said the base commander of Mitrovic, as we discussed the case. "We watched the owner of the ducks, and soon learned what he was about. The first thing we noticed was that he never let the birds go on the water at the same time of day. That was unusual. Generally ducks are left to roam as they will. They go out on the water at daybreak, if not restrained, and return to their pen late in the afternoon.

"But these ducks made for their feeding-ground always on the hour. Sometimes that would be seven in the morning, then it might be nine, or again they might not appear until two in the afternoon. We learned that the man kept them in the yard when he didn't want

to have them on the river, and that usually he did not allow all of the birds their freedom. We also ascertained that he bought more ducks—all of them white.

"One day we arrested the man, and before we hanged him we got his code. It was a most elaborate scheme, consisting of over sixty combinations. When the birds on the feeding-place were all white it meant that as many of our battalions as there were birds had gone through Mitrovic in a westerly direction; when there was one colored bird among them it meant that so many battalions had gone east. Battalions going north were indicated by two colored birds, and so on. In all cases the white ducks indicated the number of departing and arriving battalions, while the colored birds indicated the route direction.

"A Serbian officer stationed on the roof of the custom-house in Mitrovica used to count the ducks and send up a small smoke ball when he had understood. We had seen the man there many a time, but thought him an ordinary observation officer."

Thereafter the Austrians began to work the code. The Serbs did not know that their agent had been found out, and accepted the news from across the Sava as *bona fide*. That was to be their undoing. One day the Austrians "ducked" across the river that all of their troops had gone in a westerly direction, when in reality they had been taken a few miles toward the east of Mitrovic. The ducks indicated that the Austrians intended to attempt a crossing of the Sava between Sabacs and Belgrade. In reality such a crossing had been planned to take place at the apex of the Machwa triangle.

It will be seen that the news coded was contradictory. It had been "ducked" that the Austrian battalions had gone west, the direction in which the Machwa lies, and to this had been appended the "information" that the Austrians proposed to cross the river east of Mitrovic.

I questioned the officer on this.

"That was done to impress the Serbs," he laughed. "The agent over here was a civilian, who could know what battalions arrived and departed, and what

route they had taken. He could not know, however, what the plans of General Potiorek were. We knew that the Serbian officer would take the second part of our message for what it seemed worth in the face of the information that our battalions had gone west. He would take that for an idle rumor, of course, and feel sure then that his agent was still on the job. Only a civilian would make a blunder of that sort.

"And the thing worked. During the following night the Serbs came across the Sava a little east of here and ran into the arrangements we had made for their reception. Few of them got away. We took almost two thousand prisoners. Incidentally we had drawn from the Machwa sufficient enemy troops to get our own men across. Our campaign into Serbia got a good start in that manner."

About February 15, 1915, I arrived in Constantinople. It was being voiced about that the British and French were sending a large fleet into the eastern Mediterranean for the purpose of forcing the Dardanelles and taking the Ottoman capital. How the news leaked through I do not know. It came to my attention first at Bucharest, where the agents of all the warring governments in Europe were plentiful—too plentiful, in fact. It was claimed at the time that a certain *chanteuse*, the favorite of an Entente military attaché, had spread the story first. Be that as it may, the Turks and Germans got their information in Bucharest. Later the news was corroborated from Athens.

Those were anxious days in Constantinople. While officials of the Ottoman government never tired of asserting that the Allied fleet could not get through, certain German naval men, whose acquaintance I made, were not so confident. It seemed to be entirely a question of ammunition.

I had heard in Bucharest that the Rumanian government, some of whose officials were not as strictly honest as they might have been, was through negligence permitting armor-piercing ammunition to reach the Turks. Rumanian government officials denied this most vehemently to others and myself. But nobody would believe them. The camp of pro-Germans in Rumania was

still very strong in those days, and it would have been a very natural thing for them to induce Rumanian state railroad officials to be a little complacent in matters affecting shipments to Turkey from Germany. So loud were these rumors that the British, French, and Russian ministers made protests to the Rumanian government. Premier Bratianu assured them that they had been misinformed. When I arrived in Constantinople I discovered that M. Bratianu was right. Not a single shell from Germany was going over the Balkans.

The case is of interest for the reason that later it was to become one of the greatest factors in the European War. One has but to start a rumor of that sort—and every government agent will seize upon it to show that he is really worth his salt. Spies, be they of the respectable sort or of that type which decent men shun, have a great habit of warning their superiors of the “dangers” ahead. That in doing so they may do their country great harm does not seem to occur to them. The Entente agents in Bucharest had blackened the name of the Rumanian government without good cause, and no matter what that government did thereafter to prove its innocence it was impossible to eradicate from the minds of the governments in London and Paris that a great deal of “bluehead” ammunition had gone from Germany through Rumania into Turkey. That impression was to cost the Allies a great deal, as will here be shown. Had it not been for the “zeal” of the Entente agents in Bucharest, the Allied fleet might have returned to a renewal of the attack made on the Outer Dardanelles shore batteries on March 18th.

The Allied fleet was doing its best to force the Dardanelles when my duties as war correspondent brought me to that waterway. The Turkish shore batteries at Kum Kalé and Sid-il-Bahr were silenced by a tremendous expenditure of ammunition, and after that the batteries along the Outer Dardanelles were paid much attention. I went through the entire series of bombardments, and will vouch for the fact that the intentions of the British and French were sincere enough. Even the minor affairs were

not so puny, seeing that from three to seven ships of the line, not to mention cruisers and other vessels, participated in them.

The chief performance occurred on March 18th. Two shells from the super-dreadnought *Queen Elizabeth* inaugurated the event at eleven twenty sharp, as I have good reason to remember, seeing that they landed near the little café where I was just having a glass of *tchai*—which is tea in Turkish. While the debris of several houses was coming back to earth, I was making off for Fort Tchemenlik in the hope of finding some shelter under its parapets and traverses. For a while the protection seemed ample. By noon it seemed not so ample, and once more I retreated. War correspondents are not supposed to do heroic things.

At about one o'clock the fire of the Allied fleet had reached its maximum intensity. Out in Erenkoi Bay lay nineteen ships of the line and some thirty cruisers and other craft, and they were pumping shells into the Turkish emplacements at the rate of five every minute.

It was one of the great days of the war—in a manner the greatest. Never before had so large a fleet tried issues with coast batteries. The crash of artillery was frightful. In Tchanak Kalé houses collapsed as a result of the tremors. The glacis of Fort Anadolu Hamidieh had rents in it that ran from one end to the other, and showed that the shore had subsided at least three inches.

It was a most spectacular day. Over the Dardanelles landscape lay the delicate green veil of early spring. The hedges were green, and from the meadows was being driven the last tinge of winter's shadows. The sky was of that intense blue we find in southern climes, and the waters of the strait sparkled in a joyous mood. Such was the scene at eleven twenty. An hour later the cañon in which the Dardanelles run was filled with powder fumes. The feeble south breeze was unable to carry off the vapors. At first they merely hovered over the scene of the gigantic struggle, and later they at times completely enveloped everything, forming a dense bank from which sprang

the red beams that announced that more shells were on the way.

Soon the towns of Kilid-il-Bahr and Tchanak Kalé were in flames. The Greek quarter of the latter was a roaring furnace. The shells of the Allies would throw up more earth-gushers in and near the forts, and out on the bay rose the waterspouts of the Turkish "blueheads." Now and then the roar of artillery made it impossible for minutes at a time to hear words spoken directly into the ear, and even the leather-lunged Turkish and German officers had difficulty making themselves understood to their crews, despite the use of large megaphones.

Out on the Allied ships the gunners were serving guns as fast as they could be served. Volley came upon volley, crash upon crash, and above this din always rang the stentorian "*Atesh!*"—"Fire!"—of the officers in the Turkish batteries. The crashing sound of tumbling buildings and the vicious clatter of steel fragments, the wail of projectiles tearing the air and the echoes of detonation, the flames of explosion, the terrible red of the smoke-screened sun, allowed only the few to think and live consciously.

For two hours this frenzied chaos reigned. The Allied ships had so far given the shells of the Turks a wide berth. But that led to a waste of ammunition and time. Gradually the two circles formed by the craft enlarged. With splendid recklessness the *Bouvet*, one of the French ships of the line, came in closest. In Fort Anadolu Hamidieh, manned by Germans almost exclusively, they had their eye on the *Bouvet*. The range-finders showed that she was still out of effective range. Captain Herschel, the commander of the emplacement, had some difficulty restraining the younger officers.

"Not yet, not yet!" he cautioned, tersely.

"She is at fifteen-fifty," remarked the control-officer, hoarsely.

"Not yet!" was the cool advice of the imperturbable Herschel.

"Fourteen!" shouted the man at the range-finder.

"Not yet!"

The *Bouvet* swung to the west again,

made the circle, fired her forward turret twins as her bow showed and then steamed on—slowly and majestically. There was little spray at her bow. Again two ominous tongues of violet fire leaped from her forward turret. Two more shells crashed into the yard behind the parapet of Fort Hamidieh.

Now a little of the flank of the vessel could be seen.

"Thirteen-fifty," said the officer at the range-finder.

Captain Herschel thought for a moment. Then he seized the megaphone.

"Thirteen-ten!" he shouted. "Make ready!"

It took interminable minutes for the *Bouvet* to get to the position the captain had selected. In the emplacements the gunners were once more training their eyes on the sights. The crews had stepped aside.

The blue-gray battle monster was now nearing the zenith of her course. She was showing full broadside. It was one fifty-seven o'clock.

"Fire!" rang the terse command from Captain Herschel's megaphone.

Four shafts of flame issued from behind the parapet and four shells sped toward the *Bouvet* with the shrieks of demons. One of them raised a huge waterspout near the stern of the vessel—then a red sheaf of sparks leaped up and disappeared almost instantly as the particles of steel cooled. The next instant a tremendous column of smoke, steam, and water rose from the body of the ship. A second later she showed a heavy list.

More shells were being rammed into the guns of Fort Anadolu Hamidieh. The *Bouvet* was no longer moving. She was beginning to settle by the bow.

Four more shells sped toward her from Fort Hamidieh. Another hit. A little more wallowing, then a lurch to the side and the *Bouvet* disappeared under the surface of the strait at exactly two o'clock by my watch.

There was a lull as men everywhere jumped upon parapets and traverses to see the first of the day's victims go down. And then a mighty chorus of hurrahs sped over the waters of the Dardanelles and reverberated in the hills.

During the short fire-pause an at-

tempt was made to save the few men whom the ship had not taken down in her plunge. So far as I could see, a dozen were swimming in the water. From a British destroyer, which had hurried to the scene when the *Bouvet* was first hit, some small boats put out, the moving oars glistening in the sun like things of burnished silver.

How many of the men were picked up I do not know. I should say that if six or seven were saved from the ship's complement of about nine hundred the number is high.

The day wore on. The sinking of the *Bouvet* had made the Allied commander more cautious. He kept his ships out of range, so far as the Turkish shore batteries were concerned. But he did not have that choice in regard to the howitzers which the Turks had stationed on the Gallipoli and Anatolian hills. These guns kept pounding the decks of the British and French vessels, and by four o'clock they had done much damage. The *Queen Elizabeth*—terror of the Dardanelles defenders—had been put out of action by them, and the *Irresistible*, *Ocean*, *Gaulois*, *Inflexible*, and two others which I could not identify, were by now the helpless playthings of the current and counter-currents of the strait. From the *Irresistible* and *Ocean* the crews were being taken off, and the other ships were in tow back to the entrance to the Dardanelles and away from the pest of high-angle guns in the hills.

The *Irresistible* had the bad luck of getting into the counter-current of the strait that sweeps northward along the Anatolian shore. The speed of the water is not great, but it made futile all efforts on the part of the British to get the vessel out of the danger zone into which she was drifting. At a few minutes past five the *Irresistible* had drifted into range of Fort Rumeli Mejidieh and the secondary battery at Dardanos. The guns of the former were loosed first. In slow succession three shells came. The first was a little short, the second hit full amidships, and the third buried itself in the superstructure of the vessel.

But this remarkable artillery work on the part of Turks—who were not com-

manded by a German, by the way—was shortly to be eclipsed by that done in the Dardanos battery. Of twenty-five shells nineteen took effect, and then the vessel, taking with her the remainder of the crew, plunged into the deep.

The *Ocean* had meanwhile been towed into Morto Bay. But she leaked so much that all effort to save her was frustrated. She sank in deep water.

There is no doubt that the day had been against the Allied fleet. Before writing my dispatches I tried to ascertain what the losses of the Turks were in those emplacements which I had been unable to visit. The reports I got dealt with such wholly negligible quantities of damage and loss that I was not inclined to place much faith in them. Later I was able to verify them and to my surprise I found them correct. The total casualties in killed and wounded were less than one hundred, and only one gun had been put out of action, while three others were slightly damaged.

And yet there was gloom in Tchanak Kalé that evening. I suspected what the reason was, but had no confirmation until about midnight, when I was obliged to drive Mertens Pasha, the German coast artillery expert, out of his bed in order to get one of my dispatches censored and authorized.

Mertens Pasha was a little out of sorts at first. But he was interested enough in the work of war correspondents to inquire whether I proposed to get off that dispatch that same night. It was a tramp of three miles to the telegraph office.

"Well if you are still able to walk three miles to-night I should be able to read this thing over," he laughed.

"What is the outlook for to-morrow, Pasha?" I asked, when the dispatch was once more in my hands.

"Not so very good—to be frank with you," was the admiral's reply.

"Not so very good?"

"No!"

"What's the matter?"

"That I can't tell you, of course," replied the officer. "At any rate, it'll go badly with us if the Allies return to-morrow. They have lost heavily to-day, to be sure. But I think I know the British well enough to feel that

they will be back here bright and early. If you have anything around here you wish to save, take my advice and get out of here early in the morning."

I learned from Mertens Pasha that the events of the day—the loss in life and *matériel*—had nothing to do with the case. I retired and made my way to the telegraph office.

On the way back I met an officer from Fort Anadolu Hamidieh. It had been decided, he said, that if the Allied fleet returned in the morning, the coast batteries were to hold out to the last shell and then the gun crews were to take to the hills. That very night the archives and the treasure of the Sultan and the Ottoman government were being packed, and during the succeeding day they would be taken to Eski-Shehir, in Anatolia, ancient capital of the Osmanli. The Sultan and the government would go there during the night of March 19–20. If the Allies came back in the morning this would be necessary for the reason that the British and French ships would lie before Constantinople by sunset of March 20th.

There was virtually no more ammunition!

Fort Anadolu Hamidieh had only seventeen shells of the armor-piercing variety, and the batteries at Kilid-il-Bahr had together ten.

I was up at six next morning, packed my *ménage*, took breakfast, and made my route. At first I thought that it would be best to leave via Gallipoli for Turkey in Europe. That plan I discarded for the reason that the Allies would undoubtedly put the Bulair Isthmus under fire to cut off the retreat of the Ottoman forces on the peninsula. So I decided to strike out for the interior of Anatolia.

At seven I was in Fort Tchemenlik. In the yard of that battery stands the ancient tower of Kalé Sultanieh, a structure which had served as a signal station. The pawnbroker's flag, a white field with three red spheres, was not up, however. That meant that the Allied fleet had not been sighted by the observers on Cape Hissarlik. Still, that did not mean anything. Light conditions in the Dardanelles were poor for

the Allied gunners in the morning, the sun shining full into their faces. About eleven o'clock visibility was better, and then, no doubt, the finale would come.

So thought everybody. Weather conditions, moreover, were the most favorable. They had been good on March 18th. On the following day they were nothing short of ideal. The air was clear and the sea placid.

At nine o'clock the Turkish aeroplanes went out to scout. In an hour they returned with the information that the Allied fleet lay behind the island of Tenedos and in the Bay of Mudros on Imbros Island. The ships had steam up, but there was no great activity to be discerned at the anchorages. No doubt the ammunition magazines had been replenished during the night or early in the morning.

Noon came and the Allied fleet was not in sight. The whole day passed without a single ship of the line appearing off Kum Kalé, but from behind the conical mountain of Tenedos rose the usual haze of smoke. Perhaps the Allied fleet would come back on March 20th.

On that day, however, the Turkish aviators reported that the Allied fleet was gone to parts unknown—Malta was conjectured. A week passed. Every day of it heaped more sand on the parapets and traverses of the Turkish emplacements and brought from Adrianople and the Tchataldja forts more guns and more ammunition.

But the guns were of small bore, and their shells were unable to penetrate the heavy armor of the modern ship of the line. The defense of the strait was a mere stage matter now. The Allies had Constantinople and her waterways in the hollow of their hand and did not know it.

The people most surprised that the Allies did not renew their attack and finish a won battle were the Turks and the Germans. The men in Constantinople simply could not believe the reports they got from the front. On April 7th I was received in audience by the Sultan. He questioned me for twenty-two minutes, and every question was designed to corroborate some

statement made to him by the authorities at the Dardanelles. When my replies had finally demonstrated that he had not been lied to, the old man brought his hands together with a fervent: "Allah is great!"

A few weeks later, beginning with April 25th, Constantinople was once more within reach of the Allies. This time their landed forces could have done it—would have done it—had they cut off the peninsula of Gallipoli in the Isthmus of Bulair. Instead of doing that, Sir Ian Hamilton landed his men at the very end of the peninsula, at Sid-il-Bahr, and at a point some twenty miles further north, at Cape Ariburnu. I would have to engage in a lengthy dissertation on military tactics and strategy were I to point out why this was a bad mistake. Here the statement must suffice that Liman von Sanders Pasha, head of the German military mission in Turkey, and in charge of the defense of the Gallipoli peninsula, superintended in person the operations at Bulair, though these proved to be a feint. Later I had many occasions to discuss the situation with Liman Pasha. His greatest fear always was that the Allies might soon or late cut him off by taking the isthmus. So great and justified was his anxiety for that part of the terrain that when Sir Ian Hamilton landed his second expeditionary force in Suvla Bay and north of Cape Ariburnu, on August 6th, he again in person commanded the Turkish troops at and near Bulair. On that occasion, too, he again shifted to the isthmus whatever reserves he had.

In such matters a supreme commander cannot employ strategy. It may be of interest to know that he and the men in the ministry of war at Stamboul had made up their minds to evacuate the entire peninsula in case the Allies got possession of the Bulair Isthmus. No other way was open.

The European War would be a thing of the past by now if the Allies had followed up their successes at the Dardanelles and on Gallipoli. With Constantinople in the hands of the British, Bulgaria would have never dared to range herself on the side of the Central Powers. In that case the entire Balkan

would have formed a solid pro-Entente block, and with that achieved the war would have been ended. The failures of the Dardanelles-Gallipoli operations caused not alone the destruction of Serbia and Rumania, but also prevented the development of the full military power of Russia.

Had the Allies known how little ammunition the Turks had in the Dardanelles and on Gallipoli they would have gone to work differently.

I have been unable to find in history a single incident that is at all comparable with the one I have described here. Another hour's work on March 19th, or within any reasonable time thereafter, would have saved the lives of millions of men, would have preserved the physical fitness of other millions, and made unnecessary the spending of scores of billions.

Not long afterward occurred a similar incident on the Isonzo front. Near Tolmino I was the guest of General Stoeger-Steiner, the present Austro-Hungarian Minister of War. It was he who brought to a sudden end the Italian advance into Austria by the taking of the Sweta Maria bridgehead with a few gendarmes and a company of infantry, and without the aid of a single gun.

The collapse of the Dardanelles-Gallipoli operations was spectacular in the extreme; the checking of the Italian advance into Austria was more tragic, however. It showed to what extent the leader of an army is handicapped by the lack of reliable information and a paucity of initiative.

When Italy declared war against Austria-Hungary General Stoeger-Steiner was stationed at Agram in Croatia.

"I received a telegram ordering me to proceed immediately to Laibach," said the general, as he spoke of the matter. "It was my impression, of course, that at Laibach I would find the necessary troops. Picture my surprise when on arriving I found at that point a single company of infantry which had been kept there in garrison.

"The gendarmes of the rural districts invaded had meanwhile remained in contact with the Italians, who at several points were already across the

Isonzo. I asked Vienna to send me troops, and was told that they were on the way from Galicia, but could not possibly arrive in less than two days.

"We were hard pushed just then. The Russians kept us very busy, and the Serbs were still active. The Italian border in the Trentino was held by the few reserves we had. On the Isonzo there was nobody, the few gendarmes excepted."

The same night General Stoeger-Steiner placed himself at the head of the company of infantry and marched off in the direction of Tolmino. Next morning he was in the valley of the Idria, opposite Santa Lucia. The Italians were already on top of the Sweta Maria. En route the general had gathered a few of the gendarmes. These he put in the center of his ridiculously small force, and then the assault of the position was undertaken.

The bluff succeeded. Before long the Austrians were in possession of the southern summit of the Sweta Maria, and by night Stoeger-Steiner's force of about two hundred and twenty had driven the Italians from the position.

Sweta Maria was never again attacked by the Italians. I was in its trenches on several occasions, and will say for them that they were undoubtedly the best I have seen anywhere. The position came to be the Gibraltar of the Isonzo front. He who held Sweta Maria could, by the application of reasonable diligence, control the entire Isonzo front. So long as the Italians did not have this position as their right flank point of support, there was little chance of their taking Laibach or advancing far into Austria, even if the Hermada, near Trieste, had been taken.

It can be said with all reserve that General Stoeger-Steiner and his small band shaped the fortune of battle along the Isonzo. Had he shown less enterprise the Italians would have been in possession of Laibach before the Austrians from the Galician front could arrive, provided, of course, that the officers under Cadorna showed greater initiative than they did in the first week of the campaign.

A vigorous advance would have given the Italians in the first week of opera-

tions the Carso and Bainsizza plateaus, Trieste itself, Adelsberg, Laibach, and possibly Graz. The phenomenal success of the Germans prior to the battle of the Marne would have been repeated with little trouble. Within two weeks the Italians and Serbs could have joined fronts in Croatia, and the history of the European War would differ greatly from what it is to-day.

General Stoeger-Steiner was not a little proud of his exploit. One day he took me over the ground and pointed out what the exact situation had been.

"And still I don't know what I would have done in such a case," he remarked. "The Italians had no reason to think that we had left this border undefended. Failure on our part to establish contact with them must have seemed rather uncanny. These hills lend themselves well to surprise maneuvers. I suppose General Cadorna did not relish losing divisions by having them cut off by us. Had he known the fix we were in things would have been different, of course. But he didn't know that I had a single company."

I must mention here that the Austro-Hungarian government counted to the very last minute upon reaching an understanding with the government in Rome, being willing to cede certain territories to the Italians in consideration for the continuance of a state of peace. For thirty years Italy had been the ally of the Central Powers, and Vienna and Berlin simply could not believe that she would go to war with Austria-Hungary.

The question may well be asked: Why were the Italians so poorly informed as to the state of defense along the Austrian border? One answer is that the terrain did not lend itself to effective reconnaissance by means of the aeroplane, as I have been able to ascertain by going over it. The value of aerial reconnaissance has been greatly exaggerated by irresponsible enthusiasts. In the Central Powers camps it is the practice not to trust any single aerial observer. The first report that is brought in is checked up, in some cases by as many as three other flyers. Usually the aerial observer does his work at great altitude, from eight to

twelve thousand feet. What he can see from there can best be gauged when compared with what the human eye can see at a distance of five to seven miles.

The failure of the Italians to advance as far as they could seems to be due to poor cavalry reconnaissance, and to a complete lack of information service on the enemy's territory—the failure to employ spies.

Since the subject of espionage is very much to the fore these days, I will go briefly into the theory and practice of espionage, confining myself to what is known to all general staffs as "secret field intelligence." This polite term is given by a general staff only to its own agents; the agents of the other side are known as spies. This is a little inconsistent, of course.

Whether an intelligence officer is a spy or mere scout depends entirely on how he is dressed at the time. If in uniform he becomes a prisoner of war when captured, and as a rule he is confined in a fortress. If he has assumed disguise he faces the firing squad next morning.

The fact that an officer has spied upon the enemy in civilian clothing does not make him the less honored among his brothers-in-arms. On the contrary, being selected for the "secret field-intelligence service" is looked upon by the more daring as a rare distinction. A commander would be court-martialed if it became known that he had failed to avail himself, for reasons of "honor," of important information brought in by his agents and had for that reason mismanaged an action. Espionage is a necessary adjunct to any military establishment—so necessary, in fact, that the spies of the antagonist are done to death when caught.

There was a time when "secret field intelligence" would have served the Allies well in Macedonia. Aerial observation in that part of the world is most difficult, owing to its wooded and broken character, and cavalry was not equal to the task for the same reason. Thus it happened that the Allied Salonika force made a drive in the wrong direction in December, 1915. It scaled a mountain range when it could have

gone through a valley, and met a crushing defeat when it could have cut off by a turn of the hand the Bulgar forces in the middle reaches of the Vardar Valley.

Few people have ever heard of the battle of Kustorino, a village halfway between Lake Doiran and the town of Strumnitza. It was fought between the British and French and the Bulgars. Official communiqués have never said much of the event. The dispatches I wrote on the subject went without exception into the London censor's waste-paper basket. Since I was the only war correspondent on the scene, there was no difficulty keeping from the public's ken this splendid military *faux pas*.

Though the Allied governments were a little slow in sending assistance to the poor Serbs, some speed was finally shown when some of their troops had landed at Salonika. Rapid advances were made in the direction of Florina and Lake Doiran. Contact with the Bulgars was first established near Djevdjeli. A little timid, the Allied troops thought it best to stop there.

Meanwhile somebody had thought of making a flank movement on the Bulgars in the Vardar Valley. The idea was good, but the trouble was that its author's notion of Balkan geography was most primitive. Instead of making the drive up the valley of the Struma *via* Demir Hissar in the Macedonian plain, and thereby enveloping the reserves on the Bulgarian left flank, then stationed in and near Pitric, a frontal attack up the Blagusa Mountains was decided upon. General Todoroff, then in command of that sector, knew the terrain, and took it for granted that the Allies also knew it. Thus it happened that the Allies encountered no more than an occasional Bulgar frontier patrol.

The Allied infantry put itself quickly in possession of the Golash Mountain, and also took some elevations to the southeast of the village of Kustorino. Artillery could not be brought up so easily, and for that reason a rapid advance upon the town of Strumnitza was impossible. Todoroff, though wholly unprepared for this maneuver, succeeded in getting the Eleventh Macedonian Division into position north of

Kustorino, and then launched a series of offensives that proved to be one of the most stubborn battles ever fought in the Balkans. Early one morning a regiment from Philippolis scaled the Golash, and after a frightful hand-to-hand encounter dislodged the British. During the night the French had been driven from their positions, and with that the campaign of the Allies in the Balkans was a stalemate.

There is only one route that will permit an advance upon Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, and that lies through the valley of the Struma. It is a safe route, moreover, being protected in the east by the Perim Dag and the Rila Planina, and in the west by the Plashkavica Mountains, all three of which ranges are insurmountable barriers to large bodies of troops.

The one difficulty in the way of an advance through the Struma Valley is the narrowness of the opening between the Belasica and Cengel Dagh, which was made by the river, and which the Bulgars had fortified in a haphazard manner. There was bound to be some severe fighting at that point, but since the Allied troops had the necessary artillery, and favorable maneuver ground, they could have done what in the Blagusa Mountains was impossible. A fight such as they put up near Kustorino would have brought them through the defile, and after that the Struma and Strumnitza valleys were open to them—the former for an advance upon Sofia, if that seemed advisable, the latter for a flank maneuver upon the Bulgarian forces in the Vardar Valley. At the same time one of the important lines of communication of the Bulgars and Germans in Macedonia would have been cut.

The Balkans' fate hung on a very slender thread just then. That thread was military information of the right sort.

Almost a year later General Falkenhayn, one evening at dinner in Kronstadt, Transylvania, was reviewing the progress of his campaign against the Rumanians. He had executed a most daring plan, and had succeeded beyond his own expectations. With the German Ninth Army and some Austro-

Hungarian troops he had pushed on Hermannstadt, driven the Second Rumanian Army into the Vörös Torony defile, and then had advanced through the valley of the Alt in the direction of the Geisterwald, which was then in the hands of the invading Rumanians. Instead of enveloping the enemy's right wing, formed by the Rumanian First Army, he pushed his way into the very center of that force, and two days before taking Kronstadt found that he was almost surrounded. The Rumanians, instead of closing in on Falkenhayn's flank and rear, elected to fall back on their line of communication, Kronstadt-Predeal; they abandoned everything and lost what they had gained in so short a time. They would have obliged the German Ninth Army to fall back had they held their positions in the Geisterwald, the very opportunity the Russian commander in the Carpathians, General Brussiloff, was looking for. There can be no doubt that disaster would have overtaken the Germans and Austro-Hungarians had the Rumanians been endowed with enough sense to close in on them in the direction of Fogaras.

I suggested to General Falkenhayn that his plan had been daring enough, and that it could not have been carried out with a better army than the Rumanian as an opponent.

"I am fully aware of that," he said. "But I took the character of that army into consideration. The Rumanian army is not bad by any means, but it has its weak spots. I was lucky enough to discover some of them."

That does not invalidate the fact that the Rumanians had a fine chance to inflict upon the Germans and Austro-Hungarians a crushing defeat, but their leaders made up their mind that two could play the risky game General Falkenhayn was playing.

Thus are spun the slender threads upon which the life of a nation may depend. The surprising part of it is that they do not seem to tear often. The thinnest of them all, however, was the one that held the fate of Turkey suspended throughout the summer, fall, and winter of 1915. An empire never before hung by so slim a spider's thread.

"Beloved Husband"

BY SUSAN GLASPELL



FOR twoscore years and ten Amos Owens really had something to worry about. In the first part of the first score he had to worry about his pants, for his mother made them out of his father's pants. He had to worry about not having the guns and bats and boats that make for popularity among one's fellows. He even had to worry about getting his school-books—not that he really wanted them, but his mother's tone in speaking of his not being able to have them led him to associate this possibility with catastrophe too great to look in the face. And then from the time he was ten years old he began to worry about getting up early enough—at ten he got a route and began carrying morning papers. Perhaps if in those years which might have been tenderer he had just once looked the worst that could happen straight in the eye, and with bold reasonableness inquired, "Well, what if it does happen?"—if just one morning a little boy of ten had done that, maybe the life of a man would have been different. Maybe. But his mother's voice shaped his years. She couldn't say, "What a beautiful sunny morning!" without giving you a sense of impending doom. And when she said, "Amos, you get to bed and right to sleep, or you'll not be able to wake up when I call you," he couldn't any more have taken a good look at the possibility of not being able to wake up than he could have struck a match and looked at the monstrous figure which must be there when a door creaked in the night.

And then, from the first, he saw things from the early-morning angle. There is that about the world when people are not up to make it seem something is bound to happen to them when they do get up. The cats were too queer in the dawn. Many houses with pulled-down shades *do* something to you. When he

got to the office and crowded in with all the other fellows the world was itself again—a place of loud voices and much edging of you out of line, but there was a certain three blocks—whistling didn't help and running made it worse.

His early-morning life did not stop with the papers. He got a job in the fish-market and it was his business to meet the four-o'clock train and get the stuff right on ice. If he missed that train— He never finished that sentence—more's the pity.

He began working in the fish-market at sixteen and he bought it at thirty-two. From the time he was twenty-eight he was afraid old Doe would die, or give up the business, before he had enough saved to buy it. Amos's savings-account ran a race with old Doe's kidneys, and there is something hounding about an opponent you can't measure. In the second year Mr. Doe had an acute attack and was taken to the hospital—that was what made Amos an investor. To get money faster he lent the savings which were bringing him four per cent. to a man who wanted to build a house and would pay eight per cent. He never would have risked this if he could have had an accurate report on the kidneys. Having risked it was anguishing as he walked through still, gray streets; securities became as thin and unreal as that light which fills in between night and day. Of course he was going to lose his money. Money became to him a thing you are practically certain to lose. He did not lose it, and he found out how to make it, but that light which is never seen in night or day became the light in which he saw things.

When he bought the fish-market he thought how nice it was going to be to sleep mornings. For years, as he walked past those drawn shades, he had envied the people warm and unaware in their beds. But when you have done an unpleasant thing for twenty-two years it

isn't so easy to leave off doing it. Of course he continued to wake at half past three, and as that was the hour when things had long seemed all wrong, of course they continued to seem so. He could hear the whistle of the four-o'clock train, and he was sure Fred Long had not been there to meet it. It got so he couldn't bear to lie abed and listen for that whistle. After a month of knowing Fred would not be there—a month in which Fred never once failed to be there—he told him he'd meet the train himself.

His wife told him he was crazy; when he acquired the fish-market he acquired as wife Josie Smith, bookkeeper in the grocery-store next door. "You don't have to do it," she told him again and again. And he couldn't explain to her, not being able to explain it to himself, that he did have to.

There was a great deal he was never able to explain to Josie—or to himself. There were things in him that fought with other things, and his make-up brought him pain. With all his terror about his pennies he had that quite special romantic sense which points some men to money. He was a 'fraid-cat and a gambler, and all through his life the gambler tortured the 'fraid-cat. He borrowed money up to the hilt, and made money on the borrowed money. His capital was never big enough for his business. This consigned him to years most men will understand better than most women. Josie was one of the women who didn't understand it at all. She had a tidy little bookkeeping mind which would have things balance no matter what the balance might be. Those were dreadful days in the Owens household when he had to pull out of his pocket a note for Josie to sign. Josie thought it all quite simple. They could get along very well if it weren't for that terrible interest. She never could see that they moved from a flat on Third Street to a home on River Heights out of what the borrowed money made. She wanted what it made, but her mind—and her judgments—never got past what it cost.

And as he carried away Josie's signature he always carried with it a nervous chill. It was true he was bearing

a fearful burden of interest. Suppose the bank came down on him—as she said it would—as something in him felt sure it must. He suffered, but he went on. He had to suffer, and he had to go on. He was like that.

And then one day he made his pile. He was one of three men who financed a young inventor. The 'fraid-cat had been more tortured by this than by anything he had done—and the gambler more intrigued. It was a new sort of motor-engine, and there was a fortune in it. The man who every morning met the four-o'clock train was the richest man in town.

But he went right on meeting it. When Josie complained about its looking queer, he said there was nothing else to do at that hour in the morning. She spoke of sleep. What was the good of sleep if you couldn't sleep? They bought an imposing house called The Manor—an edifice erected by a man with a romantic sense which had played him false, and at twenty minutes of four every morning this heavy mahogany door opened and there slunk out of it the master of the house, the richest man in town, Amos Owens on his old hard way to get his fish.

As he went out he sometimes met his son coming in—Walter was less inept than his father in taking his place among the wealthy. One morning, in the lower hall, he met his daughter, just home from a fancy-dress Christmas ball. Edna put out her arm, not unkindly, and cried, "Father!" at the thought of his going out in the storm. Her arm was bare and some gold thing was wound round and round it. All the way to the train it bothered him. It must have cost a great deal. Why need she have her arm bound like that? While absorbed in figuring out what the adornment must have cost he slipped on the ice and broke his ankle.

That night Josie and Walter and Edna gathered round his bed and read him the evening papers. They all had the story of how Amos Owens, on his way to the four-o'clock train from which he had long taken his fish, had slipped on the ice. Josie and Edna cried—and not over his broken ankle. Walter said it would set them back—they weren't well



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by H. Leinroth

IT WAS HIS BUSINESS TO MEET THE FOUR-O'CLOCK TRAIN



enough established to be "quaint." They argued with him, telling him he was Freeport's leading citizen and urging him not to injure them by being queer. And because his foot hurt so much he wanted them to go away, he finally promised to give up the fish business.

So Freeport's leading citizen tried to lie abed mornings. But the trouble was, all through his years he had felt so relieved at finding himself awake. Always there had moved just under sleep that awful idea that he might not be able to wake up. So he not only continued to wake, but continued to feel he had averted catastrophe, and on that feeling he always got right up. Now he tried to stay in bed, even though he was awake. He fought a good fight, but he couldn't win it. He would get up and prowl round the house, trying not to be heard, for he disliked discussion of his ways. He would see things about the house that distressed him—and he didn't have the fish to turn to. Though one morning, after finding three empty champagne-bottles in the billiard-room, he did go down and watch a tall Swede take fish off the four-o'clock train. He followed him as far as the market, watched him go in, stood there a little, then started up the hill toward The Manor—a slight, stooped figure going through silent streets as if pursued.

Josie and Walter and Edna would have done better to have let him alone. The Manor was a lonely place at day-break. Things that seemed wrong grew monstrously wrong because there was nothing to do but think about them—and no one to speak to of what he thought. He would find good food thrown away, and, unable to bear such things, he would go out and walk up and down the street. He would look about for some one to talk to. Waking up before other people do may seem an incident—but it leaves one alone in the world. More and more he came to have a need of talking at that hour, as if companionship might take the place of the fish and let him out from things that stalked him before it was really day—old worries which new conditions were so queerly unable to touch. Not having other people's habits cuts you off from the sympathies of the human race.

Every one disliked and despised him for his queer ways. Neighbors who were light sleepers would hear him on his beat and mutter, "Old Owens, out worrying about his money; pity the old fool can't stay in bed at this hour!"—and none of them felt sorry for him, for did he not have more money than he knew what to do with? None of them saw any pity in this broken connection between his money and his feeling about money.

One morning, in a room off Josie's bedroom, he found a dress which had come home and not been unpacked. He lifted the paper and looked at it. It was stuffed out as if there were a form within. It seemed unbearably useless, as if it were just made—and *bought*—to go over paper stuffing. He tiptoed into Josie's room and opened the door and looked at the dresses. Rows and rows of them—and now she had bought another! Josie lay there asleep, turned from him. He wanted to talk to her. He sat in a chair before the closet door, hoping she would wake. It must be said for him that he never thought of waking her—sleep was to him too escaping a thing to bring any one from it. But he couldn't sit there any longer in the stillness, so quietly he slipped out, not looking at the stuffed-out dress in the outer room. He looked in at Edna's door, at Walter's—maybe one of them was awake. He wanted terribly to speak to some one. But they weren't, and he went very softly, not to rouse them. Walter, too, had made a purchase. It was in an open drawer. He stood looking at it awhile; then, to stop looking, hurried out of the house and walked a long way—soft and fast, as if getting away from something. After a while he found himself on that street which, as a little boy, he had taken from home to the office where he got his papers. The houses were as still and strange as they used to be. Again those three blocks *did* something to him. He made a quick turn toward home, and Josie. He would talk to her; maybe he could tell her about things. He must try.

She stirred as he came in this time, said, "Oh, *Amos!*" as she saw him in overcoat and hat. Sleepily she rubbed her eyes, then exclaimed, "I think it's just too bad for you to act like this!"

He did not answer, but stood there quiet and helpless. She cried:

"If you're determined not to enjoy things yourself, I don't see why you want to spoil them for me and the children!" Then she turned her back and pulled the covers up around her as if to say she'd thank him to go away and let her sleep in peace—as a sensible person should.

So he went away. He tiptoed into Walter's room and looked again at that purchase Walter had made. He stood looking at it until he heard one of the servants on the stairs. Then he could move. Things were never so bad when some one else was up.

All through the next week he would get right out of the house, trying not to see anything, trying especially not to go in Walter's room. He would find people to speak to—policemen, early teamsters, men collecting garbage. He would go up to them in that timidly ingratiating way of one pathetically afraid he will not be well received, wistfully trying to cover with a casual tone the importance to him of being received. He would say, "Well, *this* is a fine morning," or, "There's nothing like being up early," and they would answer, "That's right," and when he went on, "The nut." There was one policeman who really talked to him, and he could talk more to this policeman than he had ever talked to any one. He told him how he always had got up early and now he couldn't quit it. He could laugh with him about it. He even told how he used to feel as a little boy going through the still streets, and while he didn't say he still felt that way, telling about it helped the way he felt now. He would walk for blocks with this policeman and talk to him about the fish business. He was a big, hearty policeman, with a warm voice—a voice not at all like the dawn.

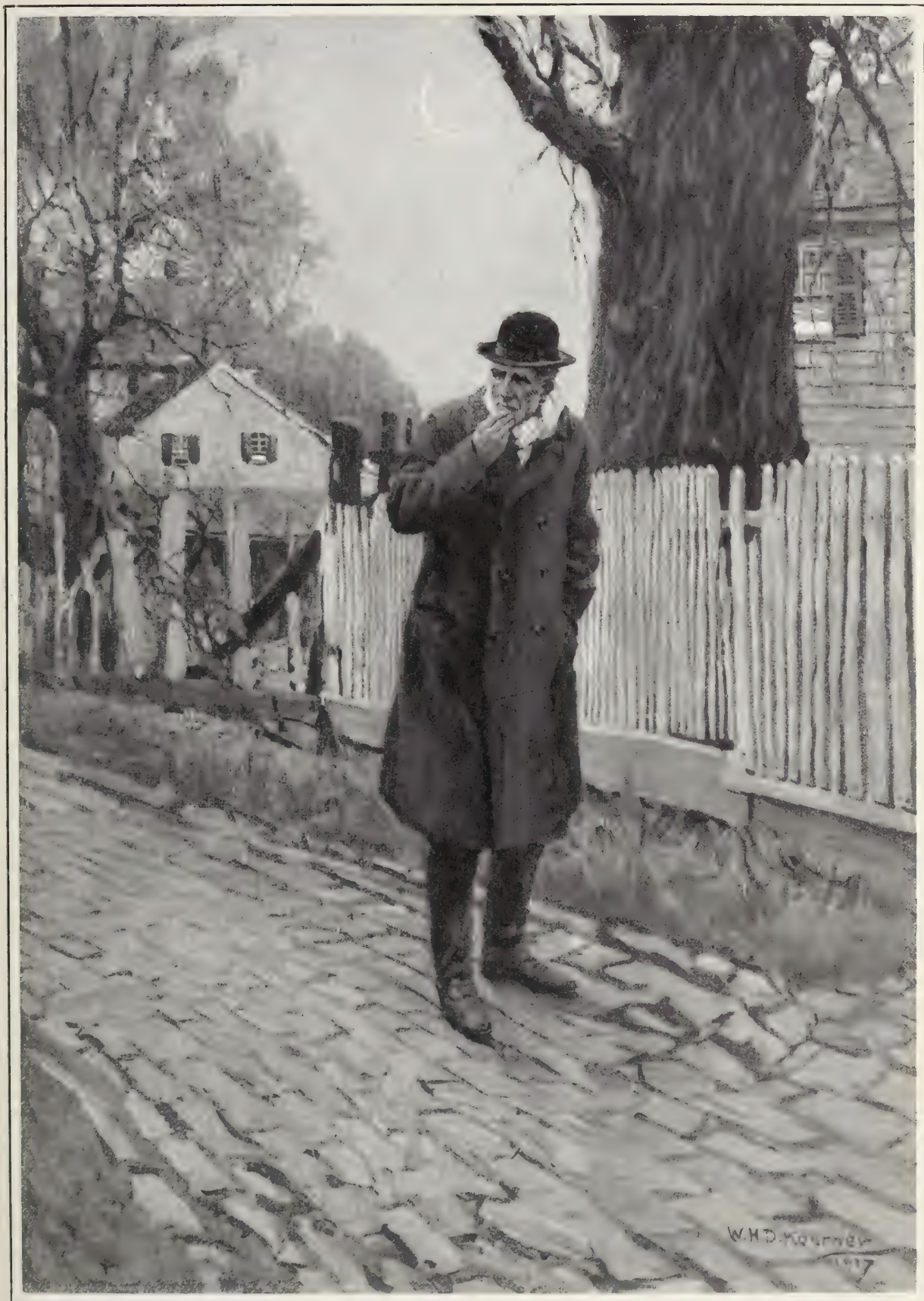
All this while he had not lost his touch with his affairs, or his power to deal with them. He went on making money. He was not looked upon as a fool, despite the fact that some said he was "touched." It was only before it was really day, when things were still and thin and very lonely, when they *waited*, that old fears cut him loose from present security and left him alone and afraid in

a world not quite right. This was a week of special good fortune for him; the return on a Southwestern investment sent him ahead almost fifty thousand dollars, but this increased fortune had absolutely no reach into the anguish of finding half an uncarved chicken in the garbage-can.

And the morning after the half a chicken sent him out into the streets, something else sent him there. Going through the upper hall, he looked into the sitting-room off Josie's bedroom and there he saw *another new dress*. It sat in an easy-chair as a person might sit—stuffed out with tissue-paper—*another dress*! In a circle which did not bring him very near he walked round it. It was a strange and to him a terrible color—that thin, weird gray in which a world not quite right waits for day. Slowly his circles came a little closer. Josie had *bought* this thing—this useless thing—she would have to *pay* for it. One arm of the dress hung limply and the other bulged grotesquely. He had to get away! As if some one were after him, he ran soft-footed into Walter's room and took what he had tried not to know was there. Softly he closed the big front door, as so many times he had closed it while others slept.

He went a little way in the fast, still way he had all his life gone through sleeping streets. He was looking for some one. He wanted that policeman whose voice was like taking you in out of the cold. But he couldn't find him. Frantic and bewildered, he walked round blocks like a lost child. He forgot about the policeman and just *went*—he didn't care where, he didn't know. If he stopped . . . Anyway, he went on. Dimly he knew there were people about him now, and then he heard a sound that had sounded through most of his years—the pounding rush of an incoming train.

He was meeting it—the four-o'clock train. He walked to the front, where they took off the fish. He saw the familiar crate come through the big door of the baggage-car. It was put on a truck. He stepped up to it. But no—it wasn't his any more. He couldn't take it. He looked around. Who *was* going to take it? He waited. And then he knew that it was happening!—the thing he had



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

BEWILDERED HE WALKED THE SLEEPING STREETS

feared all his life would happen. The four-o'clock train was in and there was no one to meet it and take the fish.

He waited. It was a rainy morning, and warm. The stuff must be got right to fresh ice! He ran to one end of the station, to the other. He would run back and stand there by the crate—on one foot, on the other, trying not to cry, powerless and watching the thing happen he had shaped his life to keep from happening. He waited as long as he could. And when he couldn't bear it another second he pulled out Walter's revolver and shot himself.

Yet it is a benign world. Things are so arranged that our deaths precede our funerals. Few of us would like our funerals, and the thought of Amos Owens enduring his is something not to be dwelt upon—as torture to an animal is not to be dwelt upon. The Owens family tried to make up for the "queerness" of his death by the munificence of

his funeral. His death might be quaint—but he had such a funeral as Freeport's leading citizen should have. Indeed, never did even leading citizen have such a funeral before. The old man lay on a couch of violets—something quite new in Freeport funerals. Josie commanded the florist to be right at hand and replace withering violets with fresh ones. Violets never withered faster. It is pleasant to think—indeed necessary to believe—that death is unaware. To feel fresh violets being stuck around him while old ones were really quite fresh enough—even the neighbors who had heard him at daybreak would not wish him *that*. The words "Beloved Husband," which in orchids formed the back of the couch, cost just seven times as much as the dress that drove him to Walter's room for the revolver. But not even the four-o'clock train disturbed him on his couch of violets. At last "Beloved Husband" slept through dawn.

The End of the Road

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

HERE it is then, the close of the long way,
The weary way!
Ah, maybe weary now, but once how gay,
The happy way!
How sweet the pleasant path, the feet how light,
And every hour fled like an angel's flight!

Alas, how dim and dark this last step seems,
And vague as dreams!
Nay, but the sun burns bright, blue the sky beams
With flying gleams,
And every wind is soft as a caress,
And every voice is lifted but to bless!

Ah, that next tread into the deep alone!
Nay, not alone,
For heavenly love is all about thee thrown,
And close thine own!
Yet lead the sinking foot,—the silence sings—
But they that hold thee have such lofty wings!

A Writer's Recollections

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART III



HOW little those who are school-girls of to-day can realize what it was to be a school-girl in the 'fifties or the early 'sixties of the last century! A modern girls' school, equipped as scores are now equipped throughout the country, was of course not to be found in 1858, when I first became a school boarder, or in 1867 when I ceased to be one. The games, the gymnastic, the solid grounding in drawing and music, together with the enormously improved teaching in elementary science, or literature and language, which are at the service of the school-girl of to-day, had not begun to be when I was at school. As far as intellectual training was concerned, my nine years from seven to sixteen were practically wasted. I learned nothing thoroughly or accurately, and the German, French, and Latin, which I soon discovered after my marriage to be essential to the kind of literary work I wanted to do, had all to be re-learned before they could be of any real use to me; nor was it ever possible for me—who married at twenty—to get that firm hold on the structure and literary history of any language, ancient or modern, which my brother William, only fifteen months my junior, got from his six years at Rugby, and his training there in Latin and Greek. What I learned during those years was learned from personalities; from contact with a nature so simple, sincere and strong as that of Miss Clough; from the kindly old German governess, whose affection for me helped me through some rather hard and lonely school years spent at a school in Shropshire; and from a gentle and high-minded woman, an ardent Evangelical, with whom a little later, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, I fell headlong in love, as was the manner of school-

girls then, and is, I understand, frequently the case with school-girls now, in spite of the greatly increased variety of subjects on which they may spend their minds.

English girls' schools to-day, providing the higher education, are so far as my knowledge goes worthily representative of that astonishing rise in the intellectual standards of women, which has taken place in the last half-century. They are almost entirely taught by women, and women with whom, in many cases, education—the shaping of the immature human creature to noble ends—is the sincerest of passions; who find, indeed, in the task that same creative joy which belongs to literature or art, or philanthropic experiment. The schoolmistress to whom money is the sole or even the chief motive of her work, is, in my experience, rare to-day, though we have all in our time heard tales of modern “academies” of the Miss Pinkerton type, brought up to date—fashionable, exclusive, and luxurious—where, as in some boys' preparatory schools (before the war!) the more the parents paid, the better they were pleased. But I have not come across them. The leading boarding-schools in England and America, at present, no less than the excellent day-schools for girls of the middle class, with which this country has been covered since 1870, are genuine products of that Women's Movement, as we vaguely call it, in the early educational phases of which I myself was much engaged; whereof the results are now widely apparent, though as yet only half-grown. If one tracks it back to somewhere near its origins, its superficial origins at any rate, one is brought up, I think, as in the case of so much else, against one leading cause—*railways*! With railways and a cheap press, in the second third of the nineteenth century, there came in, as we all know, the break-up of a thousand

mental stagnations, answering to the old physical disabilities and inconveniences. And the break-up has nowhere had more startling results than in the world of women, and the training of women for life. We have only to ask ourselves what the women of Benjamin Constant, or of Beyle, or Balzac, would have made of the keen school-girl and college girl of the present day, to feel how vast is the change through which some of us have lived. Exceptional women, of course, have led much the same kind of lives in all generations. The woman reformer of our time has gone through a different sort of self-education from that of Harriet Martineau; but she has not thought more widely, and she will hardly influence her world so much as that stanch fighter of the past. It is the rank and file—the

average woman—for whom the world has opened up so astonishingly. The revelation of her wide-spread and various capacities that the present war has brought about, is only the suddenly conspicuous result of the liberating forces set in action by the scientific and mechanical development of the nineteenth century. It rests still with that world “after the war,” to which we are all looking forward with mingled hope and fear, to determine the new forms, sociological and political, through which this capacity, this heightened faculty, must some day organically express itself.

In the years when I was at school, however,—1858 to 1867—these good

days were only beginning to dawn. Poor teaching, poor school-books, and, in many cases, indifferent food and much ignorance as to the physical care of girls—these things were common in my school-time. I loved nearly all my teachers; but it was not till I went home to live at Oxford, in 1867, that I awoke

intellectually to a hundred interests and influences that begin much earlier nowadays to affect any clever child. I had few tools and little grounding; and I was much more childish than I need have been. A few vivid impressions stand out from these years: the great and to me mysterious figure of Newman haunting the streets of Edgbaston, where, in 1861, my father became head classical master of the Oratory School; the news of the murder of Lincoln, coming suddenly into a quiet garden in a



BENJAMIN JOWETT

suburb of Birmingham, and an ineffaceable memory of the pale faces and horror-stricken looks of those discussing it; the haunting beauty of certain passages of Ruskin which I copied out and carried about with me, without in the least caring to read as a whole the books from which they came; my first visit to the House of Commons in 1863; the recurrent visits to Fox How, and the winter and summer beauty of the fells; together with an endless story-telling phase in which I told stories to my school-fellows, on condition they told stories to me; coupled with many attempts on my part at poetry and fiction, which make me laugh and blush when

I compare them to-day with similar efforts of my own grandchildren. But on the whole they were starved and rather unhappy years; through no one's fault. My parents were very poor and perpetually in movement. Everybody did the best they could.

With Oxford, however, and my seventeenth year, came a radical change.

It was in July, 1865, while I was still a school-girl, that in the very middle of the Long Vacation, I first saw Oxford. My father, after some five years as Doctor Newman's colleague at the Oratory School, had then become the subject of a strong temporary reaction against Catholicism. He left the Roman Church in '65, to return to it again, for good, eleven years later. During the interval he took pupils at Oxford, produced a very successful *Manual of English Literature*, edited the works of Wycliffe for the Clarendon Press, made himself an Anglo-Saxon scholar, and became one of the most learned editors of the great Rolls Series. To look at the endless piles of his note-books is to realize how hard, how incessantly he worked. Historical scholarship was his destined field; he found his happiness in it through all the troubles of life. And the return to Oxford, to its memories, its libraries, its stately imperishable beauty, was delightful to him. So also, I think, for some years, was the sense of intellectual freedom. Then began a kind of nostalgia, which grew and grew till it took him back to the Catholic haven in 1876, never to wander more.

But when he first showed me Oxford he was in the ardor of what seemed a permanent severance from an admitted mistake. I see a deserted Oxford street, and a hansom coming up it—myself and my father inside it. I was returning from school, for the holidays. When I had last seen my people, they were living near Birmingham. I now found them at Oxford, and I remember the thrill of excitement with which I looked from side to side as we neared the colleges. For I knew well, even at fourteen, that this was "no mean city." As we drove up Beaumont Street we saw what was then "new Balliol" in front of us, and a jutting window. "There lives the arch-

heretic!" said my father. It was a window in Jowett's rooms. He was not yet Master of the famous College, but his name was a rallying-cry, and his personal influence almost at its zenith. At the same time, he was then rigorously excluded from the University pulpit; it was not till a year later that even his close friend Dean Stanley ventured to ask him to preach in Westminster Abbey; and his salary as Greek Professor, due to him from the revenues of Christ Church, and withheld from him on theological grounds for years, had only just been wrung—at last—from the reluctant hands of a governing body which contained Doctor Pusey.

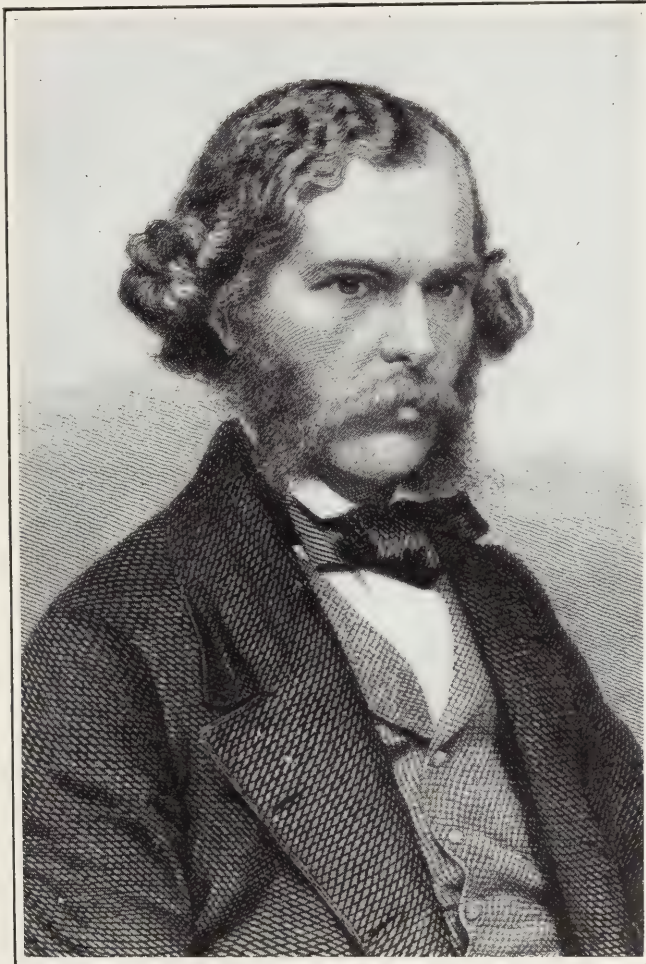
It was not, however, till two years later that I left school, and slipped into the Oxford life as a fish into water. I was sixteen, beginning to be conscious of all sorts of rising needs and ambitions, keenly alive to the spell of Oxford, and to the good fortune which had brought me to live in her streets. There was in me, I think, a real hunger to learn, and a very quick sense of romance in things or people. But after sixteen, except in music, I had no definite teaching, and everything I learned came to me from persons—and books—sporadically, without any general guidance or plan. It was all a great voyage of discovery, organized mainly by myself, on the advice of a few men and women very much older, who took an interest in me, and were endlessly kind to the shy and shapeless creature I must have been.

It was in '68 or '69—I think I was seventeen—that I remember my first sight of a college garden lying cool and shaded between gray college walls, and on the grass a figure that held me fascinated—a lady in a green brocade dress, with a belt and chatelaine of Russian silver, who was playing croquet, then a novelty in Oxford, and seemed to me, as I watched her, a perfect model of grace and vivacity. A man nearly thirty years older than herself whom I knew to be her husband was standing near her, and a handful of undergraduates made an amused and admiring court round the lady. The elderly man—he was then fifty-three—was Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, and the croquet-

player had been his wife about seven years. After the Rector's death in 1884, Mrs. Pattison married Sir Charles Dilke in the very midst of the divorce proceedings which were to wreck in full stream a brilliant political career; and she showed him a proud devotion till her death. None of her early friends who remember her later history can ever think of the "Frances Pattison" of Oxford days without a strange stirring of heart. I was much at Lincoln in the years before I married, and derived an impression from the life lived there that has never left me. Afterwards I saw much less of Mrs. Pattison, who was generally on the Riviera in the winter; but from 1868 to 1872, the Rector, learned, critical, bitter, fastidious, and "Mrs. Pat," with her gaiety, her picturesqueness, her impatience of the Oxford solemnities and decorums, her sharp restless wit, her determination *not* to be academic, to hold on to the greater world of affairs outside—mattered more to me perhaps than anybody else. They were very kind to me, and I was never tired of going there: though I was much puzzled by their ways, and—while my Evangelical phase lasted—much scandalized often by the speculative freedom of the talk I heard. Sometimes my rather uneasy conscience protested in ways which I think must have amused my hosts, though they never said a word. They were fond of asking me to come to supper at Lincoln on Sundays. It was a gay, unceremonious meal, at

which Mrs. Pattison appeared in the kind of gown which at a much later date began to be called a tea-gown. It was generally white or gray, with various ornaments and accessories which always seemed to me, accustomed for so long to the rough-and-tumble of school life, marvels of delicacy and prettiness; so

that I was sharply conscious, on these occasions, of the graceful figure made by the young mistress of the old house. But some last stubborn trace in me of the Evangelical view of Sunday declared that while one might talk—and one *must* eat!—on Sunday, one mustn't put on evening dress, or *b e h a v e* as though it were just like a weekday. So, while every one else was in evening dress, I more than once—at seventeen—came to these Sunday gatherings on a winter evening, pur-



GEORGE HENRY LEWES

posely, in a high woolen frock, sternly but uncomfortably conscious of being sublime—if only one were not ridiculous! The Rector, "Mrs. Pat," Mr. Bywater, myself, and perhaps a couple of undergraduates—often a bewildered and silent couple—I see that little vanished company in the far past, so plainly! Three of them are dead—and for me, the gray walls of Lincoln must always be haunted by their ghosts.

The Rector himself was an endless study to me—he and his frequent companion, Ingram Bywater, afterwards the distinguished Greek Professor. To listen to these two friends as they talked of foreign scholars in Paris, or Germany,

of Renan, or Ranke, or Curtius; as they poured scorn on Oxford scholarship, or the lack of it, and on the ideals of Balliol, which aimed at turning out public officials, as compared with the researching ideals of the German universities, which seemed to the Rector the only ideals worth calling academic; or as they flung gibes at Christ Church whence Pusey and Liddon still directed the powerful Church party of the University:—was to watch the doors of new worlds gradually opening before a girl's questioning intelligence. To me the Rector was from the beginning the kindest friend. He saw that I came of a literary stock and had literary ambitions; and he tried to direct me. "Get to the bottom of something"—he would say—"Choose a subject, and know *everything* about it!" I eagerly followed his advice, and began to work at early Spanish in the Bodleian. But I think he was wrong—I venture to think so!—though as his half-melancholy, half-satirical look comes back to me, I realize how easily he would defend himself, if one could tell him so now! I think I ought to have been told to take a history examination and learn Latin properly. But if I had, half the exploring joy of those early years would no doubt have been cut away.

One of my clearest memories connected with the Pattisons and Lincoln is that of meeting George Eliot and Mr. Lewes there, in the spring of 1870, when I was eighteen. It was at one of the Sunday suppers. George Eliot sat at the Rector's right hand. I was opposite her; on my left was George Henry Lewes, to whom I took a prompt and active dislike. He and Mrs. Pattison kept up a lively conversation in which Mr. Bywater, on the other side of the table, took full share. George Eliot talked very little, and I not at all. The Rector was shy or tired, and George Eliot was in truth entirely occupied in watching or listening to Mr. Lewes. I was disappointed that she was so silent, and perhaps her quick eye may have divined it, for after supper, as we were going up the interesting old staircase, made in the thickness of the wall, which led direct from the dining-room to the drawing-room above, she said to me:

"The rector tells me that you have been reading a good deal about Spain. Would you care to hear something of our Spanish journey?"—the journey which had preceded the appearance of "The Spanish Gypsy," then newly published. My reply is easily imagined. The rest of the party passed through the dimly lit drawing-room to talk and smoke in the gallery beyond. George Eliot sat down in the darkness and I beside her. Then she talked for about twenty minutes, with perfect ease and finish, without misplacing a word or dropping a sentence, and I realized at last that I was in the presence of a great writer. Not a great *talker*. It is clear that George Eliot never was that. Impossible for her to "talk" her books, or evolve her books from conversation, like Madame de Staël. She was too self-conscious, too desperately reflective, too rich in second-thoughts for that. But in tête-à-tête, and with time to choose her words, she could—in monologue, with just enough stimulus from a companion to keep it going—produce on a listener exactly the impression of some of her best work. As the low clear voice flowed on, in Mrs. Pattison's drawing-room, I *saw* Saragossa, Granada, the Escorial, and that survival of the old Europe in the new, which one must go to Spain to find. Not that the description was particularly vivid—in talking of famous places John Richard Green could make words tell and paint with far greater success; but it was singularly complete and accomplished. When it was done the effect was there—the effect she had meant to produce. I shut my eyes, and it all comes back:—the darkened room, the long, pallid face, the evident wish to be kind to a young girl.

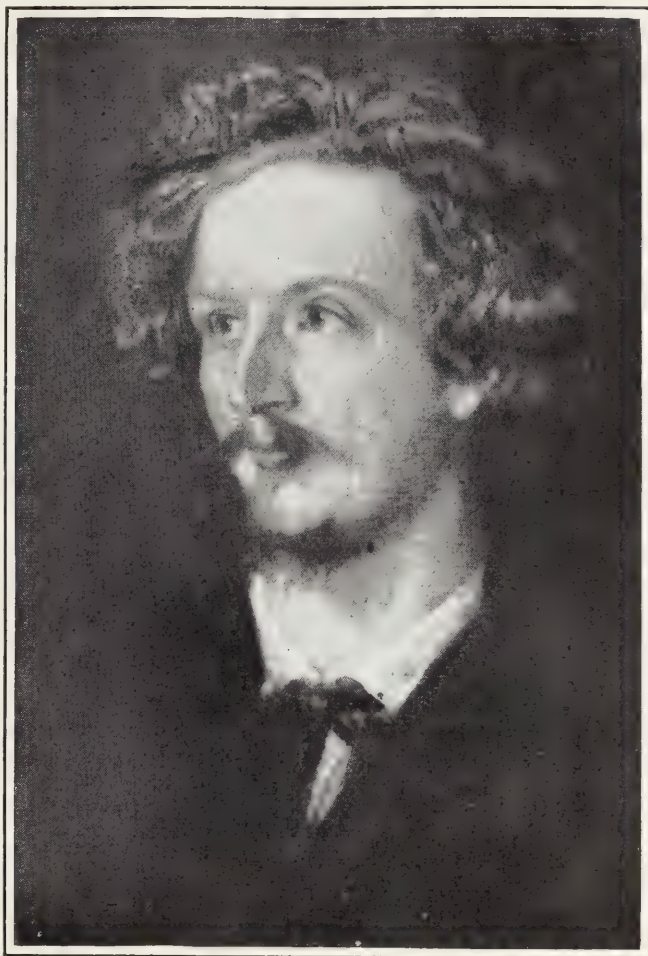
Two more impressions of her let me record. The following day, the Pattisons took their guests to see the "eights" races from Christ Church meadow. A young Fellow of Merton, Mandell Creighton, afterwards the beloved and famous Bishop of London, was among those entertaining her on the barge, and on the way home he took her and Mr. Lewes through Merton garden. I was of the party, and I remember what a carnival of early summer it was in that enchanting place. The chestnuts were

all out, one splendor from top to toe; the laburnums, the lilacs, the hawthorns red and white, the new-mown grass spreading its smooth and silky carpet round the college walls—a May sky overhead, and through the trees glimpses of towers and spires, silver gray, in the sparkling summer air—the picture was one of those that Oxford throws before the spectator, at every turn, like the careless beauty that knows she has only to show herself, to move, to breathe, to give delight. George Eliot stood on the grass, in the bright sun, looking at the flower-laden chestnuts, at the distant glimpses on all sides, of the surrounding city, saying little—that she left to Mr. Lewes!—but drinking it in, storing it in that rich, absorbent mind of hers. And afterwards when Mr. Lewes, Mr. Creighton, she and I walked

back to Lincoln, I remember another little incident throwing light on the ever-ready instinct of the novelist. As we turned into the quadrangle of Lincoln—suddenly, at one of the upper windows of the Rector's lodgings, which occupied the far right-hand corner of the quad, there appeared the head and shoulders of Mrs. Pattison, as she looked out and beckoned smiling to Mrs. Lewes. It was a brilliant apparition, as though a French portrait by Greuze or Perronneau had suddenly slipped into a vacant space in the old college wall. The pale, pretty head, *blond-cendrée*—the delicate smiling features and white throat, a touch of black, a touch of blue; a white

dress; a general eighteenth-century impression as though of powder and patches—Mrs. Lewes perceived it in a flash, and I saw her run eagerly to Mr. Lewes and draw his attention to the window and its occupant. She took his arm, while she looked and waved. If she had lived longer, some day, and somewhere in her books, that vision at the window, and that flower-laden garden would have reappeared. I seemed to see her consciously and deliberately committing them both to memory.

But I do not believe that she ever meant to describe the Rector in "Mr. Casaubon." She was far too good a scholar herself to have perpetrated a caricature so flagrantly untrue. She knew Mark Pattison's quality, and could never have meant to draw the writer of some of the most fruitful and



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

illuminating of English essays, and one of the most brilliant pieces of English biography, in the dreary and foolish pedant who overshadows *Middlemarch*. But the fact that Mark Pattison was an elderly scholar with a young wife, and that George Eliot knew him, led later on to a legend which was I am sure unwelcome to the writer of *Middlemarch*, while her supposed victim passed it by with amused indifference.

As to the relation between the Rector and the Squire of *Robert Elsmere* which has been often assumed, it was confined, as I have already said (in the introduction to the library edition of *Robert Elsmere* published in 1909) to a likeness

in outward aspect—"a few personal traits, and the two main facts of great learning and a general impatience of fools." If one could imagine Mark Pattison a landowner, he would certainly never have neglected his estates, or tolerated an inefficient agent.

Only three years intervened between my leaving school and my engagement to Mr. T. Humphry Ward, Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. But those three years seem to me now to have been extraordinarily full. Lincoln and the Pattisons, Balliol and Mr. Jowett, and the Bodleian Library, outside the influences and affections of my own home, stand in the forefront of what memory looks back on as a broad and animated scene. The great Library, in particular, became to me a living and inspiring presence. When I think of it, as it then was, I am aware of a medley of beautiful things—pale sunlight on book-lined walls, or streaming through old armorial bearings on Tudor windows; spaces and distances, all books, beneath a painted roof from which gleamed the motto of the University—*Dominus illuminatio mea*; gowned figures moving silently about the spaces; the faint scents of old leather and polished wood; and fusing it all, a stately dignity and benignant charm, through which the voices of the bells outside, as they struck each successive quarter from Oxford's many towers, seemed to breathe a certain eternal reminder of the past and the dead. It was in these noble surroundings that, with far too little, I fear, of positive reading, and with much undisciplined wandering from shelf to shelf and subject to subject, there yet sank deep into me the sense of history, and of that vast ocean of the recorded past, from which the generations rise, and into which they fall back. And that in itself was a great boon—almost, one might say, a training, of a kind.

But a girl of seventeen is not always thinking of books, especially in the Oxford summer term.

In *Miss Bretherton*, my earliest novel, and in *Lady Connie*, one of my latest, will be found by those who care to look for it, the reflection of that other life of Oxford, the life which takes its

shape not from age, but from youth, not from the past which created Oxford, but from the lively laughing present which every day renews it. For six months of the year Oxford is a city of young men, for the most part between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. In my maiden days it was not also a city of young women, as it is to-day. Women—girls especially—were comparatively on sufferance. The Heads of Houses were married; the Professors were mostly married; but married tutors had scarcely begun to be. Only at two seasons of the year was Oxford invaded by women—by beves of maidens who came, in early May and middle June, to be made much of by their brothers and their brothers' friends, to be danced with and flirted with, to know the joys of coming back on a summer night from Nuneham up the long fragrant reaches of the lower river, or of "sitting out" in historic gardens where Philip Sidney or Charles I., or Gibbon had passed.

At the Eights and "Commem," the old, old place became a mere background for pretty dresses, and college luncheons, and river picnics. The seniors groaned often, as well they might; for there was little work done in my day in the summer term. But it is perhaps worth while for any nation to possess such harmless festivals in so beautiful a setting as these Oxford gatherings. How many of our national festivals are spoiled by ugly and sordid things—betting and drink, greed and display! Here, all there is to see is a competition of boats, manned by England's best youth, upon a noble river, flowing, in Virgilian phrase, "under ancient walls"; a city of romance, given up for a few days to the pleasure of the young, and breathing into that pleasure her own refining, exalting note; a stately ceremony—the Eucænia—going back to the infancy of English learning; and the dancing of young men and maidens in Gothic or classical halls built long ago by the "fathers who begat us." My own recollection of the Oxford summer, the Oxford river and hay-fields, the dawn on Oxford streets, as one came out from a Commemoration ball, or the evening under Nuneham woods where the swans on that still water, now, as always, "float double, swan and

shadow"—these things I hope will be with me to the end. To have lived through them is to have tasted youth and pleasure from a cup as pure, as little alloyed with baser things, as the high gods allow to mortals.

Let me recall one more experience before I come to the married life which began in 1872;—my first sight of Taine, the great French historian, in the spring of 1871. He had come over at the invitation of the Curators of the Taylorian Institution to give a series of lectures on Corneille and Racine. The lectures were arranged immediately after the surrender of Paris to the German troops, when it might have been hoped that the worst calamities of France were over. But before M. Taine crossed to England the insurrection of the Commune had broken out, and while he was actually in Oxford delivering his six lectures, the terrible news of the last days of May, the burning of the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville and the Cour des Comptes, all the savagery of the beaten revolution let loose on Paris itself, came crashing, day by day and hour by hour, like so many horrible explosions in the heavy air of Europe, still tremulous with the memories and agonies of recent war.

How well I remember the effect in Oxford!—the newspaper cries in the streets, the fear each morning as to what new calamities might have fallen on civilization, the intense fellow-feeling in a community of students and scholars for the students and scholars of France!

When M. Taine arrived, he himself writes home (see his published *Correspondence*, Vol. II) that Oxford could not do enough to show her sympathy with a distinguished Frenchman. He writes from Oxford on May 25:—

I have no courage for a letter to-day. I have just heard of the horrors of Paris, the burning of the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, etc. My heart is wrung. I have energy for nothing. I cannot go out and see people. I was in the Bodleian when the Librarian told me this and showed me the newspapers. In presence of such madness and such disasters, they treat a Frenchman here with a kind of pitying sympathy.

Oxford residents indeed, inside and outside the colleges, crowded the first

lecture to show their feeling not only for M. Taine, but for a France wounded and trampled on by her own children. The few dignified and touching words with which he opened his course, his fine dark head, the attractiveness of his subject, the lucidity of his handling of it, made the lecture a great success; and a few nights afterwards at dinner at Balliol, I found myself sitting next the great man. In his published correspondence there is a letter describing this dinner which shows that I must have confided in him not a little!—as to my Bodleian reading, and the article on the "Poema del Cid" that I was writing. He confesses, however, that he did his best to draw me—examining the English girl as a new specimen for his psychological collection. As for me, I remember that he summed up his criticisms of English life in the remark that there was too much magenta in the women's dresses, and too much pepper in the kitchen! From English cooking—which showed ill in the Oxford of those days—he suffered a good deal. Nor, in spite of his great literary knowledge of England and English, was his spoken English clear enough to enable him to grapple with the lodging-house cook. Professor Max Müller, who had induced him to give the lectures, and watched over him during his stay, told me that on his first visit to the historian in his Beaumont Street rooms, he found him sitting bewildered before the strangest of meals. It consisted entirely of a huge beef-steak, served in the unappetizing, slovenly English way, and—a large plate of buttered toast. Nothing else. "But I ordered bif-tek and pott-a-toes!" cried the puzzled historian, to his visitor!

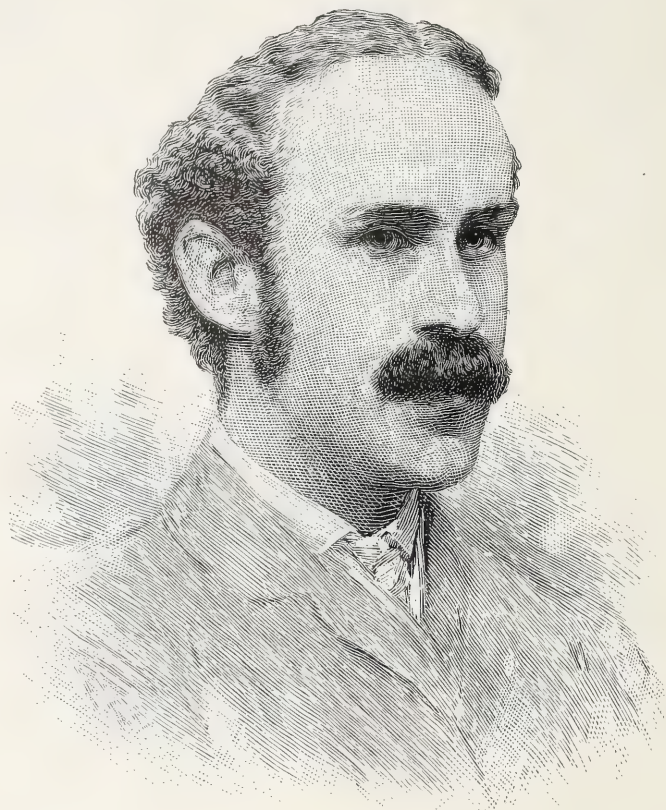
Another guest of the Master's on that night was Mr. Swinburne, and of him too I have a vivid recollection as he sat opposite to me on the side next the fire, his small lower features and slender neck overweighted by his thick reddish hair and capacious brow. I could not think why he seemed so cross and uncomfortable. He was perpetually beckoning to the waiters, then, when they came, holding peremptory conversation with them; while I from my side of the table could see them going away, with a whisper or a shrug to each other, like

men asked for the impossible. At last with a kind of bound, Swinburne leaped from his chair and seized a copy of the *Times*, which he seemed to have persuaded one of the men to bring him. As he got up I saw that the fire behind him, and very close to him, must indeed have been burning the very marrow out of a long-suffering poet. And alack, in that house without a mistress, the small conveniences of life, such as fire-screens, were often overlooked. The Master did not possess any. In a pale exasperation Swinburne folded the *Times* over the back of his chair, and sat down again. Vain was the effort! The room was narrow, the party large, and the servants pushing by, had soon dislodged the *Times*. Again and again did Swinburne in a fury replace it; and was soon reduced to sitting silent and wild-eyed, his back firmly pressed against the chair and the newspaper, in a concentrated struggle with fate.

Matthew Arnold was another of the party, and I have a vision of my uncle standing talking with M. Taine, with whom he then and there made a lasting friendship. The Frenchman was not, I trust, aware at that moment of the heresies of the English critic who had ventured only a few years before to speak of "the exaggerated French estimate of Racine," and even to indorse the judgment of Joubert—"Racine est le Virgile des ignorants!" Otherwise M. Taine might have given an even sharper edge than he actually did to his remarks, in his letters home, on the critical faculty of the English. "In all that I read and

hear"—he says to Madame Taine—"I see nowhere the fine literary sense which means the gift—or the art—of understanding the souls and passions of the past." And again, "I have had infinite trouble to-day to make my audience appreciate some *finesses* of Racine." There is a note of resigned exasperation in these

comments which reminds me of the attitude of another French critic—Edmond Scherer, Sainte-Beuve's best successor—ten years later. Apropos of some judgment of Matthew Arnold—whom Scherer delighted in—on Racine, of the same kind as those I have already quoted, the Frenchman of letters broke out to me, almost with fury, as we walked together at Versailles. But after all, was the Oxford which contained Pater, Pattison, and By-



WALTER PATER

water, which had nurtured Matthew Arnold and Swinburne—Swinburne with his wonderful knowledge of the intricacies and subtleties of the French tongue, and the French literature—merely "solide and positif," as Taine declares? The judgment is, I think, a characteristic judgment of that man of formulas—often so brilliant, and often so mistaken—who in the famous *History of English Literature*, taught his English readers as much by his blunders as by his merits. He provoked us into thinking. And what critic does more? Is not the whole fraternity like so many successive Penelopes, each unraveling the web of the one before? The point is that the web should be eternally remade and eternally unraveled.

I married Mr. Thomas Humphry

Ward, Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, on April 6, 1872, the knot being tied by my father's friend, my grandfather's pupil and biographer, Dean Stanley. For nine years, till the spring of 1881, we lived in Oxford, in a little house, north of the Parks, in what was then the newest quarter of the University town. They were years, for both of us, of great happiness and incessant activity. Our children, two daughters and a son, were born in 1874, 1876 and 1879. We had many friends, all pursuing the same kind of life as ourselves, and interested in the same kind of things. Nobody under the rank of a Head of a College, except a very few privileged Professors, possessed as much as a thousand pounds a year. The average income of the new race of married tutors was not much more than half that sum. Yet we all gave dinner-parties and furnished our houses with Morris papers, old chests and cabinets, and blue pots. The dinner-parties were simple and short. At our own early efforts of the kind, there certainly was not enough to eat. But we all improved with time; and on the whole I think we were very fair housekeepers and competent mothers. Most of us were very anxious to be up-to-date, and in the fashion, whether in esthetics, in housekeeping, or education. But our fashion was not that of Belgravia or Mayfair, which indeed we scorned! It was the fashion of the movement which sprang from Morris and Burne-Jones. Liberty stuffs very plain in line, but elaborately "smocked," were greatly in vogue, and evening dresses, "cut square," or with "Watteau pleats," were generally worn, and often in conscious protest against the London "low dress" of the moment, which Oxford—young married Oxford, thought both ugly and fast. I first succumbed to a "dressmaker's," evening dress, in the ordinary fashion, about 1882, ten years after my marriage, and immediately after our settlement in London.

Almost immediately opposite to us in the Bradmore Road, lived Walter Pater and his sisters. The exquisiteness of their small house, and the charm of the three people who lived in it will never be forgotten by those who knew them well in those days when by the publication

of the *Studies in the Renaissance* (1873) their author had just become famous. I recall very clearly the effect of that book—of the strange and poignant sense of beauty expressed in it—of its entire aloofness from the Christian tradition of Oxford—its glorification of the higher and intenser forms of esthetic pleasure—of "passion" in the intellectual sense—as against the Christian doctrine of self-denial and renunciation. It was a gospel that both stirred and scandalized Oxford. The bishop of the diocese thought it worth while to protest. There was a cry of "Neo-paganism"—and various attempts at persecution. The author of the book was quite unmoved. In those days Walter Pater's mind was still full of revolutionary ferments which were just as sincere, just as much himself as that later hesitating and wistful return towards Christianity, and Christianity of the Catholic type, which is embodied in *Marius the Epicurean*, the most beautiful of the spiritual romances of Europe since the *Confessions*. I can remember a dinner-party at his house, where a great tumult arose over some abrupt statement of his made to the High Church wife of a well-known professor. Pater had been in some way pressed controversially beyond the point of wisdom, and had said suddenly that no reasonable person could govern his life by the opinions or actions of a man who died eighteen centuries ago. The Professor and his wife—I look back to them both with the warmest affection—departed hurriedly, in agitation; and the rest of us only gradually found out what had happened.

But before we left Oxford in 1881, this attitude of mind had I think greatly changed. Mr. Gosse in the memoir of Walter Pater contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography* says that before 1870, he had gradually relinquished all belief in the Christian religion—and leaves it there. But the interesting and touching thing to watch was the gentle and almost imperceptible flowing back of the tide over the sands it had left bare. It may be said, I think, that he never returned to Christianity in the orthodox, or intellectual sense. But his heart returned to it. He became once more endlessly interested in it, and

haunted by the "something" in it, which he thought inexplicable. A remembrance of my own shows this. In my ardent years of exploration and revolt, conditioned by the historical work that occupied me during the later seventies, I once said to him in tête-à-tête, reckoning confidently on his sympathy, and with the intolerance and certainty of youth, that orthodoxy could not possibly maintain itself long against its assailants, especially from the historical and literary camps, and that we should live to see it break down. He shook his head and looked rather troubled. "I don't think so—" he said. Then, with hesitation—"and we don't altogether agree. You think it's all plain. But I can't. There are such mysterious things. Take that saying, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden.' How can you explain that? There is a mystery in it—something supernatural."

I might have replied—I cannot remember whether I did—that the answer of the modern critic would be: "The words you quote are in all probability from a lost Wisdom book—there are very close analogies in Proverbs and in the Apocrypha. They are a fragment without a context, and may represent on the Lord's lips, either a quotation, or the text of a discourse. Wisdom is speaking—the Wisdom 'which is justified of her children.'" But if any one had made such a reply, it would not have affected the mood in Pater of which this conversation gave me my first glimpse—and which is expressed again and again in the most exquisite passages of *Marius*. Turn to the first time when Marius—under Marcus Aurelius—is present at a Christian ceremony, and sees, for the first time, the "wonderful spectacle of those who believed."

The people here collected might have figured as the earliest handsel or pattern of a new world, from the very face of which discontent had passed away. . . . They had faced life and were glad, by some science or light of knowledge they had, to which there was certainly no parallel in the older world. Was some credible message from beyond "the flaming rampart of the world"—a message of hope . . . already molding their very bodies and looks and voices, now and here?

Or again, to the thoughts of Marius at the approach of death:—

At this moment, his unclouded receptivity of soul, grown so steadily through all those years, from experience to experience, was at its height; the house was ready for the possible guest, the tablet of the mind white and smooth, for whatever divine fingers might choose to write there.

Marius was published twelve years after the *Studies in the Renaissance*, and there is a world between the two books. I may perhaps be allowed to return to the later phases of Pater's thought, when I come to his review of *Robert Elsmere*, and his precious letter about that book to myself. Here it is rather the middle days of his life that concern me, and the years of happy friendship with him and his sisters, when we were all young together. Mr. Pater and my husband were both fellows and tutors of Brasenose, though my husband was much the younger; a fact which naturally brought us into frequent contact. And the beautiful little house across the road, with its two dear mistresses drew me perpetually, both before and after my marriage. The drawing-room which runs the whole breadth of the house from the road to the garden behind was "Paterian" in every line and ornament. There was a Morris paper; spindle-legged tables and chairs; a sparing allowance of blue plates and pots, bought, I think, in Holland, where Oxford residents in my day were always foraging, to return often with treasures, of which the very memory now stirs a half-amused envy of one's own past self, that had such chance and lost it; framed embroidery of the most delicate design and color, the work of Mr. Pater's elder sister; engravings, if I remember right, from Botticelli or Luini, or Mantegna; a few mirrors, and a very few flowers, chosen and arranged with a simple yet conscious art. I see that room always with the sun in it, touching the polished surfaces of wood and brass and china, and bringing out its pure, bright color. I see it too pervaded by the presence of the younger sister Clara,—a personality never to be forgotten by those who loved her. Clara Pater, whose grave and noble beauty in youth has been preserved in a drawing by Mr. Wirgman, was indeed

a "rare and dedicated spirit." When I first knew her, she was four or five and twenty, intelligent, alive, sympathetic, with a delightful humor, and a strong judgment, but without much positive acquirement. Then after some years, she began to learn Latin and Greek with a view to teaching; and after we left Oxford she became Vice-President of the new Somerville College for Women. Several generations of girl-students must still preserve the tenderest and most grateful memories of all that she was there, as woman, teacher, and friend. Her point of view, her opinion had always the crispness, the savor that goes with perfect sincerity. She feared no one, and she loved many, as they loved her. She loved animals too, as all the household did. How well I remember the devoted nursing given by the brother and sisters to a poor little

paralytic cat, whose life they tried to save—in vain! When, later, I came across in *Marius* the account of Marcus Aurelius carrying away the dead child Annius Verus,—“pressed closely to his bosom, as if yearning just then for one thing only, to be united, to be absolutely one with it, in its obscure distress”—I remembered the absorption of the writer of those lines, and of his sisters, in the suffering of that poor little creature, long years before. I feel tolerably certain that in writing the words Walter Pater had that past experience in mind.

After Walter Pater's death Clara, with her elder sister, became the vigilant and joint guardian of her brother's books and fame, till, four years ago, a terrible illness cut short her life, and set free, in her brother's words, the “unclouded and receptive soul.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Confession

BY DANA BURNET

IN my most solemn ignorance I said:
 “Life is a chance estate; the world, a ball
 Tossed by some God with gaming in his head
 Against the Infinite of heaven's wall—”
 And I made cause with Cynics, till there came
 Black-browed Catastrophe, from the deep ground,
 And broke the firmament with hands of flame!
 Then saw I Him whom the old creeds had crowned,
 A monstrous image sprawled upon the skies;
 An effigy, a Thing pricked out of space
 By the long up-burning of uncounted eyes—
 A statue, with a dim, chaotic face
 On which a thousand Versions struggled each for place.

Him no vast wit could move to shape a world!
 Marble He sat, upon a marble throne,
 Nor played with holy purposes, nor hurled
 For His amusement—(being much alone)—
 One least small star into the nebulous Unknown!

Him I beheld in Catastrophic light—
 And straightway felt myself a nobler thing
 Than the mere slave of such an idol-King!
 My heart leaped up to cast Him from His height;
 My soul stood forth responsible! I saw
 Traced in the dust, by grim Destruction's rod,
 A new and splendid Writing of the Law:
Man the high-priest; Humanity the God!

Always Summer

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



THOUGH the sloop lay at anchor in a tidy place, well under the reef, there hung about her person an air of singular untidiness. The halyards had been let go and that was all; the mainsail lay all over the port side where it had come bellying below, the staysail had jammed three-quarters down, and the jib was fouled in the bobstay. There was no sound. Had the two men, the one on deck and the one in the cubby, been interested they could have heard the trade-wind slatting the fronds of the cocoa-palms away on the beach, where they began to stand out now on the gray that comes and goes swiftly before the West Indian dawn.

By her rig she would have come from one of the French islands. Marie Galante, in fact, was the hailing port given under the name, *La Reine de la Mer* on the battered stern. But it was at Guadeloupe that they had the pestilence—*La Vérette*.

The two words, "*La Vérette*," had been the last on the black man's lips and that was an hour ago. Now he lay quite still beside the wheel-box, his head and his satiny shoulders doubled over toward his middle, making a figure not unlike a question-mark, an awkward interrogation put to the sky.

In the sloop's cubby the air was already heavy with abomination. The body in the bunk athwartships had been the property of a white man, though it would have been hard to say it now, for the lovers of *La Vérette* come masked to the tryst. By his clothing he might have been a commercial traveler. Or he might have been a tourist, cut off from his ship by the smallpox and taking any means of escape from the pestilent city. He might, indeed, have been anything. By the plain gold ring on his left hand he would have been "W. E. C.," unless

by chance he were "M. C." And the papers in the inner pocket of his coat would have settled that—would have fixed him for Waldo Emerson Fellows, an American traveling in the Caribbean "for pleasure"—or possibly for another reason. It mattered very little now. . .

Day came swiftly. Light fell out of the zenith, and in an instant the world was on fire with a white and pitiless flame. It showed the raw, hard, peacock-colored sea; it showed the beach livid where the palms threw it in shadow. It picked out a skiff half-beached on the sand and beside it the figure of a white man, sitting cross-legged and staring out over the water at the sloop under the reef. His eyes were wide and the lids crusted, as if it had been a long time since they had winked.

Seeming by a gesture of the head to realize for the first time that night was done, he made an attempt to get up, and finally did get up and started off unsteadily across the sand. But when he had gone a few steps he came back and looked at the sloop and at the skiff. He did not want the skiff there. He set about casting it adrift. He made hard work of it; pain furrowed his brow and perspiration filled the furrows. When he had got it free at last he remained watching till the wind had taken hold of it. Then, lurching slightly from side to side, he went back up the sand and entered among the trees. He stumbled once over a log hidden in creepers and lay prone for a while, himself half-hidden by the creepers. The heavy, vegetal breath of the jungle enveloped him.

About noon a torrential rain came down from the mountain and erased from the beach the footprints and the scar of the boat's keel, leaving the sand unmarred again as it had been for years out of mind, and as it was to remain for other years out of mind under the empty Caribbean sky.

There was something not altogether right about the creole planter Basil. He was certainly not a native of Dominica, where his lime-groves clung to the shoulder of a wild green mountain, nor was it probable that he had come from any other of the British colonies. It was vaguely presumed that he had originated in some one of the French islands. Noémi, the *fille de couleur* from Martinique, had it in her head that this was not so, for he was never comfortable in the patois. But, after all, who was Noémi?

He had just now arisen from his noon-day nap. As he sat in his pajamas at the writing-table in the big, cool, gray-timbered room, one finger tapping idly on the tumbler of lime and gin which Noémi had brought with her customary low "*Bonsoué, doudoux*"—seeing him so one could not have said that he was even by the faintest hint "out of the picture." Tall, spare, very slow of movement, his eyes cavernous under a rank growth of brows, his pock-pitted face showing the saving pallor under its tan (for only the bloodless may live in the tropics), he was no more nor less by a shade than the creole lime-planter of the British Caribbees. And more telling perhaps than any of these physical stigmata was the fact that, although there was a great stack of work on the desk to be got through, and though it was certain it *would be* got through, yet he could remain stretched out in his chair now for upward of an empty hour, his finger tapping on the glass, his eyes dreaming on the tumbled blue and green ravines sprawling up beyond the valley of the Roseau. . . .

"What is it?" he asked, after that time, feeling rather than hearing Noémi's soft approach.

"A man for see you, *ché*."

"Yes—yes—" He lifted the tumbler; drank, and set it down. "Yes? Right! Where is he? What does he want? Eh?"

"He rest in carriage there, *doudoux*. See, it is a letter."

Basil tore open the envelope and perused [the contents, following] the lines aloud and bringing up each sentence with a "So? H'mmm!"

"It's the under-manager," he explained. "I wanted the Fruit people to

send somebody out— So! H'mmm! By the Royal Mail, eh? That must have been the *Chignecto* came in. So! H'mmm! Bitterhouse, eh? 'Allen Kay Bitter—" He lay with his mouth half-open while the watch at his elbow ticked a dozen seconds away. Then, mechanically, his breath came, bringing out the remainder of the word, "'—house!"

He lifted his head and looked at Noémi. Ordinarily she would have smiled, being looked at. Now, instead of smiling, she uttered a brief, vibrant syllable of interrogation.

He made no answer; perhaps he had not heard. Getting to his feet, he groped for the table, but the thing had somehow got around on the wrong side of him.

"Damn! I'm not well, 'Ti. I—I'm knocked out, 'Ti. I—I—"

Still groping, he started to walk toward the door of his own room.

"I don't want him. I—I've changed my mind. I say— Devil take it! I don't want him. Tell him to go 'way. 'Ti! Do you hear? Damn it all!"

Even his anger went to pieces.

"Noémi! 'Ti Noémi—tell him to go 'way—for God's sake, 'Ti—"

He seemed to realize that he was making a fool of himself. Returning to the chair, he sat down. His fingers, where they gripped the arms, showed bluish white.

"This won't do. Let me think. Let me think."

But he could not think. The watch on the table ticked the seconds away, the ponderous minutes, and there was not time to think. A diffused brilliance, the huge sunlight of the tropic afternoon cast upward from a hundred million leaves, molded the detail of his features.

Bitterhouse, the American, had grown tired of waiting in the sun. Basil heard footfalls, but he seemed unable to move. From the doorway at his right there came a sound like a sob, or not so much a sob as like a deep breath broken suddenly by the closing of teeth and lips.

After a moment the planter said "Yes?" without turning his head. When the silence continued he repeated it: "Yes? Yes?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Basil? I—I You have my credentials?"

"Yes, yes. A pleasure, I assure you,

Mr.—Bitterhouse, isn't it? Will you sit down—here—no, here. You'll have a fine view here. Some people have called it as fine as anything in Europe, perhaps too kindly. . . . By the way—about the credentials—”

They talked. To Noémi, a familiar presence in the background, it seemed almost that they talked too much, too well. In the common run of conversation there will come pauses from moment to moment, needing no defense, or else filling themselves easily with an interchange of glances. But there were no pauses now, no silences to be filled up. It seemed to Noémi, indeed, that each of them was definitely not meeting the other's eyes. And as they continued their abstracted give-and-take their faces betrayed the working of a subtle change; in the huge refracted light they grew pinched and more and more bloodless and dry, like paper masks—till one of them crumpled.

It was Bitterhouse. He got to his feet so abruptly as to overturn his chair, and the clatter set him off in a shivering fit.

“Good God!” he stammered. “This is—terrible!”

His face was no longer dry; sweat poured down his cheeks. Careless of everything, he started headlong for the door, but stopped before he reached it and whirled about-face.

“No, I'm *not* crazy! I tell you, *I am not crazy!* Do you think I'm a fool—a crazy, blind fool? I know! I know as well as anybody that Waldo Fellows is dead—dead and buried a good ten years. And *more!* *Eleven years!*”

If he was not crazy, he was very near it. The words came tumbling out of his mouth.

“Don't tell me—don't try to tell me you're *not*—”

The planter passed a hand over his eyes, and then, rising slowly, turned to face the charge.

“All right.” His voice sounded unstrung and weary. “Yes, Kay. Yes. All right.”

Night came. Under the darkness the twisted cardboard mountains seemed not to recede, but rather to press close and topple higher over the roofs of the estate. It was a little cooler, but heavy,

the air struck through with the sweet, dank breath of vegetation. Shower-whispers came and went, glittering across the starlight. From the veranda the river could be heard tumbling in the gorge a thousand feet below; and other sounds, low rustlings and hissings and twitterings, a single far ululation, all the multitudinous small life of the mountain jungles awakening to the dark. The voices on the veranda rose and fell in uneven periods, mingling with the wide orchestration.

“And so, seeing the fellow was done for, I slipped my ring on his finger and stuck a few papers in his pocket and came away. I was sick, too—darn near died myself, Kay. And that would have been a joke. . . . But tell me—how did they all take it, eh?”

Bitterhouse answered with deliberation, still picking his words.

“Well, you may imagine. You see we had the news of your—well, your death, the better part of a month before the—the—”

“Before the examiner happened to get around to my books, eh? And that made a—*difference.*”

“Well, in the nature of things—”

“Surely, surely. . . . How about Pete Noyes? Ever amount to anything, after all? And the Breckenridge girls—”

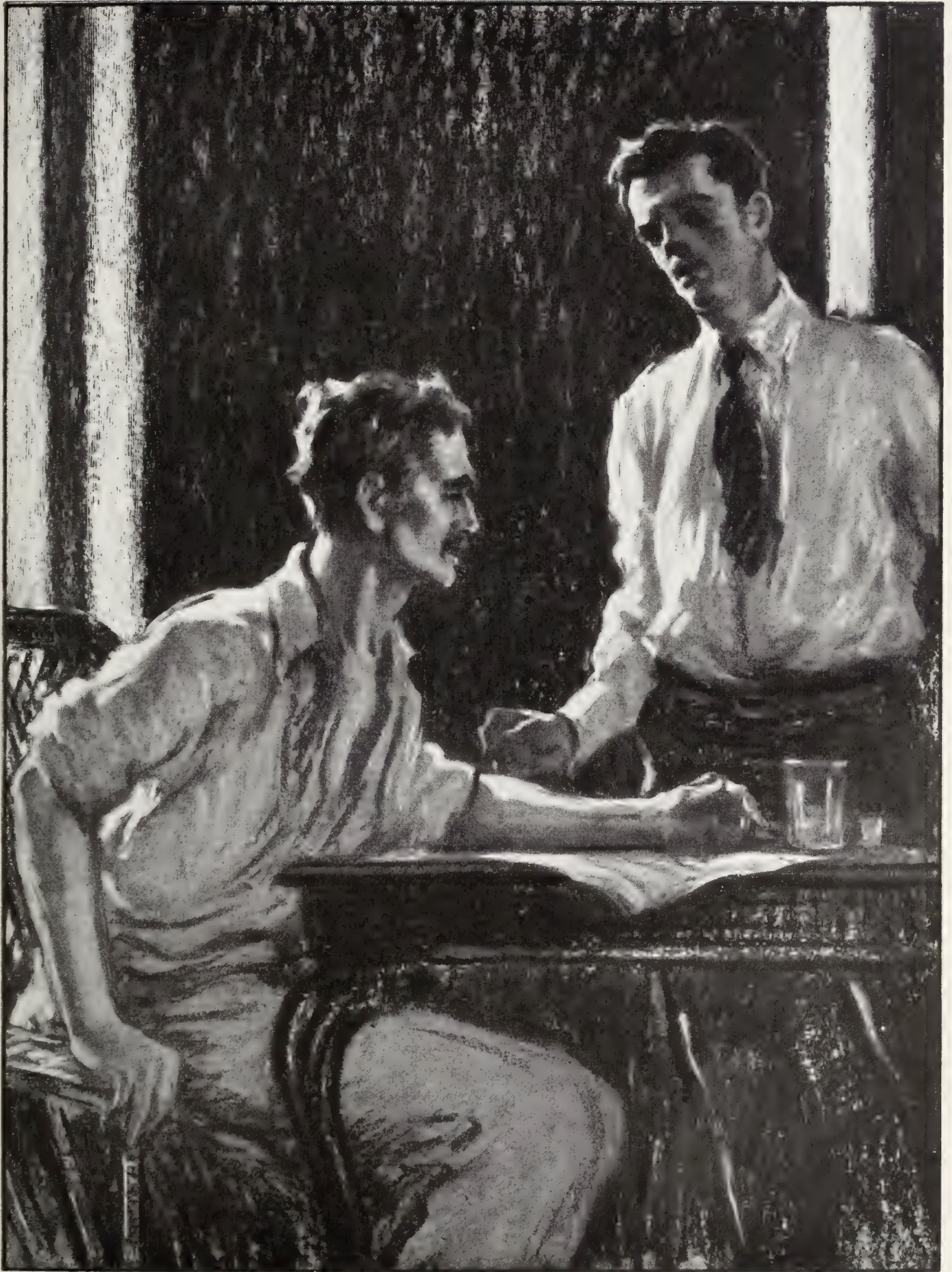
Their voices went on, rambling, disembodied, without end. To a casual listener there would have seemed no pattern in it all, no intention. And yet there was a pattern and an intention, a growing uneasiness, a definite avoidance. The tiny night-noises seemed to withdraw, leaving an electric silence. Pauses multiplied, each longer and more unmanageable than the last, and all but one of them bringing up with a labored something that meant nothing. This one the planter ended by sitting up suddenly in his hammock.

“Ti!” he called. His voice was sharp and pitched too high.

Noémi, rising out of the near dark, came to his side.

“Ti, see here. I'm sure Mr. Bitterhouse could do with a punch, and I'm dry, too. Your own, now; that's a good girl. That black boy in the pantry is too long on the sugar—*much.* Eh?”

“Oui, *Missié Basil—Fallows!*” she



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"DO YOU THINK I'M A FOOL? I KNOW THAT FELLOWS IS DEAD"

ended with a flicker of laughter and went away, soundless as a Zombi woman.

Neither man spoke for a while. The silence piled itself up like an inverted pyramid, top-heavy.

"Well?"

"Yes—well?"

"You haven't told me, Kay, how—er—anything about Marion—about my wife—and the little girl."

"They are both well, happy, good, beautiful."

"They are? Happy, eh?" Fellows lay back again in the depths of the hammock. "I've wondered if they were happy," he added, by and by, with a hint of self-defense.

The situation got out of hand again. He had hoped Bitterhouse would offer to go on, but Bitterhouse held his peace. There was even in his dark immobility a certain vague quality of defiance.

"Do you know, Kay, sometimes I've almost thought of going back. Even to the point of facing the music." There was a sound in the dark of the hammock as though he turned over on his other side. "I've wondered, Kay, sometimes, if they'd be glad to see me. Eh?"

"I don't know." Getting up, Bitterhouse walked to the railing and stared down into the black pool of the gorge. "I don't know," he repeated, in a precise, hard voice, "about *her*, and your daughter. . . . I'm quite sure the *others* wouldn't be glad."

"Wha-what? Kay!"

"Her husband, I mean. And her son."

A droning note hung in the air, sustained, ghostly, coming from far away. Beyond the mountain the Royal Mail was swinging her head offshore, bound south. Noémi came with tinkling tumblers. . . .

Fellows himself showed Bitterhouse to the room he was to occupy, bade him good night twice over, and then did not go.

"It took me pretty well between the eyes." He came out with it abruptly.

"Yes—I can imagine."

Both of them looked haggard in the candle-light.

For a long time after that, how long he could not say, Bitterhouse walked about his darkened chamber or stood for

minutes at a time, staring from one or another of the unglazed windows. When he walked he reeled a little and put out groping hands; when he stood still he stood very still. The night touched him with warm, perspiring fingers, and it was all strange. It was more than strange. His eyes saw things in the dark; his eardrums had grown sensitive as a cat's; he heard microscopic sounds far off, serpents sliding among the tree-stems, soft thuddings, inexplicable stirrings. From away down-valley in some black's *ajoupa* there came the faint beat of a chant, accompanied on a crude *tambou*, monotonous, barbaric, and somehow incredibly sinister and abominable, like the black heart of the island throbbing in the night. He was drunk with that curious nervous exaltation which attacks men new in the tropics, and he was frightened. . . .

There were others who did not sleep. Habit got the planter into his room and ready for bed, but when the light was out he could not stay. A searching restlessness drove him abroad in his pajamas and *chinoise* to pace the veranda, up and down, up and down, interminably, like a creature telling the iron boundaries of a cage. Once he stood beside the railing and stared down for a long while into the rustling dark. It was an old story to him, as old as the walls of a man's own house, or a man's own cell; night after night, year by year, he had lived with it and grown a part of it and forgotten it. Now of a sudden he found it strange. He remembered that he was a stranger.

"What am I doing here? What in the world am I doing here?"

His voice, disturbing the silence, was like the wonder of a child waking to the dark of an unfamiliar room.

Noémi watched from the shadow beyond the dim candle-light of the door, her head turning slowly on the supple pillar of her neck to follow his prison-tramp, twelve paces that way, twelve paces back, avoiding the hammocks. Her eyes were troubled; her simple heart was oppressed with a dread of something incomprehensible and new, something which this *Missié* from America had brought in to mar the serene mirror of her life. And she hated him

with all the unreasoning passion of her race.

She heard his door open and then his distracted footsteps padding through the house, furniture scraping, a faint clink of glasses handled on the sideboard. Afterward he came wandering to stand in the doorway near her. And seeing by the light thrown across his cheek from behind that the "*Missiè's*" face was gray and shrunken, too, she was glad.

He started, after a moment, and craned into the gloom ahead. "Oh!" he said in a shallow voice.

The planter echoed him, "Oh!"

The confrontation caught them both off guard. There was no time for either to regain his poise. The small hours found them naked-nerved, raw, savage. Bitterhouse broke out:

"God! Waldo! It's mad! I tell you it's—it's all—wrong!"

"Wrong? What's wrong? Say!" The planter's voice was thin and ugly, like a whispering lash.

"Why, just your standing there, man! Your not being—your *being alive*, man!"

"Do you begrudge it?" Fellows advanced a step, his fingers gnawing at his palms. "Not my being alive. My being half—a quarter—my being a *tenth* alive. Do you begrudge it?"

The other's silence harried him on.

"That's fine of you, Bitterhouse, I must say. To begrudge me even the little scrap of life I've managed to save."

"You've no right to it!"

"I have!"

"You've no right. You gave it up. Damn it! Waldo, I tell you you gave it up. It's cheating!"

"Cheating?"

They were both shuffling and thrusting out their heads and mouthing their words like a pair of boys.

"Cheating?" the planter cried again.

"Tell me—say, tell me—who have I cheated but myself? Eh? Eh?"

"Eh? You want to know? Well, how about one woman, and her husband, and her children? Eh? How about them? Do you know what you are for them? Well, all your life you'll be a shadow hiding around the next corner; you'll be the sword hanging by a thread; you'll be—you'll be the—"

He broke off there, his lips twitching

and his face gray, and, swinging on his heels, went off blundering through the rooms.

The cloud which hangs over the crest of Diablotin had stretched a long finger across the stars; a sudden rain came down, blinding the night and rolling a full-bodied thunder over the roofs.

Fellows stepped to the door and bent his head to one side, listening through the house.

"Kay!" he called. "*Kay!*"

Feeling a hand on his shoulder, he turned to find Noémi at his side. A trace of hysteria ran in his voice.

"The damned fool! I swear I believe he's gone out in the rain."

"*Oui, doudoux*. I have heard him go, yes."

For a moment he remained face to face with her, fascinated by the full, simple-minded revelation of her eyes.

"It 'll kill him. He mustn't go out that way—"

"Why?"

"Why, because— Good God alive! After *all*!"

Revulsion swept him. Getting rid of the encircling arm, he ran into the house and through the rooms and out of the door which the fugitive had left standing wide.

The lukewarm torrent enveloped him, filled his eyes, struck through to his skin. He realized that his errand was hopeless, and yet he continued to go forward, plunging, sliding, groping at nothing with invisible hands, muttering, "The damned fool—the damned fool!" abstractedly all the while.

He lost track of his ground. Bringing up with his face in the thatch of an *ajoupa*, he beat his fists on the mud-and-wattle wall; but if they heard inside they lay very still, knowing it could be only a *zombi* or a goblin desiring entrance at that time of night.

He was going downhill when he ought to have been going up. The frond of a tree-fern pressed against his chest and whipped away with a great *swish*, like a ghost into Limbo. Roots tripped him; viny things took hold of his arms. He had got into the bush downhill, and he had to stand and take it, still muttering, "The damned fool!—the damned fool!"

The storm broke as swiftly as it had

come. A crystal clarity flowed over the *mornes* and ravines, and through the silence ran a whisper of water-drops falling on the floor of the jungle. He had not come far from the house, with all of it; seeing it black against the sky above, he made what haste he could through the tangle, for evaporation set in quickly and his plastered night-clothes seemed to be turning to ice.

He found Bitterhouse huddled in the big room, with a red face, dry lips, and a well-developed chill. He was muzzy and contrite. He had only been out a few moments himself, he explained between fits of shuddering. No, he had not changed his clothing—it had dried quickly—it was quite dry now. When the planter gave him a tumbler of raw spirits to “put into him confounded quick” he choked on the stuff and made a bad mess of it. By dawn the fever had established itself. By noon it was out of hand.

To Bitterhouse the days and nights and the weeks dragged away like the pageant of an abominable dream. Seldom completely unconscious, on the other hand he was never quite rational. A veil was let down between him and the world. Beyond the veil things transpired, shapes passed and repassed—the phantasmal shape of a woman, tall, imponderable, moving with an incredible, feline sinuosity—like a tiger, somehow, made over into the wraith of a woman, velvet-eyed, penciled in a nimbus of dissolving jewel colors.

On his side of the veil it was sometimes stifling, till he seemed eaten by a living flame, and sometimes he lay in a bed of ice and cried for warmth. It was best when he could sink back into the shadows and doze and almost forget it all for a while. . . .

When he woke for the first time in his own mind it was night. Fellows was sitting not far from the bedside, his elbows on his knees, his shoulders fallen together, and his fingers run comb-wise through his disordered hair. Bitterhouse thought that the hair looked as though Fellows had been standing on his head in a refuse-heap, it was so neglected and unkempt, so blotched with gray and streaked with white. Bitterhouse

thought it a most dilapidated head of hair.

When the planter looked up, hearing the patient stir, his face betrayed a curious fatigue, almost like the stamp of senility.

Bitterhouse said, “Hello!” It sounded silly.

Fellows passed a hand over his old eyes and opened them again.

“Oh—hello! Glad to see you.” That sounded idiotic, too. He turned in his chair and called, quietly: “Noémi! I say, Noémi, bring that, will you?” But before she came with “that,” whatever it was, Bitterhouse had closed his eyes and gone to sleep. . . .

In the days of his convalescence, through the languorous, cool, unfolding hours when all his faculties seemed to have been born again, and the commonest sensations—a ray of sunlight on a flower, a bird-note, any straying perfume—became an adventure penetrating and profound, he began to understand what was wrong with Fellows.

Fellows had been drinking too much, that was the long and the short of it. West Indians as a rule are pretty regular at their cups—but that is one point about it—they *are* regular. There is an accepted time for this, a proper hour for that, vermouth at ten in the morning, *swizzles* at tea. Bitterhouse knew nothing of this tropic ritualism of drink, but he did know that it was not right, under any sky whatever, for a man to be fooling around the sideboard at dawn, and to come in to eleven-o’clock breakfast, quite steady on his feet, perhaps, and perfectly apt with the table silver, yet with a look and a sense about him of a man in another dimension, a ghost in the land of living, a queer thing. He talked coherently enough at all times; it was simply that he was not thinking about what he said. And day by day the gray spread over his head.

It got on Bitterhouse’s nerves. It irritated him to an absurd degree, marring the perfect mirror of the days. Had Fellows but been decent he could just have gone on lying there in his hammock, saturated with the vast inundation of light, stricken to the core with the frankincense and pulvil of an em-

bowered world, watching the river of the hours. In truth he had been born again. The tropics, the awful Mother of Man, had taken him quickly, purging him with fire of all the racking ambitions and anxieties and the realities of memory. The past had slipped very far away, leaving him stranded in the flowered islands of Now.

Fellows alone jarred. He could see no beauty in this day-to-day degeneration of Fellows. He could see beauty in Noémi now. Her sinister, caressing presence, the supple flow of her limbs and body in motion, the dark, exotic luminosity of her eyes, the whole barbaric splendor of her hatred, ran in with this dream-world of the senses.

But against the planter he would sometimes cry out:

"What's the matter? Say! What is the matter? I'll tell you what, you're a sick man. That's what, Waldo, a damn sick man. You ought to take a run somewhere; you ought to go north for a while."

It was odd that he could never think what he was saying till it was too late. Then there came a moment when he would have given his tongue to have the words back; an instant when forgotten actualities came near to breaking through on him, when his eyes grew uneasy and a sweat of weakness rolled down his skin.

Sometimes Fellows answered him with a sardonic gesture and talk of other things—the new planting on Morne Rouge, or the perversity of the mulatto teamster, McGuire. Sometimes, when he was more than ordinarily drunk, he would simply stand and glare at Bitterhouse, malignant, helpless, like a man who has been struck and who would strike back if he knew how. One evening, when they had been sitting a long while at table in the big room, he did strike back, with a question of his own.

"Do you know what day it is?"

"Do I know what *day*—"

"It's the eighth day of February. And to-morrow will be the *ninth*."

Bitterhouse stared at him with his mouth hanging-half ajar. He felt idiotic himself. He was taken with a wild desire to break out laughing: "And what the devil has *that* got to do with it?"

But something in Fellows's face kept him quiet.

The minutes dragged. Two candles, one at either hand, picked out the planter's face and shoulders with an uncertain cross-fire, showing him a little twisted in the depths of his chair, his chin sunk in his neck, his eyes engrossed in the glass of brandy and soda on the table before him. Like a crystal-gazer, he seemed to be keeping track of an event invisible to the other.

Bitterhouse found himself taken in against his will.

"See here—" He hesitated. "Why the eighth—especially? Or the ninth? What's the—idea?"

The planter gave no sign of having heard. It made Bitterhouse nervous, this sense that had grown in the past days of not being able to come at Fellows at all, as though the other's spirit could at will evacuate the shell of his body and be off to another country. It gave him the fidgets. It was too queer. Getting to his feet, he began to wander about the room with his own shadow. For the first time since the fever he felt the heaviness of the night; he felt the air hot and moist, not with the indomitable life of the jungle, but with the crowding death it fed upon.

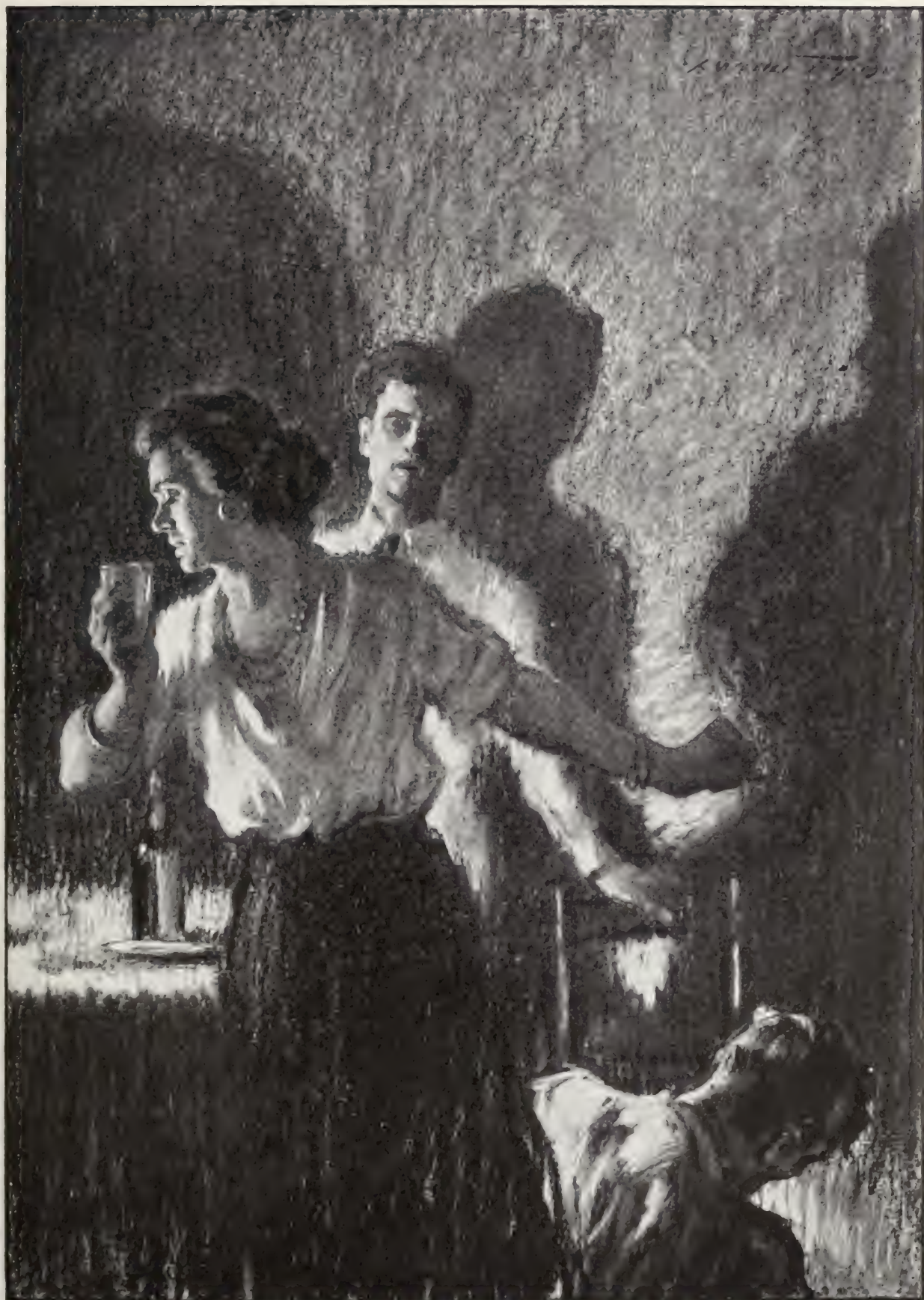
He found himself face to face with Noémi in the outer shadows. Their eyes met, and he could not turn away, for she had hold of his hands and he heard her speaking and saw her groveling.

"You will go by that *bom-ship* to-morrow morning, yes, *Missié*? That *Demerara* she will come in Roseau just to-morrow morning—she is a good, fine *bom-ship*—you will be happy, *oui, Missié*. You will go away quick-quick from *Dominique* here, *oui, doudoux*? Yes, yes, yes, sir, *Missié*—yes?"

She hated him, and she was caressing his hands and arms. That seemed more horrible than anything else in this heavy night. He made her let go of him and, turning, found Fellows's eyes fixed on him.

"Yes, Kay, you'll go back home. On one *bom-ship* or another. Not on the *Demerara*, though, because she's bound south . . ."

In a moment, and without apparent reason, Fellows had come back. For the



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

Engraved by H. Leinroth

WITH A SIMPLE GESTURE SHE TOOK UP THE EMPTY GLASS

first time in days there were body and character in his voice and he was thinking of what he said.

"You'll go, of course, sooner or later. We weren't made for this country, you and I, Kay. If we don't have to fight—that's a funny thing about us, Kay; if we don't have to fight for our lives, we just peter out and die. It's never cold enough here to have to keep warm. The leaves never fall off the trees. It's a land where you drop a seed on the ground and a red flower grows up, day and night, night and day, and it drops seeds and they grow up and drop seeds, and they all choke one another and strangle the earth, and when you look, Kay, you can't see anything but red flowers; you can't smell anything but red flowers—you can't see a gray rock or a black dump behind a factory—you can't smell leaves burning in the fall—or anything . . ."

He lifted his glass, set it down untouched, and for a moment continued staring into its luminous core. Bitterhouse came back to his chair on tiptoe.

"Leaves burning," the planter mused. "Do you remember, Kay, one day when you and I and Pete Noyes were walking out the Newbury road from Academy, all three of us talking about what we were going to do with our precious lives? Perhaps you don't. I do. I remember the look of the sky, hard, awkward clouds in ledges, gray and dirty white, down close to earth. It was going to snow. You could taste it in the wind, remember, and it smarted our faces. Somebody was burning leaves along a fence, and the wind brought the smoke across us. And I remember how the lights began to spark out in the machine-shops across the river, and how black the river was, and how we had to put our shoulders into the wind. And how Pete said he wished it was always summer, and we said yes . . . *always summer!*"

Bitterhouse was still terribly weak. Then, too, he had never seen this side of Fellows. He wept quietly and without pain. He saw Fellows as a blur floating between two watery moons, and he wanted to say something to Fellows, but for his life he could not think of the right

words. So he could only sit there, watching Fellows grow more blurred and phantasmal, and wait.

A warm wind shouldered through the house, blowing the candles. By and by the hush was broken by a tiny thud, a scarcely perceptible fault in the air, like a weight falling a great way off.

The planter lifted his head. "Noémi! What is it? Was that the cannon? Noémi!"

"*Oui, c'est bom-là, ché.*"

"The ship? Not the *Demerara*—so quick? What?"

"*Oui, doudoux.* It would be morning now quick-quick."

"So! H'mmmm!"

His eyes went back to the brandy and soda before him. He lifted the glass to his lips and set it down again with a faint expression of disgust, muttering, "It has gone flat."

He got up and fumbled among the siphons and decanters on the sideboard, still muttering. When he came back with the new glass he presented it high between the candles.

"I give you," he pledged, "a rough life and a gray sky!" When he had set down the empty glass he repeated, "A good gray sky!"

Bitterhouse leaned forward on his hands. He felt queer inside, as if his stomach had been taken out.

"What makes you talk like that?" he asked, in a thin voice.

Fellows touched his lips with a handkerchief. He seemed preoccupied and stared at the empty glass.

"We thought you were going to die," he said, "in the fever there. The doctors—both the doctors we had up—said so. I thought I ought to cable some one—if there was any one to cable."

Bitterhouse got up. "What?" he said. "What?"

"I found a letter in your pocket addressed to Mrs. Bitterhouse—Mrs. Allen Kay Bitterhouse. I cabled her."

Bitterhouse let himself down in his chair, ran the back of a hand across his lips, and repeated his vacuous "What? What?"

"I was pretty dull. It wasn't till after I had sent the cable that I began to think how odd it was you hadn't mentioned, not once, in all our talk, that

you were married. After that—I went through your things.”

“You—went through my things?” It was Bitterhouse who had been taken “between the eyes” this time, and he had nothing but wrath to fall back upon. “You say you went through my *things*. Why, damn it! man, what—*what—earthly right had you—?*”

“Right?”

The planter leaned toward him, and the candles showed a gleam of bared teeth. He shook himself together and laughed a little.

“You see, she had cabled that she was coming,” he went on. “That she was sailing the twenty-eighth, on the *Deme-rara*, due here around the ninth. . . . And you ask me if I had the *right!*”

Bitterhouse lifted himself to his feet slowly and, turning half around, stuck an awkward thumb toward the night of the veranda.

“That boat? You mean—Marion is on—that boat—out there?”

The planter inclined his head.

“And—the children?”

“I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?”

“No. She didn’t say.”

“She didn’t say?”

It was absurd to hear them go on worrying the silence with their empty voices. They stood staring at each other’s eyes across the ant-eaten mahogany table, as it were idly. A spasm of pain convulsed the planter’s face for an instant and went away. Bitterhouse remained dull and expressionless.

“She will come up here?” he said, by and by.

“Yes, she will ask the way—I suppose.”

“Well?”

“Yes—well?”

Bitterhouse turned and walked to the door.

“It’s lightening,” he said, after a moment. His voice sounded lazy. “It will be light in a little while—dawn—daylight.”

A false flush ran over the hills. As he watched it come and go he heard Fellows speaking in the room behind him.

“Don’t worry,” he was saying. “I—well, I’ll keep out of the way.”

Bitterhouse wanted to laugh. It was such a funny thing to say. It sounded as if Marion would be dropping in for just a cup of tea. Yes, it was too funny of Fellows to say that.

He heard a thud in the room. Fellows had fallen down on the floor. Turning, he saw him trying to get up on his feet again. That was funny, too—to think of all the cumulative drunkenness of Fellows suddenly popping out and knocking him down. And to hear Fellows going on in his befuddled voice, “I—I—keep out o’—o’—way—” His face was twisted in a funny fashion, too.

Noémi was there, breaking swiftly across the candle-light. Bitterhouse watched her, fascinated, wondering what she would do. He saw her hesitate beside the table, struck still for an instant; then with a swift, sure gesture she took up the planter’s empty glass and passed it twice below her face, sniffing, sniffing at the exhalation of its poisonous, drying rim.

“What is it?” he heard himself saying. He asked the question three or four times over in the same flat whisper, though he knew already what it was. He seemed to have known a long time, somehow.

He watched her take up the fallen figure and bear it away through the door of a bedchamber, carrying it easily in her arms, like a crumpled child. . . .

When Marion Bitterhouse drove up the road to the mountain that morning she did not yet know whether her husband was dead or alive. It was an intolerably cruel thing, having to get ahead so slowly, to watch the hired horses creep and droop along the embowered precipices. And yet it was somehow even more terrible when she found him—almost passed him by—huddled at the roadside and crying like a child with a broken heart.

And then he couldn’t tell her what it was; he couldn’t seem to make head or tail of it in words. . . . He was glad she had come; she found that out, for one thing. And he wanted to go north.

Our Neglected Friends the Birds

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



WONDER if any reader of this article was ever present when a State legislature considered the question of licensing cats. If so, he must have been impressed anew with several facts, one of them being that in spite of all the information disseminated by the ornithological and biological bureaus of the Federal and State governments, and by other ornithologists, regarding the economic value of our common birds, the average man is still blind to the importance of the subject. Of course, one doesn't expect a State legislator to be swayed by sentiment; one expects him, rather, to yield to economic pressure! Yet when the question of establishing a cat license, as we now have a dog license, comes up, the only economic argument your average legislator can see is on the other side. The cats catch rats in the farmer's barn. We mustn't do anything to lose the rural vote! The Congressional wag makes a funny speech about pretty pussy and the old maids coming down-town to get their licenses, the legislative assembly titillates with mirth, and the bill is laid on the table. It would all be rather amusing if it weren't so serious.

How serious it is a very brief survey of the figures will show. The figures, too, may well be taken from reports by Edward Howe Forbush, State Ornithologist of Massachusetts, whose own legislature has tabled a bill to license cats, with the usual display of Sunday-supplement humor. Mr. Forbush bases his figures on the reports of over a hundred observers throughout the State. "If we assume," he says, "that the average cat on the farm kills but ten birds in a year, and that there are but two cats on each farm in Massachusetts, we have in round numbers 70,000 cats, killing 700,000 birds annually." As a matter of fact,

there are many more than 70,000 cats in Massachusetts, even on the farms, and those which live near the open, even in the suburbs, take a toll of bird life that is probably in excess of ten birds a year. A cat belonging to a neighbor of mine, not a farm cat, but a pampered house puss, brought twenty-six birds to the veranda last summer, and I have to wage a constant warfare on half a dozen sleek, well-fed house cats which daily try to catch birds in my garden. Doctor Forbush is too careful and conservative. The toll of bird life due to farm cats alone in the single State of Massachusetts is probably in excess of 1,000,000 a year. To this huge total we must probably add another 1,000,000 for the toll taken by the domestic pets and stray cats and their descendants, now gone wild. Few people have any conception of the number of cats gone wild there are in our woods.

Now, undoubtedly, if cats were licensed as dogs are, and men appointed to dispose of the strays, there would be a great and immediate diminution of the feline population, still more noticeable in a second generation, for the females would pay a higher fee. The cats which remained would be those valued and cared for as pets (and if a person isn't willing to pay one or two dollars a year for his or her pet, his attachment isn't very strong) or else those cats valuable as destroyers of rodents. The stray cat, that has to hunt for a living, would be eliminated, as would the present excess of half-stray house and barn cats. There would be little hardship to the farmer, because a good barn cat earns its license fee; and, besides, very few cats are as effective as traps, anyhow, as careful experiments have again and again proved. Finally, an added revenue would accrue to the State.

But why go to all this trouble merely to save 2,000,000 birds a year? asks the sentimental cat-lover, who would rather

have the cat than the bluebirds and song-sparrows, because he cannot pat a bluebird, nor dangle a string before its young.

The answer is, because the birds help to maintain the balance in nature between destructive insects and growing things, between weeds and flowers, and any serious diminution in our bird population means a serious increase in the ranks of our insect and vegetable foes. The birds are among our best and most valuable friends, while the cat, artificially bred and introduced, does not belong to the natural scheme of things. A bluebird, a barn-swallow, a screech-owl, even a so-called "hen hawk" (which scarcely touches hens at all) has a definite economic value, and its protection by man from cats and other hunters, on four legs or two, from storms and starvation, is as useful, and some day we shall realize as necessary, as catching rats in the barn or spraying the potato-vines. Indeed, if every potato-field could harbor a bevy of quail (and it could if we had not been such game-hogs in America for a hundred years) there would be little call for Paris green or arsenate of lead.

Again let us quote figures. There are plenty of them. The appeal to sentiment in order to save the birds is not necessary. The matter can be reduced to a cold business proposition for the farmer, or for anybody else with trees and a garden.

In Farmers' Bulletin No. 513, prepared by the United States Bureau of Biological Survey, it is stated that at a conservative estimate the common tree-sparrow consumes a quarter of an ounce of weed seed a day. On this basis, in the State of Iowa alone, the bureau estimates these sparrows consume 875 tons of weed seeds. If you will try to imagine the acres upon acres which could be sown to weeds with such a pile, and the weeks upon weeks of labor necessary to harrow them out, you hardly need to be told further that the combined sparrow family (not including the pestiferous English sparrow) probably saved the farmers of the United States in 1910 \$89,260,000.

Doesn't it begin to be apparent why the destruction of 2,000,000 birds a year

in one State alone, by cats, is a serious affair? If all those birds had been sparrows, that would mean a daily increase of 32,000 pounds in the number of weed seeds allowed to ripen, and possibly to germinate, in Massachusetts alone. Of course it doesn't mean quite that, for many birds do not live on weed seeds. On the other hand, many of them live on even more objectionable insects and tree pests. The economic loss is very clear and very serious.

Here is a paragraph from the same bulletin quoted above:

It is interesting to observe that hungry birds—and birds are hungry most of the time—are not content to fill their stomachs with insects or seeds, but, after the stomach is stuffed until it will hold no more, continue to eat till the crop or gullet also is crammed. It is often the case that when the stomach is opened and the contents piled up the pile is two or three times as large as the stomach was when filled. Birds may truly be said to have healthy appetites. To show the astonishing capacity of birds' stomachs and to reveal the extent to which man is indebted to birds for the destruction of noxious insects, the following facts are given as learned by stomach examinations made by assistants of the Biological Survey:

"A tree-swallow's stomach was found to contain 40 entire chinch-bugs and fragments of many others, besides 10 other species of insects. A bank-swallow in Texas devoured 68 cotton-boll weevils, one of the worst insect pests that ever invaded the United States; and 35 cliff-swallows had taken an average of 18 boll weevils each. Two stomachs of pine-siskins from Haywards, California, contained 1,900 black olive scales and 300 plant lice. A killdeer's stomach taken in November in Texas contained over 300 mosquito larvæ. A flicker's stomach held 28 white grubs. A night-hawk's stomach collected in Kentucky contained 34 May-beetles, the adult form of white grubs. Another night-hawk from New York had eaten 24 clover-leaf weevils and 375 ants. Still another night-hawk had eaten 340 grasshoppers, 52 bugs, 3 beetles, 2 wasps, and a spider. A boat-tailed grackle from Texas had eaten at one meal about 100 cotton-boll worms, besides a few other insects. A ring-necked pheasant's crop from Washington contained 8,000 seeds of chickweed and a dandelion head. More than 72,000 seeds have been found in a single duck stomach taken in Louisiana in February."

From so brief a survey as this of the

actual, ascertained facts about the habits and economic value of certain birds, it should at least be apparent even to a State legislator, one would suppose, that the subject of bird protection is important, worthy of investigation, not lightly to be dismissed. Some day these gentlemen will wake up, but probably not until public opinion wakes them, including the opinion of those most conservative of God's creatures, the farmers, who for the most part are not yet even dimly aware of how much they owe to birds and how sorely the birds need protection, need it more and more every year. Our birds are decreasing; our pests are increasing. And in part, at least, it is cause and effect, though the increased facilities of commerce have been responsible for some of our worst inflictions.

The limits of this article do not permit me to discuss at any length the harmful birds. They are relatively few in number, the worst being the goshawk, the Cooper and sharp-shinned hawks (which are the only ones that seriously raid poultry, the others doing more good than harm by destroying field-mice, moles, snakes, and the like). Bobolinks are harmful to the Southern rice-fields, destroying as high as ten per cent. of the crop. Crows are neither all bad nor all good; they are the most human of birds! The English sparrow is an undiluted pest because he drives out other and much more desirable birds, and should always be destroyed, either by poison, by traps, or by a gun. Knocking down the nest does no good, though taking out the eggs every day helps. The robin and certain other birds sometimes seriously raid small-fruit crops, particularly the cherry, but by planting a few trees of a wild variety on the edge of an orchard they can be controlled; and in most cases the good they do outbalances the harm. The great bulk of our common North American birds are unreservedly our friends, in a very real sense, working for us at least ten hours a day, busily, without pay, singing at their labors, destroying insect pests, keeping down weeds, grubbing up worms, helping the beneficent forces in nature in their endless battle with the parasites. Their total economic value

in this capacity is far up in the millions of dollars. Their destruction would mean a very grave disturbance of the balance of nature; and, conversely, their protection by every means in our power is as much a duty as any other form of conservation. Sentiment may be left quite out of the question.

Over perhaps the worst foe of bird life we have no control—the weather. A bad winter twelve years ago killed nearly all the quail in Massachusetts, for example. The exceptionally deep snow of the winter of 1915-16, also, my own observations lead me to believe, wrought great havoc among the partridges and pheasants. Storms may catch the migratory birds when over the water, and destroy them by the thousands. The cold, wet, late spring of 1917, in the Northeastern States, exacted a pathetic toll from the warblers. These beautiful little birds, of so many and bewildering varieties, are entirely insectivorous and seem never to have learned how to eat anything else, even in times of dire need. Migrating in May over a land still too cold and wet for insect life to be active, they were hard pressed, and came into our gardens by the thousands, looking for food in the newly turned earth. I often had red-starts and Blackburnians hopping on my very feet as I hoed or cultivated. They not only died of starvation in droves, but fell, through weakness, an easy prey to cats. A cat belonging to a neighbor of mine was seen to kill ten warblers in a single afternoon.

But, next to the elements, man is the birds' chief foe—man, the cruelest of God's creatures. Not only does he turn his cats loose to prey, and go out himself with a gun to slaughter, but gradually, as more and more land comes under cultivation, he is destroying the cover for the birds, taking away their nesting-places, driving them, his best friends, unconsciously from his door. I never see the modern slaughter with a brush scythe along a country road, for instance, without thinking not only how much beauty of wild landscape gardening has been laid low, but how many nesting-places have been laid low, also—nesting-places for birds that are the farmers' assistants. The vireos and chipping-sparrows love to nest in friend-

ly proximity to a road or lane, in shrubs or low trees, and both varieties of birds are great insect-destroyers. The sparrow also eats weed seeds. A nest of four young sparrows was watched by a Government observer at different hours on four different days, and the result was that a day's average rations for the brood was 238 insects and caterpillars. How can any one doubt that it pays to have as many chipping-sparrows as possible nesting near one's farm and orchard?

The problem of attracting the birds back to our dwellings and farms, of assisting them to breed in safety, of providing them with proper shelter, and, in seasons when their natural food-supply is difficult to get, of furnishing them the food their active little bodies demand, is not one that can be solved by law. All laws which protect the beneficent birds from destruction by pot and feather hunters, by cats and game-hogs, are of course necessary, and will have to be ever more strictly enforced. But it is of slight avail to protect the robin from the pot hunter of the South during the winter season, only to let him freeze and starve during a late spring snow-storm in the North, for lack of evergreens to take shelter in, or any food-bearing shrubs above the snow. What is the bluebird to do, or the chickadee, or the downy woodpecker, if he flies to his grove where the hole for his nest was so tempting the year before—and finds no grove there? What are the quail to do in winter when the few who have escaped the hunters find all their food-supply buried deep in snow, at the very time that their bodies need a big supply to keep them warm? Such questions as these are not to be answered by laws. They are only to be answered by individual and community effort.

But, as a matter of fact, they can be answered, and rather easily. How easily, I have illustrated for myself. I live on a five-acre place, on the main street of a village in western Massachusetts. The heavy snow of March, 1916, lay deep in my yard even on the 1st of April, when a flock of juncos made their appearance. They joined the chickadees and tree-sparrows and other birds which had been with us all winter, in the steady

procession down to the feeding-shelf outside the kitchen window. But I decided there were too many of them for that small supply station, so I packed down with my snow-shoes a considerable area on the other side of the house, and scattered seeds and fine mixed chicken feed (which I had been using for pheasants) on the hard snow. The juncos immediately discovered it, as did a flock of horned larks (rare visitors with us). As the snow rapidly melted, I kept food scattered about. In a few days the lawn was visible, but the birds were still there, and in the morning, when I got up, there would be no less than a hundred of them scratching and pecking in the grass. I stopped putting out food now, but they did not stop pecking. In the section where they worked, the lawn is spoiled late each summer by crab grass, an abominable annual, which spreads low and ripens in spite of the mower, thus seeding itself. That flock of birds was after the seed and doing me a valuable service. A little feeding at a time when they needed it kept them on my premises until they were ready to migrate northward.

Outside my kitchen door stands an apple-tree. Just beyond this tree is a thick stand of pines, partly on my land, partly across the fence on my neighbor's. All winter long a large number of birds ride out the severest storms in the safe shelter of these evergreens, and come to the apple-tree for a perch before darting down to the window-ledge for sunflower seeds and suet. Last winter our all-winter guests included chickadees, white-breasted nuthatches, a pair of golden-crowned kinglets, tree-sparrows, a pair of downy woodpeckers (their third winter), a pair of red-breasted nuthatches (their third winter also), several blue jays, and a cock pheasant, which stalked up in a stately manner over the snow nearly every morning. The chickadees would alight on our fingers, our heads and shoulders, and even hop through the open door or window into the house and eat from a dish on the table. But neither chickadees, nuthatches, nor woodpeckers were made lazy by this feeding. They continued, even after a square meal, to hop up and down and round about every limb and



Drawn by Walter King Stone

TREE-SPARROWS FEEDING IN THE SNOW

twig of the apple-tree, exploring every crevice of the bark. And that tree in three years has never had a caterpillar's nest on it, nor shown any sign of injury by insect pests or scale. I do not need the evidence which comes from Germany (where much more extensive efforts have been made to attract the birds) that birds are beneficent in our trees. In the spring of 1905, in Eisenach, the larvæ of a moth attacked and nearly stripped a large wood, while in a neighboring wood in Seebach, in which nesting-houses had been systematically placed, the trees were uninjured. A similar effect was noticed in the orchards. Whereupon, according to Gilbert H.

Trafton, in his excellent book, *Methods of Attracting Birds*, the inhabitants of the villages around Seebach began to put out bird-boxes also, and the pest visibly decreased.

The steady feeding of birds during the winter frequently induces them to remain and nest near the dwelling, especially if food is kept out through the spring. Nearly every year now a pair of chickadees nests in a wren-box on my summer-house, the box being immediately reoccupied, after their departure, by the wrens. One pair of woodpeckers, too, remains all the year, and though they are much less conspicuous during the summer, I often hear their hammering

on the apple-trees and see them hard at work destroying insects under the bark. Our yard, indeed, is full of birds' nests, and we have an excellent opportunity of checking up their habits and estimating any damage they may do. The damage consists of fruit-robbering. We generally have two pairs of catbirds, who nest either in the red osier dogwood bushes or in a tall hedge of ancient, tangled syringa. These birds, which are extremely friendly and will sit on a low branch and mock us as we stand below and whistle, undoubtedly steal raspberries, but not enough to cause us any serious loss. The robins, however, which are extremely numerous, as many as a dozen nests having been built on the place in a season, do annoy us each year by completely stripping a cherry-tree. If we grew cherries



CHICKADEES IN A JAPANESE PRINT

commercially we should have to take steps to protect the fruit. But with these two exceptions all the bird activities we have been able to observe are beneficent.

For instance, a pair of robins built a nest under the eaves this past summer, on top of a shutter, and reared two broods. When the second brood was hatched the fall web-worms had begun to hang their horrid nests up in the slender limb-tips of an elm and a birch near by, beyond the reach of any ladder. Day after day we could see the parent robins flying to these nests and returning with food for their hungry brood. Three wren-houses (one of them, at first unoccupied, was finally rented by means of a "To Let" sign!) are sometimes the homes of two broods a season, and the cheerful little tenants not only delight us all day with their chatter, but can be seen constantly flying into the hole with bugs, caterpillars, grasshoppers, cut-worms, and the like for their crowded nestful of squeaking, hungry young. A family of young wrens keeps the parents extremely busy hunting pests. Over my summer-house climb several Virginia creepers, and usually a pair of chipping-sparrows build in the thickly twined stems, about six feet from the ground, so well concealed by the overhanging leaves that you wonder the birds can find the way in themselves. It is much harder to see what the sparrows bring to their young, as they are shy and crafty about approaching the nest, but by sitting very still



TAPPING AWAY AT A FROZEN BIT OF SUET

I have watched the parents coming in with caterpillars over and over. The United States Bureau of Biological Survey gives forty-two per cent. of their food as "insects and spiders, chiefly caterpillars," and fifty-eight per cent. vegetable matter. That the vegetable matter is seeds you have only to watch the sparrows hopping over the ground to determine for yourself. One day I saw a chipping-sparrow fly down from his nest in the vines, to the lawn, and start in on a ripe dandelion-top which was almost ready to burst and scatter its seeds. He completely finished this head, stripping it to the bare, green crown before he rose.



THE MARTIN-HOUSE

The chipping-sparrows likewise nest in a row of cedars along a garden path, and here, too, the song-sparrows sometimes build. The song-sparrow, one of the most friendly of summer visitors, who comes early and sings all the time he is here, is generally assigned to the group of ground-building birds; but he is adaptable both as to nest and as to diet, and with us seems to prefer the thick protection of an upstanding cedar, several feet above the ground, to a nest in the grass. It is almost a joke with us that we never go out into the garden to work or to pick flowers but one of our song-sparrows spies us, and thereupon seeks the tall, swaying leader of a young pine or spruce and begins to sing his liquid, melodious welcome. Like the chipping-sparrow, the song-sparrow eats more largely of weed seeds than of in-

sects — in fact, three - fourths of his diet is weed seeds. Just now, as I write, (in early September), there is a whole flock of song - sparrows in the neighborhood—twenty or more, I should say — and this morning they were all in my Early Rose potato-patch. The vines have pretty well died down, and the weeds, especially the grasses, which escaped the cultivator by growing amid the hills are standing up in plain sight and beginning to drop their seeds. As I passed the bed all the sparrows rose with a whirl (I had not seen them, and their flight startled me), but instantly settled down out of sight again when I had gone on a few steps, in and under the weeds. Two hours later, when I once more passed by, they were still at it. No one, of course, can calculate the number of seeds those birds ate, but it was in the thousands, certainly, and next year's cultivating will be by so much the easier, next year's crop so much the more successful, for a given amount of labor.

Among other birds which have nested on the place are downy woodpeckers, flickers, king - birds, phœbes, ruby-throated humming-birds, screech-owls, orioles, flycatchers, and swallows, all of them without artificial boxes. Of course, the bluebirds, owls, and woodpeckers would need boxes on a place where there were no trees with rotten limbs or holes, but our orchard is an old one and has several ideal trees from the bird standpoint, if not from that of the orchardist. We also have an old hickory, once struck by lightning and now sawed off twenty feet from the ground, with a tin cap nailed over the stub. Under this cap both owls and flickers have nested, one flicker, two or three years ago, taking great delight in drumming on the under side of the tin for fifteen minutes at a time, like a small boy with an old dish-

pan. Sometimes he made so much noise it was a nuisance. Almost invariably when you start up a flicker it is from the ground. I used to come on them over and over in the middle of the lawn, and was not surprised when I found that the investigations of flickers' crops and stomachs showed they live very largely upon ants. Any one who has been troubled by ant-hills in a lawn (and who has not?) will be glad to learn that the Government bureau found as many as five thousand ants in a single stomach, and that flickers, when natural holes are not available, will take readily to artificial boxes.

Bluebirds, too, will readily nest in boxes, and if you had sat as I did one day, quietly in the orchard, and watched a single bluebird alternating song with caterpillar-eating—a caterpillar, then a bit of melody, then another caterpillar, and another bit of melody, and so on,

unceasingly, for two hours—you would still further rejoice in the presence of this beloved messenger of spring. The king-bird, too, is an orchard nester. He bears the unpleasant technical name of *Tyrannus tyrannus*, but none that I have observed merited even one of these terms, let alone the double dose. It is the characteristic of a tyrant to oppress everybody, especially the weak, but the king-birds reserve their pugnacity for birds larger and stronger than themselves—namely, the hawks and crows. I well remember, in my boyhood, a pair of king-birds which nested in our orchard, at a time when crows were plentiful near by. Almost daily we would hear cries and caws of conflict, and, rushing out, I would watch with delight the flight of the two small gray-and-white birds at one side or directly over the great black crow. They would dart down upon him exactly as one now fan-



A RAINPOOL BATH AMONG THE ROCKS

cies an aeroplane darting down over a Zeppelin to drop a bomb; and invariably they drove the crow away, sometimes pursuing him out of sight. The king-bird lives largely on an insectivorous diet, and one of his greatest merits is

sparrows (because they drive away more desirable birds), and to a limited extent the crow, the jay, and one or two more, are objectionable. All the rest are of very real and positive service to mankind, capable of returning a money value

to the nation conservatively estimated at many millions of dollars a year.

But to render this service they must be encouraged, not discouraged, and they must be fed and housed when nature fails them. Their greatest need for food, of course, is in winter, or late autumn and early spring, for in summer there is food enough and to spare—more now than ever before, with the increase of insect pests. Their greatest need for housing is in those districts which are thickly settled, or becoming so, where the natural cover is cut off and suitable nesting-places are destroyed. For every rotted tree, or tree with holes in it, which is cut down or cemented up, the wise farmer or gardener will mount flicker, woodpecker, wren, and bluebird boxes, and put up martin-houses. At present this is chiefly done in the larger



THE PLAY OF THE CHIMNEY-SWIFTS AT TWILIGHT

his fondness for rosebugs. Long live the king-bird!

So we might continue, if there were space and time, enumerating the various birds and telling of their diet, which almost invariably will be found to consist of insects or vegetable matter injurious to the farm or orchard or garden. Only certain hawks, the starlings, and English

suburban towns (like Greenwich, Connecticut, which has a splendid organization and has done great service both to the birds and to the community). There is need in such places, of course, but the need is by no means confined to the towns. Modern farm barns are often closed to the beneficent barn-swallows, and modern flues are less adapted than

of old to the chimney-swifts. New orchards have no rot holes, and with the farmer trimming all the roadside adjoining his fields, and the State Highway Commissioners cutting down all the wild gardens beyond him, and the lumbermen buying and cutting down all his woodland, the birds have a progressively harder time everywhere. Besides, it is not far out in the fields or the woods that we so much need them—it is about our dwellings, our orchards, our gardens, for their services, even if we do not appreciate their companionship.

And it is so easy and pleasant to aid the birds, for nearly everything they need is also a desirable adornment for man! For the winter birds there should always be some evergreen protection, and it is a safe generalization that no country house is complete without such protection also. For summer nesting, there should be proper trees, and boxes for the birds which require holes, and also some thick shrubbery, trimmed when young, if possible, to grow into whorls to hold the nests, and thereafter left undisturbed to attain a natural wildness and to protect its center from invasion by out-thrown growths. Not only is such shrubbery needed for the birds, but it is the only proper way to plant shrubbery, anyhow. Then, of course, there should be water readily available—not in a deep receptacle, but in a shallow bath not over two inches deep. My

most successful of several bird baths is simply a shallow pan, oval in shape and about twenty-four inches long, embedded with its lip level with the sod, between two spiræa bushes and almost underneath an iris plant. It is flushed and filled with a hose every day or



A PHOEBE NESTING UNDER THE PORCH EAVES

two, and makes a bright little twinkle of reflection as you look toward the edge of the garden. At this bath, on a hot day, the birds literally form in line, waiting their turn, for it is characteristic of all birds that they insist on bathing alone, if they are strong enough to maintain their rights against an insistent com-

petitor. I have even seen a sparrow drive out a robin. The baths form an important part of bird attraction, and any yard, even in a city, which has the proper water facilities will be sure of its feathered visitors.

In the midwinter season, when nearly all natural food is covered up with snow,

food, respectively, are undoubtedly suet and sunflower seeds. It is well to have the food out early, before the snow comes, and to maintain the supply until the spring is well advanced. But the feeding of the birds should not end with these artificial provisions. There are some winter visitors, such as the occa-

sional pine-grosbeaks, which will not eat at the feeding-table, and many early spring arrivals which look for other food. Then, too, at all seasons it must be remembered that wild fruit is greatly appreciated, and serves as a great attraction. Therefore certain shrubs and trees should be planted which have attractive fruit, and some which will hold this fruit above the snow during the winter.

Of all such shrubs and trees, undoubtedly the most useful is the mulberry. If planted near cherries, it is said, the robins will even leave the cherries alone. The June berry is also recommended to protect strawberry beds, but I have found that, as far as strawberries are concerned, black threads stretched taut over the rows will effectively keep the robins away. Among the ornamental vines, shrubs, and trees, the most useful are, perhaps, the common Virginia creeper, the barberry (which the pine-grosbeaks especially like), the cedar, and the mountain ash. All of these are distinct adornments to

house or garden, be it noted, and provide nesting-places as well as food for the birds. I have found the red osier dogwood (*Cornus stolonifera*) an unfailing attraction to domestically inclined cat-birds, and its berries are invariably all eaten. Holly, bayberry, black alder, bitternsweet, and burning bush are other varieties which may be planted. Of course, a honeysuckle vine is the best of all lures to the humming-birds, and few



JENNIE WREN BRINGS SCORES OF GRUBS TO THE NEST

suet fastened in wire racks with meshes wide enough for the birds to peck through, and a plentiful supply of sunflower seeds put out daily on a shelf or the trodden snow (a shelf with a shelter over it is best, of course) will serve admirably for the tastes of most of our winter residents. Bread crumbs, fine mixed chicken feed, crumbed dog biscuit, and cracked nuts are all good, but the two staples of animal and vegetable

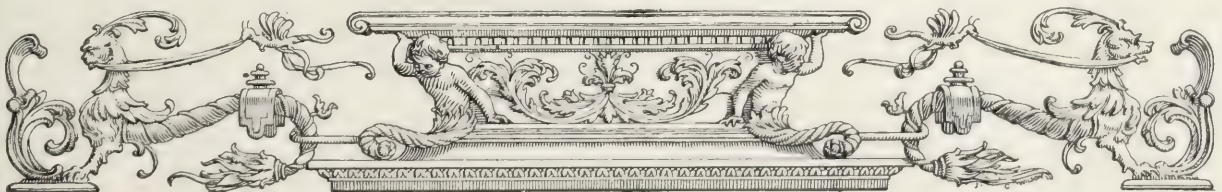
birds can resist a sunflower patch after the flowers have gone to seed. I remember we once cut a mass of sunflowers and laid them out on a back veranda to dry, but before we knew what was up a flock of birds had discovered them and taken half our stock. Cosmos and lettuce, gone to seed, are two of the surest lures for the goldfinches.

I feel almost as if I owed an apology to my little feathered friends for writing of them so statistically, save only that it is in their defense. When I think how much less pleasant, nay, how much less homelike, my home would be without the birds, I realize anew my debt to them for things more precious than material advantages. When I think how since my earliest boyhood I have watched the chimney-swallows rise and dart against the pale-gold sky of evening, the old brick chimney-stack seems no more a part of home than they. When I recall how the birds bathe fearlessly in my garden, naïvely performing their toilets (about which they are so particular) with all the unconsciousness of some wild field bird in a rain pool on a pasture rock, it seems to me the birds bring a bit of the far, free spaces into my garden close. When I see a chickadee tapping away at a frozen bit of suet, suspended against the gray and white landscape of winter, his little black head is a symbol of the cheerfulness of the snow, and when I hear the harder blows of the woodpecker at the suet ball, I say:

“Hammer away, old chap! That’s what we put it there for. It’s poor picking under the tree bark now, and that beautiful, sleek, black and white body of yours needs heat to maintain itself in this frozen world. Come again, and often, you bit of vivid life in the chill and naked tracery of winter limbs.”

When I remember the twinkling eye of the mother phœbe that watched us from her nest over the inside rafter of the porch, and the cheery outlook on the

garden world maintained by her spouse from a perch just outside, in a spray of blossoms, I think of them both as members of the family, like the robin who for three years built under another porch, and would let us mount a chair and see her babies at close range. And when I think of the packed snow outside the house in winter, and the fearless little brown sparrows, or the juncos, fluttering from the protecting evergreens or leaving their task of hopping under the weed stalks near by, and gathering around for crumbs, I think of the gentle saint of Assisi, though no sermon comes to my lips for this feathered congregation. It is not spiritual food they are after! Indeed, by their busy little lives, so full of danger, yet so full of song, it is rather they who do the preaching. They are so faithful to their single mates, so few of them ever kill their kind in the struggle to survive, they work so hard to bring up their families properly, they do not even fight (except occasionally and in bloodless combat, to get first turn at the tub), they are so beautiful to look at, so pleasant to hear! The air without birds would be an aerial desert, cold and void, and without their song—without the fluting of the white-throat in the spring, the midsummer chatter of the wrens, the reveille of the robins and the vesper of the song-sparrows, without the piercingly sweet call of the meadow-lark behind the summer-house and the cool, elfin, woodland clarion of the thrush which lives in the great trees just up the hill—a silence would settle over my garden which would seem like the silence of the grave, as if the life breath had gone out of nature; and I should be as one bereft. That the birds eat so many insect pests and destroy so many noxious weeds I am thankful. But I love them just for their air-darting, feathered selves, for their freedom, their friendliness, and their melody.



Miss Amerikanka

A ROMANCE—PART III

BY OLIVE GILBREATH



WHITE barrage moves across Moscow, but, in spite of the phantom bombardment, I have been sitting on the Kremlin wall, watching the city, a dim old enamel below. I understand now the glow in M. Novinsky's face. This is the Russia that lay back of his eyes, this quaint tapestry woven and dyed with centuries of Russian dreams and prayers, this splendid old Bagdad. This and the Volga! Dmitri Nikolaievitch's Russia and mine. The manager of the hotel has given me a room overlooking a court where pigeons are fluttering and feeding in the sunshine as if at St. Mark's. I sit for hours, a balconied princess looking beyond to roofs patterned like a caliph's dream. It is not sad to be alone here. Strangely enough, I feel companioned, but perhaps it is only the illusion of place. I must meet M. Novinsky here, it seems to me, in these devious old streets, overlaid with medievalism, mellow with all the accumulated richness of the Slavic race.

Moscow—it is the flower of Russia! Petrograd is a bureaucrat's town, transplanted and artificial, but Moscow is the sum of the natural processes of centuries of a race-soul. One need not be told; it is in the churches and the streets, in the aura of the people. Here are still the houses of the *boyars*. Here rose strongholds of consolidated Muscovite power; here in the sacred Uspensky cathedral the Czars are christened, wed, and crowned. Above the city reigns the Kremlin, not the Kremlin of the Middle Ages, but a phoenix rising each century resplendent from its ashes, more sheerly dominating the city than any other city in the world is dominated—than Peking by the Great Gates or Rome by St. Peter's.

Of course I can never comprehend Moscow; without Dmitri Nikolaievitch I am bewildered. No Westerner could comprehend Moscow. No Westerner, born and bred to miles of gray stones, could be other than astonished and subdued at the sight of a congress of starry palaces and cathedrals, rising mystical and barbaric above the pink embattled walls with which the Tartars encompassed their city—"the two extremes of Asia joined together and enshrined in the heart of Slavism—the marauding spirit of the Mongol conquerors mixed with the sensuality of Byzantine Orientalism—the God of Battles and the God of Prayer explained as one and the same conception of God, worshiped on a half-overtaken altar of Moloch."

It is for me a never fully explored dream, the Kremlin. Perhaps it is the marauding Mongol in me that turns my steps thither, stopping sometimes at the shrine of the Iberian Virgin, a street chapel so sacred that even the Czar must pray there before he enters the Kremlin, through the red Spasskaya gate where every man from *izvostchik* to Emperor must remove his hat in order to be prepared for the glories within—past the "Czar Poushka," the king of cannon captured from Napoleon's broken army—and leads my way among palaces and cathedrals, into the dimmest and richest of recessed interiors.

The spacing is not magnificent as it is at St. Isaac's; the cathedrals are all built on a closer scale, like the *boyars'* houses, but so rich in jeweled mosaics that for a moment one fancies the Peacock Throne of the Great Moguls translated into a room. The gorgeous beauty hangs about one like incense, the spirit of Slavic adoration made tangible, exultation made manifest. I am all alone here except for peasant women, but I am



THE ROOFS OF MOSCOW, PATTERNED LIKE A CALIPH'S DREAM

never without the sense of the shadowy hosts. There hang the banners of Pultova and Plevna, and by the altar is the sacred ikon that went before the armies of Kulikovo. Here is a scimitar of Suleiman the Magnificent, and the floor is a jasper gift from the Shah of Persia. This candelabrum of solid silver, from the Russian soldiers themselves, commemorates Napoleon's broken army; and in that ikon is an emerald that might flank the Kohinoor. To pray in this niche is to shudder, for here Ivan the Terrible used to hear mass; there lies his body at rest—freed at last from its murderous rages. Under a silken canopy sleeps Boris Godunov and the little prince he slew. The peasant women kiss the mask of the murdered *malenki* (the little one). It was in Uspensky, most sacred of cathedrals, that Napoleon stabled his horses, and sometimes in the silence of the praying peasant women I fancy I can hear the drums fore and aft.

Sometimes I climb to the aery of "Kolokol, the Big Bell," and there from the Ivan Bell Tower, hung and strung with bells, I can look far down the river and across to the old green monastery roofs. There is a beautiful painting in one of the Petrograd galleries of the Russian bell-ringers in the towers, and I have promised myself to haunt Kolokol until some saint's day sees him rung—the

picturesque ringers pulling mightily at the ropes!

There in the upper air, too, I feel nearer the abyss *out there*.

As I sit on the Kremlin wall, gazing down on the city below, I ponder many things. America is like a design leading out from the center and leaving one restless and dissatisfied. But Russia, thrown constantly back upon herself, has built up a soul to pit against the world. Is not this the reason why a hundred years after she had a literary language, she produced the one notable literature of this century? A tongue newly articulate, but a life old. The West has laid ingenious hands upon the trappings, the substitutes and imitations, all the anodynes of life, but I cannot but feel that Russia has the quivering reality.

Day after day the gods are pouring sunshine steadily down on this old citadel of the north, picking out the colors like the stones in a Florentine mosaic. What a wonderful old city for happiness! I feel here a powerful rhythm not yet disrupted by the war. My own beat I have lost and sit in the sunshine waiting—waiting for Something that never happens, for Somebody who never comes. Can it be that all that subtle sense of significance, all that respon-

siveness, all that remembered tenderness, have perished out there in the dark? "It is the common fate." But even to have been his friend for a day is to feel life mellow, full of nuance, overhung with a soft wonder.

Moscow does what she may to warm the cockles of the heart. She might be Italian were she not so Russian, and I did discover a bit of Venice yesterday, an old woman feeding pigeons in the piazza of the cathedral near the Spasskaya gate; a pleasant bit of grotesquerie against the apple-green, milk-white, sky-blue spires of the cathedral which soared to the heavens in strange flutings and convolutions. I longed to hear her tell tales of the Tartar Khans of Kazan, as Sasha told me tales of little devils sitting on a rooftop and the sprites that filled their pitchers at the spring. I would be troubadour for a day, for only a troubadour could faintly express the fragrance of this "many-towered Camelot."

After all, personality is the great adventure, and I have come upon a rare one in Mme. Novinska's greatest friend in Moscow, Mme. Berenskaya. Moscow is Russian tradition. Many noble houses here are more ancient than the reigning house of Romanoff, and Mme. Berenskaya has opened the door of some of these houses before which one might sit a lifetime in vain, doors through which I have caught glimpses of old Russian life, as one sometimes glimpses courts and flowers and moon-doors through the great gates of China. No longer magnificent in estate, Mme. Berenskaya, but none the less the unmistakable patrician of intelligence and heart, with an atmosphere much the same as that of Mme. Novinska. The fine fiber was always there, I am certain, but perhaps her association with Tolstoi has left its stamp of moral earnestness. Many guests have come and gone at Yasnaya Polyana, but few have stood so near the prophet as Mme. Berenskaya, a co-worker in the famine relief of 1905 and a translator of Tolstoi's works. Her reminiscences of those famous after-dinner moonlit *causeries* when the master himself set the key for discussion should be chapters in Russian literature.

Being of a scribe's tendency myself, I

find as inexhaustible interest in the habits of the writing *genus homo* as Fabre found in his bee world. Tolstoi's daily life at Yasnaya Polyana Mme. Berenskaya has often discussed with me. His habit was to have tea alone in his study and to work through the morning; to lunch with his family and guests, and to ride or walk through the estate in the afternoon alone or with a companion of his choosing; to dine again at night at the long family table. It was he who usually started the brilliant talk after dinner, which pointed up the thought of the day.

"And by what standard shall we judge the artist?" began the gaunt figure, pacing up and down under the trees one white night at Yasnaya Polyana. "By three things, I say—by invention, by sincerity, by form."

"And what would you say of Russian writers measured by these standards?" ventured somebody among the respectful group who listened in the shadows.

"Gogol first in every respect," he answered, after a pause. "Dostoevski, no. Invention marvelous; sincerity undoubted; form—none."

"And Tolstoi, what of him?"

"Tolstoi," mused the figure in the peasant's smock. "Tolstoi—invention, yes, to some degree; form chaotic; sincerity *absolute*!"

Sincerity was, to Mme. Berenskaya, Tolstoi's passion, and not the least part of his genius.

When I voiced the world's question as to the reason for Tolstoi's flight, just before his death, from everything that was personally human and dear, Mme. Berenskaya named Tolstoi's secretary.

"A man of inflexible purpose," she said, "the preservation of Tolstoi's spiritual legacy unspotted to the world. If Tolstoi would leave his ideal pure, resurgent, it was as necessary in the eyes of this man that he should die one of the despised and rejected as it had been that Christ should be crucified. It has been an ever-present question in my mind whether Leov, left alone in those feeble last days, would not have sought the sacrament of the Church. The two did stop at a monastery—this secretary and he—you remember, but they went on. I have so often wondered what Leov

would have done had he been alone. He died at the railway station soon after, with poor Countess Tolstoi begging outside for permission to say farewell. You remember her cry, 'The friend of a lifetime, and I am not even permitted to hear his last words.' Ah, *milaya*, there it is again—the incompatibility of the actual and the ideal! It is to make one despair."

"And is there no reconciliation?" I begged.

Mme. Berentskaya shook her head. "I do not know," she answered, sadly.

The sincerity of Tolstoi I have often heard questioned in Russia. He is not in his own land the mountain-peak as is Dostoevski, with his boundlessly suggestive philosophy, and, knowing the Russian, I find it not difficult to understand the reason. But to question his sincerity, it is inconceivable!

Once after he had been dangerously ill, Mme. Berentskaya was invited to Yasnaya Polyana. Tolstoi was still in bed and weak.

"And now, Leov, tell me," said Mme. Berentskaya as she sat down by his bedside, "since you have been so near death, tell me what you think of the beyond."

A strong emotion passed over Tolstoi's face and for some minutes he did not answer. And then, turning his shaggy gaze upon her, he replied, "Elena Ivanovna—I assure you, so great is my sense of sin that if I believed that I must carry it with me beyond this life, I could not be responsible." And he fell back trembling.

"Is it true, then," I begged of Mme. Berentskaya, "that Tolstoi did not believe in the continuity of identity after death, in a personal immortality?"

Again Mme. Berentskaya answered, sadly and slowly, "I do not know."

One might linger forever in this sunny paradise; as a matter of fact, I shall be away to the Novinskys' summer place as soon as the lake clears. No message from Dmitri Nikolaievitch out of the dark. My life is a House of a Thousand Emptinesses.

Mme. Novinska went to Tver before the ice broke, but just now the lake is an *impasse* and the only road to Bortnaka is a hundred versts around the shore over Russian roads, difficult at any time and bottomless in spring. I remember Mme. Novinska's narration of how the doctor of O—— drove all night with fresh horses every hour—once when M. Novinsky was ill—only to assure her that she was doing all that was possible, drink huge draughts of coffee, snatch a fish-pasty and then drive all day back again.

I have been making pilgrimages these days to all the well-beloved haunts of my Bagdad—to the intimate sketches of Russian life at the Tretyakov gallery, and the Verestshagins, Oriental and opulent and shimmering with heat; to Gelza last night at the ballet, dancing her *fantasie Belgique*, gleaming in red and gold and trumpet-clear, the apotheosis of the Belgian spirit; to Kolokol and Uspensky and, not least, to the pigeons at the Spasskaya gate.

Of one thing I am certain—never again shall I be free from Russia. Foot-loose, I must always turn eastward. It flashes various colors through me, this modern Byzantium; sometimes I feel positively iridescent with the radiance—gorgeous, barbaric—unleashing everything that the Anglo-Saxon has tamed in me. A curious dream which has haunted me since childhood has returned—the dim cool of a Byzantine courtyard, a blue sky above, columns ineffably gray



A SHY LITTLE PEASANT GIRL
OFFERS ME BUTTERCUPS AND
DAISIES

and old, the soft pad, pad of slave feet in the dust, and a woman, lying near a pool, dreaming passionate dreams. The image had been long allayed until it came to life again in this Oriental Russia. Sometimes again this fragrant, melancholy old land calls to something strange and deep within me. I seem to hear the Nubians singing again at night on the Nile, and yet I no longer thrill. A strange white peace fills my soul; at the heart of the turbulence lies infinite repose. A quiet hand has been laid upon me. I feel all the hopes and loves of all the ages breaking about me and the beauty and pathos of life become poignant, unendurable. It is not happiness, is it—this pain?

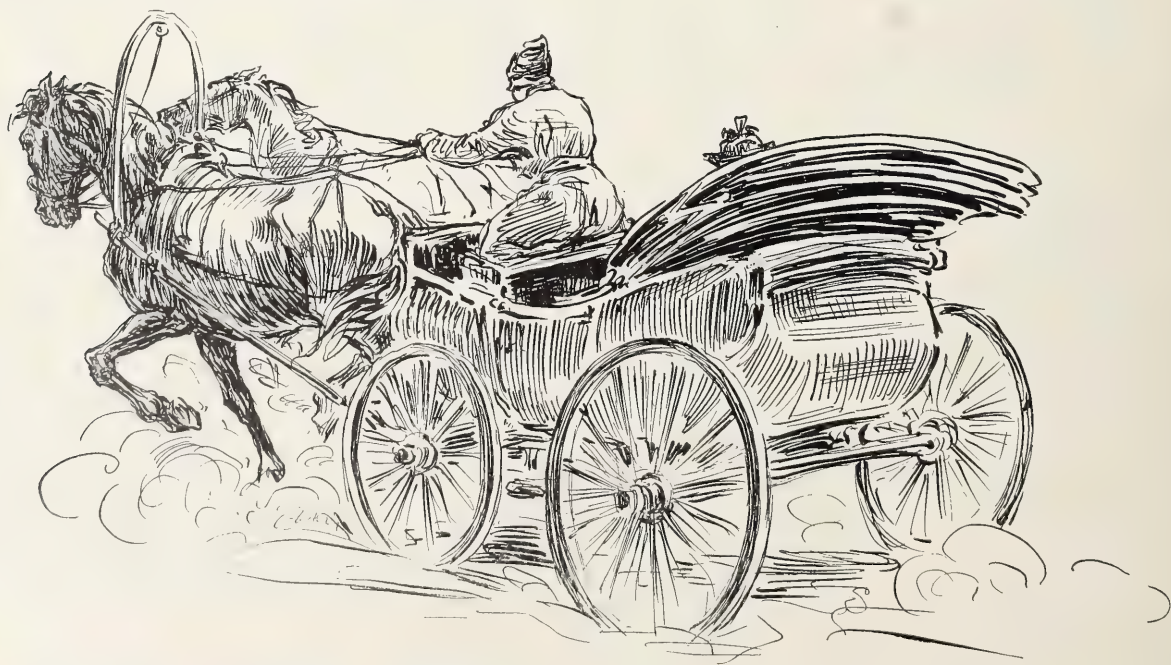
And yet it draws me, the mystery of all this brooding land draws me irresistibly. Like death, Russia throws everything into greater significance. Perhaps it is Dante's blessedness. Perhaps it is—who can define it? Beside it, placid English life flowing between its lush banks seems spiritually flat and commonplace. Something so far stranger and sweeter and deeper is here, that for one second of it one would not exchange ten years of cheerful security. In both America and the Orient lies a far clearer happiness than in Russia: America strong, youthful, certain; the lotus East with its suggestion of eternal peace—the junk sails in the purple mists, and the temple bells calling across the little val-

leys. And yet I must always return to this. "Something homely and poignant."

Yes, I comprehend, Dmitri Nikolaievitch, though you no longer bare for me its struggle, its melancholy—and you, whether you live still here or there beyond, have become for me the sum and crown of its poignance.

BORTNAKA, *June.*

Bortnaka at last! Russian country, beloved by poet and peasant and now adding another adorer, though an alien—Dmitri Nikolaievitch's Russian country! I left Moscow in the late afternoon and journeyed by night, an eerie white night which only half closed the curtains of day and invested the world with a gray, ghostly charm. Summer travelers across Siberia must needs carry blue curtains to defend themselves against this pervasive half-light. Without these blue guards the journey may add to itself as experience, but it sadly deteriorates as a journey. Sleep is out of the question, and the senses, overstrained by the continuous light, are as ragged as the beggars who peer out of the stations. Verst after verst, hour after hour, the plain unwinds endlessly, monotonously, like wool from a skein. Objects fringe ghostily; trees blur in the half-light and grow preternaturally large. A primitive terror sweeps through one's limbs. The earth is off its orbit, running wild in space.



A CAVERNOUS VEHICLE WHICH SCURRIES OFF THROUGH THE DUST

One calls to the eternal hills for deliverance—but there is not even a rise in the ground! With midnight springs up a delusive promise of respite from the light; a shadow creeps reassuringly over the earth, but it is dusk and not darkness. At eleven the sun dips below the horizon; at two-thirty it balances itself again on the rim of earth like a flattened orange, spilling a crimson and amethyst flood over the world. The relentless cycle has begun again. It is a lonely mood, and yet I am not lonely; I am curiously, half pensively, half childishly content. Am I not bound for Agatha and the tarts and the limes? Besides, again the illusion of place is upon me. With every new spot, Dmitri Nikolaievitch, it seems to me, must appear. A message must wait at Bortnaka!

The train deposits me at what should be an early hour, but, by the tale of the sun, a day well advanced. It is a dusty little station inside which travelers in smocks are drinking tea, sucking sugar under their tongues. A shy little peasant girl offers me buttercups and daisies "for the love of God and the aid of the wounded"—a kindly little creature. I want to ask her if she fancies gooseberry tarts, but I have only time to fumble for a penny and clamber into a cavernous vehicle which scurries off through the dust in the direction of the boat. What a calash is I have never known, but that rickety, swinging shell, threatening every moment to dissolve into the elements, satisfies entirely my imagination. Perhaps I am not exigent to-day—bound for Bortnaka.

After two hours we begin turning into a small bay, and the captain who looks after Mme. Novinska's guests comes to point out what seems to me a village overlooking the lake. I discern a great house with white pillars, half encircled by *izbas*, and backed on three sides by deep forest—M. Novinsky's ancestral roof-tree. An old Southern plantation dwelling it might be, except for the somber forest, purely and unmistakably Russian. An air of leisure and a patriarchal charm lie upon its grassy slopes. Will Tolstoi's Levin or Turgenev's Liza step out from the portico? The Novin-

skys I have always seen in far more formal environment.

Mlle. Novinska and three big hunting dogs—from the Czar's kennels—with two lordly youths in hunting togs, cousins just home on furlough, are standing at the pier with a fringe of barefooted peasant maids in the background, all aflutter in their gay aprons. It is an event and I am the event! As for me, I feel myself immersed in peace. I could deposit myself on the pier, never to stir except to watch the wind moving among the piny trees or follow the uncouth shadows on the lake.

Of my endless gallery of Russian pictures, few in which Mlle. Novinska figures I shall ever forget. She is wearing a broad hat which adds a piquant mystery to the shadows of her languid eyes, and trails her white skirts delicately over the greensward, tall and picturesque—not an image designed to make one wish to abolish aristocracy. I search the thin face under the broad hat eagerly. A fainter tinge of rose follows the curve of the porcelain cheek than when I had seen her in Moscow.

"There has been no other news," she says, as our pageantry winds up the slope under the trees, toward the white columns, while two young peasant lads throw themselves on my luggage. "But for the sake of *ma mère* we must have courage. Who knows?—there may be a message any day, any moment. I will not so easily believe that all is not well." I could feel her long fingers trembling on my arm.

And this is the hidden source of M. Novinsky's life. I cannot sleep for the delight of being here in the heart of the country, the background that yields a figure so satisfying the deeps of me. Through the window I can see the little *izbas* dreaming wanly in the moonlight as dream the streets in Whistler's French villages. Beyond sighs the forest, blue-black, immense in this pale, nocturnal stillness, as impenetrable as the heart of Russia itself; above its inchoateness, the pines alone venture, tall ship masts above the band of black. After the open steppe, the forest allays my fears, bids me "lay down my heart," sings to me of security. I watch it, fasci-

nated, as I have watched other woodlands—the gray-green, elfin forests of Ireland, the whispering bamboo groves of China. This forest is far more enigmatic than other forests, far more sentient; in such fastnesses has been forged the will of Russia, in such mysteries has been shaped her soul. The wind rises and falls like a chant, like the desire of a race. How many strange shapes seem about to emerge—Stenka Razin, the *boyars* of Nizhni-Novgorod and Kazan days — M. Novinsky's father. M. Novinsky himself must have come out of it many times as a dreaming little lad, hunting and fishing, as the university student, as the young *barin*. It lies mystic, quiescent now, draped with mists caught up in white garlands as if for a bridal. *Nom de Dieu*—a ghostly bridal!

I was awakened this morning by old Yégor's voice, and looked out my casement window to see Mme. Novinska, in a black frock with a white Elizabethan collar, cutting roses which she deposited in a shallow basket borne by the old majordomo. It is the first item in her day.

The Bortnaka house starts with a formal enough hall, paneled in red and hung with trophies of the chase, but it soon trails out into a small room where one may dry one's hunting togs in winter, and on this side turns into a big living-room facing the lake. There are the usual beautiful hardwood floors, deeply luxurious divans, some fine old colored etchings, exquisite Persian rugs and embroideries which Mme. and M. Novinsky gathered in Persia. The most formal room in the house is a room resplendent with ancestors, opening

through French windows on the lake terrace and scented with the fragrance of wistaria and the lime walk below.

"You will find the house not less informal than the inmates," Mlle. Novinska had warned me the first morning. "The Russian is too wayward to stiffen

into convention like the British, and such punctiliousness as is his, he leaves in town."

On this old Russian estate life is as simple and as rural as Tolstoi's Levin ever lived, with a venerable, patriarchal charm, such as one finds within the ancestral walls of the East.

Bortnaka breakfast is a movable feast. Imagine one addicted to the French roll and a cup of black coffee confronted by a ham entire; by a deep pottery bowl from which cream is ladled with a silver dipper; by monuments of hot bread suggestively neighbored by jams and marmalades—the whole guarded at the end of the table by a samovar of tea and an urn of coffee, all under the eye of peasant maids in blue and red coifs, who take advantage of your innocence to leave bacon and eggs before you and desert you to your fate. Luncheon, only less astounding than breakfast, is served on the veranda under the limes, attended



THE OVERSEER COMES WITH
REPORTS OF THE CROPS

by a sapphire-eyed Persian cat who looks reflectively to the lake, dreaming, perhaps, of his own East. Everybody comes in outdoor togs, for everybody sails or swims or walks. Stepan and Piotr, very much the land *barins*, have been interviewing the forester or inspecting the wheat in the village beyond, or accompanying the official sent by the Government to teach the peasant intelligent methods of agriculture. And that in itself is another story. I am constantly amazed at the time and patience



THE SECOND COMMANDEERING OF HORSES HAS BEGUN

the landowners expend on their peasants. . . . Or it may be that Piotr has been out hunting with the dogs since dawn. There are two teas, one at four when the mail arrives—the postmaster is so terrified with English mail that he sends it outright to Mme. Novinska and we sort it—and the other at nine, Russian fashion. And we dine, too! One changes for dinner, but it can hardly be called dressing, and afterward there is tennis in twilight, that wondrous white light which invests all this northland with its pale poetry.

The overseer comes with reports of the crops, the priest from that white tower across the lake; an old countess from the next estate, in worn Paris finery. And all through the house there is a stream of life—of men and dogs and hunting and news of the field and all the intangible freshness of things out of doors, and rarely good talk. The Russian does not, like the Saxon, leave his conversation in the city. The house is full of books—French novels, English biography, an excellent collection of Persia, some of them inscribed in a hand like Dmitri Nikolaievitch's neat script. I am never sure whether I like rainy days when I curl up in the library, watching the storm sweep down the lake, hearing tales of Bagdad, of swirling down the Tigris in a basket, or the sunny days

when I betake myself to the forest, watching the rafts building or simply wandering deeper and deeper among the ravines of shadows, looking into the upper leafy spaces. Mme. Novinska spends much of her time alone writing or working over plans for the estate. She feels a greater anxiety for Dmitri Nikolaievitch, I am certain, than she would admit, and in spite of the movement through the house, there is always—for the first time, I confess it—a dread waiting for one knows not what—from *out there*—like that weary, weary walking with the dead.

How near one comes to the heart of life here on this old estate! It accounts for much of M. Novinsky's simplicity, the simplicity of people reared away from the marts, which no term in the world could ever cloud; a sense of inherited responsibility which no thing and no person could ever loose. I would burn a thousand tapers to Nicholas the Wonder-worker to see my great friend once against this old background—under the roof-tree of his fathers.

To-night there beyond the fields of green, under the eaves at the *izbas*, a peasant girl is singing: a wild, wailing melody running like a silver thread through the white night—a melody torn from underneath a woman's heart, an

air of unfulfilment. Ah! Dmitri, I understand.

Like scorpions the war stings—far more cruelly here in the country than in the city. To pay taxes, gold and silver—that is one thing, but to cut the sinews of war out of your own flocks and herds! The second commandeering of horses has begun. The ukases have been up for three weeks, and since dawn to-day the peasants have been gathering in the square of the whitewashed chapels under the birches; blotches of gaily kerchiefed women, boys in red and blue *rubashkas*, and old men, torpidly assembling. How old a Russian peasant grows! The sky is a compassionate Volga sky, but it looks down on a scene less untroubled. The Government officers have come, smart fellows in khaki riding trousers; they stand in a cleared space of the grassy street among horses—black and gray and pinto—measuring them with a long pole marked with a nail at the proper height. A rather swaggering officer, the younger, with a cropped tan mustache, who would not waltz badly; the other a thick-bodied, red-nostriled man who would make a good fourth at bridge—both thoroughgoing and indifferent to the grumbling of the *muzhiks*.

The older strikes an attitude of authority, pulling at his mustache, legs far apart. “*Nu*, show me his paces!” he orders, throwing the rope bridle of a gray horse to a lumbering young peasant. Little matter to him if this is the last horse which Feodor Ivanovitch has to plow the grain land. War is war! As a matter of fact, it is not Feodor Ivanovitch’s last horse; he has concealed another in the bushes. But he clambers on him as if it were, and rides him off under the dappling birches. Two foresters pass in fur caps with shrewd glances. The cook comes out from the long, rambling kitchen, dressed in pure white, his mustache turning up like the points of a scimitar, a knife stuck through his belt, and makes a few derogatory comments on the horse. As a matter of fact, the gray proves himself no great steed. Feodor Ivanovitch clambers clumsily off again. “Besides, he kicks, your Excellency,” he offers, can-

nily. But one officer writes something in a black book and the other marks the horse with a cross of red paint, while Marya, Feodor Ivanovitch’s wife, sinks beside the beehive and rocks with her head in her apron. Six from the Novinsky stables are chosen this time; and one of them is Orlik, who gallops at the side in the troika. The peasants watch them indifferently as they are led away. “*Neetchevo*,” they shrug their shoulders. “There is always plenty of everything at the great house.”

“How do they feel the war?” I ask of Piotr Pavlovitch, the overseer of the estate, an amorphous-bodied, keen old Russian with shaggy hair and eyes far apart, a mighty bear-hunter in his time.

“The peasants?” He centers his gaze on the uncouth faces filmed over with ignorance. “The Germans are just over that hill there, in their minds, and if they do not fight the *Nyemetzki* will come over the slope! He is a shrewd one, the peasant. *Da, barishnya*—you have said it. But his world is as big as his own field. Before this war is finished there will be the devil to pay.” Piotr Pavlovitch strikes off in the direction of the wheat while I turn back to the house.

At night I hear the horses leaving, like a great wind rushing through the wood. Why do they always take them at night? All through the hours I awake with a sense of uneasiness, the uneasiness that I felt in Siberia and that first morning in Petrograd—tides of men streaming down the white path, fragments of song, the trampling of boots and the rumbling of guns. And then they all drop into an abyss—which gives back nothing.

Natalya Nikolaievna had come out on the terrace and we stood looking down at the scene in the waning light. It was all like a part in a play—far more like a play than those realistic scenes from Tchekov—Natalya Nikolaievna in her white gown and turquoise shawl, slim, patrician, inexpressibly lovely; the *barinya* below moving slowly toward the house, followed by a train of bright kerchiefs and white blouses—and beyond, the lake, the forest purpling in the dusk, the impenetrable background of all this simple, patriarchal life. Natalya Nikolaievna caught my glance.

"Fancy, *Amerikanka*," she said, quietly. "In the revolution of 1905 they stoned every one—our own peasants did. They even bolted the stable doors and burned our horses and threatened my father. My mother was the only one who could go among the villages. This is medieval Russia. *Ma mère* they count not as human, but one of the saints."

The post has come. Only a letter from Feodor, Marya's husband, who is now a gunner of the battery to which two of the Novinsky horses are attached. The horses "draw bravely," he writes. There are new-comers in the regiment, a little girl of seven and a boy of five. The father had found the mother dead when he returned to the village on furlough. There were no relatives in the village and he carried the children back to the trenches. The soldiers are very kind to them. *Chto dyelat?* What else was to be done, Feodor asks.

No word from Dmitri Nikolaievitch. How long can I endure staring like this into emptiness?

The world has changed its dim hues for the colors of day! The limes are showering the air with fragrance, the earth is carpeted with lilies-of-the-valley, a cuckoo called this morning from the edge of the forest. Even the *caftan* and the beard of the old peasant who plows that point of land seem to blow debonairly. All day the housekeeper jingles her keys among the storehouses; Mme. Novinska walked down the terrace to the roses this morning without a cane; Natalya Nikolaievna is peacock-eyed. Old Yarshin, in charge of the

bath-house, is transporting cans of water on long poles over his shoulder. The toothless old *babui* and *batushki*, sitting in the grassy dooryards, are nodding their heads and whispering. "The young *barin* returns God's hand is not against us. *Slava Bogu!*"—Can it be true? The message came to Mme. Novinska yesterday. . . . Only Agatha and I are useless, toothless old Agatha rocking and weeping with her head in her apron, and I—I steal away to the forest.

The beloved old forest! Green, veiled with a luminous white, an indescribable ethereal loveliness; black earth, the scent of lilies-of-the-valley—everything that is transcendently fresh against all that is immemorially old. Spring comes on the wing, here in Russia; a sudden rush of joy as nowhere else—the resurrection! The rain has left the forest fragrant, full of moving currents of air and elusive shadows. To-day a flock of yellow butterflies flit through the labyrinths, tremulously pendent like flecks of gold in old liqueur. I follow them swiftly, eagerly, still deeper and deeper into the wood, leaving the needle-carpeted road and open spaces for dim arcades, hung every day with new and delicately moving filagree.

I had so often imagined him, but never as he came to-day, walking so slowly down the forest road. Joy had driven me for refuge to the woodland, but I hid my eyes against the trunk of a pine, seeking a haven from pain. How young and buoyant he had been in those other days! The gallant body was still held proudly, but that faint look of "the man who was"! The forest seemed to rock



SIMPLE, PATRIARCHAL LIFE AGAINST AN IMPENETRABLE BACKGROUND OF MYSTERY

about me. I could only wait until he came opposite me in the path, and he stopped—regarding me intently.

"It is you, *Amerikanka*? I have dreamed you like this—under the trees," he said, a ghost of the old expression stirring in his eyes.

One of his hands was crushed. He carried his shoulder painfully. But it was his eyes that held the injury, horror that would be his till death, mystery that could never be shared. He leaned against the buttressed trunk of a tree near me—that familiar movement!—as I had seen him often watching the steppe in Siberia, as he had leaned against the malachite column that day in the cathedral. The light fell dimly through the trees on his slim, dark head. It was M. Novinsky of the steppe, M. Novinsky of the Islands under the Pines, of that night at the ballet. I could have wept for joy and grief.

"How lovely you are in that white frock—here in the forest—*Amerikanka*!"

My voice was still lingering in forbidden registers, but, looking up into the gray-blue eyes, set in Eastern fashion, I touched the bandaged sleeve gently, very gently, with my fingers.

"*Neetchevo-pravda*. It is of no moment—truth. The fortunes of the day," he said gently, while his eyes continued to consider me carefully—as if I had been a phantom—and then slowly, wonderingly, wandered up to the film of green.

We sat down on an overturned pine

and, bit by bit, the tale came, slowly, with fewer reserves than an Englishman would have shown, with less of "fledgling simplicity," but with Slavic sensitiveness, repulsion, terror and fascination.

"You knew of the treachery among Russian officers, a constant giving over of the most important plans to the enemy. There was a scheme among three of us to stop the leakage—three of us who had been friends at school in Petrograd. We all knew that it meant . . . Not one of us expected to return—I told you—but that was no matter. . . . Russians do not fear to die. We all scattered into different regiments. I chose my own. Do you remember the Cossack who refused to desert his horse in Kashgar? Partially through his help, partially through an officer, I went—as a common soldier—later as an orderly."

M. Novinsky paused and his eyes followed the curve

of the lake. "It was worse even than we expected," he continued, after a silence, speaking slowly and distinctly. "There were terrible things. It was worse than any one could have dreamed this side inferno. I don't mean the battle, the fighting—that is bad enough. The eternal guns, the filth, the embruting of the whole fabric of life—one gets used to that. But the treachery of officers dribbling all that life through their hands like water—shells and shells—and no guns. Guns and no shells. Guns and shells that—do not fit. Can you imagine what it is to trap men in their trenches empty-handed—to be riddled with shell-



YARSHIN

fire? To watch them helpless like children—big as oxen—clambering out of the trenches—slow—and dazed—facing German steel, waiting for comrades to fall so that they may take their guns. *Bozhé moi! Nado zabeetch.* One must forget. Why those young giants did not choke their officers with bare hands . . . Out of the trenches, wave after wave, helpless—bayonet charges! A gun is money, but a man is only—a man. All those peasant *babui* in Siberia are breeding men—and in Russia besides—their *raison d'être*. Millions of men for the asking, but guns are scarce! And staff-officers at the back in a wood eating mushrooms! *Nom de Dieu!* that slippery field of blood . . . ”

A yellow butterfly winged past us, hanging like a golden mote in the subdued gloom.

“And when you left the regiment?” I breathed, tentatively.

Dmitri Nikolaievitch roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen. His voice plodded on. “I was with the regiment ten days and then it was necessary for some one to go into Germany. We had our observations, but they had to be verified for absolute certainty. It was a matter of lots. We drew before we went and I had the lucky number. I went. Of that *I can never tell you*. It was difficult — terribly difficult. Luckily I am one Russian who speaks languages as well as we have the reputation for speaking them. I had been at school in Germany—*da*, I know them very well. If my German had been less perfect, or if I had ever been for one instant afraid for my life—my life would not have been worth a kopeck. They are efficient, but *stupid*. Two weeks I was in Germany, and then I came back. I traveled once in a day coach with an officer—mainly by night—any way, every way. It was easier getting over than

back, I assure you. But I arrived. It was done—what I had set out to do. I could have come home then. I joined the troops again. I don’t know why; perhaps it was only a barbarian’s desire to fight.” He put his hand to his head with the same troubled gesture of “the man who was.” “That was when this came. It is glorious to have something happen to your body after you had seen with your eyes. It’s a point—something bright and hard to fix your mind besides *that*. Perhaps I had not counted on lying a day and a night in No Man’s Land,” he added, with a smile. “Twenty-four hours of staring up at a gray sky with those oxen-like creatures crawling over one, trying to get back to the trenches. And the rain, the everlasting rain—sodden, like Gorki’s rains. Andrei was in the same regiment. It was he who found me. Have you read the papers two weeks, three weeks ago? Seven officers—they were hanged.”

The forest roared past me like the torrent of a night sea. M. Novinsky sat resting his head on his hand, staring into the depths of the wood. From the distance came the sound of the foresters singing—the fragrance of lilies-of-the-valley rose from the black earth, sweet and unendurable! But I was far from the forest. I was again on a trans-



OLD “BABUI” SITTING IN THE GRASSY DOORYARDS

Siberian train, watching a gaunt figure relaxed against the cushions, his eyes turned moodily on the steppe.

"Dmitri Nikolaievitch," I found courage after a silence, looking at the sensitive profile of the man at my side—"he was not one?"

M. Novinsky turned his eyes to me as if to steady me. "He was, *Amerikanka*," he said, slowly. "*Proschaiete menya. . . . It had to be.*"

As long as I live, the scent of pines or of lilies, the sound of a lake lapping against the shore, will bring two words in a grave, un-English voice, and I shall see a swarthy face framed between candles, the decorations of a uniform gleaming richly like the jewels of the Mother of God.

"The dark door"—it had opened to the General.

We sat in quivering silence, I aching with the incomprehensible futility of life and M. Novinsky staring again with his head on his hands.

"I am happy that America is yours to return to, *Amerikanka*." The voice with its un-English timbre roused itself after a pause. "But you will never forget Russia. It will always remain something tragic, magnetic, to be remembered? Perhaps these are the last days we shall have together—and I must speak out my heart; that is the Slav. It may be that in Peking you have heard that I am a worshiper of women. I am. I worship all beauty. But you are the first woman I have ever known well. You cannot know what it means, you—your joy—against this old unhappiness so intrinsically a part of me. It is unspeakably dear—this experience. If I loved you less—I should ask more of you. But I prize you as you are. . . . I

love you as you are—unique—singular—I tremble lest this Old World dim your fountain of joy."

I could not look at M. Novinsky. The terror of night and the steppe seemed flowing over me as on that day at the cathedral. The world without this figure—so simple, so gentle, so subtly understanding—it was dull, unimaginable! Into whatever paths of the heart life

might lead me, it would never be this one, desired. I rose from the pine where we had been sitting, putting my hand to my throat to free it from ache. What mattered the world—Old or New—without this tender figure!

"I shall always return." I tried to choke back my tears. "Something compelled me here—I do not know what—and I shall always return. I love Russia."

We were again on the needle-carpeted road, Orlik's road, moving toward a little woodland bridge under the high-

vaulting trees. M. Novinsky stopped now as we came to a turn in the forest road, subdued and fragrant from a thicket of a delicately flowering white bush.

"Russia has given me a soul," I repeated, avoiding him and looking up at my dim green comrades, the trees, blindly struggling against a cold gray tide. "I shall always return."

He had never kissed my hands before, after the manner of his race; he bent over them as if it were a rite.

"*Amerikanka*," he said slowly, searching my face with a terrible earnestness. "Russia is not a land to which one returns with joy. If it were not my own country, perhaps I should love it less than other lands—lands of sunshine and freedom. If she were at a less crisis—or less unhappy—I might leave her. But



"HOW LOVELY YOU ARE IN THAT WHITE FROCK, AMERIKANKA"



"PERHAPS I HAD NOT COUNTED ON LYING A DAY AND NIGHT IN NO MAN'S LAND"

as she is now, struggling, upheaved—I am bound to her. You love Russia, but you do not know Russia. The Russia you see is the Russia of to-day; what the Russia of to-morrow will be no one knows. We are on the brink of change. Everything one loves and everything one hates is going into the melting-pot, and what will emerge no one can say. In time we shall evolve into a great free nation. *In time*—but what is one man's lifetime in the evolution of a race? For the next hundred years we are going to be the most unhappy people in the world. In my case, if one can envisage the personal—a thing I have almost forgotten—it may mean the loss of everything—of estates, of home, even this old Bortnaka. . . . It is a Novinsky tradition of which we are proud—our long fight for Russia's freedom. But we are nobles, and the first new uncouth forces of democracy for which we are striving will have little place for us." He added the latter with a whimsical smile, but weariness looked out of his eyes. He stared down the road, the contours of his face sharpened in white lines of pain as he turned again to me. "But you, *Amerikanka*—do you not see, it is cruel to bring you here to this chaos,—no one knows what—with your clear title to happiness *there*?"

I could feel the taut figure quivering under the leash. He had resigned me. My choice was in my own hands. But his eyes were compelling me, wistfully questioning, exploring my soul, burning out the very essence of me with the intense emotion of the Slav. And that

intensity, the prescience of which had drawn me overseas—that passion of the East was drawing me now irresistibly to this man lifted up in pain before me. I closed my eyes. Myself, my country, my hope, and my ambition—I knew that I was pledging them all. I had a sense of pathos as at the closing of a chapter. Of irresolution—none. There lay my world, in those fires ready to light at my touch.

"I shall not return—I shall stay in Russia—whatever your destiny—whatever the destiny of this Old World—it is mine, Dmitri Nikolaievitch—Sonia and Raskolnikoff—you know—together."

He was trembling violently as I said the last words, but he put his free hand on my hair and turned me toward him—M. Novinsky of my memory. "Your whole life—do you understand—your whole life?" His voice was steady, but his face was pale and straining, his eyes touched with the mysticism of the Slav.

"My whole life, Dmitri Nikolaievitch!" My soul seemed holding out her woman hands to this dim, questing face and these darkening eyes. "Together."

"Amerikanka—life—together!"

The passion of the East—sweeping me up in its embrace—lifting me on full flood-tides—wrapping me in mystic fire. His arms closing about me—his body exquisitely near. A torrent rushed through me like the wind in the forest, but at the heart was peace. Strange, sweet tides bore me far, far out—out—to unknown seas! Something poignant in Russia—yes, I had touched it.

[THE END.]

The Heart of the War

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THE control of the Mediterranean is the crux of the war. About this great territory, extending from Gibraltar to Persia, and from Austro-Hungary to the Indian Ocean, the settlement of terms of peace will ultimately turn.

None of the warring powers have been willing to discuss the Mediterranean question. Possibly none of them dare discuss their ambitions and their fears. The question is too complicated. Its discussion is too hazardous to existing alliances. The whole Near-Eastern question is kept in the dark because of the dangers of a frank declaration of policy to the relations of the several powers.

In this territory the war had its beginning. Upon this area the thoughts of the chancelleries of England, Germany, Russia, Austro-Hungary, France and the Balkan States have long been centered. The conflict involves the Balkans, Turkey, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, the north coast of Africa, and the control of the water routes through Gibraltar to India, as well as the railroad routes from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf. The political and industrial life of all these peoples is involved in this struggle. For the greater part of a century they have been sacrificed to the controversies of the greater powers. If the titanic conflicts over this part of the globe can be settled, the Belgian, French, and Russian questions are probably open to solution.

Civilization after civilization rose and fell about the Mediterranean. For centuries it was the center of the world. It might again become one of the world's centers if freed from the struggle for its control.

Moreover, the issues at stake are so complicated, the rights of so many nations and millions of innocent people

are so involved, that the issues cannot be left to the arbitrament of force. They must be adjusted by negotiation. Not the negotiations of victors and vanquished, but the negotiations of an unselfish tribunal or nation thinking in terms of ultimate justice, of permanent security, and of far-flung freedom.

The war will only come to a permanent end when the Mediterranean basin ceases to be the object of exclusive possession. And the United States is the only power involved in the war that can visualize the issues involved, or represent the rights of the weaker states and the neutral world.

A generation ago Great Britain was supreme in the Mediterranean. She was the protector of the "sick man of Europe," and she remains supreme in the Mediterranean to-day. She controls both ends of the sea, at Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, and—far more important—the only routes of trade and commerce from Europe to the Orient. Germany has challenged this control. Her *Drang nach Osten* is a drive at the heart of the British Empire. This is the impasse between the two nations.

The imperialistic ambitions of Germany are susceptible of two interpretations. They may be military, or they may be only economic and industrial. In all probability they are both. In any event they threaten the *status quo* and the balance of power of Europe; for economic imperialism usually ripens into political conquest.

Thirty years ago, in 1888, German statecraft, in co-operation with German finance and German industry, entered upon a program of penetration into Turkey, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and western Asia. But little attention was paid to German activities until 1898, when the Kaiser made his dramatic visit to Constantinople and declared himself to be the eternal friend of the

Sublime Porte. But from that day to this the mind of the ruling classes in Germany and the diplomacy of Europe have been more concentrated on this "great adventure" or "drive to the East" than on any other imperialistic subject. The activities of Germany in South Africa, in the Pacific and Kiao-chau have been of relatively little importance in comparison with the colossal project for the creation of a Teutonic Empire which came to be known as *Mittel Europa*. The "Morocco incident" was part of it, as was the "Cretan episode."

The first steps in this pan-German project were taken in 1888, when concessions were secured for the building of railways in Asia Minor. Subsequent concessions of the most far-reaching kind were obtained in 1898 on the occasion of the visit of the Kaiser to Constantinople. These later concessions covered the Bagdad-railway project, "the bridge from Hamburg to the Orient," which was to be the entering wedge and the agency for the ultimate control of the Balkans, Turkey and Asia Minor. For financial penetration is the prelude to political penetration. It is the first step in conquest.

The railway was promoted by the Deutsche Bank, which derived immense profits, estimated at seventy million dollars, from its financing and building. It was to be built by the Krupps and Mannesmanns, and would provide an outlet for the great industries of western Germany. When completed the railway was to be in effect a continuous European-Asiatic system beginning at Hamburg and extending through Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Anatolia, the Tigris River Valley, and on down to the Persian Gulf. It was to be one of the greatest railway systems in the world.

The railway concessions were not unlike the grants made by the Federal Government to the Pacific railways just after the Civil War. By their terms Germany was to finance, build, and operate the railways, but Turkey was to guarantee the interest on the securities. And if the railways was not profitable, or Turkey failed to meet her financial obligations, then, under the implied conditions of such concessions and obliga-

tions, Germany would step in and assume substantial control of the Government of Turkey. And as the railway was constructed primarily for military considerations and as the profits taken by the concessionaires were very exorbitant, it was quite likely that such a political receivership would follow.

The road began on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. The main line was seventeen hundred miles in length. There were branch lines to important Mediterranean ports. It connected with other lines running south through Palestine which ended on the outskirts of the desert perilously close to the Suez Canal and Egypt. Branch lines ran eastward to Persia, which is under British and Russian control. And finally, and most menacing of all, the main artery ran on from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf, where a German naval base connected with a German railway beginning at Hamburg, and Berlin would menace India, Australia, East Africa, British interests in China and the Pacific Ocean. The railway was to have been open for traffic in 1917.

The Bagdad Railway, "the bridge to the Orient," was:

(1) A drive at the very heart of Great Britain; it menaced Egypt, the keystone of her empire. It threatened the Suez Canal and British control of the Mediterranean. It was the gravest danger the British Empire had had to face since Napoleon. It was like the Spanish Armada in its significance. It threatened two centuries of empire building.

(2) It meant the ultimate control of Turkey with her twenty million people, western Asia and the Balkan States as well.

(3) Immense opportunities for overseas financing, for trade, commerce and industry were involved in the control of this vast territory. It was the richest unexploited portion of the earth. Its potentiality to Germany was colossal. It meant an economic empire like that of Great Britain. And even without preferential tariffs or the closed door, Germany would be able to control the industrial life of the country.

Other concessions only less valuable than the railway were included in the

grant. There were land grants on either side of the railway amounting to twelve thousand six hundred square miles. Upward of one hundred thousand acres were transferred to the concessionaires for the raising of cotton. Wheat products to free Germany from the outside world, and raw cotton which would relieve her from dependence on the United States and England, could be raised on the lands in Asia Minor. There were other concessions for mines, for oil, for the building of docks, harbors, warehouses, and exclusive privileges of other kinds. Asia Minor is rich in minerals, and only irrigation is needed to bring back a civilization similar to that which prevailed in ancient times, when twelve million people subsisted from the products of the Euphrates-Tigris delta. Already the control of banking and finance was in the hands of the Deutsche Bank, which was slowly devitalizing Turkish institutions, just as similar activities had devitalized Rumania.

This is the economic bond between Germany and Turkey. This explains the commanding importance of Turkey and Asia Minor to the financial and commercial classes. They offer a market for the surplus wealth of Germany. It is potentially one of the greatest markets in the world, as it is the only one left unappropriated by the other powers.

Almost every class in Germany was vitally interested in this project, and its terms and possibilities were widely known and discussed.

The intellectuals and the pan-German historical group visualized a Germanic Empire beginning at the Baltic and the North Sea and extending through Austro-Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey, Asia Minor and Mesopotamia down to the Persian Gulf. It was a vision of empire similar to that of Rome in the days of Hadrian. It was an empire of one hundred and sixty million people under the hegemony of Germany. And the intellectuals and romanticists dramatized this vision just as they dramatized the Kaiser as the lineal successor of the Cæsars; just as they identified modern Germany with the old Holy Roman Empire.

The Junkers, the feudal aristocracy,

which is probably the most reactionary caste in Europe, saw in the territorial expansion of Germany the logical development of the plans laid by Frederick the Great and continued by Bismarck. To the ruling caste it meant an empire like that of Louis XIV. or Napoleon, an empire ruled by Prussia, and Prussia in turn ruled by themselves.

During the last twenty-five years the industrial classes have become very powerful in Germany. Our text-book portrayals contain very little reference to this group which has come into power since the constitution of 1871 was written. It has arisen in Germany just as it did in Great Britain and the United States. And to-day, with the agrarians, or Junkers, it forms the ruling class in Germany. It is quite possible that these big industrials—the Krupps, the Mannesmanns, the great banking and financial institutions—exercise more real power than do the Junkers, despite the constitutional privileges which the latter enjoy.

The great industrials are identified with this vision of empire as an opportunity for German trade, industry, and commerce. And these industrials in turn are closely identified with the great exploiting banks, the Deutsche Bank, the Dresdener Bank, the Darmstädter Bank, and several others. Probably no class in Germany is more insistent upon the validation of German claims in Turkey and Asia Minor, in the dream of a *Mittel Europa*, linked together by a Zollverein, than are the powerful industrial classes of the Rhenish Westphalian districts of western Germany.

Finally the German people are interested in this project because of the outlet it offers for the surplusage of educated men, for immigration into lands where the German would not lose his connection with his mother country, while the working classes saw in it means of employment not only at home, but in the development of these new territories.

The *Drang nach Osten* commanded the adherence and support of a great part of the German Empire. It is linked up with the national claims of the German people to the right of expansion. It looked to the only unappropriated part

of the globe. It was an opportunity like that which England enjoys in South Africa, Egypt, India and her colonies; which France enjoys in Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers.

Germany and the German people are probably more interested in the validation of claims in *Mittel Europa*, Turkey, and western Asia than in all of the other colonies of the empire or for any annexation in France, Belgium, or Russia.

For years England, France, and Russia have been endeavoring to block the building of the Bagdad Railway and the drive of Germany toward the southeast by diplomacy, by financial boycotts, and by other means. This has been the hidden war in Europe for twenty years. It has been so recognized by diplomats and foreign secretaries. It is the suppressed cause of more international ill-feeling than any other single incident, Morocco included. For, as international affairs are viewed by the chancelleries of Europe, the *Drang nach Osten* was a drive at the balance of power, the Franco-Russian alliance, and the whole British Empire. It involved the control of an empire of one hundred and sixty million people.

The real impasse was between Germany and England. It was an impasse like that of negro slavery; like the impasse between Rome and Carthage. It remains so to this day, and will continue to so remain unless it is settled by a recognition of the rights of all the countries. If it cannot be settled by negotiations, it can only be temporarily settled by a decisive military defeat; and such a defeat will leave the issue just as undetermined as it is to-day. At some time or other the disinterested mind of the world must solve the Middle Europe question if we are to have permanent peace, and if this vast territory—for centuries the center of the civilized world—is to enjoy the advantages and blessings of peace.

To the Foreign Office and the ruling classes of England the life of the British Empire is menaced by the German drive to the east. It is a military menace. The existence of the empire is threatened, for the Bagdad Railway would

make it possible to place German and Turkish soldiers alongside of the Suez Canal and Egypt in a third of the time that English soldiers could be brought by sea. Moreover, the German terminus on the Persian Gulf would be a naval base from which the German fleet could strike quickly at British possessions in the Far East, in close communication with Berlin. Thus the Bagdad Railway under exclusive German control threatens the integrity and the existence of the British Empire.

The Bagdad Railway is also a standing menace to British control of the Mediterranean. It threatens the empire which she has so laboriously built up from Gibraltar to Persia, and with it the power to dominate the Mediterranean at Gibraltar and Port Said.

The life of the British Empire is threatened in another way. The food-supply of England comes from Australia, from India and other dependencies.

In addition, the whole industrial and financial fabric of Great Britain would be in peril if German ambitions, as interpreted in Great Britain, were carried out. For the Bagdad Railway is a continuous railway from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf. It is an industrial as well as an imperial menace.

England's investments in Egypt, eastern Africa, Australia, India, and the Far East amount to at least six billion dollars. This represents loans, railways, mines, plantations, privileges of all kinds. England is the great creditor nation of the world. Her overseas loans alone amount to twenty billion dollars. And the financial and investing classes are the ruling classes. They are the old landed aristocracy, enriched by ground rents, mines, tenements, and railways. This class controls the House of Lords. It controls the conservative party. It has great influence with the foreign and diplomatic service as well. And all these interests were potentially menaced by the German drive to the east.

British shipping supremacy was threatened by railway competition. England's shipping tonnage amounted to about twenty-one million gross tons (1915), or about 40 per cent. of the world. A great part of this is engaged in Oriental trade. Two-thirds of the

ships passing through the Suez Canal are of British registry. The Bagdad Railway threatened maritime profits. It threatened possibly two billion dollars invested in shipping. It would substitute carriage by land for carriage by water. It was a maritime as well as an imperial drive at the heart of Great Britain.

England is also the world's clearing-house. Lombard Street is the financial center of the world. The commerce of every clime enters the ports of England for storage and trans-shipment. And the financial supremacy of England is largely dependent upon financial operations incident to the carriage of the world's commerce. A railroad from Central Europe to the Indian Ocean threatened Lombard Street. It threatened the century-long control by England of the distribution of the products of the world. British exports and imports passing through the Mediterranean amounted (1916) to one billion, six hundred and fifty million dollars. This is carried almost wholly in British ships. It is cleared through British banks. It is traded in by British merchants.

British industry was menaced by the German trade peril, for the Bagdad Railway would permit industrial Germany to place the products of her mills and factories in the Far East as well as in the Near East in much less time and possibly at less cost than they could be carried by sea.

In addition, the English colonial service, the opportunities for younger sons in India, Egypt and elsewhere, the opportunities for employment, were placed in jeopardy by the possible supremacy of Germany in this part of the world, and with it the menace to English colonial possessions.

Just as the Junker and the business classes in Germany—and with them the foreign office and the press—are united in their dreams of German conquest or expansion, so the same interests in Great Britain are awake to the fear that the structure of the British Empire will be undermined by the success of this undertaking. This is why the Bagdad Railway is so portentous. This is why the drive to the east is so critical. The control of the Mediterranean, and with

it Turkey and western Asia, is the keystone to one empire and the dream of another.

The interests of France and Russia, while not so vital as those of England, were likewise menaced by German ambitions in the Near East. It was a wedge driven in between Russia and France. It ended the centuries-long ambition of Russia for the Dardanelles. It placed the billions of dollars loaned by France to Russia, Turkey and the Balkans in jeopardy. For France has always been the favored creditor nation in these countries. Her loans to Turkey alone aggregate four hundred million dollars, or four times those of Germany. And the French bankers and railroad builders and concession-seekers were ambitious for Syria, just as Russia was ambitious that her Cossacks should penetrate into northern Asia Minor and secure a Russian port upon the Mediterranean. In addition, the alliance of France and Russia was in peril, as was the possibility of Russian access to the sea.

German control of Turkey and the Dardanelles was a menace to the economic development of Russia as well. Russia can only finance her industries and pay the interest on her loans by the export of wheat and oil. She can only reach the sea through waterways under the control of other powers. Should Germany control the Dardanelles and the Baltic, Russia would be in economic vassalage. Germany could dictate trade and customs treaties as she has done with weaker nations. She could dictate the internal development of Russia. The future of Russia is dependent upon an outlet to the seas and the free and unimpeded right to buy and sell where she wills. The possible control of the economic life of this great empire, the right to exclusive privileges and concessions is a stake of the greatest importance. And Germany has developed the art of economic penetration as has no other power. She has undermined the economic autonomy of Rumania and Bulgaria, and exercised great influence in the banking and financial circles of Italy, Greece and Turkey.

And Russia and France have consistently co-operated with England in

preventing the completion of the Bagdad Railway.

As a result of this conflict which has continued for twenty years, the Near East has been sacrificed. The conflict is of much longer duration, for England and Russia were the traditional contestants for the Near East in the middle of the last century. This part of the world has not been permitted to develop. It has suffered from the great powers only less than it has suffered at the hands of the Turk. Even more important, the eastern Mediterranean—long the center of the world, and in many ways the natural center of the world—has been denied any chance. Its civilization has been set back. All of the states of the Mediterranean, the Balkans, Egypt, Tunis and Morocco have been pawns in the diplomatic game. They have been kept in an almost constant state of unrest or war as a result of the intrigues of Russia, Germany, England, and France.

The claims of these countries are of as high an order as those of the greater powers. They, too, have a right to be freed from the devastating influences and struggles of imperialistic ambitions.

Here is the big problem of the war. No military decision, no matter how conclusive it may be, can permanently solve this problem. A military decision leaves the Balkans, Asiatic Turkey, and the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean just where they were before. Moreover, it merely postpones the ultimate decision as between the greater powers. For it is impossible to believe that either Germany or England will be content with any settlement of this question by force of arms. At some time or other the dispassionate and thoroughly neutral mind of the world, thinking in terms of democracy, freedom, and world peace, must work out the problems of humanity, of civilization, and of conflicting interests, not only in the interest of permanent peace, but in the interest of the potential civilization of this part of the world.

And the United States is the only nation outside of Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark, that can think of these

problems in world terms. We alone can visualize the possibilities and rights of weaker peoples, and the tremendous gains to trade, commerce and civilization if the conflict for political, financial and industrial interests were at an end. At some stage of the war America must grapple with this situation, either on its own initiative, in co-operation with the warring powers, or through discussions with the neutral nations of Europe.

Obviously, the first condition of permanent peace is to end the military menace in this part of the world. England must be freed from the fear of German military designs toward Egypt, the Suez Canal, or the Orient. The British Empire must be protected. Her people have a right to unity of government. Her possessions and investments must be secure. England has a right to insist that a pistol shall not be held at her heart by a hostile power.

Russia must secure access to the sea through the Dardanelles. Quite as important, she must be assured free access to the Atlantic and Pacific. For even if Russia secured the Dardanelles, her fleets and her shipping would still be open to the danger of imprisonment in the Mediterranean by England.

The same is true of the Balkan States, of Italy and Greece. It is true of Austro-Hungary and the lesser nations about the Mediterranean. They, too, have a right of access to the seas protected by the guarantees of the world.

Finally, Germany must be given the same economic assurance. Her railroad routes from Constantinople to Bagdad must be free from military menace by other nations. Her concessions, privileges, and rights in Turkey and Asia Minor, as well as her water communications through the Mediterranean, must be free from any fear of military interruption. For the rights of Germany in Turkey have the same sanction as the rights of England in Egypt and Persia, or of France in Tunis and Morocco: they are concessions sanctioned by treaty and acquiesced in by the other powers. The world has a right to be free from German military ambitions. Germany, on the other hand, has a right to the enjoyment of her economic and industrial conces-

sions. Military ambitions must be divorced from economic opportunities.

If the military menace of the powers can be removed from the Mediterranean the financial and economic conflicts are easier of solution. If the military menace *cannot* be removed, the conflict remains.

Freedom from military control involves the neutralization of this whole territory from Gibraltar to Persia, and from Austro-Hungary to the Indian Ocean. It involves the conversion of the Mediterranean basin into a neutralized zone protected from aggressions by international agreement. Such a neutralization would involve agreements between all the powers similar to the convention between the United States and Canada which reduced the military and naval armaments upon the Great Lakes to a minimum. Germany would agree to abandon any military occupation or military penetration into Turkey or Asia Minor. Her troops would remain to the north of the Balkan States. Turkey, too, would be neutralized and her army reduced to an agency for police. Germany would be guaranteed the right to commercial, industrial, and financial predominance in the territory which has already been opened to her by treaties with Turkey, which treaties have been acquiesced in by the other powers.

Great Britain, France, and Russia would enter into the same stipulations. They, too, would abandon any military activities in this territory. There would be no native troops except such as were necessary to maintain order. There would be no naval bases in the Mediterranean.

Italy and Greece, the Balkan States, Egypt, Tunis and Morocco would relinquish whatever navies they possess, and the territory of the dependent countries would be free from foreign soldiery. Such military or naval armaments as were required to enforce the neutralization of this territory would be under the command of an international tribunal endowed by the powers with the enforcement of the terms of the pact of the nations.

In other words, the generation-long struggle for the control of the Mediterranean and the Balkans and western

Asia would be ended by the abolition of privileges of any kind. It would cease to be an area of conflict; cease to be controlled by any single nation, or menaced by any forces except those of the neutral world. Freedom would be substituted for monopoly, and free competition would take the place of the closed door.

Exclusive control of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia is intolerable if this part of the world is to be given an opportunity to develop. For exclusive control means that this rich territory will continue to be the pawn of one or the other of the powers. Its civilization is at a standstill. Its people are exploited, not by the Turk alone, but by the citizens of the other powers. Mesopotamia should be the center of a civilization of its own, as it was for centuries, while the Armenians the Syrians the Persians and the Jews should be protected in their religion, their industry and their political life. Were this vast territory free to develop under the protection of an international tribunal, and were the economic opportunities of the eastern Mediterranean open to the world, a civilization might ultimately arise like that of ancient times. But this is only possible under the guardianship of the neutral world.

There are difficulties in the way of such an adjustment. Ambitions for empire, for exclusive financial and trade opportunities will have to be given up. To the imperialistic classes the neutralization of this territory involves the abandonment of the purposes of the war. And the trading and commercial classes are covetous for the commercial and financial privileges which this territory offers.

Political and economic freedom for the one hundred and twenty million people about the Mediterranean demands a democracy to which only the Junkers and Tories of politics and trade can offer any objection.

"Peace," as the President says, "*should rest on the rights of peoples, great or small, weak or powerful—their equal right to freedom and security and self-government and to a participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world.*"

Jenkins

BY MARY WHITE SLATER



THE section of sky visible from the fifth floor of the Spalding department-store showed a large, still, silvery cloud. Jenkins knew a girl who would have seen it as a sail becalmed in a dark-blue sea—a girl whom he had recently met under very peculiar circumstances. What the cloud naturally made him think of was a blob of soap-suds in bluing-water. He hoped it meant rain, because the city was at the gasping-point of heat and drought and the girl worked in the basement.

The middle of August was a slack time in fifth-floor furnishings. Most of the wealthier patrons were out of town, the bargain-hunting crowds held generally to special sales on the first floor, and a third of the working force of the fifth, including Sprague, the manager, was off on vacations. That is why Jenkins was in charge this morning.

None of the employees, seeing the neat little figure of the drapery-clerk at the window, knew that the handy-man of twenty years' service at Spalding's was looking out at a world where clouds, draperies, colors, weather, furniture, salaries, promotions, had taken on electric values, or that the engine beneath the dandyish vest, shirt, and tie—Jenkins made no concessions to heat—was pumping to a freshly vital impetus.

The Jenkins known to the clerks was not poetic—not dazzled by life or troubled by the creative spark. Twenty years on the jump at Spalding's, where he had begun at fifteen as cash-boy, had not been productive of the cosmic sense. Indeed, the interior of Spalding's was his world and he had only recently discovered its relation to a possible life outside. Nor was the Jenkins known to the clerks Napoleonic. He had no devouring devil within, eager for possessions, conquest, and all that. They saw

him as a cheerful, active fellow of dog-like devotion to the house, with a genius for working under orders with neatness and despatch.

They had yet to learn that Jenkins had had an illumination and that in the white light of it he had dared—the first time in twenty years—to ask for “a raise.” Or, rather, that he had dared to have Sprague put in the request for him three weeks ago. Nothing could have given Jenkins the courage to face the steel-white eyes and straight mouth of Joyce, the Jove of the official Olympus on the tenth floor. Jenkins was incredibly modest. He saw himself to Joyce as a gnat to a lion, and for three weeks he had been going hot and cold, at the thought of having stung the lion by proxy into the necessity for some kind of response. He had lived miserably glad ever since that he had done it, and every ring of the house-'phone, with its possibility of bringing Joyce's ultimatum, gave Jenkins an odd sickness at the pit of his stomach. That three weeks had passed without response meant that his fate was settled, one way or another. He hardly dared to hope; he could not despair. Only yesterday, upon finding himself momentarily in an elevator group with Joyce, the clerk had wilted a collar. The great man's cold white eyes upon him for ten seconds had been the eyes of an unknown destiny.

The truth was that Jenkins, up to now, had been more than satisfied—proud—of his twenty-year niche as drapery-clerk and factotum, knowing every inch of the stock and “enjoying the confidence of his house.” If he had but known it, his very genius as a handy-man, his prompt availability in any kind of pinch, from the sudden need of a carpenter to that of a diplomat for a difficult shopper, had prevented his rise to a position of greater dignity at Spalding's. He had been too much the right man in the right place. But he had been

content. His salary enabled him to dress to his own ideals, to secure the best bedroom nearest the bath at Mrs. Madden's, to deposit a little money every two weeks at the Building Association at five per cent., to dress in his best every Sunday and make rather pointless excursions on the lake for the want of anything else to do, and—from the time he discovered them—to go to a moving-picture show every evening immediately after dinner.

What the moving-picture shows did for Jenkins was wonderful. Before he found them, his intellectual life had been limited to the reading of the full-page advertisement of the Spalding bargains for the week to Mrs. Madden in the dining-room after breakfast on Sunday morning, when Jenkins always bought a paper; and, following this, to a leisure hour in his room over the illustrated supplement, when he sometimes hastened down-stairs again with an interesting item for Mrs. Madden.

"See that big stone house on the hill? That's the Spalding residence. They say it has about fifty rooms. Think of it! And he began like me—as a cash-boy!"

"An' you helped 'im to 't, Mr. Jenkins—you know you did." The old woman's voice was gruff and purring. "He couldn't 'a' managed without you."

Mrs. Madden was fat and sixty and sedate as a hen. Jenkins was to her a heroic figure, though she had mended and darned for him for years. He helped her unfold and lay the long, best tablecloth for the Sunday mid-day dinner, and had a very modest man's appreciation of the fraction of truth in the old woman's creed.

At the picture show Jenkins came suddenly, by the mere act of looking, into a complex knowledge of life that he had neither the ability nor the taste to get from books. He began to buy and read the moving-picture magazines and became a mild authority on "stars," reels, and salaries. At Mrs. Madden's voluble, polyglot table, where he had been mostly silent because he had no thoughts, it was discovered by Dobbs, the grocery-clerk, that it was possible to get "a rise" out of Jenkins on the ground

of his profound reaction to the charm of Mary Pickford.

"Any girl—just so she's pretty—can tiddledywink for the movies," aimed Dobbs at Jenkins. "W'y, the only one in the whole bloomin' bunch that can really act is Marguerite Snow."

Jenkins flushed like a girl at commencement rising to a first vocal essay—giddy at hearing his own voice in public.

"Marguerite Snow!" he was amazed to hear himself exclaim. "Why—she's a sweet little thing all right and I like her—but she's light. She couldn't have done that volcano act like Mary Pickford; she's just sweet and light—like this Nabisco wafer."

The comparison was spontaneous, the first *bon mot* of Jenkins's known history and impressive before the facts of canned peaches and wafers for dessert. And beautiful "Little Mary of the Movies" might have continued to hold her place as unsung Beatrice to Jenkins's obscure, onlooking Dante, if it had not been for an event amazing as it was unforeseeable.

It came of what Jenkins designated as "a fierce little movie" that took place in July in the Spalding basement, whither he had been sent on an errand for Sprague. It was hot enough down there to hatch chickens, and a young woman who worked in a screened corner of "The Art Department," daubing gasoline and stamping four-leaf clovers on hundreds of tiny guest towels for the Monday morning sales, had gone into violent hysterics. Jenkins, of all the men of all the history of life on this planet, was called upon to hold the girl until the arrival of the house-mother. Thereupon, in his capacity as handyman, he found himself embracing against her will a small fighting fury of red-haired, waxen-skinned, blue-eyed, eighteen-year-old womanhood, looking like a flower, smelling like a gasoline-tank, and screaming in a voice pretty enough for a play:

"Change the pattern! Change the pattern! If you don't, I'll set fire to the gasoline!"

It lasted less than a minute and it changed the world for Jenkins.

Some psychologists identify the age of thirty-five as the high-tide of consciousness for the average man and the peak



FROM THAT MOMENT HE SENSED A REASON FOR LIVING AND WORKING

of illumination for the seer. Jenkins was thirty-five. He was not a seer. His consciousness was simpler, perhaps, than that of the average man, for life had brought him nothing supremely precious, nothing to unseal the fountains of his deep. But then and there he had his high moment—his mount of vision, from which the past looked dull and dead and the future spread forth in shining vistas of light. It was suddenly spring with him. His consciousness put forth a new spray. The chrysalis of drapery-clerk and handy-man suddenly cracked, and out of it emerged Romeo with Juliet in arms! From that moment he sensed a reason for living and working that he had not known he lacked. From that moment he was in love with the eyes, the mouth, the slightly hollowed rondure of the cheek, the rage, the struggle of the lithe little body against his, the whole April appeal of her.

“Couldn’t *you* make them change the pattern, Mr. Jenkins? I’m about crazy stamping the same old thing all the time!”

Jenkins went up-stairs with a flutter under a crumpled collar, a pounding under an elaborate vest, and a red-gold hair on the sleeve of his coat.

In a dusky corner of the drapery department, well out of the range of Miss O’Dowd of the cretonnes, he wound the hair on his finger, studying it oddly. He found, on removing it, that it went into a long spiral that subsided into a ring of gold in the palm of his hand. He found that its texture was as resistant as fine wire—wire that wanted to curl. He placed the circlet in his memorandum-book and often during the day looked at it secretly in dark nooks among the draperies. Jenkins was not sentimental. He had never possessed an article of that kind before. As a judge of colors and

textures, he was struck by a peculiar fact. Even in dark corners the ringlet did not darken. It always gave out a vivid red-gold fire, as though it held something of the essence of the sun itself, which darkness could not affect as it did draperies. And as evening came on the ring took on a talismanic value for Jenkins—the objective proof of his morning adventure into a strange, new, delightful country.

Like a mystic amulet, the possession of the ring worked creatively upon Jenkins. If he had been Napoleonic it might have fired him to the rescue of the girl by immediate abduction. If he had been a poet—but the stiffest reactionary must see the opportunity the occasion offered for free verse: Molly from Killarney, doomed to live under a skyscraper of the New World, shut off from the sun, breathing gasoline, and stamping linen with the beloved four-leaf clover, and pining for the blue, sunlit fields of flowering flax of old Ireland.

Jenkins waited that evening across the street from the employees' exit, joined the girl on her way to a florist's, where she bought for twenty-five cents an American Beauty rose as a birthday surprise for her mother.

"I'm to have twelve new patterns to stamp!" she confided, radiantly. "And Saturday afternoons off—with the extra pay!"

He rode home with her on the crowded "L," standing nearly all the hour's ride, left her at the side entrance to a frame house in a shabby street where a sign in the second-floor-front window showed that the girl's mother took in plain sewing. And at the last moment he found himself arranging with the girl for a Saturday afternoon walk in the park with supper at the restaurant on the lagoon, and for a Sunday afternoon and evening ride on the lake—which was Jenkins's moral equivalent for abduction.

After that walk and that ride the real reason for parks, lagoons, lakes, sunsets, stars, dawned on Jenkins.

On the return trip on the lake that Sunday evening—one of those moonless nights when stars speak—he took at her suggestion his first glance at the universe. And thereupon he developed a

sort of Ptolemaic system of astronomy which placed the girl as its center and pivot.

"I'd like to take some of this home to mother in a bag."

"Peanuts?" put Jenkins, with alacrity. "I'll go and get some more."

"No"—Molly's laugh was the splintering of fine, iridescent glass—"I mean the stars—the water—the music—the boat. All this!"

The girl, having switched on the stars and a hundred other new and bewildering lights for Jenkins, left them all burning.

The effect was dynamic. Jenkins went home and made a discovery. He who had daily paid a fee for following the illuminations of the lives of others at the picture show found himself making motion pictures of his own! From his pillow in the darkness of the upper room at Mrs. Madden's he began to project upon the screen of his eyelids a marvelous "movie." As night followed night, it proved to have numberless reels, always in the making and never made, always the elaboration of the new, the delightful possibilities of life on the earth-planet with Molly.

The picture began with a cottage on the lake nestling among trees, with white Swiss curtains blowing prettily from an upper window. A brilliant sky framed the scene, with a wood in the background to break the north wind, since, according to Molly, a house should face the south and have sunrise and sunset windows. Molly at the front gate in a blue bungalow apron (August sale, fifty cents, first floor right main entrance, Spalding's). Her hair is a blazing halo in the sun as she waves good-by to him on the run for the morning "L" to the store. Molly picking roses in the garden—France roses, which she likes best because of their big dewy hearts full of odor. Molly in the dining-room, clearing the breakfast things, stopping to feed the canary, in a brass cage on a brass pedestal (Spalding's tenth floor rear). Molly running up-stairs, arranging the pretty blue-and-white bedroom and singing that song about a "land that lies across the sea, far away, far away!" Molly arriving at Spalding's in the afternoon, dressed in a cunning little tailored



THE GIRL, HAVING SWITCHED ON THE STARS FOR JENKINS, LEFT THEM ALL BURNING

suit and sport hat (fifth aisle, third floor north). "Mrs. Jenkins" choosing draperies . . . and, Heavens! . . . who knows what? Molly riding home with him full of happy whisperings about new patterns—why not?—about new patterns in infants' robes! Molly and himself arriving at the cottage. The table spread. Molly's mother waiting for them, keeping supper hot, sitting in a low chair in the bay-window and knitting on something very small—and white—and woolly. Molly up-stairs after supper—fussing over a bassinet! (It was amazing how promptly his knowledge of the Spalding stock served his dramatic needs.) Molly sitting pensive in the moonlight—wondering whether it would be a girl or a boy.

But the night work of the creative

imagination was not the only inner event in Jenkins. His ordinary daylight mind became active on the subject of Molly. As undertow to even his busiest hours at the store he developed a theme. It went somewhat in this way:

A girl like that—so crazy about stars, sunshine, clouds, shadows, wind on the lake, and all outdoors—oughtn't to have to live in a basement all day.

A girl like that—so fond of babies, animals, flowers, peeping into nearly every baby-carriage in the park, speaking to every dog she met, and calling nasturtiums little Japanese ladies under green parasols—ought to live in a sunshiny place on the lake with flowers, dogs, and babies around her.

A girl like that—with proud, particular little nostrils that swelled—oughtn't to have to ride in the bad air of the

crowded "L" every day and breathe gasoline the rest of the time.

A girl like that—so keen about pictures and statues at the Art Museum, and wanting to know everything in the books at the Public Library—oughtn't to have to spend her time daubing gasoline and stamping linen for days and weeks and months, especially through the summer when she wanted to enjoy the world.

A girl like that was too smart for the job. She had too much mind for it. A duller girl—one without a temper—would have stood it better.

A smart girl's ambition went against her there. The more towels they sold the more she stamped, even to insisting on working extra on Saturday afternoons, because she needed the money.

No wonder a smart girl like that went to pieces on the job!

All of which was Jenkins's equivalent for poesy.

This morning, in the window-seat, watching the cloud, his theme made an excursion down a blind alley.

But why was she so fierce about changing the pattern? Why should a smart girl like that care whether she stamped clovers or crocodiles? Funny how she blamed it all to the pattern. It wasn't because she was touchy about Ireland. She was born in Chicago. And she wasn't a girl to worry over a thing like that. She said she wasn't afraid of work or hardships—that what she wanted was a life of her own, worth working and suffering for. That's just what she said. Funny, though, when shorter hours and a raise of salary really made all the difference, that she set most store by the twelve new patterns. But women in the movies are like that—always making mountains out of molehills that men don't mind. There's something—stumping—about them. Molly is like that—but even more stumping than Mary Pickford, because things are set up for Mary. Molly surprised you every minute—just out of herself. . . .

"Gobelins and gold for the drawing-room—"

Jenkins rose and went quickly to meet two women shoppers arriving from the elevator.

"The Vandevorts!" went the whisper among the clerks.

They knew about Betty Vandevort. They read in the society sheets of her wondrous comings and goings. To the older women working-bees of the Spalding hive she represented all that life might have been. To the younger, what it might yet be. Her fate held for them a perfection that transcends envy. It was the life for which French Rooms and the exquisite trappings of the waxen women of the Spalding show-cases were made. And more than this. The girl brought with her the aura of a world where sky, hills, woodlands, terraced gardens, moonlit seas, boudoirs, drawing-rooms, yachts, limousines, lackeys in livery, made but the brilliant stage settings for the drama of youth, beauty, and love.

Their interest was quickened this morning because of the recent newspaper announcement of the girl's engagement to Cyril Scott, iron magnate. Jenkins had indeed spent a Sunday morning hour over supplement pictures of "Beautiful Betty Vandevort and Her Dogs," "Miss Vandevort and Her Horse, Diamond," and views of the stone palace on the lake, called a cottage, which was to be re-decorated and furnished for the reception of the bride in December.

By noon Jenkins, with several assistants, had set up the drawing-room. The storm had come, a noisy, electric one, followed by an unrelenting downpour.

The absence of Sprague, the lack of customers, due to the rain, and the presence of these glorified shoppers, brought for Jenkins the concurrence of a lifetime. He worked all morning spurred by the thought that Sprague would never have gone on his vacation if he had dreamed of the possibility of a sale of such magnitude in the hottest weeks of the year. The fact that Miss Vandevort was now choosing the furniture for the home that was to be hers in December made for Jenkins the nuptial moment of man and his opportunity. For to him such a sale might well mean more than the usual perquisites in percentage and prestige. After twenty years of flexible service and following upon his first request for "a raise" it might mean even a promotion—and Molly.

Mrs. Vandevort, a large, robust doll of a woman, directed the placing of rugs, furniture, hangings, objects of art, like one accustomed to having her own way with the best things that lie on the surface of life. She commanded Jenkins as an underling and ignored him as a human. There was a cast-iron quality about her, due to a lack of imagination and sympathy, which comes of never having been really hungry, hard-worked, happy. She used an elegant authoritativeness with Jenkins, exacting from him the price of each article and keeping an itemized list of the expenditure on a gold-mounted shopping-pad with a gold pencil on a gold chain, to which she constantly called her daughter's attention.

"That gold-satin cushion's just the thing—makes a fine high-light. Do you see, Betty?" She prodded her daughter with the pencil.

The girl seemed to sit in a shining dream. "Oh yes, mamma—it's perfect—simply perfect!"

Miss Vandevort rose and flitted about the improvised apartment daintily as a butterfly, while the older woman spoke to Jenkins of furnishings for sleeping-porches, sun-rooms, library, den. Jenkins, dizzy with the possibilities implied, said he would be delighted to show the goods.

"It's noon, Betty." The lady looked at her watch and then out of the window. "Looks like an all-day rain. Well, we need it. What do you say, Betty, to our taking luncheon here and returning in an hour to have the den set up?"

"In the Iris Room, mamma? Oh, beautiful!"

The girl smiled, beautifully glad. She lived in a world where beautiful things happened and were always about to happen.



"STRANGE—JENKINS—THAT IT DID NOT OCCUR TO YOU THAT IT WAS A RAINY DAY—YESTERDAY"

Events passed off splendidly. By four o'clock the den had been set up, the rain had ceased, the Vandevorts were gone. Jenkins, tired but happy, had proved his knowledge of the farthest reaches of the stock.

"It's your big drive, Mr. Jenkins," crackled Miss O'Dowd of the cretonnes, ancient and wrinkled as a raisin. "And what's more, Joyce came down for a few minutes and saw you make it."

She knew, and the force knew, that Sprague could not have set up the apartments without Jenkins, and that Jenkins had done it without Sprague.

The handy-man wondered if Joyce knew this.

He washed, changed his collar and reported to Joyce on the tenth floor, at five minutes past four.

"A ten-thousand-dollar order—and splendidly done, Jenkins, the way you set up the stuff. I had no idea you could do it alone." Joyce was crisp, salty. He did not smile or give Jenkins his eye. His mouth was straight and tight, instinct with discretion and economy, and better adapted for criticism than for compliment.

But Jenkins burned. It was a painfully fine moment for him.

"She spoke of furniture for library, sun-rooms, and sleeping-porches," projected Jenkins in shamefaced haste to divert the great man's attention from himself. "They're to telephone in the morning about sending the things."

Back in his own department, he went over to the window-seat. He felt like sitting down. So much had happened to him since morning. He was more tired and happy than he had ever been before in his work at Spalding's.

Below, in the wet street now cut with sunlight and purple shade, a street piano was grinding "Tipperary." Jenkins knew the chorus. He tapped a tired toe and hummed inwardly. Any kind of music stirred Jenkins, but his imagination was pictorial only on the subject of Molly, so, instead of seeing British soldiers on their way to Flanders, the music set him to elaborating his theme.

"A sale like this," argued this mild Alnaschar of the Chicago market-place, "means a sure-enough raise for me . . .

and a place in the sun for Molly!" A place in the sun for Molly! How had he ever been clever enough to say that? "And just what Molly needed was to get out of the basement into the sun."

Then, to succeeding tunes of the street piano, he spread upon the screen of the freshly cleared sky a shining new reel—Molly and he taking the Edgewater car to look at a cottage on the lake advertised in the Sunday paper as "a small cottage on lake, porches, garden, modern, cheap." And when the street piano came again to the British marching song, and far away the British soldiers were marching toward old Bagdad, Jenkins, sitting like the Persian dreamer of that ancient city before his tray of crystals, laughed aloud from his dream.

"A cottage on the lake" sounded grand, elegant—like the name of the palace Cyril Scott was furnishing for his bride.

"Hello, Jinks!"

It was Jimsy, the buttony elevator-boy—a young American cockney and snipe of the city byways whom Jenkins had rescued to the uniform of Spalding's, the night school, and a cot in the attic at Mrs. Madden's.

"Phone's on the blink. Joyce told me to hand you this."

Jenkins read the line in a violent tremulation: "Report at office ten-thirty tomorrow morning." He rose and had to steady himself against the window-casing.

"Wot's up?" put Jimsy, democratically. Next to Mrs. Madden, Jimsy might be said to be Jenkins's most intimate friend.

An odd glow dawned in Jenkins's eyes. There was something about the boy that always had a releasing effect on Jenkins.

"What's up? A cottage on the lake—that's what's up!" Jenkins grinned delightedly. "And you to dinner, Jimsy—every Sunday! I invite you now!—But mum's the word!"

When he met the appointment with Joyce at ten-thirty the next morning, no word had come from the Vandevorts. Jenkins was getting anxious, and Molly had trilled inquiries three times over the house wire.

"Better call them up," decreed Joyce.

Jenkins cheerfully took the receiver. The maid answered. And while she was gone to fetch her mistress he even found time for a swift little reel—Molly and himself at The Hearth Cafeteria that evening, celebrating.

"Well!" It was the authoritative note of Mrs. Vandevort.

"Good morning, Mrs. Vandevort. This is Jenkins—at Spalding's. Would you mind giving me directions now—about the goods?"

A brief silence on the wire, then a sentence that shot into Jenkins's ear like a bullet: "We've decided not to take the things."

"What!" choked Jenkins into the mouthpiece. "But you were pleased—delighted? Is there anything wrong? If so, we'll make it right. Would you like to have us store the things until you're ready?"

"By no means. Emphatically not. We've decided not to take the things."

"But you'll explain, Mrs. Vandevort—"

"You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Jenkins. I have a caller."

Jenkins failed twice to get the receiver into the socket.

"What's the matter?" shot Joyce from the swivel-chair.

"She's—decided not to take the things," mouthed Jenkins in a weak voice.

"What!—What's wrong?"

"She didn't say." Jenkins was in a cold sweat.

"Didn't say!" snapped Joyce. "Give me that 'phone!"

Stricken with mental and physical nausea, the clerk listened. He stood like one who has come running against a jagged stone wall in the dark—bruised, bleeding. The highroad to promotion at Spalding's and the shining lane to Molly had gone pitch black.

Joyce was speaking in an incredibly polite, poised, conciliatory tone:

"So sorry to have to bother you, madame, but we simply have to ask you to explain—on account of the clerk. It reflects on him—and the house. We must know what's wrong. He's been with us twenty years—and it may result in his discharge. I know it's a nuisance to you, but if you'll speak, you'll save

our taking steps to investigate. It's intolerable that you should not have been satisfied. . . . Of course, madame, assuredly, absolutely confidential. . . . Why, yes; that's exactly what we're here for. . . . We do. We advertise it and we mean it; we're always delighted to show the goods. . . . Yes, it was a very stormy day. . . . Very natural, madame. . . . Ah, I see. . . . Well, we do. We appreciate the compliment very much, I assure you. . . . Not at all, not at all. We are always pleased to show the goods. . . . Yes, indeed, we'll be delighted, madame. Just call us up at any time. . . . No, it is I who must thank you very much. . . . Yes, indeed. . . . Good-by."

It was a long half-minute before Joyce looked at or spoke to Jenkins. He polished his glasses with one of those magenta squares that oculists delight to furnish, and never seemed to get them quite clear enough. The ugly flame of the little rag under the desk-light hypnotized Jenkins, whose eyes goggled. Joyce laid the glasses on the blotting-pad and took out his handkerchief. In the silence the blowing of his nose became an appalling event. He adjusted the glasses upon a masterful beak, and from pupils magnified by the strong lenses sent out at Jenkins a look that impaled like a javelin.

"Strange—Jenkins—" he brought out with cool acidity—"that it did not occur to you that it was a rainy day—yesterday—and nothing doing in your department—and that the lady—was simply—giving her daughter—a lesson in shopping."

Jenkins stood speechless, white as a corpse that had died there on its feet without hope of resurrection. But a thought stirred in him sickeningly. Sprague would have understood these women from the first—would never have made a fool of himself putting in the whole day like that.

"What I wanted to speak to you about," resumed Joyce, gruffly, "is the space for the September sale. Get all of that Vandevort stuff cleared away for it—to-day."

Jenkins nodded, dragged iron feet toward the elevator.

"And—Jenkins! Come back here!"



JENKINS SAT LUXURIATING IN THE SURPRISE OF HER

The sharp recall brought the clerk into instant right-about-face.

"What do you mean by starting off like that before I've done with you? . . . You tell Dawson to report to me at noon."

In a flash, as in dreams, Jenkins saw himself displaced by Dawson, doomed to dull, pictureless days as a clerk in a minor house, going like a clock, wound in the morning, running down at night, until old enough to be thrown away. He made another slow start for the elevator.

"Don't start off again like that, Jenkins!" blazed Joyce. "Can't you wait till I'm through with you? Sit down there—sit down! . . . I want to talk to you. We're making changes. Sprague's to be merchandise man after August thirty-first. You go in at the head of the

department, September first—as assistant buyer. What I particularly wanted to see you about to-day is the space for—"

Long after it was Molly who compared Joyce's smile to white light trying to get through black clouds on a cold November day.

At The Hearth that evening Molly chose ice-cream for the first course.

"I like it better than anything—so I eat it first—when I'm hungry." Happiness adorned her like a delicate haze. "Do you know how it tastes when you're very hungry?"

Jenkins, entirely indifferent to the sordid necessity for eating, regarded her intently, smiling, with an expectant look in his eyes.

"It tastes"—her laugh was from a forest of bird-notes in her throat—"first—like France roses—the way they smell, you know, back in your throat." The spoon was poised, but she forgot to eat. "Then—like two weeks' vacation on a hilltop in August with the wind blowing and the sun shining. Then—like motor-ing in winter—flying through hills when there's nothing but snow—snow—snow!"

Jenkins sat luxuriating in the surprise of her and the thought that he was to be assistant buyer. There was something about her that you couldn't get for money—like draperies and things at Spalding's. It was wonderful to think that she was born that way—that she would always be—like that. And then he heard himself speaking:

"We're going to take the Edgewater car on Saturday afternoon, Molly—to look at a cottage on the lake—a small one, with porches and a garden—for you and your mother—and me—to live in."

He had not known he was going to do it in that way! He had been worried as

to how he was ever going to do it. It was never done that way in the movies. All of the lovers in the movies had engagement-rings ready for use in their vest pockets, and there was always an embrace and a kiss. He had only a ring-let in his vest pocket. And he had only dreamed of kissing Molly.

He saw a pink stain rise from the slender stem of the girl's neck and settle in the lobes of her small, high-set ears. Then it occurred to him that he had taken advantage of her—that he must have surprised her—since she, of course, was not aware of the advanced stage their affair had reached in the pillow pictures. She was sitting straight opposite him. The spoon half-way to her lips was arrested. She sent out a winged flash at him, took refuge under curtain-ing lids, blushed again because she had blushed. Then she exhaled a joyous little gasp.

"Are we—?"

She widened upon him dazzlingly, as though she somehow sensed his hidden dream of her—as though the Edgewater car were the very chariot of the gods.

How Will It Seem?

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

HOW will it seem when Peace comes back once more,
After these desperate days of shattering pain?

How will it be with all of us again,
When hushed forever is the thunder of War?
There still are primroses by many a shore;
And still there bloom, in many a lovely lane,
Hawthorn and lilacs; and the roses' stain
Is red against full many a garden door.

Oh, days to be! Oh, honeyed nights of sleep,
When the white moon shall mount the quiet sky!
Shall we be wholly happy when buds creep,
Remembering those who dared to bleed and die?
Can we be glad again? Or shall we weep
For those who told this sad, glad world good-by?

The Business of Clothing the Army

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD



THE biggest business in the land — as well as the most versatile—has its headquarters in the rather unbusiness-like city of Washington. We Americans are accused by some of our neighbors of the habit of exaggeration, and perhaps they are right. Yet to-day it is hard to find sufficient superlatives to characterize our Uncle Sam as a business man, at least if one considers the spry old gentleman in dimensions of size. In recent years he has become rather an adept in big business, despite a supposed and traditional antipathy to it. But since he plunged into the Great War his big business has become biggest business, in all probability the biggest single business that the world has ever known. His unofficial budget for the first year of his part in the international conflict provided for an expenditure of \$20,000,000,000, or about as much as the British Empire has expended during the first three years of the war. And England has not stinted herself, in men or in money. For the second year Uncle Sam may not spend as much—perhaps not two-thirds of his initial annual expenditure, which has bought many things that should have been purchased years before had we only been properly prepared, such as training-camps, fighting-ships, merchant-vessels, dry-docks and navy-yards and coast defenses.

But it is almost certain that the second year will require more and more men and more materials for the mere upkeep of the national establishment, as well as for the success of the high, idealistic purpose to which the United States is now pledged. And, if the war shall last that long, it is probable that the third year will require more men and more materials than the second. And so on. War is a hungry god and exacting in his demands.

Consider for a moment, if you will, our fighting part in the war not as the greatest of our national adventures, but, as measured by the standards of big business, as the very biggest of big business. Add to it the indirect activities of Federal departments not ordinarily supposed to be identified with the success of our arms, yet nevertheless contributing tremendously to it. Then consider the great forces of private business, lending not only their men and their money to the Government, but their keenest endeavors as well. These together form a tremendous potential force, the strong right arm of America. And if that arm has not as yet felt its full power, remember that its actual strength is gaining—each day and each hour.

To-day Washington is the busiest city in the land. Its Southern inertia is disappearing. Offices are open and busy until late into the evening, whole departments alight long after dark. Even through the hottest months of last summer there was bustle in the town. The old-time official Washington has ceased explaining that things could not be done and has watched the "dollar-a-year men" go ahead and do them. There has, of course, been a great deal of waste effort; it hardly could have been avoided in all the confusion and the haste, to say nothing of the rapid gathering together into government service of officers and clerks from every corner of the land. But there has been a far greater amount of accomplishment, both relatively and directly, than there has been waste of effort. And more is being done each day that we continue upon our national adventure.

In the past decade or two our manufacturing efficiency, speaking broadly, has been greatly multiplied. The practical sermons of the efficiency experts have been heeded. And some of the homelier industries, yet industries tremendously important in the fitting out

of an army, have been enabled to meet their supreme test in these trying days. To-day when one hears that the spindles and the looms of the United States will be called upon to weave 5,000,000 blankets for the soldiers for a coming winter he knows that modern efficiency will render them not only able to meet the test, but will insure that they absolutely do meet it. As a matter of fact, up to February 9th of the present year more than 7,900,000 blankets and over 800,000 comforts had been delivered to the Army as a result of its war-time contracts. Uncle Sam in his purchases has been a huge merchant. He has bought coats and breeches and overcoats and shoes for his boys in an almost prodigal profusion. He has bought, in my opinion, both shrewdly and, for the most part, economically.

Consider at this time the entire question of the clothing of the Army. Such consideration hardly can fail to give you a definite idea of the immensity of the project of equipping within a few months, not only the greatest army that the United States has ever known, but the greatest army that the United States has ever dreamed of knowing.

Clothing is as simple as well as a necessary thing. It is intimate, and in the case of the soldier it is official, too. Yet simple as the uniform may be for the single unit soldier, it becomes an extremely complex problem when there are more than 1,500,000 private soldiers to be uniformed, and in the shortest possible space of time. An army of such figures was never beyond the calculations of the War Department, but the physical problem of bringing plans and figures into realities was extremely difficult for an organization used to taking care of the necessities of an army of 100,000 men, or thereabouts. So, at the very beginning of the war, the newly formed Council of National Defense took as one of its chief functions the correlating and educating of the manufacturers who would be called to furnish supplies for the Government, and in such quantities as were beyond the existing facilities of even the largest of them. A Chicago merchant, Julius Rosenwald, who has built up a mail-order retail

business from modest beginnings to such overwhelming proportions that he has more than 5,000 customers right in the city of New York, was intrusted with the problem of bringing the cloth and clothing industry of the nation up to the requirements of its new problem. And he has given good account of himself on the job. The nucleus of the organization he built up has now been absorbed and become a part of the Quartermaster Corps.

The actual work of purchase and inspection and storage, and even the transportation of these materials, is a function of the Quartermaster-General's office of the War Department, which has been expanded enormously to meet the problem. Its existing arsenals and depots have been greatly enlarged, and multiplied in number. It has reached out for available buildings and terminal sites in every large city of the land. And at one of the chief eastern points of embarkation for the expeditionary forces overseas it has not only increased the size of an ancient post headquarters by building eighty new warehouses, but upon the broad parade-ground it has laid eighteen or twenty miles of railroad track to serve these and the adjacent piers. And all day long and far into the night half a dozen switching locomotives are busy upon these sidings, bringing in the Army's supplies, there to be stored, as in a vast reservoir, until they are needed in the actual service of the soldiers. Nor is this all. Miles of dockage and whole blocks of tall fireproof warehouses in an adjoining port have been seized for further storage as well as for the actual loading of transport-ships bound to France. And in the city of New York a man riding down-town upon the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad may notice that the long-deserted department stores below Twenty-third Street are again busy with industry. They are part of the working out of the clothing problem of the United States Army.

That, as we have said already, is a huge problem, yet only one arm of a very much larger one. We shall approach the arm and try to contemplate its size. We shall bring it down to the unit, the soldier-boy. He may be our soldier-boy,

the man of flesh and blood that we have watched and known and loved all the days of his life. To say that we are anxious that he shall be well fed and well housed and well clothed is to put the matter lightly. These things are vital to us as life itself. And so we imagine ourselves crossing the threshold of an office-building in Washington and standing before a man of authority in the Quartermaster's office of the War Department.

"The clothing of the Army?" we begin, with modest display of credentials.

"Very well," he replies, politely. "So shall it be. Where will you start?" he inquires.

Our mind searches for the alpha of the clothing problem and our eyes light upon the cuff over our right wrist.

"How about shirts?" we inquire.

"It has been a pet charity of the Army for many years," our informant replies, and explains:

"There are two arsenals of the United States which have been and still are the large shirt-producing sources for the Army. In ordinary times this has not been a difficult problem, and the cut shirts have been farmed out to the wives or widows of soldiers who took them home and stitched them upon their sewing-machines and reaped a comparatively slight yet agreeable revenue thereby. Even in times of war these two arsenals have continued to measure fairly well to the task, even though the Government has not hesitated to order from outside manufacturers when the pressure was too great upon its own factories. In fact, 18,000 shirts is the present daily output of the manufacturers of New York alone. Yet without changing their methods to any great extent the two arsenals have greatly increased their output, until to-day their capacity is 30,000 shirts a day.

The shirts are cut in six sizes—from O. D. wool, combined with a small percentage of cotton, and by the use of ingenious machinery, as we shall see in a few minutes, 110 are cut at a single time. These cut pieces are quickly assorted and from them the "makings" of ten shirts, together with the necessary findings, are gathered into a single bundle and tied with tape made from

the wastage at the cutting-table. These bundles go to the women applicants. In a week they come back, each ten complete shirts, are sterilized and inspected and bundled off to the warehouses for issuance.

Our Uncle Samuel takes few chances, for not only does he sterilize the garments, but, in connection with the local boards of health, he makes a minute sanitary inspection of the premises and working conditions of each shirt applicant. If these be satisfactory and the arsenal authorities convinced that she needs the money, she is given materials for one shirt and a sample by which she may be guided. If the workmanship upon this first shirt be good, she is then given a bundle of ten and loaned still another sample. After which, if she continues at her shirt-making, she has no more guides. She is assumed to be proficient, and generally she is. She takes each week from one to four bundles of ten shirts each, and by bringing them back promptly and well executed finds herself in the possession of from \$12 to \$18 extra revenue.

To the gateways of the two shirt-making arsenals come many women with their bundles each working-day, in the case of one by trolley-car, and in the other both by trolley-car and by automobile—for at this second arsenal the Government has not been so much concerned with charity as with getting its shirts made and getting them made well. When the fuel famine threatened the land in the winter and the shirt output began to fall, the Federal authorities arranged with the city officers of a great community near its mid-Western arsenal to heat temporarily and open the city armories and install upon their great floors the many thousand sewing-machines for the women workers. And production went forward once again.

As I already have said, the Government has not placed its chief reliance upon these outside workers, who, as far as I can find, are the only ones in army service taking the work into their homes. It not only has given shirt contracts to outside manufacturers, but it has installed whole brigades of sewing-machines and their workers in its two arsenals devoted largely to this work.

But in this last it has been hampered by the tremendous war pressure upon the other facilities of the arsenals.

The underclothing of the Army is as good as its shirts. It is all woolen underwear, knit goods, and yet we are not a nation generally accustomed to wearing woolen underwear. A good many thousand boys this winter have been more warmly clad next to their skins than ever before in their lives. And to accomplish this our Uncle Samuel up to the present time has been compelled to buy over 25,000,000 suits of winter underwear.

To the average mind, particularly the feminine one, the uniform's the thing. And the United States Army has always been a well-uniformed one. It has not tolerated the slouchy standards of some of the European nations, and this despite our army hat, which still remains a bone of contention between uniform experts. The dress uniform of the regular private soldier was an impressive affair. I say "was" advisedly, for in the present war to all intents and purposes it has ceased to be. In an ancient arsenal of an Eastern city rest one hundred thousand pairs of blue trousers, each pair neatly folded and with a broad white stripe down the outside of each trousers leg. They may never be worn again. Khaki's the thing. "O. D.," which, translated from the Army parlance, means "olive drab," or khaki, is the correct color for everything save the most extremely formal occasions—like a President's reception, for instance—when an officer would have definite instructions to appear in gold lace and blue, and would then have the opportunity of spending a little more of his hard-earned pay for high-priced fancy "fixings."

The private gets his uniform thrown in with his food and some other things; otherwise we might have an army of bankruptcies. But Uncle Sam gives no high prices to private tailors for the clothing for his boys. He pays about \$13 to \$15 for the ordinary uniform of coat and breeches and about \$12 to \$14 for an overcoat—and they are good coats and good breeches and good overcoats.

In the first place, he buys his own cloth—melton or serge for the most part.

With the exception of the overcoats this is entirely pure or virgin wool. In the case of the overcoats—the blankets as well—he permits the introduction of thirty-five per cent. reworked wool. No, not shoddy. Shoddy is a child of rather uncertain parentage. His father may have been a horse-blanket. But reworked wool comes entirely from the many tons of clippings that are thrown out from the cuttings of hundreds of thousands of uniforms. It is wool that has never been worn as clothing. And its use to give body to heavy-weight cloth is not only legitimate, but most efficient.

The uniform cloth as it comes from the loom at the factory is given most minute inspection by the Army's agents. Under a powerful glass it is counted as to the lines of thread of warp and of weft and is constantly matched and re-matched with the color standards. These last have been harder to enforce than those of the fiber. Our dyemaking is a lost art being revived, and our American dyemakers to-day are trying to follow the efficient methods of the Germans in using the synthetic colorings rather than the vegetable ones—with rapidly improving success, but not as yet complete. But the colorings are far better than they were even three months ago. And khaki has become a more definite standard.

When the cloth, properly passed and inspected, comes from the woolen-mills it goes to one of the numerous quartermaster depots which have sprung up in the country, particularly in its north-eastern section, which in turn rapidly allot and deliver it to the manufacturers who have received the contracts for making uniforms for the United States. And if one would appreciate once again the volume of all this, understand that the Quartermaster-General's department at Washington made a contract last August with a single woolen-mill concern for the delivery of \$57,000,000 worth of woolen cloth between that date and the end of the present year, and incidentally at far better prices than it could make such a contract to-day. This cloth is now going to one hundred and thirty factories for manufacture into coats and breeches and overcoats. And up to February 9th these factories had delivered 3,175,000

overcoats, 5,054,000 breeches, and 2,774,000 undercoats, all of wool; in addition to 3,812,000 pairs of cotton breeches and 2,090,000 cotton coats—these last designed, of course, for summer wear. And early in February New York City's daily output was 20,000 wool coats, 36,000 wool breeches, 80,000 winter undershirts, and 80,000 pairs of winter drawers.

America does not as yet appreciate the enormous rise of her ready-made clothing industry. She can hardly appreciate either the way it has risen to the uniform emergency of her war crisis, the way that great clothing manufacturing cities like New York or Rochester or Baltimore or Chicago have turned out suits and coats for the boys who are either "over there" or going. In New York alone, in the first twenty-five days of January of the present year, more than 250,000 completed khaki-colored overcoats came out from her workshops—or more than enough for all the men of a city like St. Louis or Boston. And this in addition to the city's vast output of breeches and coats and shoes for the men of our Army, and without any appreciable amount of overtime work.

Millions of skilled and patient fingers on hundreds of thousands of rapid hands, whole armies of brisk machines, a brigade of 8,600 inspectors and clerks and packers in the local depots of the Quartermaster Department, have made such an almost incredibly vast clothing output possible. It is hard for the mind to comprehend clothing expressed in millions. One thinks of a huge building, like the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York or Marshall Field's store in Chicago—silent floor upon silent floor filled with mountainous ranges of cases or bundles, and in each case or bundle, ten or twenty or forty or seventy or a hundred overcoats or breeches or shirts, and then thinks that each of these is to acquire a personality, to clothe a human being and to become, in no small sense, part of him. And then it is that one begins to picture the vastness of an army.

If we wish to see these uniforms manufactured we go to the upper floors of a huge and modern loft building in

the industrial section of a large Eastern city. The barriers drop for us and with little formality we enter the factory. It is a busy place, a clean, well-lighted, well-heated, well-ventilated place that is the delight of the Federal inspectors whose business it is to see that Uncle Sam's supplies are made under clean and decent labor conditions. You have heard of sweat-shops. This is far removed from that sort of thing. Even though it is peopled with the folk who formerly were compelled to work in the foul air and the miserable lighting conditions of the sweat-shop—now, happily, beginning to pass out of existence. The room, the entire environment of the factory, is typically American; the folk who work within are just beginning to be. Six languages are spoken in this shop—English, Yiddish, Russian, Polish, Slavic, and Italian. Joe, the foreman, was reared in the last of these, although now he speaks them all. He is representative of the better grade of Italian that one now begins to find throughout the United States.

Joe's floor on the morning that we visit it is busy making uniform coats of serge. On a great long table the melton is slowly being unwound from a traveling roll-carrier and laid flat, sixty thicknesses deep. For practical computation, however, the cloth is but thirty thicknesses or "thirty ply" deep. For it is alternately faced and reversed, in order that both sides of the coat may be cut simultaneously and in a single operation. In other words, the material for thirty complete tiers of garments is laid upon the table before the "lay" is complete and is ready for the marking.

This last is a fairly exact science and upon its success almost the entire success of the shops depends. The marker must make the most efficient use of his materials, remembering always that the warp of the cloth must go up and down each piece of the completed garment and not across. The fact that his pattern is at least thirty yards long and fifty-four inches wide does not lessen his task. In fact, it only increases his responsibility. For while our Uncle Samuel is fairly canny in figuring out the number of coats or breeches or overcoats each bolt of cloth ought to make, a smart

marker can oftentimes do better. In this very shop one of Joe's experts marked an overcoat "lay" so cleverly and so efficiently that he saved four inches, which, multiplied by fifty-four inches, the width of the material, by forty, the depth of the "lay," and by a total contract for nearly 100,000 coats, became a saving of 20,000 yards of material—or some \$60,000 for our canny Uncle Samuel. And even if the old gentleman in his spending days of billions has lost sight of so picayune a sum as a mere \$60,000, there still are some of us who look up to it as a fortune which a lifetime may be expended in securing.

The "lay," once marked upon its top-most ply, is cut into sections three or four feet long and the full width of the material. It is a full ten or twelve inches in thickness and quite beyond the cutting powers of an ordinary hand-operated blade. But a wise little tailor with an electrically operated cutting-knife makes no more work of it than a housewife snipping a bit of muslin with her scissors. And in the case of shirt-cutting this same wheel-knife cuts all the patterns. Coats and breeches must be more exact, however. And so it is that the uniform "lay," cut into four-foot sections for convenience in handling, is cut into final pieces by very sharp and accurate band-saws. And in the case of such parts as collar-linings, for instance, where the measurement must be accurate to the fraction of an inch to insure the fit and trigness of the garment, a steel die in a press does the cutting. But the die will take only ten thicknesses of material and so is a much slower process.

The single "lay" of perhaps \$10,000 worth of woolen cloth cut into 450 overcoats or 1,000 breeches or uniform coats, is carefully ticketed and labeled, piece by piece, before it goes to the sewing-room for fabrication into the completed garments. It is more than important that each one of the 10,000 or 15,000 pieces of the "lay" be accurately labeled, for there are no duplicates, and the loss of a single one of those pieces would mean the substitution of one cut from another roll of cloth, with the probability that there would be such a variation in color as to insure the garment

being thrown out by Uncle Sam's sharp-eyed inspector at the shipping-room. And when a manufacturer is making uniforms at an average price of \$2.50 for a uniform consisting of a pair of breeches and a coat, and \$2.00 for an overcoat, the cloth being furnished him, of course, he cannot afford a large proportion of rejections.

From the cutting-room to the sewing-room—a clean and cheery place, filled with hundreds of machines and their operators, and coats and breeches and overcoats going together as quickly and as quietly as we have seen little automobiles going together at a great plant in Detroit. This operator has the right sleeve, the next the left. Here is the front of the coat and here the back and here the collar, and over there, being quickly stamped out in a steam-heated pressing-machine so as to give them the exact size and conformation, the pockets. And finally the garment is being assembled, ticketed as to size, and hurried to the steam-tables for pressing. A good job, this. If you are a woman you will notice that it is much seamed and strengthened. Uncle Sam is not only giving your boy a well-fitting coat, but a well-made one as well. Modern manufacturing efficiency makes for quality as well as for speed.

This puts a new thought into our minds. How quickly can a uniform be turned out in this place? They are turned out in large quantities in two weeks' time.

"In this factory loft in one day," Joe tells you, "we have, from the piece-goods cut and finished, 200 overcoats, 2,500 pairs of cotton breeches for the Army, 1,500 pairs of duck trousers for the Navy, and—for good measure—thrown in 150 horse-blankets for the Ordnance Department."

From the factory to the nearest depot or sub-depot of the Quartermaster's Department. We are upon Government property again. The men who direct are in khaki, and the chief man of the depot that we visit—the man with the major's gold leaf upon his shoulder—was until the other day a practical, hard-headed merchant in charge of a business which had gained a national reputation.

The business can go to pot now for all he cares. He is working for Uncle Sam. When this job is over he will get after his business once again, and will not only build it up once more, but it will be bigger and broader because of his war service.

To the receiving-room of his sub-depot comes the Army clothing from the many shops of the great industrial community that surround it—uniforms and overcoats and shirts and shoes and leggings and slickers. There is a single factory in the East which through national advertising made a tremendous success of its rubberized raincoat, and when we went to war it cheerfully offered the Government its successful secret formulæ, not only that specifications might be drawn up to which it should comply, but that might be given its competitors for orders. We are all “carrying on” together these days.

Expert packers take these bundles of clothing and begin the boxing of them. Crates by the hundreds and the thousands and the tens of thousands are used, and when they are closed and properly labeled they are sent to waiting transports near by or into railroad cars for the haul to camps or cantonments or into storage. Only the effort is at all times to avoid storage, to so synchronize manufacture and use that there will be a steady flow from the shop to the soldier. This becomes easier each day, for, while at the beginning it was theoretically easy to send 40,000 uniforms and pairs of shoes to a camp designed for 40,000 men, in practice this was impossible. The Government has worked out tariffs of sizes of shoes and of clothing with great exactitude—and something after the fashion of the proportion of letters and other characters in a font of printer's type. Out of a thousand men and upon a fair average, so many will wear this size of shoe and so many that; 110 this waist measure of overcoat and 410 that. It is all very fine and very scientific, like the tables of a life-insurance actuary. But, unfortunately for the scientific plan, the men who came to their Uncle Samuel in the draft last year refused to conform to the table of averages. For one thing, they were bigger men and for the most part better phys-

ically than those who came to the recruiting-stations in times of peace. And how could shoe tariffs hold good at Camp Custer, near Battle Creek, Michigan, when one man demanded 15½ shoes and the Government imagination has never gone beyond 13½? If you do not believe that the men of the upper Michigan peninsula have substantial underpinnings, ask the Quartermaster-General's office of the War Department.

It knows that where the tariff for 40,000 men would call for 40,000 pairs of shoes, it must, as a matter of practical experience, send at least 60 per cent. additional. In some cases, such as Michigan and Wisconsin, as well as other States where the conscripted men have come in from mine or farm or lumber-camp, it will run at least 100 per cent. over. The same is true of the first orders of uniforms and other forms of clothing. It is not necessary, however, in the case of reorders from the camps, which are made according to sizes, and kept within a fairly close percentage of actual needs.

And while we are on the matter of shoes, consider the fact that they constitute what is, in many ways, the most important factor of the clothing of a soldier. An army poorly shod cannot fare very well or for a very long period of time. To Sir John Burgoyne's question addressed to Wellington—which was the first requirement of a soldier?—the duke replied, “A pair of boots; the second, a pair of boots for a change; the third, a pair of soles for repairs.” Within recent years our Uncle Samuel has given a most careful attention to the problem of footwear for his boys, with the direct result that some seven or eight years ago a board of officers of the Medical Department adopted the tan Blücher, designed by Col. W. L. Munson. This has become the standard shoe of the Army. That it is a good shoe, both officers and enlisted men testify. A single instance will show the care that has been taken in its design. It would be cheaper and easier to manufacture the Blücher in what is known as the full-quarter design, generally used for the commercial trade. But a great many men have a small bone at the side of the instep which rubs against the

seam of the conventional full-quarter Blücher design, with the result that an economical and efficient shoe may become, under steady wear, a very uncomfortable one. So the Government insists upon the better design, even though its shoe deliveries from the beginning of the war up to January 10th amounted to over 10,600,000 pairs, and its plans for the present year contemplate the delivery of another 10,000,000 pairs. Nearly two hundred and thirty factories are turning out these shoes, at an average cost of between \$4.60 and \$4.90 a pair. And if the entire 20,000,000 pairs under the present contracts were placed end to end, heel to toe, they would reach from San Francisco to Australia—a distance of about 6,500 miles.

How long do these shoes last? is a natural question.


In times of peace three pairs should last a soldier a full year. In times of war—well, Pershing knows, and so do the French and English military authorities. But none of them are telling. But they are attaining something dangerously near perfection in setting up portable shoe-repairing shops at the front and there prolonging the life of the footwear of the army. It is shoe surgery of the highest class.

By the time this article is published the use of wooden cases at this sub-depot of the Quartermaster's Department, which we have just visited, will practically be at an end. The smart merchant major in charge has been worried by the uprising cost of box-lumber and the steadily decreasing quality of the wood. A standard box for the shipment of horse-blankets costs \$2.35 and is thrown away for firewood when it is unpacked. But burlap and staples for the same sized shipment costs only about one-tenth that sum, and Pershing can and does use the burlap for making sand-bags. So the major has devised baling-machines—fabricated by a smart manufacturer from various parts of baling-machines which he builds for other purposes—and fifty of these are going into this sub-depot. They will pack as

efficiently as in wooden boxes and at far less cost. And the simple device of dyeing the burlap various colors or designs renders it possible for the Government authorities to detect the contents of a bale of clothing from a distant or cursory glance.

The baling-press is worked by hand, by the simple but efficient pressure of a lever. Enough pressure is exerted to insure a compact and easily handled package, but not so much as to permit the shape of the garments being spoiled or their buttons broken. And fifty baling-presses can pack a great number of shoes and garments in the course of a working day; can stand at the gateways of Uncle Sam's depot and quite easily stow away the steady flow of supplies that come to them.

The huge enlarged fabric of the War Department to-day spells work—work upon a huge scale. It is the index of a whole nation at work, bending itself to a tremendous task. As a nation we have lost our drones. We have not only begun to preach thrift and economy and endeavor, but we have begun to do those very things, and rather like the novel experience. Uncle Sam, with all his millions of workers and fighters hard at it, is a tremendous inspiration to the rest of his folk. We have passed the piffle stage of the war; we are beginning to pass its more purely sentimental stages as well. It is getting to be a business proposition—pretty serious business, to be sure, but business, nevertheless. We are gaining sanity in our war, which is all the more to our credit. The incompetents who rushed madly down to Washington at the beginning of our part in the conflict are now gradually being weeded out; functions hastily and sometimes wrongly organized under the pressure of a great crisis are being reorganized and concentrated in their endeavors. There is a needed and growing spirit of co-operation between the various departments. We are progressing in our crusade for establishing the democracy of the world.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

THERE was once an essayist who wished to write of the megalomaniacal moods of the closing days of the year lately past, and he thought he could not do better than begin with the well-worn ejaculation, "A mad world, my masters!" He meant to add, "As the first Grave-digger says," or the melancholy Jacques, or Falstaff, or Dogberry, or the Third Citizen; and in determining which of these characters had first used the phrase he deemed it well to look the fact up in "Hamlet," and "As You Like It," and in some of the "Henrys," and "Julius Cæsar," following one with another till the true origin of it appeared. To his surprise and grief, he failed of it in each of those plays, and, so far as the concordances at hand availed, in all Shakespeare. The question then remained, What character and what author *had* used the phrase at first? Naturally he confided his anxiety to *Familiar Quotations*, but *Familiar Quotations* promptly betrayed his hope; it would have none of him or his trouble. He next turned to several persons versed in polite literature among his acquaintance and they all referred him with his phrase back to *Familiar Quotations*, catechizing him as to the root-words he should have looked it up under. Had he tried *Mad*? Had he tried *World*? Had he tried *Masters*? They were too civil to show that they doubted his answers, but they left him to his fate.

Our readers will all come to his rescue now, but pending the onrush of their help we will confess for the essayist that he had determined to do without the phrase; to get on without its witness to the perfectly obvious condition of an epoch abandoned to its *folie des grandeurs*. Never since this mad world began does it seem to have been so lost in that form of insanity. There was once a poor little year, a few centuries past, which

got itself called *Annus Mirabilis*, because the Fire of London, and the Great Plague, and the English defeat of the Dutch, or the reverse, occurred in it; but this and every other twelvemonth of this distracted globe must hide its diminished head before the year last elapsed for the count of its battles, murders, and sudden deaths, its flourish of bloody treasons, its ravage by fire, and its divers moral and physical frenzies. At every point the history of the last twelvemonth bristles with prodigy. There have been many conflagrations in the experience of the world; every famous city has been repeatedly destroyed by fire; but Halifax has added a calamity of dramatic dreadfulness in variety and immensity without recorded parallel. None other began with the clash of death-laden ships and ruined on through flame and flood into a blizzard as of a returning Glacial Epoch, with the destruction of thousands and thousands of human beings. It is not long in the count of catastrophes since Messina was the scene of a colossal calamity, but the Messina earthquake was apparently not of the measure of that which engulfed the whole population of Guatemala within our terrible date. No definite facts or figures have yet made themselves known, and whether these are of a parity with those of the famous great Lisbon earthquake it would not be safe to declare. Still less can we acclaim them of equal horror with the details of the Vesuvian convulsion which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum under a rain of burning ashes and an inundation of molten lava. But it seems the nature of such tragedies to accumulate their horrors through increasing knowledge of them, and for all we yet know of the earthquake at Guatemala we may well believe that the city has been totally destroyed.

The blizzard at Halifax was not quite within our Wonder Year, but blizzard after blizzard has since swept our continent with frantic fury such as no dotting century of the past remembers. The icy temperatures of other winters may match themselves against the intemperatures of the actual season, but they did not follow one another in such swift succession as has sometimes left the Weather Bureau breathless to prophesy further evil. Our inclemencies may boast their grip of this "whole boundless continent," and they may even brag of involving both the hemispheres in their visitation; for anything we know to the contrary, they may indeed have wreaked their malice on the farthest stars and pinched the corona of the sun itself.

This would have been in keeping with the atrocities of our time in a war of an immensity unknown to the annals of Christian civility and piety. There have been Asian conquests and incursions which history vaguely recalls, but nothing that it distinctly remembers of Tamerlane, of Genghis Khan, of Attila, of Alaric, of Goth or Vandal, can match the misdeeds of our contemporary Huns. There have been savage ideals of force realized by barbarians and pagans, but none more demoniacal than those which the most scientifically disciplined people of our day have made their principle and practice. If we cannot claim for our Wonder Year any atrocities more signal than the Germans have committed from the beginning of their war against humanity, if we cannot recall for it any such supreme misdeed as the sinking of the *Lusitania*, we can sum up from the destruction of hospital-ships in 1917 a crime collectively more abominable than even that atrocity, which must remain sole in the annals of iniquity; but if we cannot claim for our Wonder Year an evil predominance through any single misdeed, it may boast an unequalled range in its phenomena of every sort. Some of these we have suggested already, but the political disintegration of Russia looms large among the greatest. A Revolution which began with the downfall of imperialism and eventuated in divers convulsive struggles for national rehabilitation, at this writing still

trembles between treachery to France and England and suspicion of Germany. Nothing is yet decided, and it is not impossible that the vast disjointed Republic, the remnant of the original Autocracy, may resume the rôle of enemy to the arch-foe of the human race. Neither Russia nor Germany seems capable of reciprocal good faith, but in the *bouffe* tragedy Russia has at least our good wishes in her longing for peace, and our pity for her unavailing miseries. What stupefies the witness is the measure of the events which have led to the situation—the invasions and counter-invasions, the battles which have not rested with the slaughter of the combatants, but have continued in the murder of prisoners. The stories of this might be too much even for the gorge of those hungry to believe any frightfulness of the Germans, if worse were not convincingly told of the Turks whom the Germans have abetted in the massacre of the whole Armenian nation.

Because nothing seems too abominable to believe of the Germans, if only it is bad enough, we may suppose that in our Wonder Year they really captured full a hundred thousand Italians, rising in number from a first count of twenty thousand, as the victims of the unimaginable mischance of Halifax increased on closer inquiry from appalling hundreds to yet more appalling thousands until the collision of the munitions-ships, and the conflagration of the town, and the blizzard that lashed the flames into wilder fury had each taken its toll.

Nature has not dealt more cruelly with man through the wrath of elements than man has dealt with himself through the perversion of his instinct of good in that portion of the human race which has proclaimed that right is might and that tyranny is its own excuse for being. Yet human nature has measurably retrieved itself by the abhorrence of this infernal doctrine which other peoples have expressed. The self-evident truth that governments were instituted for the happiness of the governed and were meant to embody their will has never been more superbly asserted since Montesquieu first imagined it and Jefferson declared it than it has been in the course of our Wonder Year. The brutal inso-

lence of the Germans has been surpassed by the signal frankness of the English, French, and American statesmen, who have voiced anew the belief that all men are born free with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In all history there has been nothing braver than the recantation of the English faith in aristocracy and their profession of democracy in terms worthy of the inspiration of Lincoln. The spectacle of the reunion of England and America is an event of moral greatness surpassing the measure of any natural catastrophe or material event of the Wonder Year. It transcends in visionary grandeur any other fact of the time except the swift mobilization of our people, hitherto the peaceablest in the world, and its dedication to arms in absolute self-devotion at the appeal of statesmanship reluctant from every motive except the good of humanity. The patriotism which shrank from the dictates of national pride and ignored the repeated affronts to the national honor had gathered through its very patience power upon the hearts and minds of the people until far less than its nobly spoken demand for action was needed. An army rose like an exhalation and hastened to embattle itself as if at the bidding of magic; yet it was the effect of a silent growth in the spirit of the nation, a movement apparently involuntary but of an origin as deeply seated as life itself. In the retrospect it can be seen how all things tended to it, and though it could not have come without the word that invoked it, the word was of the same impulse as the response to it.

Great things have the habit of unexpected happening. The boldest of the Prophets would not have had the courage to prophesy the abolition of slavery within a century of the causes which had doomed it, and the enfranchisement of woman was as far beyond the scope of apocalyptic vision, yet the event which liberated a whole sex from its immemorial subjection, and made the sisters of men equal to their brothers in the human family—which indeed finally constituted that family human, while it still seemed indefinitely remote, was haunting the nearest future. History may be of another conclusion, but those

who have lived to witness this event must believe that it will hereafter appear one of the most significant of its great time. Those who fear the worst from the dark chances of the war still raging can take courage from such a consummation for civilization against the barbarism which harnesses women with dogs in the German cities and primally values them as the mothers of murderers born into the world to sink peaceful ships at sea and to shower bombs on unarmed towns as acts of lawful hostility.

The instant realization of State Socialism in our polity is something that would not have less than astounded the nation in any other year, but in our *Annus Mirabilis* it has

—overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder,

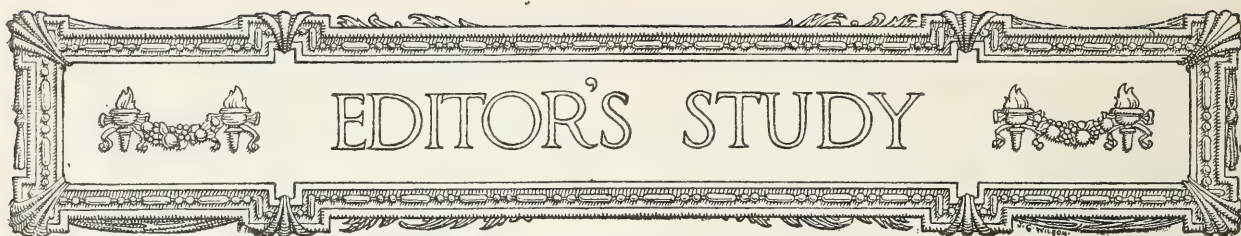
and without apparent opposition from either labor or capital. It is as if it were as entirely the course of nature that the nation should collectively control and market its fuel and food as that it should produce them. There has been scarcely a murmur from the most capitalistically minded of our journals, and whatever is left of the doctrines of the Manchester school has been as silent on the lips of its surviving disciples as the ideal of woman's dedication to the offices of home and mother has been on the tongues of the anti-suffragists since the enfranchisement of our female citizens. If letters have been mostly hushed amidst the clash of arms that is of proverbial effect; and the faith of democracy in itself and in the future which it claims has been worded with not less impressiveness. The priority of the oldest democracy in this faith implicated the superiority of its utterances, which has been welcomed with recognition generous and grateful beyond imagining from sources where we have been used to drink the bitter but wholesome waters of criticism.

It is hard to choose whether the greater prodigies have been among the natural phenomena of the year or among its human events. The world-wide cold may be paralleled from the memory of living men and the history of the past, and the like of our Utopian polity in the state assumption of the railroads

has long been known to Australasian civilization as well as to the *Kultur* of Germany, where ever since the war began food and fuel control has been practised. But the spectacle of an army mobilizing from the conditions of peace with the unanimous consent of the people to the military necessity is certainly a marvel passing the physical marvels of the time, while above this and every other human event the restoration of Jerusalem to the hold of Christendom will remain an event incomparably great, beautiful, and precious. No touch of the universal insanity, of the infernal megalomania and its lust of conquest, no symptom of the *folie des grandeurs* which has afflicted a whole race and infected its confederates and accomplices, is sensible in this glorious fact and no human error which may follow can annul our belief that in it heaven has stooped to earth in fulfilment of its promise of good will to men. If the English had won no other victory in the war they might justly claim unequalled glory in the taking of Jerusalem. Before an event of such unapproachable significance as the downfall of the Turkish power, with its long history of abomination at Jerusalem, every other marvel of the Wonder Year must measurably shrink. This victory has not only restored the Holy Sepulcher and the Hallowed Manger to the keeping of those who bless the name of the Son of Man; but the overthrow of Turkish misrule and the deliverance of its prey from worse than German oppression is not less dear to those who feel themselves bound with all the captives of wrong. If it were only for the splendor of the historical spectacle the conquest of Jerusalem would have an unequalled claim upon every age through the imagination of the time which has witnessed it, and we may trust the firm British soul that this consecrated victory shall have no reversal. This side the entry of the Allies with their friends and comrades of the whole earth into the stronghold of hate and wrong at Berlin, the entry of the English into Jerusalem must remain the most sublime fact of the war. In this an eighth crusade has repaired the fail-

ure of the seven before and has requited Christendom for the ruth and wrong of the past. Once more, for the first time since the first Crusade forced the most abominable of conquerors to loosen their hold upon the sacred places which they had forbidden Christian Pilgrims even to approach, a Christian power has been erected on the ruins of their tyranny, not now, if we may trust the New English democracy and the Old English humanity, for a few score years, but for all the years to come.

But we must not pitch the pipe too high for the joy of the victors who seem indeed to have taken their achievement with no swelling sense of its mystical significance, but have treated it as an everyday affair in the leadership of General Allenby. He entered the captured city with no blare of trumpets or trample of war-like steeds, but came walking quietly up the street at the head of his men, and possibly he came thinking that it was not more a triumph than an atonement for the error of his country in a half-forgotten war which she fought to keep the same miscreants in Constantinople whom he had now driven from their secular oppression in Jerusalem. Possibly he came imagining that the mighty mother of our Anglo-Saxon race, who has so often done ill when she meant well, had foredoomed at Sebastopol her children's sorrow and shame at Gallipoli, but was now permitted in the mercy of the divine justice, measurably to repair the wrong of the war waged sixty-five years ago in behalf of the Balance of Power, that figment of diplomatic stupidity and jealousy which hindered the Christians from coming into their own in the ancient capital of the first great Christian state. Possibly he came thinking that if England had then suffered the Russians to re-christianize Byzantium even after the fashion of their superstition, she would not have confirmed the Antichrist of the Moslems and the Germans in his reign there, and was humbly feeling that his men and he had only done, after more than half a century, what could yet be done to keep that monstrous mistake from being fatal to civilization.



EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

RUSSIA has been for months the world's great object-lesson—not so much for information as by way of revelation. Such a spectacle of sudden and spontaneous self-discovery of a whole people or, rather, of its uncovering, has never before been presented.

A little more than a year ago we saw this immense people, occupying one-sixth of the earth's land surface, energetically engaged in the greatest of European wars, one in which, considering its origin, the Slavic race seems primarily concerned. Thus it had at first seemed a Holy War—and any conflict had to seem worthy of this designation before it could invite the zeal of a people which is instinctively more averse to bloodshed than any other.

But this armed people was moving under the masque of an absolute autocracy which contradicted, if, indeed, after two and a half years of warfare it had not utterly shattered, the simple purpose of the common soldiery. Poor Serbia and the whole matter of race sympathy seemed to have faded from view in the ambitious war aims of the Russian Government, already interpenetrated by German influence to such a degree that it seemed almost ready to bargain for a separate peace with the enemy.

Then, as from a sudden upheaval of the earth's surface by pent-up seismic forces, and with no logical preamble, came the revolution, immediately followed by the Czar's abdication and the establishment of a provisional government. The people—always the greatest of ethnical romances to the imagination of profound historical interpreters—stood uncovered, with only some faint, clinging vestiges of its former national investiture—as penumbral as those the psychic researcher concedes temporarily to discarnate spirits.

For a time the Duma seemed to retain the semblance of substantiality, at least as the background against which were limned—first, the robust personality of Miliukoff, and then the more shadowy, but overshadowing, presence of Kerensky. Meanwhile, too, the army occupied its former position on its various fronts, with at least one Romanoff prominent in its leadership. The most radical of revolutions had been accomplished, at least on its negative or destructive side, though it was not immediately apparent how, or by what agencies; Russia, as a nationality, had actually disappeared; yet there she seemed still to stand, as if by the illusive refraction of a mirage.

Gradually, but as inevitably as in the case of a mirage, every one of these vestiges of familiar authority, political and military, vanished.

In common parlance, the state of things then disclosed is called "chaos," meaning absolute disorder. In cosmology, from which the term is borrowed, it is significant as the creative condition of a cosmos, as the matrix of a new order. Philosophic anarchism conveys the same meaning, with special stress, conformably to its radical character, upon the newness of the order. Philosophically, there can be no chaos, as commonly understood—no moment unrelated to an organic synthesis. Only in human affairs, regarded superficially and as the result of arbitrary volitions, with direct and short-sighted aims, occur periods of apparently hopeless confusion—really hopeless, indeed, in any visible prospect.

Sophisticated man, the man of progress, is forever being imprisoned by his projects, entangled by his notions and conceits, and thus, often in his career, confronted by an *impasse*. The more rigid his calculations, the more confined his scope of vision and the harder the knot of his entanglement. His only hope

lies in the happy chance of his being caught by his own soul, and so emancipated. Thus the peoples of Europe and America most advanced in education in the very onrush and momentum of their scientific and mechanical progress generate congestions that block their pathway and from which they are relieved slowly and as if by miracle. Because of the intricate complexity of their civilization they are peculiarly subject to reactionary fluctuations that baffle all reckoning, and all evolutionary transformations of spiritual manners and disposition can be registered only at long intervals, separating one note from another in the great, unmistakable, yet inexplicable harmony of growing human sympathy.

These peoples, especially those having full initiative and participation in their several governments and presenting to the world an imposing front of national solidarity as the result of social organization, however formal and veiling whatever obstinate problems, are really, and not merely geographically, antipodal to the Russian. They have for every working method or hypothesis a logical formulation—notably in all political activity. The Russian people, at the beginning of the century about 85 per cent. peasant and 90 per cent. illiterate, cannot be said to have had any conscious method, or even hypothesis, apart from that imposed upon them by arbitrary rule and an inflexible bureaucracy.

An immense population, increasing at an exceptional rate, and composed almost entirely of the peasant class, which always and in every country feels itself in closest intimacy with mother earth, yet cut off by the privileged landholder from the ownership of the soil, must have experienced the sore trials of orphanage. Besides this deprivation of pride in his labor, in every other aspect of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the peasant was hampered and hemmed in by a ubiquitous officialism in which the majority had no representation or proportionate control.

A people thus situated could have no sense of nationality except as of a thin but effectively confining shell which was not germane to its organism, but built about it just for that confinement. It

could, indeed, have no organization save for reaction.

Here was a unique field for socialism, particularly for that type of it known as the International, following the doctrines of Karl Marx. We need to realize this unique situation in order to fully comprehend the ascendancy attained by the Bolsheviks, since their violent uprising and supplementary revolution last November.

We can easily understand, from a casual reading of European and American history, the usual type of revolution which is satisfied with the overthrow of a despotic government and of the privileged orders immediately supporting it. Since the advent of modern socialism, there have been, in Russia as elsewhere, many widely variant types of revolutionists, from the older-fashioned advocates of the rights of all men to the radical idealists who cultivate revolution as a principle and who would substitute for orderly sovereignty the chaotic absolutism of the proletariat.

This extreme type has been amply illustrated in Russia by the Bolsheviks since that faction has been in the saddle. Yet immediately after the first revolution it was hardly apparent as any considerable factor in the situation. We recall that under the old régime many of the most daring of the revolutionary socialists, condemned and sentenced to lifelong imprisonment or exile, were known as anarchists, but in the crisis of 1905, as in that of 1917, the hand of these extremists was hardly visible, though secretly at work. At the final moment, when widespread street riots, prompted by hunger and war-weariness, were the only conspicuous signs of anything like revolution, it was the refusal of the soldiers to fire upon the revolting workmen that had most to do with precipitating the event. This fraternization of soldiers and workmen led to their more complete organization, which, with that of the peasant and the already existing Duma, seemed to pave the way for a Constituent Assembly and the establishment of an orderly government.

We know how this promise was, at least temporarily, balked by the Bolsheviks, who at this moment disclosed their full strength and, favored by cir-

cumstance, inaugurated a second revolution with a purely anarchistic program; and we also know how far, through the demoralization of the army and the establishment of a reign of disorder, if not of terror, it has accomplished its purpose. At this writing, while protesting against a separate peace, it has been the cause of such a peace in Ukraine, thus throwing that large and fertile province into the arms of Germany, and has proclaimed the cessation of war throughout Russia. Before this Study reaches the reader's eye, this may prove to be a proclamation of the futility and ruin of the Bolshevik organization itself, whether for the salvation of Russia or its destruction no one can say; in this kaleidoscopic succession of illusions there is no room for prophecy.

Certainly no such era of confusion and uncertainty would be possible, either today or during the last century, in any other country than Russia, where so large a body of peasants, themselves inarticulate but impulsive and waiting eagerly for emancipation and restitution, readily lend an ear to the leaders of one faction after another, each prolific of promises, but swiftly passing and with only a semblance of authority. In such a country it was inevitable that a faction promising peace to the war-weary people and the army, the distribution of land among the peasants, and absolute sovereignty to the proletariat, would gain sure foothold for its season of power. Any other people of equal importance would have had a so developed sense of nationality and have been so used to the exercise of intelligent and organized activity on its own account that it would have quickly righted itself after the shock of revolution had passed. But in Russia the only class capable of such activity had been so paralyzed by the revolution that, after a special show of febrile effort, they were submerged beneath an inert mass that had no respect for order or for government of any sort.

The outside world has no way of dealing with this Bolshevik scheme, unless it adopts the German method for gaining all possible self-advantage from the anomalous situation. We can only try

to comprehend and, so far as we can, excuse the conduct of these extremists on the ground of its inevitability in view of past and present conditions, meanwhile sympathetically waiting the issue.

The future historian will recognize the inevitability of this second revolution and will give just credit to the Bolsheviks for an indispensable and substantial service in preventing the recurrence of old abuses, while deploring its failure of positive and constructive achievement in legislation and administration.

The chief concern of the Western world, including the Central Powers of Europe, is as to the effect of this new revolution in Russia upon the class-consciousness, especially of workmen, in other countries.

The program put forth by Lenin and Trotsky, while it had its supreme opportunity in Russia, was wholly the creation of Karl Marx, a German socialist, and its formula was adopted by these leaders with little material modification, and, as conducted by them, just in the proportion that it has succeeded it has as an object lesson invited failure at home and diminished its power to encourage imitation by any other people.

Of the possibilities that may be realized as results of the present war those which concern the general welfare of humanity are of supreme importance. But one implication of these, to each people the most vitally significant, is the realization of the ideal of social justice and sympathetic co-operation between classes. Fortunately, through community of endurance and sacrifice, this is being naturally and peacefully accomplished.

Outside of Russia national rather than class consciousness has been intensified by the war, with this saving proviso—that also war has created in all democracies the sense of a new internationalism, more humanist than socialistic. The opening of the present British Parliament, in which the peers and peeresses sat without their coronets, was a more impressive object lesson than any the second Russian revolution can offer to the world. It stands side by side with the recent noble manifesto of the British workmen.

The Meanness of Pinchett

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

IT is my opinion that James Pinchett in early life decided to die a mean man. It is my further opinion that he will succeed in doing it. Those who know him best—his old college class—are offering seven to one on it, with no takers. I have never known a man to make a more distinguished success in any chosen line of conduct, to follow it more consistently or to be more favored by circumstance. This is not bitterness. I am well known for my fairness and calm, dispassionate statements. What follows is mere history. I may even try to soften it, in spots.

My first memory of Pinchett has a cheerful background. He appeared in the little bunch of students that in the early weeks of our first year used to gather in a cozy back room, not such a weary distance from the campus, to smoke and relax and discuss the important problems of life, after the hard application of the day.

We smoked pipes, mostly, and kept our tobacco in a community box into which any one emptied a sack when he felt like it and had the change to spare. Pinchett had the spare change—he was the richest one in the class—but he never felt like it. We had annexed a round table and used to get down the box and set it in the middle of it and help ourselves. That was where Jim Pinchett was strong—on helping himself. He had a big pipe and it was going steadily. His hand was in the box about half of the time. Nobody had invited him to sit at our table; he selected it himself, by a sort of inspiration. At first we were too polite to crush him; later our position did not warrant it. You are beginning to get the measure of Pinchett.

We had other refreshments at times—a bite to eat and something to wash it down with. Did Pinchett enjoy these things? Believe me,

he did! Did he chip into the pot to help pay for them? *Jamais de la vie!* which means that he didn't—I am averse to writing slang in English, just as I am opposed to reading certain tales in that chaste and polite tongue.

Why did we submit to Pinchett? I will tell you. He had a genius for mathematics. He was a fiend for equations—geodesic lines were as A B C to him. When I add that he was vain of this gift and inordinately fond of giving advice you will begin to understand. The rest of us were, so to speak, shy on mathematics. Pinchett could be counted on in time of need for a little private assistance. That's why we suffered him. That's why we allowed him to smoke our tobacco. That's why we permitted him to eat our hot dogs and drink our ginger-beer without



HE WAS STRONG ON HELPING HIMSELF



YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT HIS NECK WAS AT STAKE

smiting him hip and thigh and flinging him into the outer desolation. He knew it, too, banked on it, capitalized our need.

Once when the tobacco-box was empty I proposed that we play some kind of a game to see who should fill it, and for a round of hot dogs. Pinchett was weak on games, and I winked at the others to intimate that this time we would lash him to the mast. He protested, of course. He said that it was gambling and that he had been brought up to abhor all games of chance.

For once we did not let him go. We rode him down, browbeat him, shamed him till he came in. You never saw a man suffer as he did while the game was going on. Beads of sweat stood on his brow. You'd have thought his neck was at stake and the hangman waiting. He was so scared that he forgot what little he knew and never by any chance played his hand properly.

He didn't need to, however. Of all the fool luck you ever heard of Pinchett had it. He swept the table. I paid for the tobacco and dogs myself, while Jim Pinchett whooped and carried on in a way to make a person sick. Perhaps you will believe, now, what I said about his early ambition to die a mean man.

But I did not start out to write James Pinchett's life. I have only tried to show

you what he was like in those early days, and I am going to tell you now his latest chapter, so you can see how his youthful purpose holds.

Pinchett has always been faithful to the class—I will say that. I don't know how he ever brought himself to the point of paying his way into the college club; that must have been a heart-breaker. I know he went to live just far enough out of town to bring him into the non-resident list, which saves half the dues, and that he never by any chance misses Saturday night when there is a free smoker, with something to eat afterward—*jamaïs de la vie*, as I remarked once before. Neither does he ever fail to be on hand when something is ordered, like cigars or refreshments. Pinchett has developed a perfectly abnormal instinct in knowing the exact psychological moment to appear, likewise to disappear when everybody else has bought and it is about to be his turn.

He has stuck with the old round-table crowd all these years, and because of sentiment, or habit, has been permitted to consume our substance, though he is no longer any use to us, but just a clacking nuisance and dead expense, so to speak. We have been severe with him at times, chilly, sarcastic, even denunciatory, but without result. There came a day at last when we

planned to give him a lesson—a positive, costly lesson—something he would remember. The plot, however, was not followed up, and we had about abandoned the idea when there arrived what seemed a special providence in the way of opportunity.

Some months before, Hannerly, one of the best fellows in the old class, died. Hannerly, in fact, had been too good a fellow for his estate. He had always made money, but not much of it had clung to his bank account, and his widow had found herself with very little beyond some expensive jewelry which Hannerly had acquired in prosperous moments. We did not like the blank that Hannerly's going had left at our club table and said we would do something for his widow. Among other things she had a very handsome solitaire diamond ring to dispose of—a ring that had cost six hundred dollars, but would have to go at a sacrifice if sold in the regular way. We said we would help her get something fancy out of the solitaire—that a raffle was the thing.

The club does not permit raffles, so we left the number list and the tickets just down the block at the Earlmere Hotel where Hannerly had been a good customer, and conducted delegations down there to buy them. The tickets were priced on a sliding scale, ranging from \$6, through \$5.99, \$5.98 down to the lowest, which was one cent. You reached into a box and drew out an envelope containing a numbered card and paid what the figure on it called for. It was an attractive scheme and would net Hannerly's widow \$1,803. If you don't believe it, count it for yourself. It will take you only about four hours, and it will be a great satisfaction to prove me wrong.

The plan was partly mine and I worked hard for it. Almost every time I engineered a crowd of fellows down to the Earlmere I took a chance or two myself and managed to pick out the \$6 ticket and the \$5.98 and several other sizable numbers, about sixty dollars' worth in all. Some of the other boys did about as well. Finally we got hold of Pinchett and took him almost by force to the Earlmere where we explained the beauties of our plan.

You never saw a man act as he did. He said he had never taken a chance in a lottery and never would—that it was against his principles—that he was sorry to see us engaged in a conspiracy that, whether it succeeded or failed, would be a blot on Hannerly's memory. Never would he be a party to it. If Mrs. Hannerly was really in need, dire need, then he might consider some reputable method of assistance. Anyway it was Hannerly's own fault that—

Then we sternly and firmly took him by the arm and marched him up to the box of

envelopes and the list, and said, with set teeth, "Now you take one of those tickets and pay for it, without further comment." He did it then, for he saw we were deeply in earnest. The number he drew was \$1.39, and he paid that pitiful sum with bitter words, almost with tears. He didn't mind spending money, he said, but to throw it away in a thimble-rig game like that was a little too much.

The last tickets were sold by Friday and we arranged that the drawing was to take place at the Earlmere the next evening. It was to be conducted by the hotel manager and two clerks, none of whom had been permitted to buy a ticket. No club member was even to be present; the winner would be notified by telephone. Thus did we arrange it, in order that, while all was as fair as the day, we might still put one over on Jim Pinchett.

We knew he would be on hand—wild horses could not keep him away. His one miserable chance in six hundred to get something for next to nothing would have raised him from his death-bed. Early in the evening, on the way down to the club, I said to the boy in the news-stand at the Earlmere:

"Tommy, about an hour from now, say at seven-thirty, call up Mr. James Pinchett at the College Club and tell him that his number, one-thirty-nine, has drawn the Hannerly ring. You are not to elaborate, or tell who you are. Simply say: 'Mr. Pinchett, I am speaking from the Earlmere. Your number, one-thirty-nine, has drawn the Hannerly ring.' Better step outside to do it—just a little fun among ourselves, you understand—and here's a dollar—don't forget."

I knew he wouldn't, for Tommy is one of the brightest.

Most of the old crowd were already at the club, and had assembled at our round table in the alcove, Pinchett among them. They made room for me and we had something in the way of refreshments. Pinchett for once was cordially invited to join. Clarence Barnes even slapped him on the shoulder.

"I shouldn't wonder at all, Jim," he said, "if you drew the Hannerly ring. That number of yours is a regular winner—has a thirteen in it and adds up thirteen—you can't beat it. You ought to order us all a good dinner now, on the strength of it."

But Pinchett said, glumly, "A fine prospect—one chance in six hundred, with a double thirteen for a hoodoo."

"Don't you believe it, Jim; thirteens are always lucky." Barnes turned to the rest of us. "I say, boys," he added, "if any one at this table gets the ring he pays for a good dinner for the gang—is that a go?"

Everybody assented—everybody except Pinchett, who hesitated.



"I'VE WON IT! I'VE WON IT!" HE WHOOPED

"What's the matter, Jim? You're not going to miss a good thing like that, are you? You've got only one chance in six hundred of having to pay for the dinner, and if you do pay you'll be winner about five hundred to one on the ring. You're in on a sure-thing gamble like that, aren't you?"

Pinchett's face wore a look of painful anxiety which became resignation.

"I suppose so," he said. "You fellows are always trying to work something to make a man spend money."

"That's so, Jim. We always were a bad lot, weren't we? But you were mighty good about squaring the circle for us in the old days, and that's why we stand by you now. Here, boy, bring some cigars. What kind do you like, Jim? Have a good one."

Pinchett mellowed under this attention. He smoked and talked genially of the old days. He grew more expansive and patronized us. He thought perhaps we had done well enough, considering. Now and then I stole a glance at the time. The hour of his doom approached.

It was just seven-thirty by the club clock when one of the waiters came to our table.

"A call at the telephone for Mr. Pinchett," he said.

Pinchett rose rather hastily. The rest of us looked at one another with deep meaning; it was probably the call from Tommy.

It was, in fact. Half a minute later Pinchett came plunging back, waving his arms and fairly beside himself.

"I've won it! I've won it!" he whooped, quite hysterically. "That hundred and thirty-nine was all right, Clarence, just as you said. A six-hundred-dollar ring for a dollar thirty-nine! I tell you, boys, it pays to be lucky—I tell you—"

We deluged him with congratulations—heaped and piled them upon him. If he'd had any sense at all he would have smelled something wrong in our absurd demonstrations. But he swallowed everything—how we had always loved him; how tenderly we always felt remembering the old days; how happy his good fortune made us. Members from other tables, seeing the commotion, came over and congratulated him. I really felt sorry for Pinchett, knowing what a rude and horrible awakening was to follow. It was truly pitiful. Presently he quieted down.

"Now for that good dinner, Jim—best the club can afford, eh?"

Pinchett's face fell. He had forgotten that part of the bond.

"Oh, say, extras weren't in it," he objected; "just the regular things, you know—the table d'hôte. I didn't mean—"

But we rode him down, drowned him out, browbeat him into submission, as we had done so long ago. It was really a very good

dinner he gave us, with popping corks and perfectos, and just about the end of it we called on him for a speech. He made one in which he told us how glad he was to know that we still remembered and appreciated the little he had tried to do for us in the old days; how, after all, Hannerly had not done so badly in spending his money for trinkets, as it had given us a chance to do something for his widow, and how he had been only too glad to do his part.

He was about to enlarge on this point when a waiter again appeared to summon him to the telephone. We were thankful for the interruption, but we hoped the call was nothing that would take Pinchett away from the club. The drawing was about due, and if Jim wasn't there our joke would be just about wasted. We wanted to see him floored

by the official news; to see him writhe and grow old; to watch his hair grow gray while we poured out extravagant sympathy and crocodile tears. Thus would we wipe out a little of the old score.

He was not called away. He was back again in quite a brief time—his face wearing a rather puzzled, thoughtful look.

"Do you know," he said, as he came up, "that's rather queer. That was the manager of the Earlmere who just called up. He told me again about my winning the ring, and I understood him to say the drawing had just 'taken place.' Curious, isn't it?"

Of those gathered around that table there wasn't a soul who could utter a syllable.

"Curious," repeated James Pinchett, "but the main thing is I've won it."

And he had.

When Muvver Cried

ONE time when I 'ist *wouldn't* mind
An' had been very, very bad,
My muvver didn't say a word
But looked at me so drefful sad—

I didn't look at her, but at
The pattern on the nurs'ry wall,
An' I kept sayin' to myself:
"I'm bad, an' I don't care *at all!*"

I felt so stubborn all inside
An' 'ist as cross as I could be,
An' swung my feet an' waited for
Her to come there an' punish me.

The minutes they went by so slow
'At I got tired, an' by-an'-by
I peeked at her a little bit
Out of the corner of my eye.

An' 'en, oh dear!—the stubborn there
On my inside, an' all the mad
'Uz gone so quick I wondered why
It 'uz 'at I had been so bad.

An' I jumped down an' runned to her
An' hugged an' kissed her, an' I said:
"Oh, muvver, I'm so sorry, an'
I 'ist most wish 'at I 'uz *dead!*"

An' she laughed kind of shaky-like
An' stroked my hair an' kissed me nen,
An' I said "honest, *cross my heart!*"
I never would do so again.

I've thought about it ever since,
I can't forget it when I try—
My daddy says no *gen'leman*
Would ever make his muvver cry!

ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL.

A Hard One

A COUNTRY politician in Ohio was elected school commissioner. One day he visited a school and told the teacher he desired to examine the boys and girls.

A spelling-class was just then at work, so the commissioner said he would inquire into the proficiency of that organization. The teacher gave him a spelling-book, and the pupils lined up in front of the mighty man.

He thumbed the book. Then, pointing at the first boy, he said:

"Spell eggpit."

"E-g-g-p-i-t," slowly spelled the boy.

"Wrong," said the commissioner, and, pointing to the next boy, said, "You spell eggpit."

"E-g-g-p-i-t," spelled the boy.

"Wrong. You spell it."

The next boy spelled it the same way, and the next and the next.

"Bad spellers," commented the commissioner to the distressed teacher.

"Why, sir," she protested, "they have all spelled eggpit correctly!"

"They have not."

"Will you let me see the word in the book?" the teacher asked. "I am sure they have."

"Here it is," said the commissioner, and he pointed to the word "Egypt."

A New Game

ON a certain very rainy day the two children were decidedly at a loss to know what to do while confined to the house. Gazing out the window, Ogden drew his brother to his side and, pointing up to the clouds, said:

"Look! God lives up there. Let's watch and maybe we can see His feet."



"Yes, Willie, he uses 'em to kill Germans with in case of an attack from th' rear."

Looked Like a Doctor to Him

WHILE at the training-camp at Fort Logan, Captain F—— of the Medical Corps one day, watching field drill, noticed a new recruit of a rather verdant appearance also watching the maneuvers and leaning against a donkey for support. As the animal showed an inclination to move, the young fellow lazily threw an arm around its neck.

Amused at the recruit's attitude, the captain inquired, in a jocular tone: "Why are you sticking so closely to your brother, my friend? Are you afraid he will desert?"

"No," came the quiet answer; "I'm afraid he will enlist in the Medical Corps."

Afraid of Surprising Them

THEY were on their way home from camp, having a furlough, and as the travel was very heavy, the train was delayed. One of the boys complained rather more than his share and was finally told to get off and walk.

"I would," he retorted, bitterly, "but my folks don't expect me 'til the train gets there!"

Proved It

MISSING her two-year-old; the mother went to look for him and found the youngster in the kitchen on the floor by the coal-scuttle, carefully wiping a piece of coal with his little white handkerchief.

"Cleanin' toal, mamma," he explained.

"Why, Sonny, come away from there! You can't clean coal."

"Yes, m a m m a. See?" showing the blackened handkerchief. "All comin' off; all black comin' off."

Deferring to the Gentle Sex

A COUPLE of miners were returning from a lecture at a hall in Wilkes-Barre, when one of them, after a thoughtful pause, said:

"Say, Henry, I don't see no necessity of bringing fellers all the way from Philadelphia to teach us about manners in the home. We ain't so bad as that feller made out."

"Of course we ain't," assented Henry.

"Not by a whole lot," went on the first. "I never swears before my wife—"

"I don't, either," interrupted the other. "I always says, ladies first!"

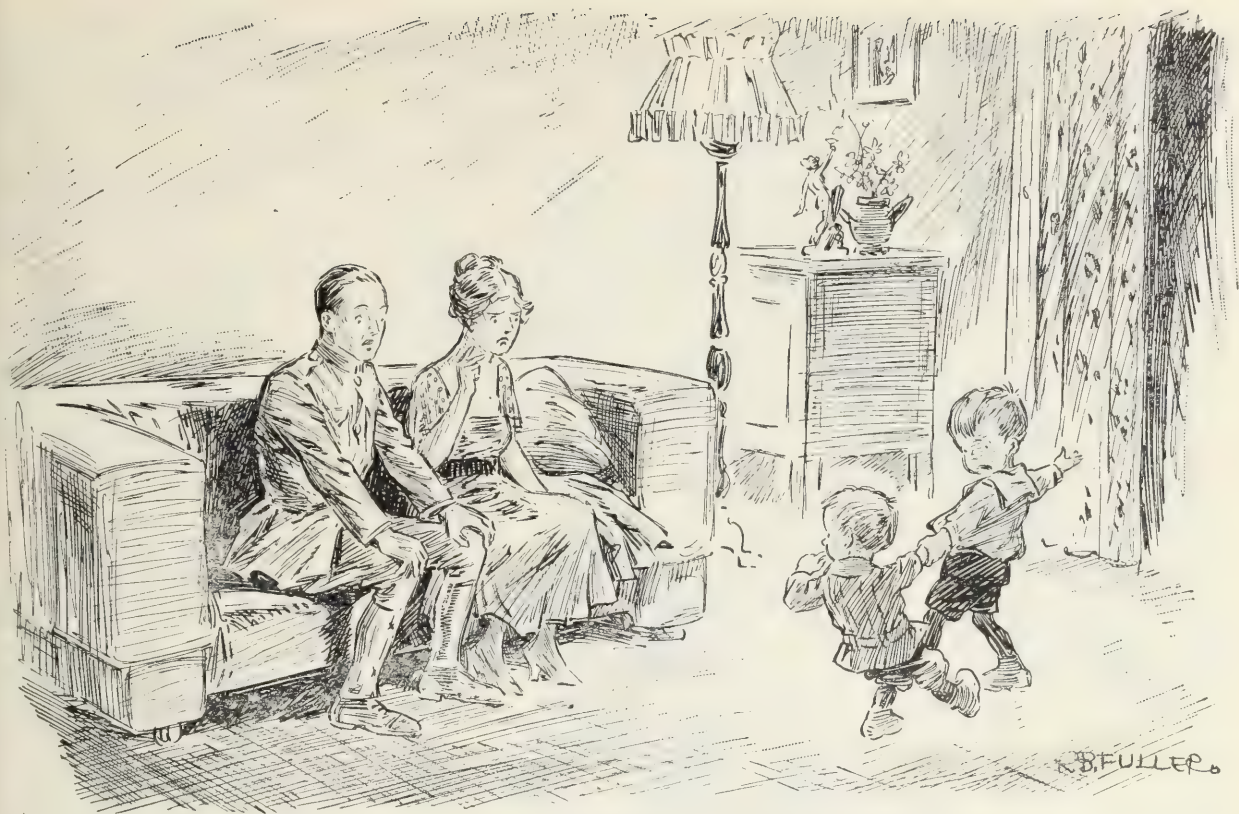
Congratulations!

A KIND-HEARTED officer, giving up his berth in the railway sleeper to an old lady, stepped out to have a smoke. As a result he lost the train, whereupon he telegraphed to his wife:

"Lost train, having just given berth to an old lady."



"Great Scot! There's no shortage in this food supply!"



BIG BROTHER: "Come on away, Roger—we all should do something for the soldiers these days."

Desperate

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Charlotte was dining with her mother at the home of a woman who was much given to talking, and who in relating some interesting incidents quite forgot to give the little girl anything to eat.

The child waited patiently for a time, then, with sobs rising in her throat, held her plate as high as she could and said:

"Does anybody want a clean plate?"

Honest

A FORMAL, fashionable caller addressed a very little girl:

"How are you, my dear?"

"Very well, thank you," returned the child.

"Now, my dear, you should ask me how I am."

"But I don't want to know?" the child replied, honestly, but unexpectedly.

Wonderful News

WITH an air of great importance the small boy of a Sunday-school in Belfast imparted this happy fact to his teacher:

"The devil is dead," he said, solemnly.

"What makes you think that?" asked the startled teacher.

"Dad said so," exclaimed the boy. "I was standing in the street with him yesterday when a funeral passed, and when dad saw it he said, 'Poor devil! He's dead!'"

Her Version of It

MRS. SCHWARTZ was trying to overcome the effects of too much corned beef and cabbage by vigorous calisthenic exercises. Her instructor, observing that she was very warm, apologized for going too rapidly from one exercise to another, and said, sympathetically:

"Why, you are all perspiration!"

"Unt svet, too," agreed Mrs. Schwartz.

In Plain Sight

WILLIE STONE had been sent on an errand to the home of the rich Mr. Lott. He returned with the astonishing news that Mr. Lott was going blind.

"What makes you think that?" his father asked.

"The way he talked," said Willie. "When I went into the room where he wanted to see me, he said, 'Boy, where is your hat?' and there it was on my head all the time!"

Out of Abundant Caution

A CLUBMAN tells of a young friend of his, a very methodical youth recently graduated from a Northern university, who, upon setting up his own establishment, undertook to look after his own domestic affairs.

"As an evidence of his orderly nature," says the clubman, "I offer this: desiring to mark his laundry for purposes of identification, he inscribed his name on one piece and marked the others 'ditto.'"



NATIVE: "Some fight, eh, stranger? One's our village pacifist and t' other's a conscientious objector."

"All That Goes Up Must Come Down"

AN old lady who was riding on a street-car in a small Ohio town was fascinated by the behavior of the conductor. Every time the conductor collected a fare he would throw the nickel up to the ceiling of the car, catch it, and put it into his pocket. Finally his actions so aroused her curiosity that when he returned through the car past her seat, she grabbed his sleeve and inquired why he tossed the coins into the air.

Laughing, he replied: "Well, madam, it's this way. There's only one car on this line and I took the job on commission, so when I throw the nickels up all that land on the bell-cord go to the company, and all that come down I get."

A Patriot

LITTLE Dorothy's uncles are both at the war and she has a great admiration for soldiers. The other day in a crowded street-car she was sitting on her mother's lap when a wounded soldier entered. Dorothy immediately slipped to the floor.

"Here, Soldy," she offered, "you can sit on mamma's lap."

The Best Policy

"WELL, Henry," said the judge, "I see you are in trouble again!"

"Yessuh," replied the negro. "De las' time, Jedge, you rec'lect, you was mah lawyuh."

"Where is your lawyer this time?"

"I 'ain't got no lawyuh dis time," said Henry. "Ah's gwine to tell de troof."

As Grown-ups Should

ELEANOR, Robert, and Sidney, aged eight, six, and five, respectively, were standing on the front piazza one Sunday afternoon just before Big Brother-to-be Jack left for "somewhere in France."

It was perforce a solemn moment in the life of the family, and it was Sidney who sobbed: "Oh, please don't let's talk about the horrid war any longer. It makes me awful 'fraid."

"Aw, say," boomed Robert, "I just wisht I was big enough to go. I'd kill the Germans, I would."

But Eleanor shook her head. "It's all right," she said, turning to her mother, "for the children to talk that way, but there's really only one thing for us to do. If you'll excuse me, I'll just go up-stairs and do a little praying."

Why Should She Have?

ONE of the girls in a cooking-class was asked if she washed fish before baking them.

"No. What's the use?" was the reply. "They have lived in water all their lives."

His Challenge

THERE was recently hailed into court a small Irishman to whom it was a new experience. But he was unabashed.

"Prisoner at the bar," called out the clerk, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

"Well," returned the Irishman, "oi'm not exactly in trainin', but oi think oi could go a round or two with that fat guy in the corner."



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for

"DO YOU IMAGINE I LIVE THIS WAY MYSELF?"

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The Truth About Alsace-Lorraine

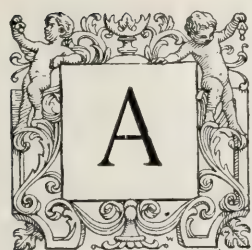
BY ABBÉ FÉLIX KLEIN

Chaplain of the American Ambulance at Neuilly, Paris

Put into English by HELEN DAVENPORT GIBBONS

"All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all."

—From President Wilson's address to the Congress, January 8, 1918.



AMERICA, who a year ago entered the world-war to defend human liberty, shows herself determined to push the struggle to the end. Her intervention will swing the balance on the side of justice, but to-day she is making only her first sacrifice of human lives. England is fighting on land and sea with the power and the will that always mark her actions, and Germany is feeling it on the plains of Flanders, as Turkey is feeling it on the Euphrates and in Palestine; but she required two years to organize armies fit for the gigantic struggle. Italy combats and suffers. In the effort against Austria and Germany she has the sympathy, as she has the co-operation, of the Allies; but it took her two years to see her path and to make up her mind. Russia fought from the first hour. It was she who called the universe to arms by refusing to look on while Serbia was crushed; but she has since deserted the cause of her friends, the cause also of her own interest and of her own honor. Among the great nations there are only two who entered the im-

mense conflict in the first hour with all their armies, all their energies, all their material and moral resources. France and Germany will not come out of the conflict until the last moment, one victorious and the other vanquished, through a victory that will decide their future for long centuries.

There exists between these two chief combatants who until now have led the marshaled forces of the two halves of the world a question which dominates their quarrel, and which, therefore, is vital to the entire world—the future of Alsace-Lorraine.

Our American friends will permit a Frenchman to present to them frankly and simply what he believes to be the clear and decisive aspect of the question. In joining the fight for the deliverance of Alsace-Lorraine, they defend the principle of democratic rights, they insist that the manifest will of a people to decide its own destiny be respected. When I say manifest will, I mean manifest will. The will of Alsace-Lorraine to be French and to remain French has been constantly manifest. The consultation demanded in certain quarters has been made over and over again, under such

conditions that nothing remains to be done but to register it and proceed to enjoy its logical consequences.

A few hold that before conditions of peace are established a plebiscite must voice the preference of Alsace-Lorraine. It would be easy to show that a plebiscite would have no appeal to the Government or to public opinion in Germany. Both have declared that the wishes of Alsatians and Lorrainers matter little, and that it is enough that German public opinion considers the annexed country indispensable to German interest and to German security. We could show just as easily the material impossibility of proceeding to an open and general referendum while the French Army or the German Army was occupying the country; while a part of the voters could fear reprisals at the hands of the conquerors; while the majority of the electors were still under arms and in camps on both sides of the combat; while an enormous proportion of those dispossessed in 1870 were in the foreign lands to which they fled; or while there remained in Alsace-Lorraine a large number of Germans who have no right to speak out on the legitimacy or injustice of an act that occurred before they arrived, no right to express themselves in the name of a country or race that is not theirs and never has been theirs.

Do not believe that if we Frenchmen feel like this it is because we have anything to fear from the verdict of Alsace-Lorraine, or doubt the fidelity of her people. After a half-century of oppression and persecution, after losing by emigration several hundred thousand inhabitants, after witnessing her invasion by as many undesirable foreigners, Alsace-Lorraine has remained French at heart. All who visited her before the Great War have testified to this, and we are so sure of her that after her return to the mother country we shall immediately give her absolutely free elections. That will be no very meritorious act of faith on our part. For Alsace-Lorraine expressed her sentiments many times before the war. Whenever she was obliged to pronounce between France and Germany, she replied without hesitation, "I want to be French."

The real plebiscite? Here it is, and

it is the more convincing because it was produced in the past under the heavy oppression of the tyrant. It must be made known to our friends of America. They must realize its conditions and decisive character. This is not discussion—it is history. We bid our hearts be silent and let facts speak. Listen to what the Deputies of Alsace-Lorraine said to the Parliament of France at the moment of annexation, listen to what they said later to the Parliament of Germany. Examine their attitude through nearly fifty years of foreign domination. On this testimony, friends of liberty, pronounce your judgment!

The armistice signed at Versailles, January 29, 1871, after six months of war (and they found it too long!) stipulated the rapid convocation of an assembly that should decide on peace or war. Under conditions of full liberty the election took place at Paris on February 5th, and in the rest of France on February 8th, even in the departments occupied by the German Army. Among the latter were the departments of Alsace and Lorraine, and already German newspapers were declaring that their cession was the first condition of peace. Alsatians and Lorrainers voted then with full knowledge of the case and on a question clearly posed. Differing among themselves in their opinions on other subjects, the men they elected experienced no difficulty in coming to an agreement on the question of allegiance, and on February 17th, before the preliminaries of peace were signed, this unanimous declaration was read in their name by Deputy Keller before the National Assembly:

We, the undersigned, French citizens, chosen by the departments of the Lower-Rhine, of the Upper-Rhine, of Moselle and of Meurthe, to bring to the National Assembly of France the expression of the unanimous will of the populations of Alsace and of Lorraine, after having met and deliberated, have resolved to expose, in a solemn declaration, their sacred and inviolable rights, in order that the National Assembly, France and Europe, having under their eyes the vows and the resolutions of our constituents, may not consummate nor allow to be consummated any act of a nature to imperil the rights which a firm mandate has confided to us to guard and defend.



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF A VALLEY OF ALSACE

DECLARATION

I. Alsace and Lorraine do not wish to be alienated from France. Associated for more than two centuries with France, in good fortune and in bad, these two provinces, ceaselessly exposed to the blows of the enemy, have constantly sacrificed themselves to national greatness; they have sealed with their blood the indissoluble pact which attaches them to the French unity. Threatened to-day by foreign pretensions, they affirm in the midst of obstacles and dangers, under the very yoke of the invader, their fidelity.

All unanimously, citizens who remained in their homes as well as the soldiers who hastened to take their places under the flag, some by voting, others by fighting, have signified to Germany and to the world the unchangeable will of Alsace and of Lorraine to remain French.

The second point of the declaration urged that France did not have the right to sign the cession of Alsace-Lorraine, and the third, that civilized nations could neither permit it nor ratify it under pain of becoming in their turn victims of the attempts that they had tolerated. With a clairvoyance which

events have justified only too well, the Deputies added:

Modern Europe cannot allow a people to be seized like a flock of sheep; she cannot be deaf to the repeated protests of threatened populations; she owes it to her own conservation to forbid such an abuse of force. She knows, moreover, that the unity of France is to-day, as in the past, a guarantee of general order in the world, a barrier against the spirit of conquest and invasion.

Peace made at the price of a cession of territory would only be a ruinous truce and not a definite peace. It would be for all concerned a cause of intestinal agitation, a legitimate and permanent provocation to war. . . . We take our fellow-citizens of France, and the governments and peoples of the whole world, to witness that we consider in advance as null and void all acts and treaties, votes and plebiscites, that consent to the abandonment to the foreigner of all or a part of our provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

We proclaim by these presents forever inviolable the right of Alsatians and Lorrainers to remain members of the French nation; and we swear as much for ourselves as for our constituents, our children and their descendants, to avenge it eternally and in every manner against all usurpers.

The National Assembly heard this eloquent declaration with a sympathy that was unanimous; but a few days afterward, March 17th, when the time came to decide upon the acceptance or the rejection of the preliminaries of a peace which ceded to the enemy the half of Lorraine and all of Alsace excepting Belfort, five hundred and forty-six Deputies against a hundred and seven consented, with death in their souls, to the sacrifice that had to be. What could the elected representatives of the ceded departments do against necessity? They signed a protest, read in their name, and immediately afterward left the Assembly in poignant silence. The text of this protest has passed into history. More than ever in the present hour we must proclaim it before the conscience of humanity:

Before any peace negotiations, the representatives of Alsace and Lorraine placed before the National Assembly a declaration affirming in the name of these provinces their will and their right to remain French.

In spite of all justice and by an odious

abuse of force, we have a last duty to perform before we are delivered over to foreign domination.

Once again we declare null and void a pact which disposes of us without our consent.

The vindication of our rights rests forever open to us and to every one, in the form and in the measure that our conscience will dictate.

Now as we leave this place where our dignity does not permit us longer to remain, and in spite of the bitterness of our sorrow, the supreme thought that we find in the bottom of our hearts is gratitude to those who for six months have defended us and unchangeable affection to the Motherland from which we are violently torn away.

We shall follow you with our good wishes and we shall wait with complete confidence in the future until regenerated France takes again the course of her great destiny.

Your brothers of Alsace and of Lorraine, separated now from the common family, will preserve for France, far away from their homes, a filial affection until the day when she will come back to take her place there.

The fidelity so solemnly proclaimed was to manifest itself from this day



A DESERTED GERMAN TRENCH IN THE ALSACE SECTOR



ROAD CONSTRUCTION BEHIND THE FRONT

forth, not by words, but by acts that were still more eloquent. Alsace-Lorraine, although encircled by a silence full of dignity, did not neglect any occasion to show her real sentiments. The first vote that took place after the annexation, that of July 30, 1871, had as its object the renewal of the Municipal Councils. This election took place without noise and without enthusiasm, even without profession of faith; but it nominated none the less mayors that were patriots. Those of the four largest cities, Strasbourg, Metz, Colmar, and Mulhouse, were men well known for their love of France. A second election took place June 22, 1873, this time for the Conseils-Généraux and for the Conseils d'Arrondissements. Although they excited no interest and the number of absentees was much greater than the voters, the result was such that when the men elected were asked to pledge their allegiance to the Emperor, the majority refused.

The movement to which has been attached the name *Exode* is more signifi-

cant than these elections. The Treaty of Frankfurt had stipulated for the inhabitants of the annexed territories the liberty to emigrate before October 1, 1872, if they did not want to be Germans. Sad alternative—submission to a citizenship imposed by force, or abandonment of their possessions, their friends, their family, the land of their birth. Many who were not among the least courageous or the least enlightened, in order to conserve intact the culture of the Motherland, the hope of deliverance and of better days, chose to live on the soil that had been violated by the enemy. Thus the Bishop of Metz, Monseigneur Dupont des Loges, enjoined upon his priests to remain at their posts with their sorely tried parishioners. But many others could not resign themselves to daily contact with their conquerors, and, above all, to the idea that their sons would one day be liable to mobilization in the German Army and obliged to fight against France. Driven by this thought, some sixty thousand persons left the country. Metz, which had

48,325 inhabitants before the war—that is, in 1869—had only 35,696 in 1874, and among these one-third were immigrants. In the cities many houses were vacated and remained closed. Some villages lost all their valid men above the age of fifteen years. The last days of September witnessed scenes that recalled the most tragic days of history. The roads were thronged with peasant families moving toward the west, pushing carts and wheelbarrows loaded with their poor possessions.

"Where are you going?" they were asked.

"To France," they replied, without knowing more; and if one expressed alarm at their lack of forethought, they answered, obstinately, "We will not die Prussians."

The movement of emigration continued during the following years. It is estimated that about 35,000 persons left between 1875 and 1880, 60,000 between 1880 and 1885, 37,000 from 1885 till 1890, 34,000 between 1890 and 1895. In twenty-four years two hundred thou-

sand persons—one-eighth of the population—emigrated. Those who had been the speediest to leave were young men liable to military service: of 33,475 listed in 1872, 7,454 presented themselves, of whom only 3,119 were recognized as fit for service. The proportion was not the same during the following years because of the terrible consequences the status of deserter from that time on brought in its wake. In spite of reprisals visited upon families, 10,101 conscripts were missing in 1879. The tribunals condemned 4,125 deserters in 1884, and 2,889 in 1899. Perilous as it was, desertions from the German Army for the French Army never ceased. The Alsatian and Lorrainer members of the Socialist Party in France were able to write, in August, 1917, to Branting and through him to the Dutch-Scandinavian delegation:

The Socialists of Alsace-Lorraine, together with an immense majority of their compatriots, never abandoned the affirmation of right, however the form of protest may have changed in order to adapt it to tyrannical

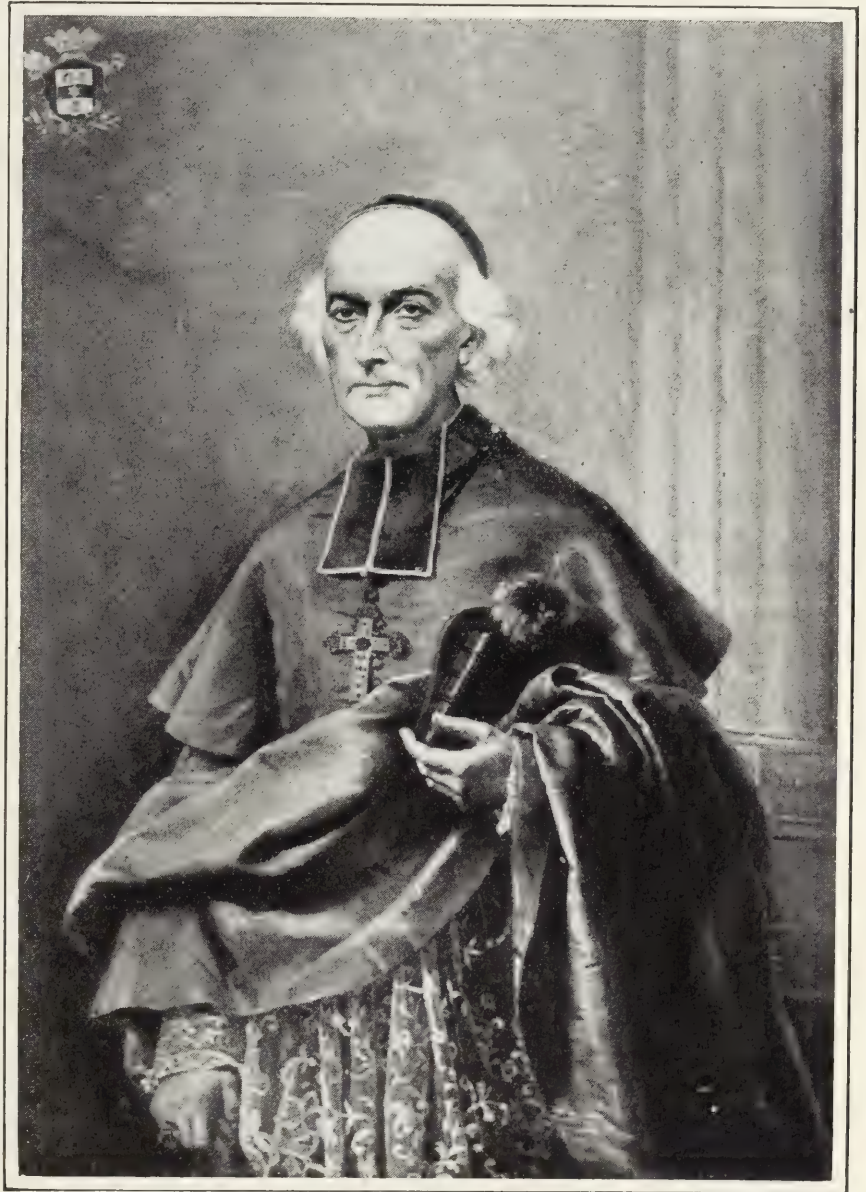


AN ALSATIAN CHURCH DESTROYED BY GERMANS BEFORE THEIR RETREAT

circumstances. Our protest is attested by the presence under the French flag of contingents from Alsace-Lorraine greater than those of any other French province. They reach the effective of several army corps. The glorious refugees of 1914 alone mount up to 16,000.

German intelligence, powerful as it is in regard to material organization, has never been brilliant for comprehension of the sentiments that animate other peoples. Three years after the Treaty of Frankfort the moving spirits at Berlin believed that they could count upon the adhesion, or at least upon the resignation, of the annexed provinces. Had not the movement of emigration taken away the most ardent of the patriots? And as for the rest, could they remain insensible to the money which the German Government had scattered broadcast (with the billions extorted from France), multiplying contributions to the wounded, to the cripples and the orphans, raising the salaries of pastors and school-teachers, paying out in a single year ninety millions of francs as indemnities for the losses incurred in the operations of war? At the same time it is quite true that, by measures which unfortunately were to find imitators on the other side of the Vosges, Berlin had gone counter to the religious sentiments of the Alsatians by closing parochial schools and colleges, by forcing seminarians to perform military service, by expelling religious orders; but this counted little in comparison with the pecuniary advantages we have just mentioned and the evident disadvantages there would be for whoever opposed the conquerors.

On June 12, 1873, Bismarck, who thought the time had come to give the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine an opportunity to show Berlin how they were feeling, presented to the Reichstag a project of a law which was voted on June 18th, according to which the con-



MONSEIGNEUR PAUL DUPONT DES LOGES, BISHOP OF METZ, THE CHIEF OF THE PROTESTING DEPUTIES

stitution of Germany was to extend to the annexed country from January 1, 1874. This, however, did not prevent the dictatorship from being maintained with arbitrary rigor, but it involved this important consequence: Alsace-Lorraine could from that time on send fifteen Deputies to the Reichstag. As February 1st drew near (the date set for the elections) the people slowly came out of the torpor that had held them for three

years. The immigrants and the autonomist party, supported by the functionaries and the newspapers (there existed no such thing as a free press), believed themselves masters of the situation, and they made haste to present candidates everywhere. But soon there appeared among them independent men who were not afraid to expose themselves to reprisals, men who voiced the protest of right against might. Political divisions and confessions disappeared; there were no more conservatives or democrats, Catholics, Protestants, or unbelievers—only patriots. The question was posed without ambiguity, and to prove it I shall cite as example the profession of faith of one of the most notable of the candidates, M. Teutsch, who had signed the Protest of Bordeaux and whom his colleagues were soon to choose as their mouthpiece at the Assembly of Berlin.

The energetic declarations which your deputies made at Bordeaux were powerless to prevent your annexation to the German Empire. By right of force, the freemen who people Alsace-Lorraine have become the price of the ransom of France, and are like a flock of sheep in the hands of merchants. But I am convinced that the declarations with which I was associated at Bordeaux will not be forgotten. The day will come—soon, I hope—when, thanks to the development of liberal ideas and to the progress of civilization, questions of nationality will no longer be decided by the sword. On that day your will, expressed by your deputies of 1871, will have all its weight in the balance of diplomatic negotiations. But, mark my words, in order to attain your object it is essential that the will does not flinch and that it manifest itself upon all occasions. One of the most important of these occasions since the annexation will offer itself to us on the first day of February. Do not let it pass.

The deputies that Alsace-Lorraine is going to elect ought to address themselves without hatred but with firmness to the conscience of the German people. They should recall the safeguarding principles of civilization which the German people violated when they took us away from our family. I know well enough that this appeal will not be heard yet; but it is none the less important for us to place this mile-stone on the path of our redemption. It is only through energy and patience that we shall attain our ends.

The fifteen protesting candidates stood on the same platform. All fifteen were elected by a large majority, eleven for

Alsace and four for Lorraine. I have before my eyes the figures of the votes obtained in Lorraine—67,648 protesting voices out of 72,594 voters. Among the Deputies elected were five Catholic priests and the Bishops of Strasbourg and of Metz. The latter, Monseigneur Dupont des Loges, was until his death in 1886 the principal figure among the protesting Deputies, and his prestige was felt by the conquerors themselves. He was a Lorrainer. In Alsace, Abbés Winterer and Wetterlé were the most active of the Deputies. Abbé Wetterlé was able to escape at the beginning of this war. Together with his colleague Blumenthal he is exerting a moral force of the highest order, which is expressed through both the written and the spoken word.

The election of February 1st was watched with keenest interest not only in Germany and in France, but by all Europe and America. Everywhere its result made a profound impression. It is to-day historically important—for it constitutes a solemn verdict, a condemnation of German usurpation that is without appeal. The fifteen Deputies, conscious of their great mission, hastened to decide upon the best way to fulfil it. After a preliminary meeting at Frankfort at the initiative of the Bishop of Metz, they assembled again in Berlin in the apartments of the Bishop of Strasbourg, drew up a motion to be submitted to the Reichstag, and placed their signatures to it. In order to be prepared in case the president of the Assembly would not allow the discussion of this text, they drafted and signed a second document in a different form, but presenting the same terms.

The author of this article, as the historian of Monseigneur des Loges, has had the privilege of handling this historic document in its final draft—the two propositions, with the authentic signatures of the fifteen Deputies. Before restoring it to the executor of the Bishop of Metz I had it photographed, and I am happy to-day to be able to bring to light one of the “scraps of paper” against which, God be praised, the strength of the great Empire is breaking.

Here is the translation of the first proposition, the one that was presented:

Proposition n° 1.

Plaise au Reichstag décider
que les populations de l'Alsace-Lorraine incorporées, sans leur
consentement, à l'Empire d'Allemagne, par le traité de
Frankfort, seront appelées à se prononcer d'une manière spéciale
sur cette incorporation.

Dr Raess Ev. de Strasbourg Ch Abel
Dumont des Loges Ev. de Metz L. Winterer
Ernest Lauth H. Hartmann ch. de
Haeffely Philipp J. J. Simonis
Germain Dum de Schauenburg Edouard Teutsch
Soehlin Eugene Guerber J. Guerber

Proposition n° 2, déposé pour le cas où la proposition n° 1, ne
serait pas admise par le président

Considérant que par le Reichstag traité de Frankfort, l'Alsace-
Lorraine a été incorporée à l'Empire d'Allemagne, sans que
la population, eût été consultée,

Plaise au Reichstag décider:
qu'il soit statué sur la situation de l'Alsace-Lorraine, soit
par un vote général de la population, soit par une Assemblée
désignée à cet effet par ce vote. Edouard Teutsch

Dr Raess, Ev. de Strasbourg Ch Abel
Dumont des Loges Ev. de Metz Ch Germain
Ernest Lauth J. J. Simonis L. Winterer
Haeffely Philipp Ch. de Schauenburg
Soehlin H. Hartmann J. Guerber
J. Guerber

FINAL PAGE OF THE MOTION ADDRESSED TO THE REICHSTAG,
WITH THE SIGNATURES OF THE FIFTEEN PROTESTING DEPUTIES

We beg the Reichstag to decide:

That the populations of Alsace-Lorraine, incorporated in the German Empire without their consent, through the Treaty of Frankfort, be given an opportunity to say what they think about said incorporation.

Raess, Bishop of Strasbourg; Dupont des Loges, Bishop of Metz; Ernest Lauth; Haeffely; Germain; Soehlin; Abel; Winterer; Simonis; Edouard Teutsch; Guerber.

Here is the translation of the second form:

Considering that by the Treaty of Frank-

fort Alsace-Lorraine has been incorporated in the German Empire without her own consent, we beg that the status of Alsace-Lorraine be fixed either by a general vote or by an assembly appointed for this purpose by this vote.

On February 18th there occurred the dramatic session that was to be expected. As several of the Alsatian Deputies wished to speak upon the common protest, each from his own point of view, the whole fifteen presented a demand that those among them who did not

know German should be permitted to use French. This demand was refused without discussion and the debate began immediately. M. Teutsch, an Alsatian lawyer, got up to speak on the first proposition. His speech, delivered in correct and eloquent German, was received with noisy laughter and interruptions. He kept on, however, to the end and the representatives of Germany were obliged to listen to a frank statement of the real feeling of their new subjects:

The people of Alsace-Lorraine, of whom we are the representatives in the Reichstag, have instructed us to express to you how they feel about the change of nationality that has been imposed upon them by force as a result of your war against France. It is to Germany's interest to listen to what we have to say. . . . Your last war, terminated to the advantage of your nation, gave to the Germans certain rights. But, in constraining conquered France to the sacrifice of a million and a half of her children, Germany has exceeded her rights as a civilized nation. In the name of the Alsatians and Lorrainers, sold by the Treaty of Frankfort, we protest

against the abuse of force of which our country is victim. . . .

To give to the cession of Alsace-Lorraine an appearance of legality, the least that you ought to do would be to submit this cession to the ratification of the people whose nationality you have presumed to change. . . .

We find in the teachings of morality and justice nothing, absolutely nothing, which can excuse our annexation to your empire. Our reason is in accord with our heart. Our heart, in fact, feels itself irresistibly drawn towards our French Motherland. Two centuries of living and thinking in common have created, between the members of the same family, a sacred bond that no argument, much less violence, is able to destroy. . . .

Because Germany did not follow, in 1871, the counsel of moderation, what is she reaping to-day? All the nations of Europe are apprehensive of her encroaching power and multiply their armaments. She herself, to maintain that vain thing which is called warlike prestige, is exhausting her resources in men and in money. And what, gentlemen, is your outlook for the future? Instead of that era of peace and of fraternity of nations that you had the power to inaugurate in 1871, you see the vision, we are sure, with the same dismay as ourselves, of new wars,



A DEVASTED FOREST BEHIND THE TRENCHES IN ALSACE



SCHOOL CHILDREN WAITING TO WELCOME GENERAL PÉTAIN

of ruin and death coming down again upon your homes. . . .

You are strong and powerful to-day, and you are able consequently to listen to our plea without, from your point of view, making any sacrifice of pride. Give us back, we beg of you, the power to dispose freely of ourselves.

Where and when could Alsace-Lorraine express her choice more clearly and with more solemnity than she has done under German domination by unanimous votes and by the declarations of her representatives? I hope that for our readers, as for ourselves, the plebiscite has already been made and its verdict pronounced. Now that we have heard her speak for herself at Berlin before the German Reichstag, as at Bordeaux before the French National Assembly, there remains nothing for us to do but to bow before her will and to work with all our might for it to be realized.

This will, after nearly a half-century of oppression, is the same. It has varied in expression according to circumstances and the necessities of political life; but it has never changed in its basic princi-

ple. It has never contradicted itself. Germany has not succeeded in winning the hearts of Alsatians and Lorrainers either by conciliation or by violence, which is more natural to her. She has never been able in the forty-four long years to wring from Alsace-Lorraine one word of adhesion or any sign of rallying to Deutschland or Deutschum.

After the protest of 1874 Germany revealed her real thoughts when the angry voice of Bismarck declared in the Reichstag séance of November 30th that Alsace-Lorraine was not annexed for the sake of Alsatians and Lorrainers; that Germany was indifferent to their lamentations and their anger, and that the provinces were taken from France solely to further the interests of the Empire. This cynical attitude was followed by an effort of conciliation. Manteufel was a governor full of tact and heart. But the elections of 1881 and 1884 continued to produce an important majority of protesting voices. Manteufel's successor returned to the methods of oppression and was less successful still. In the elections of February 21, 1887,



A VISIT OF GENERAL PÉTAIN TO THE CITY OF THANN

with 314,000 electors on the lists, the protesting candidates received 247,000 votes—82,000 more than in 1884!

Exasperated by this vote, which the official organ, the *Strassburger Post*, qualified as the “plebiscite against the Treaty of Frankfort,” the German Government had recourse to the worst kind of vexations: dissolution of most of the societies, innumerable condemnations and imprisonments, a severe censorship against the press, and finally a system of passports which raised around the annexed country a Chinese wall. It became materially impossible for Alsatians and Lorrainers to manifest as openly as in the past their fidelity to France. They limited themselves then to demanding autonomy and respect for their customs, their civilization. But beneath this calm exterior there persisted an antipathy concerning which even German opinion could not be deceived. “It is a fact,” said the Chancellor von Caprivi in 1890, “that after nineteen years of annexation German influence has made no progress in Alsace.” And confessions like this

were made periodically. In 1913 German officers insulted the citizens of Saverne by calling them *Wackes* (ruffians). In 1914, in the first days of the war, German generals said to their soldiers as they led them into Alsace-Lorraine, “Here we are in an enemy country.”

Everybody knows that for three years and a half Alsace-Lorraine has been treated by Germany as an enemy country. While in the west the portion reconquered by France breathes happiness and liberty like an exile coming home, the part that is still German groans in slavery more than ever and is ceaselessly exposed to confiscations and to prison.

But already at the foot of the Vosges the armies of America have joined the French armies. Deliverance is near, and the first act of the Society of Nations will be to restore Alsace-Lorraine to the land that she loves. Humanity will henceforth know that wrongs are finally righted, and that there exists a universal tribunal to mete out the justice of God in His Heaven.

Marchpane

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD



MILlicent HAY looked about the tiny drawing-room for the twentieth time since dusk had fallen. Nineteen times her glance had been followed by some little active gesture of rearrangement, some poke or pat or shove in the interests of comeliness. This time, however, she sat with folded hands, her eyes reaping where her hands had sown. Even to the handful of flowers on the chimneypiece, the tiny fire in the grate, the new-pressed freshness of the much-mended chintz, it was all as festal as she could make it. The little dining-room beyond was frugally unlit, but she was ready, when the bell tingled, to rush in and light the candles in the frail old sconces. Meanwhile the night roared outside; a raw wind shook sleet out of its damp garments and thrust chill fingers into all the crannies of London. Millicent shivered, for she had removed her sweater and was sitting in shabby state. The old tea-gown she wore had once been charming, with its silver lace and folds of Florentine blue; but it showed its age and weakness. The silk was shiny and thin, and a touch anywhere left a crumple. This, in spite of the fact that it had been folded away for months, to be preserved for the present occasion.

Many things had happened to postpone the imminent event, and it was nearly a year since Millicent had seen Oswald Hamlin. She had been recalled to America, her enforced departure coinciding with his return to England for a long convalescence from a bad head wound. It had been hard to leave England just as he was coming back to it from the jaws of death; hard to be unable to relieve his convalescence; hard indeed to bear so long a separation, above all at this abnormal time when hours were so fraught with doom that a month was like a lifetime. Since Oswald Hamlin "went," she had seen him only once. Letters were miserable

things; the old, delightful, epistolary game was crushed like so much gossamer in the monstrous gin of war. What was there left of the tentative complicated thing that their relation had been? In a world at peace they could have worked it out to a happy ending. Values now were so different. . . . All issues, physical and moral, were so crude and so tremendous. Death came into every equation. Even the buffoon must put on the tragic mask—and no understudy could hope to be let off forever. With all her mind she hated this war, and with all her heart she loved Oswald Hamlin. The year of separation had taught her that; but she had never told him, for she wished to leave him free. How could she tell what a year on the Flanders front had done to him, or whether it had chilled forever the desire that, a year ago, had almost been articulate? His letters,—censored, written by candle-flicker in mouldy, crawling billets, wrung from superhuman fatigue, subject to the war etiquette of gaiety—what were they? Her own were marvels of artificiality—enough to put any man off. You could not address tender indications, witty subterfuge, to a man in the trenches. And now, when she could face him, she was drained of wit. Women all about her were abandoning the traditional sequences of love, "eating their leashes," as Mary Tyrwhitt roughly put it; but that was not for her. She must abandon her independence according to a time-honored program or not at all.

Then she heard the bell. Once more, as she rose, she looked about the room. Well, she had done her best to recreate the old familiar oasis; had scrimped and toiled to this end, that a simulacrum of lost amenities should, for the space of an evening, soothe them both. Her own hands had done it, for old Janet could not do much; she was more a pensioner than a servant. The younger women were all doing munitions—and living far higher than Millicent Hay on the proceeds. . . . And while she waited for

Janet to make her rheumatic way to the door, she caught her breath with sudden fear—forgetting the dining-room candles. She knew he was disfigured—he had called himself a Man with a Puckered Cheek. Suppose she should mind! Suppose some faithless muscle of her face should show that she minded! She was trembling when the door opened on the khaki figure. For, though she scorned leash-eating, yet she knew that the flesh counted.

Lieutenant Hamlin made the most, for a moment, of the shadows. Not until their greeting was over did he move into the full lamplight by the fire. That remnant of diffidence was not strange, for he had loved this woman—would have begged her to marry him but for that shattering interruption of Flanders. He turned his maimed profile to her then, a little stiffly, as if it were a motion out of the drill manual. He showed her his grotesque cheek, unflinching. Millicent Hay gazed at it grimly, noting how the flesh was puckered and quilted, as if ghoulish fingers had done their fancy-work on flesh. Then she smiled, and the relief of finding that her smile felt to herself natural and unforced made her whole face radiant.

It was with a long hand-clasp, by way of gesture, that they met—so long that there was a savor of sacrament in it. The hands clung desperately, like lips meeting. . . . Then they drew apart, and she led him into the dining-room where Janet had lighted the candles.

It was hard on Millicent Hay; for she knew that she faced, across her little table, a very complicated person; yet she had no means of knowing just how the descent into hell had affected that beloved labyrinth of nerves and inhibitions. She was aware only that the sensitive Oswald she had known would not return unscathed from that excursion. She had done her best, in recreating the old atmosphere, reproffering the old stimuli, the old context. She had fed, for weeks, on mean sandwiches and black, abominable, unsweetened tea, for the sake of decent oil for the salad, a dash of caviar for the savory, a hint of mushrooms in the sauce, a bottle of good Burgundy. She had pinned her faith to these things, though even she,

with her philosophy quite clear, had hesitated a little over the sweet white bread.

The talk had begun with the obvious gambit—decorous invitations to campaign gossip on her part, conventional replies on his. He went lightly over the historic episode of his wound. But soon talk ebbed; he had never been keen about concrete detail, and no more than of old could she expect journalism from him. She had time presently to notice that he ate like a man deprived of the sense of taste; that after one polite sip to her health he left his wine untouched. No one is so afraid of not being Martha as the woman who was obviously born Mary, and she felt alarm—and a kind of shame. Wasn't it good enough? Had her technique departed while her philosophy remained? Or wasn't it somehow English enough? Yet in the old days he had had the makings of a gourmet.

Her hands trembled a little as she mixed the salad. It was so long since she had compounded a salad with care that she fell back on the Spanish proverb, repeating it feverishly in her mind, unable to trust her fingers to perform the ritual of themselves. Things were going badly, and she could hardly believe it. She wouldn't believe it. The slowness of his smile was due, doubtless, to his wound. An abominable German shell had made his countenance incapable of expressing gaiety, had put a cynical *arrière-pensée* forever into his smile. She sought his eyes. They surely were the same, unfathomably and most dependably blue, good-will throned therein. But tired, oh, so tired! And pure pity set her hands to trembling again, until, hit or miss, the salad was mercifully achieved.

"Do you hate it as much as ever?" she asked, finally.

"More."

"Have you been sorry you didn't go to an O. T. C.?"

"No. I've seen it through better this way. I have all the right there is to hate it."

"Pacifist?" She fell normally, and with a sense of great comfort, into their old elliptical mode.

"Not until it's over."

Millicent nodded. Every one she

knew felt the same. She had not set eyes on a real militarist since 1914. Even the leash-eaters cursed the conditions that had tempted them to their unnatural meal. Militarism was not fashionable, precisely. But still less was pacifism. All "isms" fell, if not literally, then constructively, under the Defense of the Realm Act.

"How was it in New York?" he counter-queried.

"Every one crazy to get in."

"They'll have to, sooner or later. . . . Was it a rest for you, on the whole?"

"Well, they talked too much."

The blue eyes glinted with sympathy. "That must have been beastly."

Millicent considered. "Yes—and no. One hated to see all that energy wasted; and yet it was a kind of blessed relief to find people free to talk as they chose again. You know how Lady Sayres works us. . . . She resents our having tongues in our heads. She'd like them all tinned for army rations. And yet, after the war, there must be a life of sorts, mustn't there? We mustn't wholly forget how to live—the things that made life worth while."

"But what were the things that made life worth while?" As if unconsciously, he pushed his untouched savory a little farther from him.

Her brows tightened faintly at the gesture, but she made no comment.

"All this." And Millicent Hay smiled with charming deprecation of her festival.

"Yes. I know what you mean. I remember, that is. But are you right?"

He placed one elbow squarely on the table as he put the question. In his slightly shifted position, the candle-light fell obliquely on his puckered cheek. It was with that, the spirit of the scene seemed to say, that she must reckon now—with that and all that it implied.

"You mean that the war is giving us new values? That the old one must be set aside? . . . We'll have coffee here," she ejaculated disconsolately to Janet. It was all upon her; and if she must fight for her vision, this should be the field of contest. She could not spare so much energy as was needed to establish them afresh in the little drawing-room.

"You know how I hate war," he be-

gan; "how I have always loathed militarism in every form."

Oh yes, she knew.

"It was my loathing of it that made me enlist in K. I." He smiled. "You remember?"

"I don't think you ever wholly explained." Though it was an old quarrel between them, her mild murmur held no vibration of ancient disagreement.

"I couldn't join an O. T. C. I didn't like the army or its ways or works. I had seen too many good friends turn into a stupid type. Of course we were up against it, and of course I had to go; but I preferred to go as an enlisted man. I thought perhaps, that way, I'd escape the destiny. If this was a new and loathsome situation, I wanted to meet it in the new way. Perhaps K. I, created for something different, would be different. Any O. T. C. would be run on the old lines, the old theories. . . . The same old Procrustes' bed. . . . I preferred to take a shot on the new thing. I may have been wrong—but so far I don't believe it."

"My only objection—ever—was that, miserably under-officered, they needed every man who by any stretch of the imagination could be considered officer stuff."

"Yes. I know. Well, I wasn't officer stuff." She pointed to his insignia. "Oh, that's all right! I worked up from the ranks. I'm the new kind of lieutenant—not the old kind."

"Are they so different?"

"I take the liberty of thinking so."

"And how?"

He smiled. "I'm afraid I must give myself away, after all. It's I who am different; perhaps the others aren't. But I'm freer in my mind, anyhow, for having been a Tommy and having been pitchforked up to this giddy height. The situation has made me, not tradition."

"Tradition was scrapped, I thought, with everything else, when they licked poor little Etonians into shape for commissions in six weeks."

"In a sense. I mean promotion from the ranks came to me in the midst of unprecedented mud and unforeknowable hell. I can't explain—but—There was no pull or privilege in it. And, while I don't object to pull or privilege for the

right people, I should always have been afraid I wasn't the right person to profit by them. I'm not sure, now; but, anyhow, they made me a lieutenant in the Flanders mud—not at Aldershot. As an officer, I'm the fruit of the war. The war, my dear. . . . The two most horrible words any language holds, for they imply and contain all the others."

"Yes, of course."

"Of course! Look at her!" His voice was ironic, though tender. "You sit here, giving me caviar and Burgundy—and candle-light, and gracious intonations—and peace and firelight. It's as if you offered me a Roman bath, complete, from tepidarium to solium, with thirty skilful slaves to pamper me. It's an anachronism; it's irrelevant; it's unreal; it's—you might say—Martian. I don't mind the escape from life, if you can pull it off; but you can't. Why do you suppose I can't eat your cates and drink your wine? Why, my dear, the mode has changed. My palate calls for the food of my generation. You give me marchpane, as it were. Do you honestly expect any one in the twentieth century to eat marchpane?"

"My dear Oswald, do you imagine I live this way, myself? If I tried to make a little feast for you—" She broke down in her attempt to justify herself. If Oswald did not understand her, he had indeed changed.

"I am not reproaching you, Millicent." The words fell with great softness and suavity.

"Oh, I thought . . . The point is that this—what you call marchpane, what you and I, equally, were bred on—comes into my morality. You know how little I approve of"—"leash-eating," she was going to say, but caught herself back; there was not time to teach him new slang—"of excess, at any time. But I care for beauty and decency and leisure and the pleasures of the mind; and it has always seemed to me important that the pleasures of the flesh should show some sign of being ordered by the spirit. We were both, in the times that were, ascetic hedonists. We hated gross things and we believed in taking pleasures delicately. We believed in good food and good wine and good clothes as we believed in good pictures and good

books. We hated roughness and coarseness, wherever and whoever. We weren't esthetes, God knows; but we cared for what the race had taken the trouble to achieve in the way of amenities. We weren't Puritans, either. And it still seems to me important that the ways of civilized living shouldn't pass from the earth—even to a bit of a savory at the end of a dinner, or a glass of Burgundy meanwhile. Or a cigarette." She smiled and pushed the box over to him. "It's my way of keeping the home fires burning, Oswald. Even as Tommy on leave must find beer and tripes waiting. Ask Lady Sayres if I'm a sybarite by profession! But one isn't going to have to do war-relief work forever. There is the rest of life—for some of you."

She looked him very directly in the eyes. "Do you think I don't see how lots of people take it?" she went on. "That plenty of women think, because he may be killed as soon as he goes back, he should have everything his appetite suggests before he goes? There's enough champagne drunk in London to float a hospital unit in. I loathe that—if only because it can't last any more than the tragedy that sustains it can last. It's immoral because it can't be a permanent basis for life. But my marchpane! You may kill me for it, my dear, but I place it with Magdalen Tower and Westminster Abbey and the things that we must come back to. Things that are waiting, because they are strong and good, because they've been proved. I give you a frugal little dinner—which may be our last; and I've worked myself to the bone to make it not too unlike many dinners I've given you before—just because, if you pull out of it and I pull out, and the world pulls out, that is the kind of dinner best suited to us, because it's by such familiar details of life that we shall reconstruct the life we thought worth while when we had breath and chance to choose. And you call it marchpane—and immoral! No, my dear Oswald"—she shook her head—"I don't see it that way. Every woman does what she can for her fighting men when they come home. I do this—just the quiet old modest thing, the thing that has a right to last. For the rest—I live somewhat less well than my pensioner

yonder. I shouldn't feel decent to be living comfortably while my best friend on earth is in the trenches. But when my best friend comes back to me—no army chaplain in the world will tell me that I must give him bully beef for his dinner or not light a few fagots on my hearth." She flung out her arms, gently emphatic. "Is it my morality against yours, for the first time in our lives, Oswald?"

He had listened carefully to her exposition. "It's not a question of morality," he answered quietly, at last.

"Oh, well, of taste."

"Not taste in that sense. Not taste in the precious sense of form. Taste in the bodily sense, rather. You've meant to appeal to something that isn't there any longer to be appealed to."

She looked at him quietly, making her eyes stony—to counteract, she hoped, the flush that she could not control. Was it merely to pick a quarrel with her that he had come? To tell her, without telling her, that there was another woman? Well, let him. Did it matter, if she lost him, whether it was by defection or by death? Her honest heart told her not. Better, indeed, to lose him to his happiness than to his destruction. Let him go—even to a leash-eater, if he must. Yet the feminine of classic proverbs had for an instant its way with her, and she gazed at the puckered cheek with inward cynicism, affecting to herself to find it a supreme disfigurement.

"May we go into the other room?" he asked.

She withdrew her heavy eyes from his face. "Surely." And she led the way.

Once there, he abetted her apostasy—if that was what he thought it—by placing, unrequested, another bit of wood on the little fire.

"Won't you smoke?" he interpolated.

A bitter little smile crooked her lips. "I've given it up long since. I sha'n't begin again until the war is over."

"Not a question of morality," he repeated, when the fire-mending was done. "It's not moral marchpane I reproach you with. I'm an odd stick, and you mustn't take me as typical. But since I pay myself the compliment of assuming that you're more interested in a friend than in his type, you must let me have my say out—pretty thing!"

She quivered a little at the compliment, but his tone of voice, all gravity and tenderness, forbade her to mind its strangeness.

"A matter of taste." He repeated another phrase. "It's just, Millicent my dear, that I don't like marchpane any more. I don't know why I used that silly word, but we'll keep it for convenience. Our Elizabethan ancestors crowned all feasts with it. I only meant that for all practical purposes my palate has altered as much as if this familiar food you give me were in truth Elizabethan. I sit at your table not as myself, but as an ancestor. And my taste refuses to turn ancestral. I don't like the fare. There's nothing in me that craves it. I've been hurled three hundred years ahead into space and time. I don't know what it may have done to others; I don't think it has affected Tommy much. But I have had an unusual experience. I watch our fellows trying not to throw back—and it isn't easy in Flanders, where you look across No Man's Land at skin-clad beasts. *They* have thrown back so far and so successfully that *we* mostly dig our heels in to stay where we are and shame them. But my heels took wings unto them and went forward into a grim and nasty future. It would have been easier—pleasanter—to go back. . . . I seem to have been born again into a bleak new world. The trenches are real. They are too physical not to be. And that future is very physical, too—but it isn't the old kind. You are trying, God bless you, to poetize food and drink—"

"Not just food and drink, Oswald," she protested.

"No, I suppose not. Put it that I've got a twist in my mind to match the twist in my face." Unconsciously he turned his cheek slightly to the light. "I'm not normal; I'm utterly different. I don't say there are many like me. I don't think there are. It's your—our—beastly luck that I've taken this thing at a tangent of my own."

"Is it perhaps just a question of tension? That you don't dare let yourself down until it's over? That you have found a mood that resists it, and you must keep that mood at all costs?"

Her voice was very soothing and

sweet. The figment of the other woman had passed from her mind, and in travail she was recapturing, for his sake, her old lucidity.

"You're a dear, Millicent. You always were. I think you could understand anything in the world but this."

"I haven't met it before, you see." In spite of her, a note of professional cheerfulness—a hospital tone—crept into her voice. She had met shell shock often, in such intervals as she knew—hours when, to rest yourself from hard work, you took on some harder work. "Most men are glad enough to see Blighty. And when they aren't wounded they seem to rollick. They seize the day. . . . I've wondered if that wasn't what pulled them through. It's a pity you feel the future. Most of them don't think of the future. They've apparently learned not to."

"I don't think of it in that sense," he apologized. "It simply is all around me. I can't go back to what pleased me before. I'm different to what I was." He stated it simply, painfully. "If I call it the future, it's because I seem to see that the future is going to be more like my vision of the world than like yours or theirs."

He lighted another cigarette. "Just take the fact," he said, presently, "that I don't crave, or even like, the familiar food and the familiar *mise en scène*."

"But do you like bully beef and apple jam and a world all—crawly?" she asked, defiantly.

"No, but it seems natural. It's got to be like that, for all civilized men, for a long time. Until the war is over."

"Yes. Granted. And then? For that is my only point."

"I've lost touch with the old habits. And I don't particularly want to go back to them. This isn't a disagreeable interlude, like a stretch of poverty in a man's life, you see. It's the whole blooming show, forever and ever."

"Yet the war must end."

"It must." He ground his teeth. "It must. But when we come back there'll be thousands of us broke to a new thing, with no capacity for harking back to the old. You won't be able to do anything with us. And what we shall do with you, God knows. The war is making a lot of men mystics; it's

made me and, it must be, a lot of others—materialists."

In spite of her trouble, she laughed. "I can't say it seems to have hit you that way, Oswald."

He smiled grudgingly. "No. Not in the old sense. In a new one. I've lost the power to dream, to think. I grapple with nasty facts. I care immensely to get my food, but I only want the food I need. I only want some kind of bed to sleep in, and I don't want to sleep too soft. I want to do my day's work and do it with my whole body. I can't stand non-essentials or intellectual debauches. I don't want ever to read a book or see a picture. I don't want to be amused."

"In that you *are* special. Not a bit like the proletariat. Cinemas and beer have not lost their hold on Whitechapel."

"No. I said I was different. . . . Our beastly luck!" he murmured once more. "I want machinery, more and more of it, and days parceled out intelligently. Machines to do more than they ever have done before, with fewer hours of labor, but every one laboring."

"Oh," she breathed. "Why, cheer up, my dear! It's just Socialism. Lots of people have *that*. Even Lady Sayres has it. That's why she's so hard on us."

He went on, paying no attention to the interruption. "I don't care how they manage it. I simply want life to be made physically possible for every one. That means it won't be physically luxurious for any one. I don't want highfalutin' talk . . . and I'm not especially interested at present in the inevitable politics of it. I don't even mind people's being privileged, so long as they don't waste their time on non-essentials. And I come back to the fact that everything that isn't necessary to health and long life is unnecessary to anything. Eliminate the danger and the sickness and the vermin, and you'd have a possible world right there in the trenches. But Magdalen Tower and Westminster Abbey—they've nothing whatever to do with life."

"You don't resent Rheims?"

"I resent it"—he spoke very slowly—"because of the spirit that prompted it. They smashed it because they thought the French cared. That was beastly."

"And you think that, in a world which rules out beauty and graciousness and

pleasure, you'll manage to have a tolerable ethic?"

"We went to war for ethics. We've been perpetrating indecencies for two years in the interests of decency. It's the last great paradox. But if I thought we were fighting for Magdalen Tower—I'd quit. The only right we have to fight at all—bar the old right of self-defense—is the right of knowing that, on the whole, we're more willing than they are to give everybody a chance at the essentials."

"And you think that the machinists of the future—since, apparently, we're all to run machines—will be gentlemen? You think that this *terre à terre* materialism of yours will make for kindness, for not hurting other people's feelings, for not looting and wantonly murdering and breaking cathedrals stone by stone?"

"I think that the men who come out of the hell of Flanders and France will jolly well see to it that there shall be no needless suffering. We're fed up with suffering."

"And you think you can prevent people from wanting beauty and laughter and dreams—the life of the spirit?"

"I think they will believe, having lived the life of the body for so long, that the body comes first. I think they will see to it that all bodies are made, and kept, adequate. A pretty big order in itself. . . . And I think, for a long time, they will feel that absence of bodily suffering is 'paradise enow.' To insure that, they'll pass minimum-kindness laws, if need be." He smiled his twisted smile. "But they're not going to traffic with beauty and such-like."

"It sounds very German," she ventured, drily. Her own problem she had pushed back into the farthest recesses of her mind. There could be no personal problem with a man like this. Yet she must get to the bottom of it. He was still dear to her, whether madman, or invalid, or merely a soul estranged from her.

"No; because Germany has the old ideas. They don't really want people to be comfortable. They want wealth and pomp and luxury; in their uneducated way, they still want what they call beauty. They don't see. . . . They might be Romans or Medicis. Kindness takes beauty from the world; they'll never stoop to kindness. What you call

beauty means the toil of slaves. It's only by overworking thousands, and underfeeding more than thousands, that enough labor can be spent uselessly on the tyrants' pleasure-garden. I'm not a Socialist, because Socialists think they can eat their cake and have it, too. I know what you call beauty must pass. Lots of people know it in their hearts—but they regret it. I don't. I'm already broke. The non-essentials disgust me."

"And you insist on making your own definition of essential. It hasn't struck you that the human race has never thought mere bodily health in itself enough? What about the chromo-lithographs in the slums, and the draggled feathers in battered hats?"

"They've aped others. Beauty has had a prestige value. When the prestige value has gone—you'll see how quick they'll drop esthetics."

"What about love?" She asked it very coldly. "Love has always brought what you call non-essentials in its train."

"I don't know about love. There'll be healthy creatures meeting each other and mating, no doubt. But all the tiresome fal-lals will have to go. All the decorations and the vanity—the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel and the mantles and the wimples and the crisping-pins."

"And you think"—she mocked him softly, with a return of the old tenderness—"that you will change the human heart so easily?"

"Easily!" he groaned; and he got up and walked to the tightly shuttered window, where he stood with his back to her. "Easily!" he muttered from that distance. And silence fell between them while her imagination and his memory conjured up that world of bitter mud, that nether slime to which men had voluntarily returned in indefinable and untranslatable pain.

"I mean," she murmured, after a moment, "in so short a time, can the heart of man and woman change?"

"Is it so short a time? It seems to me long enough to beget a new type. Millions of years have been compressed. . . . There *must* be other men like me," came his cry of pain. "Men to whom beauty, even a woman's beauty, means nothing any more; men who don't want

any of the things they wanted before; men who know that if needless pain is to pass from the world, there can be no needless pleasure left in it. . . . Men who don't give a damn for anything except immunity from pain. . . . Materialists—not nice ones—men like me," he repeated.

All Millicent Hay's house of life lay tumbled about her feet, destroyed by night in London even as houses of wood and stone were destroyed by Zeppelins. Because that devastation was so vast, she felt the courage not to flee; courage to search among the refuse like a scavenger for any fragment that might be left.

"Just how"—her voice, grown small, pierced the dusk in which he stood uncertain—"just how do you feel about me, Oswald?"

He turned and came slowly back to her, picking his way, stepping carefully, as though he, too, were conscious of surrounding ruins. Then he bowed himself at her feet, taking her hands in his, hiding his eyes upon them. She looked down quietly at his ruined cheek.

"You're the only thing that keeps me there," he whispered. "I pretend I'm defending you from pain. You and others like you—if there are any others like you."

Her ardor, pressed back upon her heart, set that to beating hard; but she stayed silent.

"For I'm tired of killing people to prevent killing in the future. I hate all paradox; it belongs to the old world I can't stomach. All the big historic gestures have been urged by paradox. Paradox must stop, as much as war." His tired muffled voice came so low that she had to bend her head very close to his to hear. "I'm sorry that I don't care as I did. I loved you very much. But now—you're good and sweet . . . and yet caring has gone. I'm just incapable. And yet I longed to marry you, Millicent, as men do long. You were the best the old order had to offer. You've been an angel to me to-night. But I've no more feeling than a rock." His voice died away in a sigh.

Millicent Hay was to know the whole gamut of emotion in one fraught evening of her life. For an instant she felt he had spoken truth in saying that millions of years were nowadays compressed. Life, at all events, was proceeding head-

long for her. She passed through, in measured moments, the throes of revolutions that might have taken months. Two hours before she had known that she loved him ardently; now she knew that he left her cold; and she seemed to have been growing cold for years.

While he remained silent—worn out, perhaps—in his strained position, she looked down at the puckered cheek so close to her. It was hideous. Two hours ago it had not mattered. Now she knew that she could never marry a man with a face like that. The flesh had not known itself in the first moment of encounter. So, ten years after marriage, her nerves might have begun to revolt against the marred visage. And because she was now as cold as he declared himself to be, she saw that his case was sadder than hers. She braced herself to do the utmost—to let him prove his case the worse. She bent her head down again until her hair brushed his; her gentle hands were on his shoulders; his mouth was hidden in the folds of her dress; but she pressed her lips hard down upon the hideous cheek and kissed it—kissed it close and long, as though a snake had bitten him and she were drawing the poison out into herself.

He started. Had she hurt him? She did not know. But he rose with a clean straight spring and presently shook his head. Her gorge had risen at the touch of that inhuman flesh; but, her lips released from it, she was firm. She smiled at him, so infinitely relieved at his headshake that there was no shame in her eyes. She had clung to him like a lover, for the first time in her life, and—she felt as if she had been doing some unprintable, necessary hospital task. It was over; it had done no good; she should never have to do it again. This man was nothing to her; thank God she was nothing to him. But pity was uppermost. War had crushed the Oswald Hamlin she knew. Here was only a straight and martial creature, prime food for cannon—no coward, a good officer, but a man from whom war, with a skill beyond surgery, had removed his familiar soul.

He was evidently leaving, and she rose. Vaguely, as they stood there, she longed for an air raid. There were no tests left that she could apply unaided.

She had done her reluctant utmost in that lingering kiss—trying, against all her instincts, for his very sake, to stir him. She had not succeeded, and she could not but be grateful. She was no leash-eater. But her pity for him was monstrous—a terrific, war-born thing, a portent, too heavy a burden, almost to carry about the world.

“Good-by, Oswald,” she said. “Remember, I’m always here. I won’t give you marchpane another time.”

“You dear,” he murmured as he clasped her hand.

“You’re very fond of me, and I of you. And when you want to tell any one anything, you’d better tell me. For, after what you’ve said, I shall understand. Most people wouldn’t.”

“You think I’m mad,” he said.

“No. Only such a complicated thing as war must have infinitely complicated results. It has, physically, God knows; why not morally? You’re a very curious case. I don’t think you ought to go back. But I take your word for it that you’ve changed fundamentally; and of course there’s an off chance you may be right. I don’t believe it, for a moment. But nothing shocks me, and I feel, somehow, as though you were my oldest friend in this very old world.”

She was very calm. Calmness seemed to be the only expression her pity could find. She tried once more. “I don’t see, myself, why any one should come out of Flanders the same person he went in. It’s the miracle of Nature—who never was a theorist, nor even a Liberal, as I make her out—that so many do. Write to me, won’t you?” She nodded pleasantly at him.

He choked a little. “It’s over for me, Millicent—but, thank Heaven! it isn’t for you. I hope you’ll have a long life under Magdalen Tower. But you won’t!” His voice turned harsh at the last words, and his marred face looked wholly grim and sinister—a war-made thing, like so many, these days.

“We’ll talk it all over again the next time.” She let these words follow him into the public hall.

She knew she was hoping passionately that there would be no next time, though conscious of what it was that would, in such a case, prevent. Indeed, she shud-

dered, as women always must when a man goes “back,” knowing that no man can cheat the statistics forever. So far as her happiness was concerned, it would not matter, but her pity still followed him heavily.

She came back into the little drawing-room, put on her thick sweater, and passed into the dining-room. She had eaten almost nothing, herself; she was faint and hungry. Almost defiantly, she sought the larder and fetched back to the dying fire the untouched savory and a glass of wine. After she had eaten and drunk, she lighted a cigarette. It was many months since she had smoked, and the first inhalations brought giddiness and a light intoxication. The close horizons broadened and shifted. . . . She came back into a long-lost world where phrases float like motes in the sun, and one can savor even one’s own sorrow. Her pity for Oswald Hamlin became a more tolerable thing. She had wrestled with the enemy for his soul, and in vain. She ached all over from the conflict, but she cherished her soreness, for it proved that she had fought—yes, even to that last terrible kiss. She knew how to scorn words as well as Oswald Hamlin; and their controversy had not stopped with words.

Yet she came back to words in the end, inevitably. Slowly they shaped themselves in her mind, forgotten for years:

All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast

Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the past:

Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between the remote sea-gates,

Waste water washes, and tall ships founder,

and deep death waits.

They were marvellously comfortable to her.

And now she must go to bed. Lady Sayres penalized them with her heavy displeasure if they were late or weary. She was very cold, too, now that the fire had burned out; but as she turned out the lights she was grateful for coldness as she had never been for warmth—most grateful of all that the blood ran so slow in her veins, that nowhere in her brain or flesh, from head to foot, was the tiniest rebellious flicker.

Impressions of the Kaiser

I.—THE SOURCES OF THE KAISER'S POWER

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

Former American Ambassador to Germany



THE true lessons of a tragedy are not to be found in the supreme moment when the drama has reached the climax of passion, but in the errors of judgment or defiance of moral law that have made it a tragedy.

In attempting at this time an analysis of the sources of the Kaiser's power and the methods employed for its further development, my purpose is to throw a new light, if possible, upon the present European situation by lifting a curtain, not upon the scene as it is set upon the stage of contemporary action, but upon the evolution of the chief character of the drama in the course of his preparation for the rôle which he has cast for himself.

This process of development is possibly more vivid to my mind, and certainly more impressive in my judgment, from the fact that it was my lot to be in Germany in the two most critical periods of the political evolution of the Empire. As a result, there is an inevitable concentration of thought, not merely upon the contrast between the two periods—which may be roughly designated as 1888-90 and 1908-14—but upon the causes that have connected them and that explain the transition from the earlier to the later period.

In these two periods my points of view were different, and each had its peculiar advantage. In the first period I saw William II as his own people saw him, and intimacy with them disclosed the estimate they placed upon him. In the second period my personal contacts with the Kaiser himself during more than three years were more intimate and more varied than usually fall to the lot of a

foreign ambassador at the Court of Berlin.

At the time of the accession of William II as King of Prussia and German Emperor, on June 15, 1888, after the brief reign of Frederick III, the German Empire had already taken on its definite form and was regarded as a firmly established great power, which might or might not become a menace to the rest of Europe according to the policies by which its future might be determined. The unity of the German states was secure, the power of Prussia was everywhere felt among them, and the work of Bismarck was complete.

That the Empire was an achievement of superior military force on the part of Prussia, and in no sense a creation of the German people, was universally understood. No one familiar with the history of Prussia doubted that its influence would continue to be dominant in the Empire. The Prussian philosophy of the state had completely triumphed; and to that philosophy, based on monarchical absolutism, the idea of parliamentary control was known to be repugnant. The King of Prussia was by heredity the German Emperor, and no King of Prussia had ever forgotten the traditions of the House of Hohenzollern, which had advanced from a Suabian lordship to the eminence of empire by centuries of conquest, annexation, and unscrupulous diplomacy, seeking alliances wherever additional power or prestige could be obtained, and renouncing them whenever they became a burden or ceased to offer an advantage.

Every intelligent German understood this; but now that the strength and policies of Prussia were at the service of the Empire, the state that had long been the common menace and often the hated

enemy had become the protector and potential organizer of all, and the primitive tribalism that had always characterized the Germans, that had attached them to their local princes, that had in its time effectively nullified the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation, that had embroiled them in internecine wars, and for centuries had made German territory a prey to foreign conquest and hopeless division, was now merged in a larger tribalism. Germany had at last become self-conscious as a nation, and the mutual hostility that had doomed the German tribes to separatism was now transformed into a general hostility to all that is not German. No longer a mere geographical expression, as for centuries it had been, Germany had become through blood and iron the victor over a common foe. Thenceforth, as throughout German history the stronger tribe had dominated over the weaker, so now Prussia, which had evoked the soul of *Deutschtum*, had imposed upon it a superior will, and there arose from a united people the cry, "*Deutschland über Alles!*"

The economic advantages of the Empire had become evident and immense. A great realm for ages divided by a tangle of limited frontiers was now made one. Exchanges had been promoted by the Zollverein, which had afforded a foretaste of the advantages of unity; but now the walls of separation were entirely swept away. Central authority was clearing the ground of local impediments to general industrial and commercial prosperity. But, above all, the provincial spirit of earlier times was vanishing, a universal emancipation of hitherto restricted energies was occurring. Germany, unified, victorious, prosperous, and aspiring, felt a sense of mighty strength and a keen impulse toward wider expansion. Poverty was giving way to wealth, frugality to luxury, and humility to pride.

Before the Germany of 1888 two paths were open. Had Frederick III, surnamed the "Noble," continued to reign a decade, instead of only ninety-nine days, the tendency in government would have been toward liberalism. More and more the Imperial Constitution would have been interpreted in a liberal spirit.

Ministers would have been chosen with reference to the will of the people as expressed in the Reichstag. The Emperor would have reigned, but his Ministers would have governed. The highest ideals of self-government might not have been swiftly realized, and certainly not immediately; for, as all German statesmen and writers have agreed, the Germans have not been bred to self-government. They have always relied upon their princes as more or less paternal rulers, and they would think it presumptuous to dictate to their recognized superiors. But actual government always consists more in a spirit than in a form. Autocracy and democracy are theoretically antithetical; but practically a ruler nominally absolute may listen to the voice of his people, while the head of a democracy may exercise the will and display the qualities of a Cæsar.

For Germany strong central control seemed to be essential, and the character of the Prussian monarchy opened a path toward absolutism in the future development of the Empire. There was, it must not be forgotten, an Imperial Constitution. The whole future of Germany depended upon the interpretation of it. Without changing an article, it could be administered liberally or autocratically; for in all constitutional governments it is the historic spirit that prevails.

The point of conspicuous interest here is the interpretation of the Imperial Constitution that was actually made and accepted, and to this must be added the tendency to confirm or to reject it that has been developed during the present war.

Whoever will take in hand the Constitution of the German Empire and read it merely as a document will be surprised, if not already familiar with its contents, at the façade of liberalism that presents itself.

First of all, it is a written constitution; which implies that it is, in effect, a definition and restriction of sovereign power so far as the prerogatives of government are concerned. It begins with a list of independent sovereigns—kings and grand dukes—the King of Prussia heading the list and acting in the name of the North German Confederation, who "conclude an eternal alliance for

the protection of the territory of the Confederation and the rights of the same, as well as for the promotion of the welfare of the German people." It neither renounces nor abrogates the sovereign rights of the monarchs who form this new alliance. It confers a "common citizenship" upon all Germans and enumerates their rights. "Against foreign countries all Germans shall have an equal claim upon the protection of the Empire." The legislative power of the Empire is conferred upon the Bundesrat and the Reichstag, a majority of the votes of both bodies being necessary and sufficient for the passage of a law. The King of Prussia has merely the "presidency" of the Confederation, with the title of "German Emperor."

Nothing in all this sounds in the least autocratic. On the contrary, all seems very liberal. The German Emperor is not a monarch, except in Prussia. All the other confederated sovereigns are equally monarchs in their own realms. He is only a "president," *primus inter pares*. Whence, then, his autocratic power?

Ninety-nine one hundredths of the Imperial Constitution could be transcribed into the constitution of the most democratic federal state without serious criticism. The absolute authority which the Imperial Constitution undoubtedly confers upon the King of Prussia is ingeniously concealed under the most plausible camouflage.

It is impossible here to enter upon a detailed exposition of this device, in which Bismarck believed he had triumphed over parliamentarism, which he bitterly opposed, and had rendered himself as Imperial Chancellor omnipotent in the Empire under a "president" whom he intended to be merely titular. The whole structure of government in the Empire pivots on the action of the Imperial Chancellor, as provided in Articles 15 to 17. The Chancellor is appointed by the Emperor, requires no confirmation, and cannot be removed except by the Emperor. The Imperial Chancellor alone can by his signature give validity to the decrees and ordinances of the Emperor, and "thereby assumes responsibility for them"; but

only to the Emperor, who has the right of forcible execution in all the states.

It did not require very long for the alert intelligence of William II to perceive who, under this organic law, possessed all the power in the Empire. Armed with the prerogative of personally appointing and recalling every one of real importance under the Imperial Constitution, and with the authority to execute by force his own decrees and ordinances, "this young man," as Bismarck rather contemptuously called him, at the age of twenty-nine, ascended what he understood to be, in effect, the imperial throne, regardless of the pretense that it was only the seat of a "presidency." As soon as the death of Frederick the Noble was announced, he promptly took possession of his entire heritage, in the full consciousness that as King in Prussia he could extend the prerogatives of kingship over the entire Empire.

As a youth he had aroused the deep concern of his father. On the twelfth anniversary of his son's birth, Frederick III wrote in his diary:

It is an occasion for fear when one thinks of the hopes that rest from this time forward upon the head of that child, and what a great responsibility is incumbent upon us toward our country for the direction of his education, since considerations of family and rank, the life of the Court of Berlin, and so many other things render his education difficult.

The condition of Germany in the years that followed in no way diminished the reasons for this solicitude. The return to Berlin of victorious armies, the coronation of his grandfather, William I, the universal exhilaration of newly unified Germany, the glory and the praise of Prussia, had all acted upon his sensitive nature like the excitement of a play, and yet it was palpable reality. All the prose of life seemed dull to him. As a young soldier he passed rapidly through the different grades up to that of general; but it was never forgotten by his comrades when at school in Bonn, or in the army, that he was some day to be the head of that glorious Germany that had more than realized the dreams of the medieval time, when mailed knights led their armies over the Alps to be crowned

at Rome; and, most of all, the young prince himself never forgot it. All the realities with which he came in contact were veiled in the glamour of a time when it seemed that everything was possible, and that a new and marvelous era had just begun.

Of all those youthful impressions that had touched the imagination of the young Kaiser the deepest was that of the victorious army which in his boyhood had returned from France. Of the three rescripts with which he began his reign, the first, on the day of his accession to the throne, was addressed to the soldiers. "The absolute and indestructible fidelity of the army," runs this first utterance of the young Emperor, "is the heritage transmitted from father to son from generation to generation. . . . We are inseparably united. . . . We are made for each other, I and the army, and we shall remain closely attached whether God gives us peace or storm."

This has been the keynote of the Emperor's entire reign. The army, that was his first thought, for it was that which had created his imperial heritage, it was that which could enable him to read into the Imperial Constitution the full meaning of the Hohenzollern traditions, and make the whole realm what his ancestors had made Prussia, a patrimonial estate to be transmitted by him to future generations of his House.

To William II the army was a dynastic possession. Was it the "nation in arms," as Germans love to speak of it, that was in his mind? Perhaps, but not the nation controlled by the people's will. The oath of its allegiance is not taken to the Constitution, but personally to the Emperor. The Prussian Constitution openly proclaims this, and explicitly declares, "A swearing-in upon the Constitution of the country does not take place." As King of Prussia and as Emperor the Kaiser is the head and chief of the Prussian and the Imperial army, to whom alone and without question they owe obedience. He has, therefore, the legal right to say, as he has said, "The more people shelter themselves behind catchwords and party considerations the more firmly and securely do I count upon my army, and the more confidently do I hope that my army, either

without or within my realms, will wait upon my wishes and my behests." Not only this, but he felt it necessary to say to the new recruits: "You have sworn loyalty to me; that means that you are now my soldiers, you have given yourselves up to me body and soul; there is for you but one enemy, and that is my enemy. In view of the present agitations it may come to pass that I shall command you to shoot your own relatives, brothers, yes, parents—which God forbid—but even then you must follow my command without a murmur." And, in saying this, he knew that he was appealing to an instinct of personal fealty nowhere in the world so strong as that bred into the nature of Germans through the many centuries of obedience when existence depended upon the feudal consecration of a vassal to his lord, who alone could afford protection to his life.

Such an army cannot inquire into the causes, the laws, or the moralities of war. Mute and obedient, it marches where it is ordered to march, stands where it is ordered to stand, and falls, when it must fall, in the faith that God will reward its fidelity with eternal blessedness.

The second thought of the new Emperor on the day of his accession was of the neglected little navy. Already his fancy had taken wings beyond the frontiers of the Empire, and led him to dream of its extension beyond the sea. No German Emperor had ever thought it worth while to address a rescript to the navy, but it was William's second act. "Whoever knows the navy," he wrote, "is aware that every man is ready to sacrifice his life for the German flag. . . . In grave moments we shall certainly be united, and in fair or cloudy days we shall always be ready to shed our blood to safeguard the honor of the German flag and the glory of our German Fatherland."

Having thus identified the army and the navy with himself as the two most powerful instruments of his purposes, it was not until the fourth day that he issued a rescript to the people.

The eagerness with which the new Emperor had addressed himself to the army and navy before issuing a general proclamation to the nation as a whole, joined with his reputation for impulsive-

ness, his inexperience, and his independence of character, awakened in serious minds much apprehension.

In his proclamation of June 18, 1888, to the people, William II apparently endeavored in some degree to mollify this feeling of popular distrust. His filial references to his father, whose noble qualities had won for him the love and trust of the people, aided, perhaps, to dissipate the rumor that they had not been in close accord. "Looking to the King of all kings," he said, "I have vowed to God, following the example of my father, to be a righteous and gentle prince, to foster piety and the fear of God, to maintain peace, to be a help to the poor and oppressed, and to be a righteous man, a true protector."

Notwithstanding this effusion of lofty sentiments, and the formal declaration of public policies, on June 25th, before the Reichstag—in which the hand of Bismarck is plainly visible—there remained for some time in the minds of thoughtful Germans a deep solicitude for the future of the Empire, and a fear, often freely expressed in private conversation, that the impetuosity of the young Emperor might involve the country in serious complications, especially in relation to foreign powers.

Conscious of this, and determined not to be influenced by it, William II took his own counsel, but not without resentment toward his critics. Years afterward he said, referring to this period of doubt: "I assumed the crown with a heavy heart; my capacity was everywhere doubted, and everywhere I was wrongly judged. Only one had confidence in me, only one believed in me, and that was the army; and, with its support, and trusting in our old God, I undertook my responsible office, knowing full well that the army is the mainstay of my country and the chief pillar of the Prussian throne, to which God in His wisdom has summoned me."

This passage reveals not only Kaiser William's original and persistent basis of self-confidence, but the ground of the public anxiety regarding his want of discretion. In a sense, all Germany was military, and relied upon the army for its protection; but many a shoulder was significantly shrugged at the thought of

what this imaginative, spontaneous, and as yet undisciplined potentate might rashly undertake to say or do that would involve danger to his country.

With violently militaristic inclinations the Emperor combined a disposition to introduce the practice of personal government and personal diplomacy. The first public acts of the new reign were hardly over before William II, to the dread of the conservatively minded, started out upon a round of personal visits to the neighboring courts. On July 14th he reviewed the fleet at Kiel in the uniform of a Prussian admiral, which no King of Prussia had ever worn. The next fortnight was consumed in calls upon his Baltic neighbors. Cruising from port to port on the *Hohenzollern*, he spent five days at Cronstadt with the Czar of Russia, and followed this with personal visits to the King of Sweden and the King of Denmark. A little later Stuttgart, Munich, Vienna, and Rome were visited; and the year ended with the laying of the first stone of the free port of Hamburg and an inspection of the shipyards of the Vulkan Gesellschaft at Stettin. Already the thought was plainly in the Kaiser's active mind which he afterward expressed in the sentence, "Germany's future lies on the water."

Germany was not at that time quite ready for so great a widening of its horizon, but William II evidently intended to make it so. The staid conservatism of Bismarck, tempered with the moderate liberalism of *Unser Fritz*, as the Germans affectionately called Frederick III, would have been far more acceptable to those who had played a great rôle in the founding of the Empire; but, so far as sounding the depths of the German soul is concerned, William II was a better psychologist than either of them. The people might distrust the Kaiser's personal diplomacy, but they were inspired by his imagination. He was bent on creating a new age; and Germany, especially Young Germany, was ready to welcome it.

What the new Kaiser most completely represented was that vague entity known as *Deutschtum*. From myth and saga and song, from the clash and rattle of arms and the blare of trumpets,

he knew how to evoke it. What Richard Wagner caught and put into music that William II caught and put into government. All that lingered about the Rhine was laid on German lips to sing again. All that was heroic in chivalrous adventure was once more recalled, and it was all made to seem German—*only* German.

Running through all this was the legend of the *Kaiseridee*—the religious sanctity of God's anointed shepherd of the people. Barbarossa had at last awakened from his long sleep and come forth from the mountain fastnesses which had hidden and guarded his tomb until the day of his deliverance, and his spirit had become reincarnated in the new Emperor.

It is difficult for strangers to realize the forces wrapped up in the revival of a national culture restored from the mold of ages. As a German writer has phrased it:

It was as if the golden lute of Walther von der Vogelweide sang again softly through the ruined castles; as if unseen hands touched the bells in the weatherbeaten cathedral, and a glint of the morning rose over consecrated cities. There was a rushing in the deep, as if the treasure of the Nibelungen moved in the green house of the water; there was a thrill in the air, as if Siegfried's horn sounded in the distance.

If the dim remembrance of an old, almost dead, national culture worked such wonders, how much more would a new, living culture be the sanctuary around which in the future the Germans should gather from near and far? German power and German beauty—these should be the goals of the new Germany! As the fathers had made the Rhine a German river, so the sons should make the ocean a German lake! "*Noch lebt der alte Gott in unserem Blut!*"

Frankly, this is a revival of primitive paganism. "The old German God" is not the sorrow-burdened Saviour of the world. He is a god of battles, made potent through the swing and blows of his hammer. He is not the All-Holy, or even the Creator of the universe, the All-Father. He is a purely tribal divinity, the apotheosis of tribal power and tribal hate, whose plans and protection are for Germans only. How otherwise can he

with any sense always be referred to as "the old *German* God"? Only thus can he be spoken of as "our unconditional and avowed ally." "Unconditional," because whatever Germans do is right; and "avowed" because success in arms is the sufficient evidence of his alliance.

What made William II the master of German destinies was the fact that he, more than any other, was the embodiment of these tribal rhapsodies.

And, in spite of all opposition, he became the master. His idealism, his impetuosity, his self-confidence, to Bismarck appeared positively dangerous. To many the venerable Chancellor, the virtual creator of the Empire, seemed the essential counterpoise and balance-wheel to the young Emperor's spontaneity; and this was the opinion of Prince Bismarck himself, who intended to keep "this young man" within proper bounds.

It is unnecessary here to repeat the story, so often told, of the "dropping of the pilot." Bismarck himself believed it to be impossible. When they appeared upon the streets of Berlin, where I often saw them pass in open carriages, the Chancellor received as many signs of deference and devotion as the Emperor. In truth, to all observers, in 1888-89, Bismarck seemed to be the corner-stone of the whole imperial structure. The best asset of the young Emperor was the fact that this seasoned statesman was by his side as friend and counselor.

In the Emperor's eyes the country squire, whom his grandfather had made a prince, was, notwithstanding his ability and his services, merely the creature and the temporary instrument of the Hohenzollern dynasty, for that alone possessed true authority, which God had directly bestowed upon it. The difference, he thought, must be understood.

Personally, William, as Crown Prince, had learned much from the astute statesman, and Bismarck's great services to the House of Hohenzollern were distinctly recognized by him; but from the moment of his accession the Emperor felt that he was overshadowed in the world's esteem and made distinctly secondary—he who should be first.

For the break, which in the Emperor's mind was inevitable, there were many reasons. Not only was the Prince too conscious of his importance, but he was scheming to cast the mantle of succession to the chancellorship upon the shoulders of his unprincipled son, Count Herbert, for whom he had an inordinate affection. The Prince had aimed to stamp out Socialism; but William intended, to the Chancellor's disgust, to destroy it as a party by winning it as a beneficiary. Bismarck, after forming the Triple Alliance with Austria and Italy, believed he had a reinsurance for peace in a close friendship with Russia; but William, who had seen with indignation the grim fortifications at Brest-Litovsk—a name recently made famous in an attempt at peace negotiations—had conceived a profound distrust of the Czar's purposes, and was disposed to cultivate the good-will of France and hold firmly to the Austrian alliance.

It was a risk of some magnitude for the young Kaiser to base the Chancellor's overthrow on a question of foreign policy, in which he was regarded by all Germans as a past-master. It was, therefore, on an issue of personal primacy that the rupture was staged.

On March 15, 1890, having reprimanded the Chancellor on the day before, through a court officer, for having held conversation with Windthorst, chief of the Catholic party, without the previous assent of the Emperor, and having received the Chancellor's reply that he would allow no one to say whom he should receive in his house, William II drove to the palace of the Prince and demanded to see him in person.

Although it was ten o'clock in the morning, the Chancellor was still in bed and had to rise and dress. A stormy interview followed, in which William II asked Bismarck what he meant by negotiations with Windthorst without previously consulting him. The Prince replied that there were no negotiations, only a private conversation; whereupon he was instructed that in the future he must keep the Emperor informed when he conferred with parliamentary leaders.

Deeply resentful, the Prince replied that he could not permit interference with his relations with any one, affirmed

that it was only in compliance with a promise to William I that he had consented to remain in the service of his grandson, and that he was ready to retire.

Contrary to the Chancellor's expectation, the Emperor cried out, "I accept your resignation," and left the room in a rage, without being accompanied by the Chancellor, as the etiquette of the court required.

For days Bismarck struggled with his pride, his ambition, and his indignation, holding back the resignation on the ground that so important a step required careful preparation. In the end it was peremptorily sent for and delivered. Unwilling to admit that he was forced out of office, the Prince aimed a parting arrow in his words to Moritz Busch, that he "did not wish to take upon his shoulders at the close of his career the stupidities and mistakes of a presumptuous and inexperienced mind." To Holstein, who had worked with him in the Foreign Office, he said: "It is all over, and destiny wants me to look upon the destruction of my own work. . . . Can you understand what it is to feel that one has become nothing after having been everything?"

It was the Kaiser's victory. Men called him light-minded, but he had appropriated the last ounce of personal power, and that is what he desired. The appointment of Caprivi, a general without experience in foreign, or even civil, affairs, as Chancellor seemed the acme of rashness. Yet no one was disposed to challenge "this young man."

At one moment, after the indignities heaped upon the fallen Chancellor when the Kaiser intervened to prevent his promised audience by Franz Joseph at Vienna, and other honors he was expecting on the occasion of his visit to Austria to attend Count Herbert's wedding to an Austrian lady, Bismarck was disposed to react openly against his royal and imperial master. Holstein had gone to him to negotiate a peace with the Kaiser, and as a last argument had said, what if his sovereign should in his anger have him imprisoned. "I wish he would," answered the old Prince; "that would be the end of the Hohenzollern dynasty."

But this was only an ebullition of the Prince's long pent-up wrath. Bismarck himself had closed the door to revolution. In framing the Imperial Constitution he had introduced a "joker" for himself, but the card was in the Emperor's hand. He had made the Emperor absolute, irresponsible, with no tribunal before which he could be summoned, and no legal power in the hands of government or people by which his personal will could be controlled. He who had dealt a death blow to parliamentary government could not appeal to the Reichstag, which he had emasculated. At a word from the Emperor it would be dissolved. If it resisted, the army was there to execute the law. In the Bundesrat the case was equally hopeless. Nothing but a general revolution could shake the power of the Kaiser. The ease with which the Chancellor had been overthrown by a single message, delivered through a court officer, was a conclusive demonstration of his utter impotence, except as he spoke by the Emperor's authority.

There was, moreover, something else besides the Constitution and the army; there was the German tribal religion, of which the Kaiser was the High Priest. "My grandfather," the Emperor said to his faithful Brandenburgers a few days before Bismarck's fall — "my grandfather considered that the office of king was a task that God had assigned to him, to which up to the last moment he consecrated all his forces. That which he thought I also think, and I see in the people and the country that have been transmitted to me a trust that is confided to me by God, which it is my duty to increase. . . . Those who wish to aid me in that task, whoever they are, I welcome with all my heart; those who oppose me in this work I shall crush."

The overthrow of Bismarck was a convincing object-lesson. Fortified by the law, the army, and the religious sentiment of the people, the Kaiser was supreme.

But William II was too intelligent to permit himself to be considered ungrateful for the immense services rendered to the House of Hohenzollern by the recognized creator of the German Empire. In every way he tried to make it appear

that the dismissal of the Chancellor was to him a painful act of duty. Two days after the Prince was relieved of his office the Kaiser telegraphed to Count Gorz Schlitz at Weimar: "I suffer as if I had for a second time just lost my grandfather. But God has so willed it. I must support it." And then, as if to justify his action as a high political necessity, he adds: "I have the position of officer of the watch on the bridge of the Ship of State. The course remains the same; and now, full steam ahead!"

But neither in spirit nor in fact did the course remain the same. Between William II and Prince Bismarck, who was by no means pacified by being created Duke of Lauenburg at the time of his retirement, there were differences of view so wide as to be utterly incompatible, and this was recognized by both. The result was that the influences emanating from Bismarck's estate at Friedrichsruhe had to be officially repressed. On May 23d a general order was issued by the new Chancellor, Caprivi, to all the diplomatic representatives of Germany to inform the governments to which they were accredited "that His Majesty distinguishes between the Bismarck of other days and the Bismarck of the present," and that "no importance should be attached to what the press may say regarding the views of Bismarck."

A later Chancellor, Prince von Hohenlohe, who heard from the Kaiser's own lips, as the Prince reports in his memoirs, the story of the estrangement, quotes William II as saying to him—and for this revelation the Kaiser never forgave him—that for the three weeks before his dismissal of Bismarck he had had "a devil of a time" with him, the question being "whether the dynasty Bismarck or the dynasty Hohenzollern should reign."

In the public speeches immediately following Prince Bismarck's retirement the Kaiser took pains to make it understood, both at home and abroad, that in foreign relations it was the head of the state alone who should be reckoned with. At a banquet in the royal palace at Christiania, for example, he said: "I consider it necessary for a sovereign that he should personally inform himself about everything; that he should form

his opinion for himself; that he should become acquainted with his neighbors, in order to establish and maintain good relations with them: such is the object of my foreign journeys." In the next six months he made six visits to foreign courts.

It was this personal diplomacy, this attempt to base international relations upon personal sentiments and compliments and toasts after dinner, that had seriously disturbed the mind of Bismarck; and, as we shall have occasion to see in following the consequences of this policy, in opposition to a policy of foreign affairs based on legal principles and a reasoned understanding of mutual interests, it is this attitude that has kept the German Empire in a ferment and all Europe in a state of periodical crises ever since the reign of William II began. "It is very natural," said Bismarck, after his resentment had cooled down, "that a mentor like myself does not please him, and that he rejects my advice. An old cart-horse and a young courser go ill in harness together. Only political problems are not so easy as a chemical combination: they deal with human beings."

In the opinion of William II, the only human beings to be considered in international politics were the sovereigns; but Bismarck understood that diplomacy has also to do with the interests of nations. The Prince had warned him not to trust to merely personal relations and impressions, but the Kaiser had pursued his own course. His early visit to Alexander III, a man of experience and calculation, immediately after his accession as German Emperor, had left him with a deep prejudice against Russia. The Czar had not taken his youthful enthusiasms very seriously, and the Kaiser had not failed to resent this. When, therefore, Bismarck insisted that care must be given to the friendship with Russia, William II was disposed to think lightly of it.

What Bismarck had feared was a possible alliance between France and Russia, both of which were left isolated by the situation that had been created on the Continent by the formation of the Triple Alliance, begun by the defensive agreement of Germany and Austria in

1879, and completed by similar agreements between Austria and Italy and Germany and Italy in 1882. But the friendship of Prussia with Russia was a far older one, and in Bismarck's mind it was still of great importance to Germany. He had been anxious to retain it, and had taken measures to do so. In fact, had he not feared making Germany altogether dependent upon Russia, and liable in this relation to be held in check by her in any future attack upon France, he might even have preferred an alliance with Russia rather than with Austria; for, as he once said, "In point of material force I held a union with Russia to have the advantage." It was, in fact, the policy which Emperor William I would have preferred.

Bismarck's *alter ego*, Herr Holstein, the cunning spider at the center of the web in Wilhelmstrasse, has left on record a sentence that reveals the mainspring of Bismarck's diplomacy with a sudden glare of light: "With Russia as an ally we might crush Austria, but we could never destroy France, and it is France that must be destroyed before the German Empire can develop itself, as it is essential it should do in the future." A friendship with Russia strong enough to secure her neutrality in the future as in the past, but not the obligations of an alliance—unless it became necessary to peace—that, in Holstein's mind, was the policy of Bismarck. "You see," he went on, in a confidential interview, "the next war is bound to be for us a question of existence. If we fight it successfully, then we shall be able to proceed to a general disarmament of Europe, together with a restriction of our own military forces. Therefore, we ought to watch carefully for the moment when this war can be brought about with the minimum of risk to ourselves and the maximum to our foes. When we consider this moment to have arrived we must begin it, whether we like it or not; and what neither Bismarck nor myself was sure of was, whether Russia would allow us to seize it, whereas with Austria no such complication could be feared. . . . With Austria beside us—who knows—perhaps one or two Balkan states, we can crush both France and Russia and neutralize England."

Equally with Bismarck, William II understood the importance of another war in Germany's program of development; but, whereas the old Chancellor found the real enemy in France, the Kaiser found him in Russia. The difference was based upon different conceptions of empire. Bismarck contemplated a Germany ultimately dominant on the continent of Europe at the least possible expense. Hence a general reduction of armaments when that position was once attained. But William II wished no such limits. He aimed at world pre dominance, and understood that the disarmament of Europe would terminate the necessity for kings and emperors altogether. Bismarck was planning as a Prussian statesman, William II as proprietor of the Hohenzollern dynasty. From the beginning he looked toward the East as the path of empire. It was not France but Russia that blocked the way. A permanent friendship with Russia was, in his eyes, impossible. The Balkan peninsula, the debris of the Ottoman Empire, Constantinople—these were the real pawns in the imperial game. Bismarck believed nothing of this. For him Germany's greatness would consist in drawing the Austrians into the German union; the permanent

weakening of France, to be kept in conflict with Great Britain over the spoils of colonial expansion; the development of Russia on the Asiatic side; and the consequent military domination of the European continent by Germany with a minimum of cost. William II wanted as much as possible of all this, but also new territories and access to the southern waters, a route to the Far East. In 1890 this was only a vague dream, but across every vista of the vision loomed the shadow of a resisting Russia.

In these first years of the Kaiser's reign was sounded the keynote of his personal use of power. "I can hardly believe that he will ever bear to have a Chancellor with a private opinion of his own," Bismarck once remarked. "That," he went on, "means a return to absolute government, which requires different qualities from those of William II." When asked why he spoke of a "return" to absolute government, and not of a continuance of it, since he himself had governed absolutely, the Prince replied: "Ah! that was quite a different matter. I may have been autocratic, but I never boasted of it!"

We now know what the Kaiser's boasting has brought upon Germany, upon Europe, and upon the world.

In the Night

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

NINETEEN, no more—and sleeping by his gun,
 Perhaps, on the wet deck
 These stormy nights. . . .
 Oh, wailing wind, have done, have done!
 For I can bear all else: stories of wreck,
 Of rocks and fogs and freezing spray,
 Threats of sea-fights
 And pitiless hidden beasts of prey—
 All else except
 The wailing wind that makes all else seem true.
 Last night it blew
 Straight from the east. Who could have slept?
 Yet do not think I grudge the giving of the lad:
 The wind, not I, was wailing, "He is all she had."

Simeon Small, Militarist

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND



I WILL confess frankly that in the beginning I disapproved of the war distinctly. I was even filled with regret that I had not been asked to accompany Mr. Ford on his so-called Peace Ship, for a man of my standing and weight could not but have exerted a powerful influence in favor of any movement he chose to espouse. But Mr. Ford neglected this opportunity, and his expedition was not the unqualified success it might have proved to be.

I need not say that I studied and scrutinized the war with minute care, and gradually, from viewing it with utter disfavor, I began to perceive that it was not devoid of merits. I am no man to take a comfortable middle ground, so it was inevitable that I should stand at one extreme or its opposite. Because of this characteristic, which has, not without justice, been referred to as admirable, I proceeded from my lukewarm approval of the conflict to a whole-hearted indorsement of it.

Upon reaching this state of mind I wrote at once to inform the War Department of it, receiving in reply a formally polite note of gratification, in which I detected a sense of relief, as if a certain weight had been removed from the writer's mind. He must indeed have been gratified to be informed of the well-considered sanction of a man capable of judging his conduct impartially and scientifically, as I may say with modesty that I undoubtedly was.

My chief reason for—shall I say, ratifying?—the war derived from a perception of its beneficial effects upon the languages of the world, and more especially from an appreciation of the manner in which it would enrich the field of etymology for savants of a generation still unborn.

It will be clear to the most rudimen-

tary intelligence how these great benefits will inevitably arrive; how every tongue will be enriched by words new and strange to its dictionaries and its lexicographers. These profound benefits are already making their appearance. For instance, I recently met a youthful British officer who referred to the period anterior to the meridian of the day as "pip emma." The droll word "camouflage" has already fixed itself so firmly in the language that no less an individual than my cook is able to use it with some point. On Monday she set before me a dish which I failed to recognize, and upon inquiring its nature she informed me in the following surprising sentence:

"Sure, sorr, 'tis bread-puddin' camouflaged."

But to the point: Our troops are sojourning in France, where, it is redundant to point out, the French language is spoken. It is inevitable that our millions of soldiers should acquire numbers of the more striking French words—and incorporate them into their own everyday speech. Think of the wonderful possibilities at Saloniki where are gathered together in one camp English, Russian, Serb, Greek, Italian, French. Many have expressed curiosity as to why this great army is maintained at that point. It seems clear to me: the governments of the various Allies perceive the etymological benefits to be derived from such polyglot associations.

I think I have made my position clear, and have set forth ample and conclusive reasons for my change of opinion regarding the war.

Now, then, those who know me best know me not as a student, savant, philologist, but as a determined man of action. No sooner do I reach a mature decision than my rare force of character and dynamic spirit force me to action. In the case under discussion I resolved to support the war. In short, I determined to do all in my power to make it

continue as long as I could, for the longer it continues the more widespread the benefits. At first I considered the project of offering my services to the Government, asking to be commissioned a general, or perhaps a colonel, in charge of the etymological department, but careful scrutiny informed me that our military establishment was deplorably lacking in such a branch. For a time I was in a quandary.

One evening, however, I dined in a house where Major Peets was a guest, and broaching the subject of my desires to him, asked him what he would counsel. He replied, briskly:

"Apply for a commission in the Vassar Guards."

"Vassar?" said I.

"Exactly," said he. "Vassar College."

"Young women?" said I.

"Yes, indeed. You've heard of the Russian Battalion of Death, haven't you? Women showing the way to the men? . . . Then why not Vassar Guards?"

"Why not, indeed?" said I, much impressed by his disclosure.

That very evening I wrote to the head of the college, making application for a commission in the regiment. After a few days I received a disappointing reply. It seemed the Major had been misinformed regarding the Vassar Guards, and that

the institution really had no intention whatever of sending an educated and cultured Battalion of Death to the front. It was a grievous disappointment.

However, I was not to be deterred. Once the idea had settled in my intelligence, I could not rest until it had been carried out. If Vassar would organize and equip no Battalion of Death, I, Simeon Small, would take up that splen-

did task. Martial ardor flamed within me. I made my plans at once.

I do not resemble those individuals who occupy their time in making plans which are never carried out. With me a plan is inevitably a mere outline of activities; no man can say that my plans fail to ripen into action. On the third day after my resolution was formed I set about the grim business of recruiting my battalion.

It was desirable that young women at once athletic and cultured should make up the rank and file of the organization. I wanted young women who should be able to sustain the hardships of war, but more especially those whose mental endowments were calculated to make them of greatest value in collecting, preserving, and selecting those words and phrases most calculated to be of interest and value to the etymologist. It is well to win a victory, to capture the army of an enemy, but of how much less value for

the world is such a purely ephemeral military event to the skilled study and classification of a group of new words in process of being adopted into our language!

I am not insensible to ambition. When this war came to an end I felt I might look with confidence to a lofty place in the regard of my countrymen. The Joffres, Pétaings, Haigs, Per-

shings, would be honored, of course. Their names would be mentioned upon a thousand pages of history. But what one of them—I put this question frankly—what one of them could expect to find his name enshrined on the title-page of a dictionary?

My first step was to open a recruiting station. I hired a small room on a business street, and caused to be placed



"SURE, SORR, 'TIS BREAD-PUDDIN' CAMOUFLAGED"

across its face a sign not lacking in conspicuousness which announced:

RECRUITING STATION

BATTALION OF DEATH

Able-bodied women of culture wanted to enter the service of their country

ENLIST TO-DAY

In this place I seated myself behind a table and assumed a bearing at once martial and erudite, and awaited results. More than one individual paused to glance at the sign and a number of young men, and especially boys, peered through the window at me, making remarks of a character which it is needless to repeat; indeed, a great portion of these remarks was couched in a terminology which conveyed no meaning whatever to my intelligence. Toward noon a woman of ample proportions, and what I should be obliged to describe as mature years, made her appearance without. She read the sign, then she pressed her face against the window so vehemently as to cause her nose to flatten at great risk of damaging its cartilage. She peered at me for some time, drew back a step, straightened her shoulders and pursed her lips. Then, with a certain belligerency of mien, she entered the door.

"What," she asked in a deep voice, "does this mean?"

"Madam—" said I.

"Miss," she said, brusquely; "Miss."

"Indeed," said I, "at your age one naturally assumes that the obligations of matrimony have been long since acquired."

"Sir," said she, with needless vehemence, "what is my age to you?"

"I must confess," I replied, ingratiatingly, "that it is of singularly small importance."

She glared at me. I use the term advisedly. It would seem the woman had found reason to be provoked at me. "If I chose," said she, "to remain a spinster, is that any reason why every bespectacled spindleshanks sitting under an outrageous sign should remark upon it?"

"Spindleshanks?" said I. "Am I to understand that you refer to me as Spindleshanks?"

"You are," she said, shortly.

"I may not," said I, with dignity, "have the lower extremities of a Grecian athlete in marble, but I assure you that, such as they are, my limbs are ample for my requirements. Since the passing of that garment referred to by our grandfathers as small-clothes, it has not been considered essential for a gentleman, and particularly for a student and a scientist, to possess the—er—calves of a male ballet dancer."

"I did not come here," she said, sharply, "to discuss your legs." She used the word baldly and without blushing. "I came to inquire the meaning of your sign."

"It was yourself," I reminded her, "who introduced as a subject the anatomical fraction you mention so frankly. As to my sign, it speaks for itself. I am recruiting a Battalion of Death, the idea being based on the military unit of that name now in being in Russia, but, I may say with all modesty, I have modified the idea very greatly to its advantage. I have given to it dignity and culture, utility and the color of erudition."

"Heavens!" said she. "But get down to brass tacks, young man. Are you actually enlisting women to fight?"

"I am," said I.

"In Europe?" she asked.

"Where else?" said I.

"Military uniforms and guns?" she asked.

"Decidedly," said I, "and note-books and pencils."

"Young man, you interest me. I was arrested for wearing trousers in 1887—that was my first arrest. Last week I was in jail in Washington for sitting on the chest of a police-officer who interfered with our pickets before the White House. I have taken part in innumerable riots, and have been chairman at no less than twenty-six stormy public meetings. I am no weakling. I believe I shall enlist."

"Are you educated?" I asked.

"Enough," said she, savagely, "to stick a bayonet into a German."

"Um," said I, "are you familiar with the word 'camouflage'?" This I put as a test question. If she had noted the appearance of this word it indicated a certain natural aptitude for the primary object of my organization.

"Certainly," said she, "but I do not approve of it. I believe in frankness. Evasions and disguises are abhorrent to me."

"Excellent," said I. "You are accepted, and as you have reached mature years, and as your personal appearance is such as to suggest the possession of firmness, not to say bellicosity, I appoint you a non-commissioned officer. You may, hereafter, regard yourself as a sergeant."

I took her name, which, it appeared, was Hannah Panner, and directed her to report for active duty the following Monday. She seemed enthusiastic, which boded well for my enterprise. I fear, however, that I became prematurely optimistic. Miss Panner caused me to believe it would be a matter of no difficulty to recruit a sufficient number of suitable women, but as the day advanced and no other entered my office I became apprehensive. At first I contemplated sending a telegram to the Secretary of War demanding the use of the machinery of the Draft, but on consideration I decided against that course. Volunteers were much more desirable.

But volunteers did not come. Nor did I have better fortune next day. Two women came up to my desk, but neither of them enrolled in my organization. One proved to be the Field Secretary and Investigator for the Society for Preventing Working Girls from Wearing White-topped Shoes. Upon my assuring her that working girls did not enter into my calculations, and that our uniform did not demand white shoes, she expressed herself vehemently as being skeptical of the truth of my statements and informed me that she meant to keep me under her eye.

The second woman was selling a powder to be put inside the shoes to give ease and comfort to the feet. She informed me that infantrymen were crying for it, and that a soldier who had been able to march but five miles in a day before using the preparation was able afterward to march twenty with ease.



"YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU," SAID I

This interested me, for one of the duties of my battalion would, of course, be to march. I ordered fifty pounds of the mixture.

She seemed interested in my battalion and exceedingly solicitous for its success. The fact that recruits failed to appear did not discourage her.

"Nowadays," said she, "folks don't come to you; you got to go to them."

"You mean?"

"That if you want wimmin to join this here Battle of Death, you got to hustle out and git 'em."

"Excellent," said I. "I shall do so at once."



"WHEN I DO BUSINESS WITH GINKS, MY TERMS IS CASH IN ADVANCE"

Calling to mind accounts in the daily press of recruiting efforts made in the city of London, I determined to put them into practice in my own city. Well recognizing what a momentous hour in my country's history had arrived, I determined to cast aside those niceties of behavior which have characterized me, and even to strip myself for the time of that mantle of dignity which even my ill-wishers admit becomes me so well. I would recruit strenuously.

Therefore, closing my office, I took my stand at a corner of our main business street. Presently two young women appeared, one tall, the other shorter and somewhat broader. They wore intelligent countenances, and the manner in which they stepped along indicated to me that they would be excellent military material. I stepped before them and bowed.

"Your country needs you," said I. "Aren't you ashamed to be frittering away your time in—er—shopping excursions and *thé-dansants*, and—er—other feminine frivolities when the German savage is thundering at our very doors?

Enlist! Give your life for your flag to-day. Join my Battalion of Death and earn the never-fading gratitude of posterity."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the short, stout girl.

"Scat!" said the taller one, swinging a gaudy knitting-bag about her head.

"Pray," said I, "remain calm. Were you to strike me with that knitting-bag, who knows but serious injury might result? One of your knitting-needles might enter a vulnerable point." I spoke with sternness and dignity. "Must I decorate you with a white feather? Can it be that two young women such as you appear to be are members of that class of

beings which we have learned to call slackers?—a new word, if you will pardon my calling it to your attention, a gift of the war, and, you will admit, a singularly expressive term."

"Slacker yourself," said the shorter person. "I've knitted seven sweaters, twelve mufflers, six helmets, eleven pairs of socks."

As she spoke she drew her knitting from her bag and, as though automatically, began to knit. Her example was infectious, for her taller companion also took out her knitting and set to work. It did not in the least interfere with their vocal activities.

"Slacker!" exclaimed the taller one. "I belong to the Navy League and the Red Cross and the Daughters of the Revolution, and I never eat wheat or pork, and I bought a Liberty Bond and a War Savings Stamp, and sent seven Christmas packages to soldiers in France, and—"

"But," said I, "the war is won with bayonets. Let me ask you: have you ever bayoneted a German?"

Both young women admitted that

they had not—admitted it in a shamefaced manner.

"Then," said I, severely, "you ought to be ashamed of yourselves." I stopped and considered. Perhaps these young women, despite their evident physical robustness, might not prove to be acceptable recruits. I put a test question to them. "Define 'blighty,'" said I, "and state the manner of its derivation."

Positively, they both were nonplussed. I was face to face with the regrettable fact that neither of them was acquainted with this choice new term. It was my intention to signify that they would not fill the requirements, when suddenly the larger young woman seized me by the collar and shouted—actually shouted to the other:

"Run, Susy. I'll hold it till you're out of reach."

Susy ran. The Amazon who attacked me clung tenaciously in spite of my struggles and objurgations. Presently she pushed me away from her with such vehemence that I assumed a sitting posture on the walk, and when I had collected my senses I looked up to find that she had vanished. Intensive recruiting, I found, was not a success in America. The peculiar genius of our people fails to quicken to it.

Chancing to look upward, I saw the sign of an employment agency, so-called, which informed me that individuals were found by it to fill all positions. I considered this sign. "Why not?" said I to myself. With me, to decide is to act. I arose and mounted the stairs to the office of the agency where I found a corpulent individual in his shirt-sleeves sitting with his feet upon his desk. The posture promised little for his culture or, indeed, for his erudition. However, I



I FELL TO MY KNEES AND CRIED, "KAMERAD! KAMERAD!"

determined to proceed with my intention.

"Sir," said I, "I want one hundred able-bodied, intelligent women."

"A hunderd?" said he, without removing his feet.

"Yes," said I, distantly.

"Able-bodied?" said he.

"Precisely," said I.

"Intelligent?" said he.

"A necessity," said I.

"Women?" said he.

"That was the sex mentioned," said I.

"Gosh all hemlock!" said he. "What you want all them wimmin for?"

"To serve their country," said I.

"As how?" said he.

"By enlisting," said I, "in my Battalion of Death—my Etymological Battalion of Death."

"Etymological," said he, removing his feet from the desk and pushing back his chair. "Huh! Some kind of a poison squad?"

"Not poison," said I; "The Hague Convention forbids the use of poison, though I am informed the German Kaiser has rather a fancy for its use."

Bayonets," said I, "and note-books and pencils," I added.

He seemed interested, so I explained fully my organization. At last he said:

"I calc'late I kin git 'em for you. What wages?"

"I hadn't given a thought to that point."

"It's one requiring some," said he. "Wimmin and money runs together sociable."

"What would you advise?"

"Ten dollars a week and their keep," said he, "and a two-dollar commission on each of 'em to me."

"Agreed," said I.

"When I do business with ginks puttin' over nutty schemes," said the man in his barbarous jargon, "my terms is cash in advance."

"Cash in advance," said I, "is a phrase I understand fully, but the word 'gink' is one I have never encountered, and your use of the adjective 'nutty' conveys no meaning to me."

"If the part about the cash is clear," said he, "we won't bother about the rest."

"Very well," said I, making out a check for two hundred dollars. "You guarantee the delivery to me of one hundred recruits for my Battalion of Death?"

"I'd guarantee a hunderd recruits to an expedition to exterminate grasshoppers in Kansas—if I got cash in advance," he said, possessing himself of my check.

Now that all was arranged I went home to my library to attend to the more serious business of drafting a set of rules for my battalion—rules which should at once acquaint them with their behavior in battle and with their duties with respect to the collection and classification of words in the formative state. It was an engrossing exercise. I worked far into the night, but at last completed my labor, and read over to myself the accumulated manuscript. It met with my approval, so much so that I shall have it printed and a copy sent to every member of Congress, to the Secretary of War, and to every general officer in our service. Indeed, it occurs to me it might be a splendid achievement to translate into French, Bulgarian, Greek, the vari-

ous dialects of Austria and Russia, and Cingalese, and place the work in the hands of all belligerents. In that manner the benefits etymology should derive from the war would be multiplied.

The more important portions of the manuscript read as follows:

ARTICLE I. Begin with the knowledge that war is a stern and frightful reality; it demands that you lay aside those tender domestic virtues which have been your ornaments. Forget that you are women, and remember only that you are warriors, ruthless and determined. Keep your bayonets and your pencils sharp, and hold yourselves in readiness to use either upon any and all occasions.

ARTICLE II. It should be your constant endeavor to capture members of the enemy's forces, if possible using discrimination to the end that your prisoners may be men of intelligence. Upon bringing in a prisoner, question him at once. If he makes use of any word new to his language, note it down immediately together with his definition of it.

ARTICLE III. If in danger of capture yourself, use your utmost skill and endeavors to prevent your priceless note-books from falling into the enemy's hands. One is forced to believe that the Germans have little regard for etymological studies in the heat of battle.

ARTICLE IV. It is necessary that you should master the art of writing legibly in your note-books when running at full speed in the charge. Some enemy rushing to meet you might give voice to a word more valuable to posterity than the winning of a pitched battle. Drill yourself constantly in this.

ARTICLE V. Take your station in battle as distant from the artillery as possible. The detonations of large cannon will drown the sound of the human voice and make it impossible for you to carry out your instructions with any degree of certainty.

ARTICLE VI. Should it be your fortune to detect a German in the act of committing an atrocity, do not endeavor to dissuade him from his abominable project. You will find him deaf to reason. Your duty in such a case is to fetch at once one or more reputable witnesses, with cameras if possible, and to set

down minutely and with exactness the nature of the atrocity and the method of carrying it out. In this way the enemy can be convicted of such practices and a stop put to them by force if necessary.

ARTICLE VII. In case you encounter a pacifist, point out to him that the dictionary will be enlarged by many pages through the war, and the language enriched beyond belief. No woman should fail to rejoice in raising her boy to be a soldier in such a cause.

I do not set down more of my Articles of War, but these few suffice to show their tenor, and to demonstrate that I brought to bear no mean intellect upon the compilation of them.

Next morning I succeeded in hiring as an armory and drill-hall the auditorium of a certain social organization, and the thought came to me immediately that some preparations must be made for the reception of the one hundred recruits on Monday. I must be ready to train them in their duties and in military evolutions and tactics. Therefore I despatched a messenger to fetch Hannah Panner, my sergeant.

This excellent woman arrived without delay, and presented a most formidable appearance. She wore high laced boots, a brief corduroy skirt, a flannel shirt, a felt hat of the sort Mr. Remington painted on his soldiers, and she carried boldly an enormous revolver. I hesitated to admit her while she clung to the weapon, and felt it my duty to tell her it was out of place, but I hesitated to dampen her enthusiasm.

"Good morning, Sergeant," said I, with military brevity.

"Good morning," she responded, with a military salute.

"Colonel," I suggested to her.

"Good morning, Colonel," she said, and saluted again.

"The battalion is recruited to war strength," I informed her. "It will begin active and intensive training in this armory Monday morning. I sent for you in order to give you certain necessary training in your duties as a non-commissioned officer."

"Colonel," said she, "if I come for preliminary training, that entitles me to a commission. That's the way it is in the army."

"Ah," said I, "you have Plattsburg in mind. Excellent. This shall be a Plattsburg for you, and if you be found worthy I shall issue to you a commission as second or first

lieutenant. But we must lose no time. First it is your duty to read and memorize the Articles of War. As soon as that is done we will begin the physical portion of your training."

Hannah Panner, who now occupied the status of a student officer—so called—retired to a corner with my manuscript and perused it. Presently she announced herself as grounded firmly in its tenets and presented herself for further instruction.

"Are you sound," said I, "of wind and limb?"

"Most certainly," she declared.

"In that case you pass your physical examination. I am relieved. It is important that the officers be superior



"SCRUBWOMEN," SHE SAID. "THEY'LL DO"



THE BATTLE EBBED AND FLOWED

physical specimens. You assure me, do you not, that you are free from measles, pneumonia, rheumatism, poliomyelitis, contagious and infectious diseases, mental ailments, defects of vision, cavities in the teeth, color blindness, and flat feet?"

"I do," she replied.

"Then," said I, "prepare for strenuous duty. Our first exercise this morning will be instruction in what the new language so aptly terms 'going over the top.' An excellent phrase. See, we will pile these chairs in a row to represent the trench. At the extremity of the hall we will construct the enemy trench. You observe my usage of the word 'enemy.' It is not the possessive 'enemy's' as one might expect, but the adjective 'enemy.' New, I assure you—a result of the war. . . . Now, Madame, you will take this note-book; you will also be equipped with one half-dozen well-sharpened lead-pencils as well as your rifle, trench helmet, and trench knife. Let the broom represent the rifle for the present. This penknife will represent the other lethal weapon. . . . Take your position and be ready for the word."

The good woman crouched behind her trench, while I assumed a belligerent attitude in the shelter of the enemy trench.

"This," said I, "is an exercise calculated to perfect you in the business of writing as you charge—of writing and of listening and observing accurately. When I give the word, you are to issue from your trench, fully equipped, and charge this trench at full speed. As you come I shall shout various words, from which you are to select those suitable to our main purpose—and, what is more important, you are to set them down in your note-book in a legible hand. Am I clear?"

"Yes, sir," she said, saluting.

"Ready!" I shouted. "Charge!"

She came boldly over the top.

"Blighty!" I shouted. "Camouflage! Pip Emma! Barrage! Poilu! Boche! Funk-hole! Spikebozzle! Archie! Cushy! Barndook! Grouching! Gippo! Napoo-fini!"

My student officer was bearing down upon me like an avalanche, a look of ferocious determination on her face, her

rifle dragging, her pencil flying as she came. Now she was at the trench occupied by me, and great excitement was manifest in her bearing. She thrust her note-book in the bosom of her uniform and scaled the pseudo-trench with agility. She had entered heartily into the spirit of the affair—too heartily, I fear. She was an emotional woman, and unable at times to distinguish between semblance and reality. She came plunging down at me, broom in hand, and set upon me with ferocity, uttering strange, barbaric cries.

"Hold!" said I. "Hold!"

"Surrender!" she shouted, making a pass at me with her weapon.

I avoided it with difficulty and gave ground.

"Give 'em the cold steel!" she belowed, and stabbed in the direction of my diaphragm. "Surrender!"

I perceived the wisdom of humoring her, whereupon I fell to my knees, extended my arms, and cried: "*Kamerad! . . . Kamerad!*" in the best Teutonic manner.

She accepted my surrender with regret. "Why didn't you put up a fight?" she said. "We'd both have got fine practice out of it. But that was something like, anyhow. Now you charge *me*," she suggested, "and see if you can make *me* holler *Kamerad!*"

She seemed such a determined and war-like being that this course did not appeal to me.

"Madam," said I, "it is needless. You have proved yourself worthy of a commission in this Battalion of Death. I therefore create you First Lieutenant. . . . May I examine your note-book?"

She passed it over, and I was pleased to observe that, while not written plainly and neatly, nevertheless a certain number of words were decipherable. "Practice will do the rest," I informed her.

"I think," said I, somewhat shaken in nerves by the savagery of her charge, "that we have done enough for to-day. Report Monday morning, Lieutenant."

"Yes, sir," she said, and again saluted. It is very pleasant to receive a respectful military salute.

Monday morning I repaired to the armory at an early hour. The lieutenant was already there. We opened the doors

and made ready to receive the recruits, who began to arrive at eight o'clock. As was fitting my dignity as colonel of the battalion, I did not appear to receive them, but left my lieutenant to attend to their enrolment and other preliminary matters. In an hour she sought me out and announced that all was in readiness for me to take up my work of instruction. At once I entered the drill-hall.

I admit that the first sight of the recruits was disappointing. The number was full, but the quality was dubious. I may say without undue severity that none of them had the appearance of college graduates, and as for soldierly bearing, it was utterly lacking.

"Ladies," said I, advancing, "may I ask what institutions of learning you represent? What schools or colleges have you attended? Begin at the right and answer in order. . . . You first," I said, pointing to a woman at the extreme right of the line.

"Ja," she said, bobbing her head. "Goot mornin'."

"What school?" I said, briefly.

"Puplic School Vun Hunderd und Sefen," she said. "For ten year I mop dose floor—*ja*."

I passed over a number to put my question to a black-eyed, alert young woman in the middle. She made this astonishing reply:

"Keel-a da Germ. Stick-a da knife—so." She illustrated her meaning with vividness.

"Excellent," said I. "That is to be a portion of our business. We shall, as you so drolly put it, 'stick-a da knife' in all the Germans we can—and Austrians—and Bulgars and Turks as well."

There arose a babel of conversation in foreign tongues—including Irish. It was interesting if disconcerting.

"There seem," said I to my lieutenant, "to be numerous nationalities represented here."

"I should say yes," she replied.

"Suppose we separate them into groups, all recruits of a certain nationality together."

It was done after some confusion. The results are of interest in view of subsequent, immediately subsequent, events. There were thirty-seven Italians, four Irish, six of Slavish extraction. These,

as by common consent, gathered at the left of the hall. There remained fifty-three women, of whom twenty-six were German, eleven Austrians, and sixteen who might without exaggeration be referred to as a hodge-podge, including Bulgarians, Turks, Magyars, and the like.

"I am disappointed," said I to my lieutenant. "These women show scant indications of culture."

"Scrubwomen," she said, shortly; "but I'll venture to say they can fight. They'll do."

"Lieutenant," said I, "you forget yourself. Fighting is of course to be done, but with a Battalion of Death such as ours it is a secondary matter. First and foremost comes etymology. Please to bear that in mind. Do you deem these women adaptable to the requirements of etymology?"

"That," said she, "remains to be seen."

"Then," said I, "let us see."

I advanced to the middle of the floor and launched upon a stirring address to my soldiers, modeled somewhat after the harangues of the late Napoleon Bonaparte on the eve of battle. I began by discussing the Central Powers and their conduct and evident deplorable characteristics. There was a time when I was filled with admiration for the scholars of Germany, but that day has passed. I arraigned the Central Powers severely.

"It shall be our duty as well as pleasure," said I, "to cut, slash, maim, injure, kill, and otherwise maltreat all Germans, Austrians, Magyars, Bulgarians, Turks. As they have shown no mercy to our allies, so must we show no mercy to them. But bear in mind that the greatest harm we can work upon those races is not their physical extermination, but the rape of their language. If we, so to speak, capture and make prisoners of war of their choicest words and turns of expression, and incorporate these into our own tongue, we shall have inflicted a bitter blow indeed. Soldiers, I call upon you to do battle. I call upon you to seek out the enemy and to decimate him. Smite them, in biblical words, hip and thigh. Leave not one alive to tell the story. . . . Am I making myself understood?"

"Faith, and that ye are, darlin'," shouted a monstrous Irishwoman. "We're wid yez, and may the divil take the lot of thim!" She shook her fist in the direction of the women of Germanic and other enemy extraction. "Who's wid me?" she called.

"You mak-a da fight?" shrieked the black-eyed Italian. "You smash-a da Germ?"

"Betcher life!" said the Irishwoman. "Be you Eye-talians in it?"

"Keep-a da eye on da *Italian*. Watch-a da scrap!"

In an instant there was such a scene as only that somewhat prolix and verbose individual, the author of the *Inferno*, himself an Italian, could fittingly have described. I found myself in the midst of actual warfare. About me raged, in miniature, the awful conflict being waged on the soil of France and Belgium and Poland. With shrill battlecries the massed Allies bore down upon the more numerous Teutonic Confederation, while my lieutenant and I stood by amazed and in consternation.

I endeavored to make myself heard in command, but my clarion voice was stifled in the tumult. Then I found myself alone, for martial ardor overcame my lieutenant and she sprang into the fray, practically assuming command of the Allied forces. . . . With a frightful clamor the opposed forces met in the middle of the floor, and I saw my Battalion of Death showing the most marked aptitude for its awful work. Without braving the perils of the submarine, without venturing to cross the ocean, I was privileged to see and participate in actual battle—battle such as few if any fields of Europe were to witness, such was its bitterness and intensity.

The battle ebbed and flowed, but always in the thickest of it were the four Irishwomen and my lieutenant. Veritable paladins they proved themselves on that stricken field. And then—then the German *penchant* for atrocities made itself apparent!

I stood at the end of the hall. The Allies drove the Central Powers in my direction, and presently I found myself surrounded and jostled by them. A gigantic woman perceived me, and shouted: "He done it! Here iss dot

man!" Instantly she snatched at me, attached her huge hand to my cravat, and jerked me forward.

"Rescue!" I shouted. "Your colonel is in the enemy's hands."

It was in vain. Strive as they might, my lieutenant and her followers could not come at me. I was pummeled, gouged, and otherwise mishandled, and then came the crowning outrage, the supreme atrocity of which the Teutonic mind had thus far shown itself capable. Those inhuman women stripped my coat from my back in tatters, tore from my shoulders a freshly laundered shirt, and then—I hesitate to repeat it because it may throw doubts upon my credibility—the giantess who first attacked me stumbled backward over a chair, and found herself inadvertently seated thereon. She kept her grip upon me, and then, with a shout of fiendish malice, she dragged me across her knees, in that posture horribly familiar to misbehaving youth, and with savage energy struck me again and again upon that portion which was uppermost with a hand weighty as a war club. I, Simeon Small, student, etymologist, author of numerous brochures, was spanked!

I tore myself away. The indignity was such as to unman me completely.

The tumult attracted attention from without. Presently interested faces appeared at doors and windows, for I observed them as I skipped nimbly about, avoiding the *mêlée*. One raucous voice shouted, "Go it, girls!"

And then—into the hall burst a number of officers of the metropolitan police. It appears some timorous citizen had sent in a so-called riot call. From my point of vantage on the ledge of a high window I watched the ensuing combat, and, stricken, wounded, incapacitated for further active service though I was, I could not but admit that my idea of a Battalion of Death was a stroke of genius. Never have men fought as those women fought. . . . But at last the law had its way. The women were crowded into a corner and some semblance of an armistice brought about.

Then an officer with an unbecoming curiosity began making inquiries as to the cause of the battle. Unhesitatingly numerous women pointed to me.

"He done it," said a German. "He iss der man. He makes us come here und fight mit dose Italian. *Ja*."

"Huh!" said the officer, coldly. "Inciting riot, eh? Well, young fellow, you come along with me."

He propelled me to a waiting patrol-wagon into which I was hurled headlong. And then, with no regard for my sensibilities, I was conveyed through the public streets, *sans* coat, *sans* shirt, and lodged in a cell in a noisome police station. One might as well be a prisoner in the hands of the unfeeling German.

Last night I endeavored to sleep on a wooden bench, without success. I was given, thus, ample time for reflection, and the outcome of my thoughts was that, however much I may give my approval to this war, however much etymology may eventually profit from it, I myself am ill fitted by nature to undertake an active part in the hostilities. Indeed, I have resolved that such labors as I expend in the interest of the language shall be, so to speak, at second hand and from the written reports of others. I would not stop the war if I could. I approve of it. But I am no longer a part of it.

Another horror has been added. A grinning officer has appeared to report that a woman giving her name as Hannah Panner has called to see me. He added that when asked her relationship with me she had blushed and given reply that she had considered my case and perceived me to be the manner of man who requires a woman to guide him. And she informed that officer that immediately on my release she intended to make me her husband.

Up to this moment I had prayed for my freedom. Now I dare not leave this place to become the prey of that stern woman. Am I, therefore, to remain incarcerated here for life? I cannot answer, but this I know, that so long as Lieutenant Hannah Panner lays siege to this police station I shall insist upon being kept in the safety of this cell.

Upon reflection I am led to believe that a Battalion of Death is inadvisable. The lieutenant's deplorable example leads me to believe that such an organization of women would be prone to horrid atrocities.

The Singing Birds

BY JOHN BURROUGHS



ONE of the most remarkable things in animal life to me is the singing of the birds. Perhaps the fiddling of the insects is equally remarkable, but it falls into the same category of remarkable biological facts, and doubtless its genesis is the same.

How shall we interpret the singing of birds? Does it bear any analogy to human singing? Is it directed to any particular end? Is it expressive of joy, as it would seem to be? Is it to please and win the female? It is most assuredly what the biologists call a secondary sexual characteristic, as it belongs to the breeding season, and is associated with the bright plumage of the males that comes at this time. But I am persuaded that the females give little or no heed to it. Only so far as it helps make up the sum of other plus qualities which are characteristic of the males, such as ornate appendages, bright colors, and general pugnacity, does it count with the females. The female among the birds is not so much won, in the human sense, as she is conquered or dominated. She resents courtship, and often meets would-be caresses with blows. What finally determines her choice of any particular male would be hard to decide, though it seems to be the vigor of his address, which, of course, would again be expressive of his all-around conquering character. The positive body will always dominate the negative, and that, in short, is why the male dominates the female. What country boy has not seen a female sparrow, or robin, or bluebird, apparently a disinterested spectator of the battles of her male suitors? If she secretly wishes for the success of either of the combatants, she has the art of completely concealing it. The victor takes the prize.

That the singing of birds bears no

analogy to the singing of human beings, and is neither to please themselves nor to please others, is obvious from at least two facts: one is that birds with defective or only half articulate voices will sing just as joyously and persistently as do birds whose instruments are perfect. I have witnessed this in the case of the hermit-thrush, the bobolink, and the cockerel of the barn-yard. The birds of the wood, and of the meadow, quite ignored their split whistles, and the cockerel arched his neck and inflated his lungs and went through with the motions of crowing just as proudly and repeatedly as did the cock he was challenging. Then the seasonal and automatic character of bird songs, and their tireless persistence, mark them off from all human performances. If a man or a woman were to use his or her voice one thousandth part as much as the singing bird uses its voice, he or she would soon be so hoarse that speaking would be impossible. Man's vocal organs, at least those of the mouth, are made of quite different material—a soft palate and soft and flexible lips and tongue—while the bird has hard and horny tongue and bill. The singing organs of the live bird do not differ very much from those of the artificial bird which you wind up, and which sings and throbs much like the real thing. The music-box of the bird is called the syrinx, and is composed of hard cartilaginous rings which do not seem to be much more susceptible of fatigue and wear than a tin whistle. The bird's song repeated a thousand or more times a day for months does not seem to affect it in the least. All singing birds, and all birds with loud calls, have this anatomical contrivance in the trachea called the syrinx.

Our turkey-buzzard has no voice because it has no syrinx. Maybe Nature did not dare trust the uncleanly glutton to speak. The hawks and the eagles she seems more liberal with because theirs

is a nobler type of savagery. And yet, not to be too sure about Nature's motives, there is the European stork, a rather noble bird, which has no voice. It is not easy to fathom Nature's inconsistencies. See what a voice she has given to the frogs, and none to the turtles! Behold the noisy crickets and grasshoppers and the silent moths and butterflies, the whistling marmot and the silent skunks and porcupines!

As I sat on my porch this chilly July morning about eight o'clock, while a slow rain was falling, a song-sparrow was singing from the top of a dead plum-tree across the road in front of me. He was repeating his song at the rate of five times a minute, and had been doing so with but very short breaks since about four o'clock. It is the middle of July, and this bird has been in song since some time in April. The season is a very late one (1917), and I think his mate is yet incubating. As is usual with the song-sparrow, he has five different songs, and he shifts from one to the other at irregular intervals. The change is as marked as that of the organ-grinder when he goes through his repertoire in front of your window. He repeats each one from eight to ten times. We call him "Mrs. Durkee," because in the last phrase of one of his songs he says, "Mrs. Durkee," very distinctly.

The main business of his life seems to be singing. Four-fifths of his time from sunrise to sunset he is perched on the top of the old plum-tree going through his musical repertoire. Getting his living appears to occupy very little of his time, and if he visits his mate or in any way contributes to her well-being, he does it on the sly. Each song consists of not more than six or seven notes, and its delivery takes two or three seconds. At intervals he shakes off the raindrops. In the distance I faintly hear another song-sparrow going through a similar performance, but with songs of his own. Indeed, I am convinced that each sparrow has his own set of songs. In the beech and maple woods on a knoll above me I hear, day after day, rain or shine, a scarlet tanager repeating his song at almost all hours of the day, but without the variations that the sparrow has.

Sometimes he comes down from his sylvan retreat and sings for a few moments from the dry branch of an apple-tree near us, delighting the eye with his scarlet coat more than he does the ear with the burr in his voice. His visits are brief. He is soon back to his maple retreat, where his song is mellowed by distance. But from the little sparrow on the old plum-tree there is no escape. His persistent singing, early and late, in this great country solitude becomes the dominant fact. You cannot ignore it. It is as insistent as the clock. He rings the changes of his five songs into your ears over and over, ten times, a hundred times over, in the morning before you are up. He reiterates them tirelessly all the forenoon. They stand out sharply upon the great silence. They challenge your attention almost to the verge of irritation. There is a slight let-up in the afternoon, but "Mrs. Durkee" is the last sound we hear as the twilight settles down. There are no insect voices or other sounds, and the little singer has the listening world all to himself.

The question recurs to me, Does the feeling or impulse which prompts the birds to sing correspond at all to the feeling that prompts human beings to sing? Does it give them or their mates pleasure? Is it expressive of joy or happiness? Or is it a natural automatic expression of the male sexual principle—the overflow or surplusage of the breeding instinct, such as the brilliant colors and strange antics of male birds generally? After the young are hatched this singing of the male will begin to slacken until shortly before September it stops entirely. The tide of bird song is usually at its height in June, and it begins to ebb in early July. The rollicking spirit of the bobolink is at this time clouded by care and anxiety about his young, and his song is only heard fitfully and in snatches. As I pass along a road, by a meadow where a pair has young, the agitation of both birds is very marked; they publish to the passer-by in every way possible that they have young that they are very solicitous about hidden in that timothy grass. They hover in the air and utter their alarm notes, and if I pause near, the male becomes so excited

that a snatch of his song comes out now and then amid his rapidly uttered chiding notes. His joyous level flight on quivering wing changes to the hurried, abrupt, jerky flight of the female. The female bobolink always seems in bad humor, nervous and hurried and out of sorts with the male that so dotes upon her. All his ecstatic singing seems to make no impression upon her; the singer alone seems to joy in it, and to be proud of his performance. ["The song is to the singer and comes back most to him," says Whitman.] Indeed, this is the case among all classes of birds; the females have unmusical ears and appear to be annoyed rather than charmed by the songs of the males. Behold even the hens in the yard shake their heads protestingly as if it hurt their ears, as it probably does, when the cockerel arches his neck and utters his strident and self-satisfied challenge to all the world. The females of all species are more averse to noise than the males, and are less self-assertive unless the well-being of their young is at stake, when they can outdo the males. Female nature is timid and retiring, even in the vegetable kingdom, while the male is more showy and aggressive, at least during the breeding season. The singing of birds belongs to this phase, and, I think, is no more addressed to the female than it is addressed to all the world.

It is the pæan and celebration of the fecundity of Nature. These colors, these ornaments, are the spangles upon her garments; they are an extra touch, an artistic flourish, an evidence of the festive spirit that goes with the primal command to "increase and multiply"—the one end which all nature has most at heart. The birds sing, the cock crows, the tom turkey gobbles, the pheasant booms, the woodpecker drums, the frogs croak, the cranes trumpet, the stag bugles, the bull roars, the insects fiddle—all instruments in the great orchestral celebration of this aboriginal impulse.

On the same old plum-tree where the song-sparrow sings perch every hour in the day two bluebirds who are busy feeding their young in a cavity excavated by a woodpecker in a maple stub on the corner of my porch. They do no singing, but seem to converse in soft

warbles, and they signal to each other in gentle wing gestures. They do not heed the singing sparrow nor he them, but they often dive spitefully at the "chippie" when she comes about her own private business in the grass under their brood.

The bluebird is not a singer like the robin or the sparrow, but he is one of our soft, sweet-voiced birds, with many pretty ways that greatly endear him to all country people. He is clearly an offshoot, back in biologic time, from the line of thrushes, and he inherits their soft voices and pleasing manners, but not their musical talents. Nature has made amends to him in his extra color.

Here we strike the exceptional fact in bird life, the non-singing birds, such as our bluebird, our cedar wax-wing, our nuthatches, our king-bird, and others, all of which have their calls more or less musical, but none of which are deliberate songsters. The cedar-bird has the least voice of any of our birds that I now recall, his sole note being a fine, bead-like sound which he usually utters on taking flight. Approach his nest or young and, so far as I have observed, he shows no other sign of agitation than depressing his plumage and assuming a very stiff, straight attitude, which does indeed give him a wild, startled look.

Our woodpeckers do not sing, but instead they beat a drum in the shape of a dry, resonant limb, which seems to be expressive of the same breeding instinct. The flicker has a long, oft-repeated call which he alternates with his drumming, and that is one of the most welcome of vernal sounds. The drumming of the yellow-bellied woodpecker is the most unusual of them all; the bird delivers five strokes on his drum, three of them rapidly, and then two with longer intervals between. This variation gives it a little touch of art. The drum of the pileated and of the ivory-billed woodpeckers I have never heard.

All our song-birds sing with mechanical regularity and persistence. It is as if they were instruments wound up to go off at a certain time, and to continue for a certain time. I know of no species that during the breeding season does not repeat its song many thousands of times, a day or night.

Every morning in my walk I hear a vesper-sparrow on the edge of a pasture repeating his song from the top of a thorn-tree at the rate of seven times a minute, without any variations that I can detect. One morning when I was timing him he suddenly stopped without changing his position. On looking up I saw a big hen hawk just issuing from the woods two or three hundred yards above. After the hawk had sailed away and disappeared behind the woods the bird went on with his singing. The red-eyed vireo in a wood near by was repeating his song much more rapidly; there was barely a perceptible interval between its phrases. This bird sings as he feeds, like the warblers, and he keeps up a continuous strain of cheery notes nearly all summer. He comes pretty near being a perennial songster.

I conclude, then, that the singing of birds bears little or no analogy to human singing. It is confined to one sex and to a particular season, and is simply the overflowing of a universal impulse in living nature.

In the care of their young, birds show something much nearer to human emotion than in their song. Their untimely signs of alarm often betray them, but in the agony of their grief they are very human.

Yesterday, on hearing a great commotion among the birds in the fruit and shade trees in front of my house, I looked up and saw a crow making off with a young, unfledged robin in his beak, pursued by a mob of birds vociferating loudly. A pair of robins, one of whose young the black devil had seized, screamed in agony. It was the ordinary alarm note uttered under such a pressure of excitement that it became a shrill scream like that which a human mother might utter if she saw an eagle or a wolf carrying away her child. There can be little doubt, I thought, that the cases are closely parallel: those robins clearly experienced what we must call pain, as would human beings under like circumstances. The great difference is that with the birds the incident is soon forgotten. A natural instinct is outraged, and for the moment the birds react violently. But the divided waters soon close, and the loss is forgotten. In

the case of the human mother we know it is different. Birds quickly forget, and the loss of the young or of a mate is usually only the incident of a day. A new mate is quickly found, and a new brood is soon on the road.

The wild creatures are all under the absolute law of nature, and no time is wasted in pity or regret. The paternal affection continues so long as the well-being of the young demands it, and little longer. The bluebirds rearing their brood on the corner of my porch reared an earlier brood which they dismissed weeks ago, and which now gives them no more concern. To keep up your end in the great adventure of peopling the world, and waste no time in lamenting over your failures, is the unwritten law of Nature.

Birds with the flocking instinct sometimes sing in concert. The prettiest instance known to me of this habit among our birds is that of the goldfinches which in spring have their musical reunions—a sort of *sängerfest* which often continues for days, and during which the matches appear to be made. But with most of our birds the song is a sort of battle-flag of the males, and when they unfurl it, if it is not a challenge, it certainly indicates that they have the “fighting edge.” It is a notice to other males that “this grove, or this corner of the field, is *my* territory, and I will tolerate no trespassers.”

The scarlet tanager, to which I have already referred, sings almost continuously. His battle-flag is unfurled nearly all of the time. This morning I heard a rival in the woods below, three or four hundred yards away. The two birds seemed to be engaged in a song contest. Presently the one in the woods came down to a maple-tree in the pasture as if he had said, “I will meet the braggart half way.” The other bird took up the challenge and came over to the edge of the woods near the pasture. The rival singers soon found the strain too great and when I looked again I saw one pursuing the other in a hurried, looping, swooping flight through the air. It appeared to have been a peace without victory, and the two birds were soon back, each on his own domain, celebrating his triumph. Such song contests and

collisions are very common among the males of all species at this season.

A duet, or a quartet, or a sextet, among the birds is not to be thought of. Each singer wants at least a bit of the listening world all to himself. He is jealous of all other songsters of his kind if they encroach upon his domain. Birds that sing in concert, like the goldfinches, and the grackles, are the exception. I have not observed that the robins have these song contests, but the robins scrap

so much that they surely find enough other provocations to arouse their ire.

That caged and unmated birds sing in the season of song shows that the song impulse is a part of the great breeding passion that surges through all animal life in the vernal season. It is one with the painted flowers, the drifting perfumes, and the extra ornaments and appendages that so many forms of life put on in fulfilling the primal command to "increase and multiply."

Play

BY *BURGES JOHNSON*

SLIM woodland faun who stands upon the brink
Of that cool, unforgotten swimming-hole,
While spying, leaf-checked sunbeams seem to wink
A sly condonement of the hours you stole
From cramping seat and unrelenting book
In yon slave-laden galley known as school;—
I note one backward, gay, defiant look
And then your shout ends gurgling in the pool.

I see you, boy, and standing closely by
I see a figure that you did not see—
A sprite with wind-blown hair and dancing eye,
Who leaped with you and laughed to find you free.
And while your gay companions, Wind and Sun,
Tousled your hair or peppered all your face
With tell-tale freckles when the game was done,
The sprite was near you in that grassy place.

Though you may leave me, lad I cherish so,
I bear no grudge because you draw away,
Save that you lure her with you as you go,
That mate you never saw, whose name was Play.
I know her now. Sometimes her laughing eyes
Shine kindly at me as she dances past.
No painted jade may trick me in her guise,
My heart so holds her image true and fast.

Departing boy, who trod that grassy place
Beside your well-remembered Lethe's pool
Which splashed so gaily when its glad embrace
Drowned every glooming thought of books and school,
I'll let you go ungrudging. Years unfold
Full compensations; dear lad, go your way,
If you'll but leave me some small rightful hold
On that gay sprite of yours whose name is Play.



ONE HAS A VISION OF EARTHLY PARADISE

The Beleaguered Island

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THOUGH it is printed *Santa Cruz* on every West-Indian map, one finds it commonly pronounced with an English, or, rather, an American, "Saint," and a Yankee version of the Frenchman's "Croix"—"Saint Croy." The southernmost of those new Virgins bought of the Danes, it sits in a sea of a special turquoise blue, drenched with the illumination of a tremendous sky, verdant, beautiful, and shivering with an endless and nameless perturbation—an island beleaguered by something.

It seems incredible. It is not expected. Looking at its tree-bowered shore and its uplands of velvet green from the

steamer in the roadstead, one has a vision of earthly paradise.

The water, for one thing, is so very blue and so very green. They tell of a Middle-Western traveler who, coming into this roadstead for the first time, was so struck by the peculiar loveliness of the water under the ship's counter that he desired to take a flask of it home to Iowa, so that they would believe. And then there was trouble. Stewards suffered. It was not, indeed, till one of them, inspired with a more than stewardly light, took thought to add a few drops of laundry bluing to the flask, that the tourist could mop his brow with a sense of triumph over the incompetence of underlings and stow away that veritable liquid sky of Santa Cruz roadstead.



A GLEAMING BEACH AND BECKONING PALMS

I cannot vouch for the truth of this tale; I can only say that it is plausible. One cannot accept this color as a reflection or any such thin surface matter, as in our paler latitudes; it seems rather a quality inherent in the body of the liquid; it goes down and down and down, all the way to the bottom. Boats cast no shadow on it. The skiffs and the cargo-scows coming out in a rainbow rout to swarm about us lend nothing of their colors to the water. Their reflections are silhouettes of but a still more vivid blue.

And here, for the first time, I had a sense of being actually *afloat*, the sense of a great steamship, a ponderous fabric of iron and wood and all, buoyed aloft above the earth's surface. There was never any illusion of the vessel's stopping at the water-line. It kept on going down and around through a crystal atmosphere; the sunshine streamed beneath its keel from the other side, and its shadow lay over there on the sand

of the ocean's floor, quite perfect, for the azure fish to play about. And for each of the lumbering scows and the skiffs, and the half-naked, gesticulating black men in them, there was another likeness moving on the sand.

One came sliding to rest a stone's-throw off our rail, a big four-master floating over it, a mauled and battered coast-of-Maine-man, dropping anchor there, forty-eight days out of Newport News, in coal. Gales, head winds, calms, leaking at the rudder-post, and the cook gone over the side in a piece of sail-cloth—if the green foreshore and the hills were welcome to our eyes, what must they have been to the eyes of Quinn, that storm-harassed mariner?

We knew all about him; we had a friend of his in our company, a tall, gray-haired Nova-Scotian, part owner, indeed, in that peeling hulk. When this gentleman hailed, lifting his hands, we could see that huge ship's master, standing half within the cabin companion,

reach down for his glass; and then his voice came rolling toward us—across the blue, bearing the proposition as old and as golden as the first keel that ever tasted salt:

"Ho! See you ashore! Ho-Ho! Hear me? See you ASHORE!"

I wonder how many times, by count, that salutation has winged across the Caribbean waters. For as the West Indies were the cradle of the British navy, so, too, our own merchant marine was rocked there, and in the days when no lady was content with less than an eagle's worth of bone in her party bodice the Yankee whalers came by the hundred sail to scour every strait and cove and windy plain, and bellow in the streets of all the ports. Even to-day, at my summer home on Cape Cod, it seems that every white-haired man I meet is as familiar with Frederick Street in Port of Spain, and the molehead at Barbados, St. Kitts, Granada, the tremendous green of "Domi-neeka," as I am with the ways of my youth.

And now New England has made another bond with the Caribbees. For in these hot harbors almost every schooner one sees, white of paint and black of crew, was once black of paint and white of crew, riding the gray seas of the Banks or the Georgias or the Channel. A grim, tight-lipped *Sarah B. Nickerson* has grown a florid *Queen of the Wave*; in her youth she raced her fifty thousand of cod over the

Cape for the Boston market, wing-and-wing in a gale of wind; now, beneath the enduring sunlight of her age, she trundles limes to Demerara, and copra from Trinidad.

But we are getting far abroad from Santa Cruz and this Frederiksted, the gleaming beach, the processions of beckoning palms, the far-seen vista of roofs and squares and streets promising delights—and from George, the boatman, calling himself "Number Three Broadway," and beseeching us with huge, humble hands to let him be our slave—in the ferrying way.

Beleaguered island? Delectable island! We asked the chief steward spaci-ously at what hotel we had better have our lunch. He shook his head. There was no hotel. Not *exactly* a hotel, he



FREDERIKSTED'S STREETS DREAM OF THE PAST

told us. There was a boarding-house affair, he said, kept by a Mrs. Blanque. Dampened, we inquired where it might be found.

"There's no good," he said, "because she's just sent off word she can't take care of anybody. Got no food. No food in the island."

Of course this could not be so. We realized that he was a Scotchman of the most profoundly pessimistic dye. On the third day out, we could not forget, with the ship hove to in the eye of a gale, he had come aft to tell a remnant in the saloon that we might be calm and of good hope, that the fore part of the vessel was under water, and that there was no telling what would become of us all, his young bride and himself most cordially included, if anything happened to

the steering-gear—and that the steering-gear was weak. It was simply that he was that kind of a man. We saw through him, would have none of him, and, surrendering ourselves to "Number Three Broadway," advanced upon that tropical and enchanted isle.

Now it may have been something I had eaten—we had eaten, rather, for the Draftsman felt the same about it—or it may have been the sun. That sun seemed to be sitting in the center of the heavens almost as soon as it had cleared the eastern hills. Its light descended, not in rays, but in a drenching flood that left no shade beneath the walls and trees, penetrated to every cranny of the world, beat back again in a white ground-swell of heat. Our eyes were blinded in those streets which had seemed so fair—deso-

late and empty thoroughfares of snowy dust winding between ruinous walls and porticos of corrugated iron as thin as paper.

Here and there was the mark of the Spaniard, in blocks of ponderous masonry. Between these and over these tumbled a rout of shanties, a weed-growth of blistering second-stories, impermanent as a gold-camp in the early days. Since the burning of the town in the negro rebellion of 1878 the urge to architecture seems to have gone out. It is as if one could hear them saying, "Let us put two boards together and be merry, for to-morrow—?" That, I think, is the host that marches around



SHANTIES IMPERMANENT AS A GOLD-CAMP IN THE EARLY DAYS

the walls of Frederiksted—*To-morrow?* To-morrow is the magic container of disaster, of earthquake and hurricane, of hunger and pain and death—but especially of hunger. To-morrow a ship may not come.

They will not feed themselves, these little islands. In more than one of them we saw posted proclamations, the government down on its knees, as it were, pleading a war-time need, begging the people to plant their own ground provisions—yams, sweet potatoes, peas, tannias, cassava—against that morrow when a ship would *not* come. And still they will plant sugar, and nothing but sugar, or limes, and nothing but limes, and look to the blue horizon for their bread.

Of course there is a dribble of home-grown vegetables and a little hand-to-mouth picking of fruit. We found them at their marketing in a square, a gaunt furnace of a place, kindled with tamarind and silk-cotton trees. They were mostly women, thick-set, easy-moving negresses with bandana turbans on their heads, their legs bare to the knees and their arms to the elbows, squatting on the everlasting dust.

There was something incredibly hopeless about those stocks-in-trade, spread out in shallow baskets or on bits of the



THEY HAD SAILS WHEN THE DUTCHMEN BUILT THEM YEARS AGO

Cable News—here a row of four grubby yams, and nothing else; there, before a thin old woman with a clay pipe, a dozen tomatoes, each the size of a fine strawberry; yonder, a hand of bananas as green as the hills. But it was the eager, clutching fingers, the eye beseeching to buy, which put it all beyond the pale. I have seen a Hindu man sitting bare-headed on the Road of the Penitence in Demerara, between his emaciated knees a pile of Kafir corn that one could cover with a porridge-bowl, beyond hope, but also beyond despair, a figure of a cosmic sublimity. Here there was nothing cosmic, nor anything sublime.

But perhaps there was. We came

upon an object at the edge of that square, before a two-story building, dark, massive stucco below and white-pillared above—we found a railing of iron pipe inclosing a few square feet of dust, and in the center, so bulwarked against a careless or a hostile world, a bit of vegetation, a gnome of a twisted shrub.

I think it was one of our Northern lilacs, though I am not sure. There seemed to be no health in it, if, indeed, any life. Across the roofs and walls and shanties the hibiscus and the bou-

ing the one constrained and cherished thing of all was moribund. Perhaps shame would not let it lift its head in this unbridled company; or perhaps it had been watered with tears.

Never mind! This building with the white-pillared veranda up-stairs was the place we were looking for—Mrs. Blanque's. Entering by a wicket in the masonry and ascending a dusky stair, we inquired for the lady of the house. The coal-black maid was mute. She made us less uncomfortable by vanishing. For a time we sat in a large, shad-

owy room, full of fine old furniture and silence, the floor bright-penciled where the sunlight entered through long blinds. A hummingbird, trapped for a moment, made a faint atmospheric commotion and was gone, leaving silence once more supreme. We began to wonder why we had not been told that Mrs. Blanque was out.

But Mrs. Blanque was not out. All the while she was sitting there, not a rod away from us, behind a closed door. I think she must have been reared in a less flamboyant and a more generous land, for when she came out finally to speak with us we felt the depth of her shame.

Rooms? Yes. Oh yes, we might have rooms and rooms; the house was al-

most empty. But meals! She turned her back on us and went slowly to the other end of the chamber to straighten a picture and fleck a bit of dust from the frame. Were there but two of us, then? Well, she would try. She would do her best to find something.

It was all arranged then, and I would



AN EXOTIC DREAM CAME TRUE

gainvillea painted great splashes of color; palms were everywhere, cabbage palms, cocoa palms, sago palms; mahogany and tamarind trees, breadfruit and mango, lined the streets; a multitudinous green life swept down the hills and encroached upon the town. And in the midst of this passionate squander-

have my room right away. I had letters and things to write; a tremendous energy had seized me, an exaltation of industriousness quite foreign to my nature, which was to hustle me that day and the next and for many days under that nerve-twanging sky—and come to nothing at all.

She ushered me to my chamber, a spacious, twilight place lathed with flame where the blinds gave on the white square. And standing there, something quite extraordinary happened. Had there been any sort of a preface to it, any sense of a rising tide, had I but noticed that tears were gathering in her gray eyes, or that the tired white face of that middle-aged keeper of an island boarding-house had grown suddenly whiter and more hopelessly tired, I should not have been so taken aback. It came out of the blank.

"It's terrible!" she cried. "Terrible! Terrible!"

I stared at her.

"Nobody wants us—and who's to look out for us?"

I was more disconcerted than I can say, before this sudden stripping bare of a stranger's soul.

"Denmark doesn't want us any more. Nobody wants us."

"But America," I stammered. "The United States—you know—has bought the islands—"

"Then *why* don't you come and *find* us?"

"Yes—I know—but it takes time."

"You don't come and find us. You *don't* want us, or you'd come and find us."

I tried to explain that a certain time, ninety days, I believed, must intervene between the treaty and the possession, but it was like arguing with a wounded, nerve-strung girl, a lost child, whose only answer could be that unreasoning ques-

tion: "Why *don't* you come and *find* us? Why *don't* you come and *find* us?"

I shifted to another course. "Our ship brought lots of things to-day—flour and canned things and beer—"

"But if nobody wants us, why, they'll take the ships off."

It was of no use. . . .



PALMS THAT THRIVE SPITE OF THE NEVER-CEASING WIND

I believe it was the tea that afternoon which took her mind for a moment off that menace of the morrow by waking in her breast a certain dormant sporting interest. Before coming ashore that forenoon, and while still under the enchantment of that vista, we had spoken largely of tea to friends in the ship's company. Now, naturally, it was im-

possible. We spoke of it in the woman's hearing as a thing not to be thought of, and a glint, reminiscent of that sound of revelry by night, came into her eyes. Meals, breakfast and dinner, might be hard-won and thankless, necessary things, but this tea-party of ours became a game.

And we did have our tea, spread on a balcony above the narrow side-street—slices of bread as fragile as paper, with

lettuce and guava jelly. They almost choked us in the consuming; there was something so epochal about it, so prodigiously dramatic, like fiddling at the burning of Rome. Strangely enough, in this "paradise of tropic fruits" the only visible sign of stress came in the winning of the lemon. Once the lemon was quite given up, and then it was the young son of the house who ferreted out a specimen and came bearing it to us in triumph.



MAGIC CHRISTIANSTED TUCKED AWAY ON THE SHORE OF SANTA CRUZ

Afterward, surrounded by the fragments of that indomitable tea-party, we sat and watched the light go out of the world. I have read, and I have heard it told, that there is no real twilight in the tropics. And yet I seem to remember a long hour of dusk that evening, an hour in which the street beneath us filled slowly to its iron eaves with the crepuscular mysteries; the fruitless square around the corner emptied itself of sunlight by degrees almost imperceptible, and the hills beyond the roof-tops still gave back the glamour of a sky and a spacious western sea.

As the day died life was born again. The village found a population and a voice. One could not escape the fancy that there was some familiar and assuaging magic in this hour; that just here, between the pitiless white day and the dark night, a moment's truce was given the beleaguered island. Laughter came out of the houses. The vender of bread and yams lighted an oil-flare behind the corner of the arcade opposite; its illumination, growing stronger and yellower with the dusk, flowed out over the wall beneath the roof, filled with the shadows of turbaned heads and vast, gossiping hands.

Laborers, men and women returning from the cane-fields, came into the farther end of the street from the hills and passed below us, their bare soles treading so soundlessly on the dust that it gave them an illusion of preternatural buoyancy, never tired. A rumor of mastication went with them, a continuous crunching and tearing and sucking of the sugar-cane which each one carried, fife-fashion or clarinet-wise, to measure and refresh the homeward way. Nor were their voices idle. Banter and gossip passed between them and the doorways. A female of the household beneath, invisible under our balcony, kept up a running fire of pleasantries, not unmelodious, but, as wit is apt to be in the Lesser Antilles, frankly fundamental.

There came a sudden and disrupting change. Time and space were obliterated in a twinkling; riot lifted its head; we sat appalled. Tumult burst around the corner two streets to the left; blaring of trumpets echoed between the crouching walls; shadows scampered before the

onslaught of two round, pallid eyes and a voice of doom. And now the thing was here, and now it was gone, running on its horn alone, one would say, out into the safer barrens of the square. It was a very small and ever-present sort of car, and, judged by its careening gait, not yet thoroughly set on its shore tires; but it was new—so new that it crackled—and one mulatto man was happy.

We had seen the prodigy escaping with difficulty from the hold of our very ship that morning, like one dead of the dropsy brought home in a pine box; had seen it borne shoreward over that incredible water on the back of a scow, swimming slowly; had glimpsed it for a moment on the pier, half-unveiled, coruscating and triumphant, surrounded by a pack of shining faces—after the waiting months.

For one may be sure it had been months, and not a few of them, since that letter went down from this pier, heavy with expectation, out across the roadstead, up the side of the waiting steamer, and away over the blue horizon.

But time is nothing in the Caribbees; and, anyhow, it was here now, a cherished demon. Or rather it was come and gone again, out of the square and our lives, its horn no louder in the ear than the hunting-song of the mosquito, which, let it be said, was loud enough.

Time and space returned; the twilight truce was re-established; the dusk deepened. Women were gathered about a pump in the square, their voices mingling with the soft cataract of the water which filled their earthen pitchers. Under the arcade opposite, a large, lean blackamoor sat with his shins crossed and his bare elbows pointing to the poles, consuming his evening meal of bread and boiled yam. His teeth were strong, white, and glistening in the light. His eyes, all the while, were turned with interest upon that invisible booth behind the pillar, and the heads which made the shadows we could see on the wall above his own. The thing might have been staged for our especial edification, one of those community pageants which have become so popular, and one which had by some mischance got itself started wrong end to; the vanishing monster of civilization vomiting clamor and gasolene

mist—the middle ages of tranquil twilight—and then the coming of primitive music. . . .

One of us said, "Music?"

The rest of us sat up, too, gazed about, did something analogous to cocking the ears, said, "No," and lay back again.

And yet there *was* something, somewhere, a fine thread of sound, a meandering and unsubstantial whine. And it was *not* a mosquito, even if one had the muscular impulse to slap. It grew louder by degrees; when we observed those in the street beneath beginning to crane their heads all the same way, we decided that it must be so, and over in that direction. A rhythm established itself, a barbaric beat, the essential music of the tom-tom, done on something that was *not* a tom-tom. It came into our street.

There were five of them in that most singular band, all erect with dignity, all wearing straw hats of varying ages, all bare of foot save the tallest one in the middle of the rank, who had on tan Oxfords innocent of laces. One played a mandolin, and one a fife. One beat with a stick upon a metal triangle done by the local blacksmith. One scratched a squash with a wooden pick,¹ and one, the blackest, shiniest, awkwardest, and altogether the most elemental and the least presentable heathen of the lot, made hoarse coughing sounds into a section of gutter-pipe, bent in the middle at an angle of thirty degrees, and wound at intervals with colored twine.

The last two instruments, let it be said, seem to be in the highest vogue among the musicians of the Caribbees and there are points to be made in their favor. As a race, the West-Indian negroes are not given to anything like profundity in the gentler arts; and the technique of the gutter-pipe bass, for instance, should not be difficult to grasp; indeed, as in the present case, its chiefest exponents seem to be artists of the very lowest intellectual type. No attempt is made to harmonize this bass with the air of the lighter pieces (if there be an air), or to distract the stately monotony of the measure with any rhythmical elaboration. Whether it be true that the bend in the middle of the instrument really "enriches the tune," as a devotee in

Dominica assured me, I am unprepared to say. The colored twine is frankly ornamental, however, as is the case of the ribbon on the small end of that dry and screeching gourd known as the "squash." And either of the two pieces may be had, one would say, at an extremely moderate outlay.

In the United States, or in any Latin country, the populace would have been at their heels, men, women, and especially children, following the music. But here none moved, not even the children. We wondered if it were "not the thing to do" in Caribbean society. Certainly they seemed interested enough, amused, if not edified, but it was only their eyes that followed the music-makers, coming and going in that singular isolation, fading away along the street, till they vanished under the encroaching night and only their wandering song came back to us, like the voice of the mosquito again.

But who were they? What was it all about? We inquired of our hostess, who had come to stand in the doorway behind us. She did not know, but she would ask. A moment later we heard her voice below, and a fragment of answer cut short by a banging door:

"*Them Bassin people—*"

They were from Christiansted, then; from Bassin, that little town on the windward side of the island of which we had heard in such pitying or contemptuous terms all day. I think we had gathered the impression that the thing which alone kept Frederiksted alive was this superior contemplation of its neighbor's still meaner state.

"There's a society from over there going to give an entertainment in the Hall to-night," our hostess told us upon her return. "The band's just to let folks know."

It came as rather a shock to learn that contemptible Bassin possessed such a thing as a "society"; worse still, that they should have the presumption to "entertain" this regal West End. But perhaps we could understand now why people had not followed the band.

Night established itself. A vast conflagration on the summit of a hill turned out, after moments, to be the rising moon, and a sound of roaring was heard within the house. Captain Quinn,

after his twenty-eight disastrous days of sea air, had tasted of the juice of the cane, and was calling for the pianoforte and the dulcet intervals of "Home, Sweet Home." . . .

I shall always remember that night, my first ashore in the tropics, as a night of sleepless silence filled with little sounds, of a heat oppressive and at the same time strangely electric, and of a white moonlight filling the chinks in all the blinds.

I retired quite early, overpowered by drowsiness, and there I lay for hours under a hanging sword of nervousness, bathed in perspiration, listening and listening. The night hush became orchestral; there seemed almost an intention in the play of its several voices—the telling of the hours on a cracked bell in a church-tower somewhere; the waxing and waning footfalls of a passer-by, furtive as a ghost's on the cloak of dust; the interminable rustling of "women's tongues" beyond the gallery.

A dog bayed of a sudden; another and another took it up; it went away like a tocsin across the huddled roofs. And then it was a sow, far off, threatened perhaps by a phantom cleaver, and all the swine were waking. Silence returned again, ruffled only by those whispering "women's tongues." A mosquito had found that rip in the bed-net, and all one could do was wait under that winding, hideous song till it came to rest on the cheek and was done for. The clock in the tower told another half. Another mosquito was in. Or was it a mosquito? Or was it that band from Bassin? It seemed to come and go, winding the air. It was the band. The "entertainment" was over. The itching rhythm passed away through a near-by street, and across the square beyond my blinds there was wafted a troop of soles, weightless, like a laggard night wind. A dog howled—all the dogs—and the "women's tongues" were at me again.

I got up, dressed myself, and went out of doors. The Draftsman was already abroad. I found him sitting on the beach under the cocoa palms, talking with Ferguson, a young newspaper man we had picked up at St. Thomas, a most delightful and entertaining fellow.

Two lights were burning in all the town behind us; one, very dim and yellow, in a shore-side café, a desolate hole in the wall, kept by a colored man who had "lived in Chelsea, Mass.;" the other in the second story of the West End Club, abreast of the landing. It must have been fifty yards away from where we sat, but in that perfection of silence we heard the cannoning of billiard-balls and the clink of the players' glasses as if we had been in the room. The trade-wind, here in the lee of the island, barely moved the fronds of the palm-trees overhead, still ragged with last year's hurricane, and the water was asleep on the white beach.

I wish I might describe the beauty of the sea as I saw it that night, under that moon. There is something curious about the moon in these islands, a quality I have never noticed anywhere else. More generous than the pale blanket of our Northern nights which silvers everything alike, here colors can still live, or at least the ghosts of colors; a wall pink in the sunlight is pink again under the moon; the hibiscus blooms a faint magenta at midnight, and the shallows of the Caribbean are still painted like a phantom peacock's breast.

I cannot say how long we talked there; at any rate, the café and the club had closed their eyes before we turned our steps back through that queer-colored town. And even then we hated to go in, and so we stood before the house and talked, leaning our elbows on the little railing around that leafless exile. We wondered about it; we made stories about it, comedies and tragedies. Ferguson reached out to touch it; it fell away under his hand and lay across the lowest rung of the iron pipe, a dry and hollow skeleton of bark. I wonder how long a time it had been dead in that foreign land.

None of us said anything after that. Like a company of murderers we filed in through the shadowy wicket, up the stair and to our rooms and our several beds, our mosquitos and dogs and bedeviled swine and night prowlers and steeple bells, and to the ceaseless dry gossiping of the pods in that tree they call the "women's tongues." . . .

Next morning the three of us went

forth to find Christiansted, driving in no other than that very new and shining car. Ferguson took his bags along, for he planned to catch a mail-sloop there, sailing back for Charlotte Amalia; but with the Draftsman and myself it was a matter of slumming, pure and simple—an expedition into the depths.

"Now," we said to ourselves, "we have just time enough before our steamer sails to take one peep at the dregs of the Caribbees." And although I failed to notice it at the time, I think, as we lifted into the hills behind West End, that the crouching town must have cast after us a thwarted and malignant glare.

It is fifteen miles from West End to Bassin, the length of the island—fifteen miles of fine road fringed with cabbage palms, winding across a rolling plain of sugar-cane. In so sharp a contrast with St. Thomas and her wasted downs, and the forest silences of St. John, Santa Cruz is rich to the very crests of her hills. The tender green of cane sweeps away unbroken to the sky-line, wonderful where it strikes against the blue; and on all the little hummocks of the horizon stand broken old towers, ruinous sentinels. They had sails when the Dutchmen built them many years ago, and the trade-wind ground the cane. But now the sails are gone, and the Dutchmen; and the fat red factories of syndicates, squatting on the lowlands, do for all the island.

The pink villas of resident managers sit among the debris of ancient masonry, crumbling hamlets going back to the mother dust. Once we saw a rusted wheel on a hill, as wide as five men's outspread arms, casting its shadow over a lizard's wall. Cows were stabled beneath an arch fit for an emperor's hall. And neither the black men staring at us blank-eyed from the wains of cane, nor the resident managers in their puttees and snowy helmets, could tell us what were the names of these old places, or why they were there, or when they had died. . . .

We had our glimpse of Christiansted, and that was all. At the end of those fifteen miles, done to a continuous and horrific accompaniment of our horn, the sea came up to meet us over a hill, and

despised Bassin broke about us, a sudden miracle, pelting us with the colors and fragrance of flowers.

Had we, as wise travelers, consulted the pages of our red West-Indian guide-book before we came ashore yesterday, we should not, perhaps, have listened with so long an ear to that plainer sister at the doorway of the island. We should have sniffed a little more, I think, at the communal wood-pile, wondering vaguely how ever this Bassin of her dark revelations came to be the seat of government for the possessions of Denmark. But even the West-Indian guide-book would not have told us that this Christiansted, tucked away on the windward shore of Santa Cruz, came nearer to one's dream than any other of the little cities of the Caribbees.

It would not have told us of this different sea, lurking for the eye in every break of the walls, an artful painting, with a chalk-mark of reef high up near the horizon, and beneath it daring brush-strokes of apple green and lilac and indigo, alive in the never-ceasing wind. It would not have told us of the red and pink and yellow buildings, so thick and ancient, and so chinked and overhung with flowered foliage; of the archways leading into storied courtyards; of the bright-red fort at the quay-side, built there, one would say, for wooden soldiers that never grow old; or of the tiny island in the ineffectual harbor, a green jewel done by a craftsman, with a narrow pedestal of surf and the house of the harbor-master half-hidden in its trees. I have never wanted to be a policeman; I *have* had periods of looking forward to the Presidency; but, standing on the quay that day, there was revealed to me the fairest ambition of any man—to die the harbor-master of Christiansted.

There ought to have been music to go with this place. We wanted something of strings, exotic, cloying; and we came upon a propitious figure leaning against a pillar of the Bassin Club in the square, a willowy mulatto man fondling a guitar. We gave him a shilling and told him to set about it. His brow, which had been so soft, lost its tranquillity. He tried to tell us something, but we could not understand. He was anxious, troubled. He

waved his hands. We grew impatient. We came to the point of demanding either his music or our money. He made us a spiritual prostration and relinquished our shilling in pain. Perhaps there was some law. There was no time for investigation or for bickering, and, had there been, this serene and ancient town was not the place for it.

We went away, and he followed us through one street and another, racked by that obscure inhibition. We tried to get rid of him, but so great was his desire to give us the thing we wanted, and so strangely thwarted, that he clung to us as a shadow. And then, just as we had come to the pitch of violence, he dived

into an alleyway, to reappear after an instant, radiant of face, in possession of a small, wriggling, black man, into whose hands he thrust the guitar. Light broke upon us; the whole trouble was that we had mistaken the *impresario* for the *virtuoso*.

And it was this small black man who drove us out of that delectable city. He played, but his playing was neither exotic nor cloying; it was melancholy and lugubrious to a degree, and of so nerve-racking a monotony that we took to our car in the end and fled, along the narrow, many-colored streets, up the winding hill road, and away across the inland sea of sugar-cane.

Sacred Idleness

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WORK? Not to-day! Ah! no—that were to do
 The gracious face of heaven a surly wrong,
 Bright day so manifestly made for song
 And sweep of freedom's wings into the blue.
 Divinely idle, rather let us lie,
 And watch the lordly unindustrious sky,
 Nor trail the smoke of little busy cares
 Across its calm— Work? Not to-day! Not I!

Work? Why, another year—one never knows
 But this the flowering last of all our years;
 Which of us can be sure of next year's rose?
 And I, that have so loved them all my days,
 Not yet have learned the names of half the flowers,
 Nor half enough have listened to the birds.

Nay! while the marvel of the May is ours,
 Earth's book of lovely hieroglyphic words
 Let's read together, each green letter spell,
 And each illuminated miracle,
 Decking the mystic text with blue and gold—
 That Book of Beauty where all truth is told.

Let's watch the dogwood, holding silver trays
 Of blossom out across the woodland ways,
 Whiter than breast of any mortal girl's;
 And hark yon bird flinging its song like pearls,
 Sad as all lovely things foredoomed to die—
 Work? Not to-day! Ah! no—not you, not I.

The Poet

BY LAWRENCE PERRY



EVERY in Mesopotamia we had hints of the case of Eric Jermyn, the "soldier poet." London, as it appeared, or, more strictly speaking, certain circles in London, had made Jermyn an issue. Two armed camps, speaking in the sense of social metaphor, held for the one or the other, while the War Office looked on sardonically silent. I had never met Jermyn, but his reputation before the war as leader of a group of brilliant decadents was universal. He had gone into the O. T. C. at the outbreak of hostilities behind a perfect barrage of *vers libre*—some of it his own, more and yet more of it the outpouring of his circle. A line or two still lingers:

At the altar of Hate—an Altar but purified
In blood, the stripling singer
Stands to wedlock with an embattled harri-
dan.

The rest escapes me. It was the sheerest futurist rot. Major Miles-Dorgan, who had a voice, used to quote it at mess, until in self-defense we made an antiphonal chant of it.

When Jermyn emerged with a lieutenant's commission there was further burning of incense, no whiff of which reached me, fortunately, I at the time being en route eastward.

At the Horse Guards, at all events, they seem to have been unimpressed. He was set to drilling recruits in Hyde Park, and they kept him at it nearly a year, when, in a moment of aberration, or inspiration, as one may feel about it, he was sent to France with a London regiment.

Consequences were immediate, or practically so. Following a charge of the Scotch and English—including Jermyn's regiment—a unit, which went over the top to clean up, did its work badly, with the result that the Londoners were

caught in an enfilading machine-gun fire and literally spat out of existence. Every commissioned officer was either killed or wounded, with the exception of Jermyn. He had not participated in the charge, was, in fact, found nerveless and staring, lying half in and half out of the trench. Either he was actually shell-shocked—the front-line trenches had been under heavy artillery fire—or he was an extraordinary actor. It is no simple matter to fake shell-shock.

They suspected him at the field hospital; but the surgeons were divided in their opinions; their differences became acrimonious as Jermyn day after day persisted—whether consciously or otherwise—in his symptoms. Cowardice in the face of the enemy, of course, means death. There's no way out; the name is read to the army and the firing-squad is assembled. It is simply inexorable. Jermyn just missed it. The court martial couldn't quite make it a case of sheer cowardice, so instead of the brick wall he was invalided home, the commanding general subscribing somewhat grudgingly, as it seemed, to the verdict. Later he was gently discharged from the army on the rather vague charge of disability—not qualified even for home service.

I am inclined to think Jermyn was secretly overjoyed; but the opportunity was too good for a congenital *poseur* to miss. He wandered about London with the stride and deep-set melancholy of Hamlet glowing in his dark eyes, a target, or an inspiration, as the case might be, for the editor, the paragrapher, or the tea-table. It must have been stirring. An eminent therapist diagnosed Jermyn's chief, in fact his only malady, as a lack of manly intestines; an equally eminent physicist gestured the opinion aside with booming scorn.

So much had reached us when I departed from the land of the Turk on my first extended leave, bearing homeward a few honors, more or less cheaply

gained, and a wound which had just ceased to be troublesome.

I found London made to order—supremely and unwearyingly delightful even to an American who, after ten years of almost complete expatriation as a London playwright, and three years as a British officer, had returned from the turmoil with a poignant longing for the lights of New York and the embraces of loved ones. Yes, New York, which had refused my plays until the time came when it had to take them second hand from London.

However, leave was short and London would do—quite. It was May—last May, to be precise; the city in her loveliest investiture of vernal green, and bud and blossom and delicate sunlight and balmy windrush, of which I drank as though it were the elixir of Paracelsus; and, indeed, as may be imagined, it had all the stimulating and revivifying effect attributed to that fabled decoction.

There was, you may be sure, no thought of Eric Jermyn as I took my way through the thoroughfares, bound nowhere in particular, thinking of nothing in truth, unless it was that the people one doesn't meet in the West End one doesn't meet anywhere. Piccadilly, for example, was one solid stream of those whom one knew—or would like to know—in attire ranging from olive-drab and the somber garb of officialdom to the most inspiring gowns and most beautiful of faces.

Progressing, as though in air, saluting, or returning a salute, now and again pausing for a handclasp or a word, I at length turned down Bond Street and ran full upon Sybil Dauriac (Miss Partington in "The Modern Camelot" at the Savoy), whom I had known when she first took London by storm early in 1912—a dark-haired, keen-eyed girl whose fire and intelligence on the stage were held to be altogether anomalous to an avocational indulgence in literature of the pastel sort—delicate as rare lace, and as beautiful—which had, in conjunction with her professional prestige, given her an extraordinary position in the metropolis.

Rarely original in her social conceits, and daring and interesting as well as

accomplished, her dinners and evenings at her beautiful house in Portland Place had developed into quite the rage, and an invitation bearing her name was a cachet either of rank or artistic individuality. This was beginning when I entered the war; further particulars had come by hearsay, or through the breezy columns of the *Sketch* and the *Tatler*. Personally, the war had taken me quite out of her life—but not out of her recollection, as her radiant smile attested.

"Leslie Gaunt—or Captain Gaunt, V. C., of course!" she cried. "This is really delightful. We heard you were a dead hero—then a live one; which is ever so much nicer." She smiled again, nodding. "We've missed your pen; but we couldn't have done without your sword."

Which was very handsome, of course, even though it left me fuddled and without a word. So completely had she filled the picture, so overwhelming the renewal of her dynamic spell, that I had marked the presence of a third person very much as one marks a vague street-lamp in a fog. Now as I turned awkwardly to the man, for, of course, it was a man, in a groping effort for some diversion which would enable me to approximate a less school-boyish poise, I found myself facing still another undoubted personality.

He was a beautifully slender man, but it was the face that held me. It was dark, mobile, effeminate—painfully temperamental, a quality enhanced by raven hair of something more than the conventional length, and slumbering brown eyes, beautiful as those of a stag and yet something in them, something vague and impalpable, constituting perhaps more of an impression than anything tangible—withal something that never was in the orbs of any noble stag.

It was a face, a figure for the velvet suit, the slouch-hat, the glowing tie of the minor poet, the minnesinger; or perchance the painter of miniatures of lovely women. I glanced inquiringly at Sybil, who gestured, as though in annoyance.

"Leslie, forgive me! I thought, of course, you—but evidently—you don't. . . . Captain Gaunt—" She fixed me with

her eyes, burning intensely now, studying me with an expression I did not understand. "Captain Gaunt, this is Mr. Jermyn . . . Eric Jermyn, you know?" she added, with rising inflexion. I nodded and reached out my hand, a bit mechanically I'm afraid, while she hurried on in a manner very unlike her: "I'm having sort of a 'rag' at Portland Place to-night a week, after the theater—rather out of the ordinary, I hope. You're not leaving London to-day?"

I laughed. "Having just arrived, certainly not. But even if I were I should wait over—that is, if I'm to understand I'm bidden—"

"Why, of course," she interrupted, sharply. Her face flushed. "General Cavendish will be there, and Sir Derric Cecil—the War Office, you know? And Lady Jane Ketchell; you'll know them all. . . . Mr. Jermyn, of course—" She laid subtle emphasis upon the last. "Oh, you'll see. I'm hoping you will find it quite in the old manner."

"Jolly! I know I shall—with a certain inimitable improvement. . . . I—"

"Leslie," she interpellated, in a characteristically abrupt departure from conversational relationship, moving closer to me with that extraordinary undulatory step of hers, wafting before her an elusive perfume which was less an odor than a personal essence. "Leslie, have you been to your club, any of your clubs or any place where you've talked or heard—?"

"Heard?" I regarded her dazedly.

"Oh, any of the things one does hear in London. Gossip—"

I gestured an interruption. "Dear lady, I arrived in London late last night. Aside from my rooms I've been nowhere. As a matter of fact, I was just bound for—"

A second later, through a thaumaturgy which was all Sybil's own, I was bound for her motor at a near-by curb.

She was strangely silent as we rode to Portland Place, which gave me some opportunity to know Jermyn. Heaven knows I had no preconceived prejudice against the fellow; throughout, I mean in Mesopotamia, I had been, I think, rather sorry for him, an emotion, as it speedily developed, utterly wasted.

For Jermyn, frankly, had been sulking

under my undivided attention to Sybil Dauriac, and, like the bud unfolding to rain, he opened to my first signification of regard for him as a living personality. He talked burning, smoldering talk—almost Irvingesque. I had heard about him of course—? He eyed me jealously, accusingly, I thought, until I nodded affirmatively.

Thenceforward, until the motor was within a short distance of Portland Place, the eternal ego knew no cease, soaring on lurid wings. The voice was couched in low, monodical strain so that for aught I knew he might have been reciting his complaints and pæans in blank verse—something long ago thought out and shaped into measure. There was undoubtedly the design to transmit an impression of a soul fiercely stalwart under martyrdom, and superficially this idea was conveyed; but only superficially. For beneath all I had the sense of Jermyn's absorbing enjoyment of his plight, a deep-seated satisfaction in the rôle he was playing.

His peroration I recall—I don't really know why—but I recall it word for word, although for the life of me I cannot now say whether it was apropos of preceding outbursts or not.

"Gaunt," he said, "there is that courage which suggests to me lilies in an alabaster vase; another courage which I conceive as red roses in a *sang de boeuf* jar—the one white, innocent, pure; the other bloody, swashbuckling, half swank and half instinct—the sort alone that most men recognize, or at least understand. Can you understand the former? If you can, perhaps I have not spoken in vain."

He leaned back wearily and closed his eyes while I, who had uttered no word, nor even nodded, quite dazed in fact by the luxuriance of metaphor and simile, turned to Sybil Dauriac. She, at least, had followed him. Now, flushed, her lips parted, she was watching him intently, her expression something, I decided, that required interpretation.

But for the moment the man obsessed me. It wasn't his pyrotechnics—I didn't mind them; no, beyond all that he was unhealthy, not at all in the usual sense of the term as applied to a man



Drawn by Gerald Leake

WE ABANDONED THE TABLE PRECIPITATELY

of his type, but none the less unhealthy. Was it some remnant of grumous atmosphere carried like an infection from the circle he had once adorned? Or was it an egoism which, fed and fattened upon itself, had finally developed into grotesque repulsiveness? Undoubtedly, I decided. At all events, he was the sort one avoids—the sort that by no possibility, as it seemed, could have attracted Sybil Dauriac. Yet, evidently he had.

My eyes bristled with questions as she caught my gaze—her answer a shrug with a suggestion of defiance.

In another moment the car was drawing up at the Portland Place house. Jermyn slouched out and, with proprietary mien that I resented, gave an order to the chauffeur.

"You see," said Sybil, her manner suddenly changing to its usual blitheness as we entered the hall, "Eric is my patient from nine in the morning until after dinner. Do come in and I'll show you the lion's den. You'll excuse us, Eric."

Jermyn nodded and walked nonchalantly into the drawing-room, Sybil waiting until the tapestry closed behind his slim, well-shaped back. Then she took my arm in silence and led me into an apartment, a recent addition, evidently, to the house—and altogether extraordinary.

It was nothing more or less, if I may coin a term, than a color cure. The ceiling was the even turquoise of a summer sky, which, with the spring green of carpet, upholstery, and tapestry, the sunlit yellow of the walls, and the thrilling rays of light falling through double curtains of violet, green, and red, had combined in the creation of the most inspiring atmosphere imaginable. Certainly the normal drab of London had no place here.

"Splendid." I glanced about smiling. "One expands here; one certainly does—"

"You feel it, Leslie?"

"Feel it! I want to go right out and push a bridge over. Your nerves, I suppose—"

"Eric Jermyn's," she said, simply.

"Eh?" I regarded her dazedly.

"Why, Leslie," she rejoined, "don't

be stupid. There are wounds that no probes can touch, that no medicine can cure. This reaches those wounds, dear boy—and cures them. Isn't it delightfully novel? The Medical Corps is going to try it on."

"And in the mean time," I exclaimed, in the flush of knowledge, "you have restored a brave man to his own."

"I have *made* a brave man," she corrected. She gestured impatiently. "Oh, I have had no illusions, Leslie. I'll tell you, because I know how good a friend you are: Eric Jermyn"—her voice sank almost to a whisper—"was the most arrant coward that God ever fashioned. But now," she went on, "he's going back into the army—reinstated. He doesn't know how near it is. Nor do I, precisely. But it is near." Her eyes were flaming. "Leslie, I'd never done anything big in my life before. But now—I want you to appreciate it, want you to *understand*. You'll go to your clubs, to the War Office, and you'll meet enemies—I mean Eric's and mine—many of them important, or, worse, those who scoff. I—we—want you with us, because you count."

"Yes, to be sure." I spoke absently, for my mind was singing with the revelations that had blazed before. I turned to her suddenly. "Sybil, how deucedly, how sublimely like you!"

And it was. In her intense, burning way, led by an imagination and impulses—as likely as not to be weird, uncanny, tinged at times with morbidity—she had seized upon this broken reed not only as an issue upon which to attach the surplus energy of her abounding mentality, but as a deed of patriotic enterprise—damming the strong wayward currents of decadent nature and diverting them into channels of normality; she would—to change the metaphor—take worthless clay and re-mold it and give to her country, wound up and ready to go, a heroic automaton.

That she had done this I had not the slightest doubt; her serene belief in her work, her ineffable confidence, would have submerged misgiving, even were there not the memory of Jermyn's hectic mood of exaltation.

Later, when Jermyn rejoined us, there

came a sudden, utterly startling thought that Sybil was not coming through this mess untouched. Something in his attitude—a pettish, exacting manner which no other man had ever held toward this ebullient, brilliant young woman—and her uncharacteristic and, yes, unwholesome acceptance of it, gave me the idea.

I took it away with me to the club, where I found it amply confirmed. No scandal, not a breath of it; and yet one would have had to be stupid indeed not to have caught hints of those ominous clouds on the horizon of things, clouds whose rising and eventual precipitation would surely and inevitably sweep the world—Sybil's wonderful world—bare of her. She had changed, undoubtedly; so ran the veiled comment. Professionally and in many more subtle ways—as though the miasmic introspectiveness of Jermyn's personality had invested her—she was not herself.

Was it love? There were those who would have it so. Others who cared most for her shrugged, and, with the mien of persons selecting the least of evils, hoped that it might be so. Personally, I had not the slightest doubt: Sybil had played once too often with fantasy, and now all the deeper emotions of an emotional nature were hopelessly, helplessly involved in the personality of a man who cared for nothing at all but himself.

As I sit writing now in a little room at Field Headquarters in Flanders, with a winter gale shrieking over a desolate area of frozen mud, I am the more thoroughly convinced that, whether four weeks or four decades as an inhabitant of this grim earth have been allotted me, Sybil Dauriac's after-theater supper will survive always with extraordinary distinctness.

I recall the beauty of the day—fleet-ing beauty; it endured perhaps until noon, when the ardor began to fade from the impeccable heavens and a chill wind and drizzling rain blotted out the glory of the blithe May season. Dinner-hour saw the city a vague domain of dripping unreality. Taxicabs drifted hither and thither, their lamps invest-

ing them in a watery nimbus. Only corner street-lamps were lighted; beneath them lay glowing pools. Pedestrians, their figures blurred and distorted, hurried by with heads bent before the driving rain.

It was an evening meet for the advent of terror—and terror I suppose there was in the hearts of those whom long experience had not rendered immune from the keener dread of air attack, even though the elemental conditions so grisly and uncanny in all their manifestations bespoke a safety which the starlit skies would not have vouchsafed. Probably the early beauty of the day had tempted raiders forth, and even now there was no fog, merely a mist which no doubt tended greatly to accentuate and magnify every random light.

There had appeared in the newspapers of the preceding day or so despatches vaguely warning from the Admiralty, per the Wireless Press, and the late evening editions this night had spoken of hostile aircraft as sighted along the coast of Essex, Suffolk, and Kent. There was the rumor of a Zeppelin shot down in the Thames Estuary.

The club hummed with it, and while the time had gone by when such visitation excited anything more than extreme irritability, there was, nevertheless, general satisfaction that nature had conspired to deprive the Huns of the full moon that the calendar had promised, if not to defeat their murderous plans altogether.

Sybil had me on the telephone from the theater, inquiring as to further news of the raiders. Her manner seemed rather tense for a young woman whose coolness in an attack the preceding month had averted a panic and kept the audience in their seats while the play went on.

"Oh, I'm not worrying," she exclaimed, laughing, as I proceeded to supplement my avowed inability to give her information with a reassuring word. "It isn't *that*, don't you know. . . . It is only that it fits so beautifully into the effect of the supper. . . . I had been worrying about the atmosphere; an atmosphere of a certain sort—you'll understand when you see."

I knew I would, of course, marveling,

however, at a sense of detail so rigid that a threatened air raid would be welcomed as playing into her *mise en scène*. And yet it was not uncharacteristic. If the complete success of this function demanded flames, I had no doubt Sybil would joyously set fire to her house.

I spoke of it to Sir Derric Cecil, one of the secretaries at the War Office, as we taxied to Portland Place through the rain. He diagnosed the idea with gloomy perspicuity.

"Sybil was looking for something additional in the way of a Rembrandt effect designed to throw the stature of her hero into stronger relief."

I didn't reply, my thoughts wandering to Jermyn, whose snake-like twinings about the mind and personality of Sybil Dauriac had become only too apparent after my seven days in London to be misunderstood.

"And we are to supply the applause," added Cecil:

"And lend your influence?" I suggested. "You really think Jermyn wants another opportunity?"

"Wants it!" The man eyed me scornfully. "You've talked to him. Can you doubt it? He'll spring to his chance like a fanatic. And he'll have it—his chance, I mean. To-night's affair will give him a sanction that it'll be silly for the War Office to ignore. There's been too much noise over nothing already. He'll go back to the front and live or die a hero; you'll see."

But I was not so certain. "If Sybil could go with him," I began. But Cecil most manifestly had withdrawn his mind.

Neither of us spoke again until we reached Portland Place. There were two men at the door in soldier garb, trench helmets, muddy uniforms, and equipment complete. They saluted, and the butler, in the dress of a French peasant, ushered us into a hallway which had been transformed into a small grove.

"The dugout," he said, "is on the upper floor."

"Dugout!" Cecil chuckled. "This is a 'rag'!"

We overtook old Lord Hardigan, the banker, making his way gingerly up the stairs through a maze of barbed-wire entanglement.

"My word!" he wheezed, "that girl doesn't do things half-way—what?"

Learoyd, the journalist, who had worked up to the second flight, called some laughing reference to the anomalous circumstance of a girl so popular as Sybil Dauriac establishing a No-Man's Land in her own house.

It was all very jolly, the barbed wire being filled with arriving guests, while from the third-floor landing came a striking reproduction of machine-gun reports.

We reached the top without casualties and entered the apartment which, improvised as a dugout, was quite the best thing that Sybil Dauriac had ever done. It was very like. The great attic room had been given over to the Savoy stage-carpenters and artists, who had converted it beyond flaw into a segment of France. The mud and sandbags were painted on canvas, but there were real posts, real ladders, real straw—everything, in fact, but rats. The table was of plain pine, and candles flickered from candelabra of bayonets supporting trench bombs.

Sybil, in a night-blue and silver gown with silver-lace cap and black aigrette, her dark eyes snapping excitedly, would have none of our congratulations.

"It was all Eric Jermyn," she exclaimed, repeatedly. "His idea, really—and, of course, he put it into effect. The poor boy worked himself half sick over it, you've no idea." When I came up she turned to me, whispering, "Now, Leslie, you can see how apropos an air raid would be."

I could, indeed, and said so. For that matter, the entire atmosphere of the city was already palpable in its tenseness. Several times in the course of the evening there had been alarms, with the usual association of events—police motors scurrying forth bearing their "take cover" signs; the tube stations alternately filled and emptied by rich and poor seeking shelter in a common, congested herd; in short, all the sights and sounds of a civilized community suddenly called upon to face the last resort of murderous human passion.

Yet it bespeaks the potency of habit that Sybil Dauriac's party, with only

a thin roof above us—upon which the rain drummed incessantly—should have been no less care-free and enjoyable than had it been a house in New York or some other city remote from the attacks of Zeppelins and airplanes.

The company was rather a mixture, and yet interesting inasmuch as it reflected the skill of Sybil's campaign, as well as the wide range of her popularity. There were two or three members of her company, including the beautiful Irene Stoutenburgh, and Gladwin, the leading man. There was Tom Yorke, the stage-manager, and there were Basil Sides, the barrister, and his wife; the Honorable Ermentrude; Farrel, the novelist; Sir Albert Leach, of the Home Office—a very influential personage; General Cavendish, a War Office bigwig; Colonel Sellewe, of the army, and a sprinkling of other people important in their various social, official, or professional spheres.

It was, I suppose, the greatest tactical triumph Sybil Dauriac had ever scored. Here, through her sheer dynamic, indomitable personality, she had gathered from circles—several of them impenetrably exclusive—men and women who in many cases could singly wield heavy influence, who together formed a totality of weight that was altogether compelling. The impressiveness of the achievement was heightened by the puerile purpose underlying it. For, after all, in this age of sterling manhood what boots the making or unmaking of one individual poltroon?

Yet, again, I—and I suppose all of us—could catch Sybil's viewpoint, which, of course, was the eternal feminine point of view, and loving her and admiring her as we did we tried to share it—even Derric Cecil, who certainly had every reason to be rebellious, since his pretensions regarding her had every sanction until she had developed the Jermyn incubus.

But Sybil notwithstanding, it was difficult; it would have been so in any case, but with Jermyn seizing upon the occasion as a long-delayed but none the less gratifying personal tribute, it was infinitely more trying. While Sybil stood back he became the genius of the scene, the ruling spirit, the guiding

light—the protagonist. His eyes burning with unnatural fire, his black hair straggling over his narrow forehead, he was here, there, everywhere, tossing his greetings in careless, throaty nonchalance, patronizing, defiant, fawning, boastful, as his kaleidoscopic succession of moods dictated.

Yet there was something fascinating about the man, the sort of fascination an actor asserts who is bearing his part with realistic artistry. At least that is the way it appealed to me. There were men present who were indubitably heroes, as the world esteems a hero, and yet in his presence they all, every one, seemed to lose stature and become ordinary. Such a shrinking one never saw. Sybil, radiant with success, took his arm as a bugle blew the mess call and delivered him over to Lady Jane Ketchell—a powerful woman whom many in official life feared to the extent of servile flattery. Whereupon, with much laughter and gaiety we moved to the table.

Jermyn, his eyes glittering, raised a glass of sherry. "To the assassin gods of the air—and our breasts bared in defiance," he declaimed.

"To the gods of the air!" We drank standing, but before we could take our seats or even replace our glasses the faint booming of guns came from out the silent city.

Several of us moved to a window giving to the eastward. A changing wind was rending the clouds, and from behind one great mass appeared the shoulder of the moon forcing its way upward toward a broad gap of velvet blue. And on the horizon we could see the questing arms of searchlights.

"It was evidently no false alarm, after all," said Learoyd. "You should have selected the cellar, Miss Dauriac."

Jermyn's jaunty laughter and declamatory voice drowned her reply. "There is," he said, "a most comfortable sitting-room in the basement, safe beyond measure, for those who find the heights venturesome."

Learoyd flushed and took his seat next to Irene Stoutenburgh, who was smiling doubtfully.

"At all events," she said, "I shall *show* no fear. Since the raids began I have



Drawn by Gerald Leake

INDIFFERENT TO BOMBS OR SHATTERED ROOMS OR ANYTHING EXTERNAL

always put on an extra dab of rouge, which, don't you know, effectually prevents the coward's pallor."

"Charming!" Lady Jane bent over her salmi nodding approvingly. "Personally, I have taken to wearing heavy shoes out at night, since one can never tell when one may have to walk home."

The supper thus began under the cover of verbal by-play of word and imagery, which, with the excellent food and the wine, established at least a spurious veneer of gaiety.

Personally, I can say I was not so comfortable. At the front, where the fire is, comparatively speaking, incessant, one is screwed up to all sorts of things, and it requires a great deal either to shock or alarm. But leaving it all and returning to civilization and the flesh-pots one—well, one expects, deserves, and should have surcease of unpleasant turmoil; his whole being is attuned to the respite, and habits and states of mind which apparently had become one's very life are divested simply and easily as a mantle. Thus, at least, I diagnosed my own mood and held no doubt it accounted for that of many another present.

Otherwise, why the persistency with which we permitted ourselves to be diverted at intervals so frequent to the subject of air raids, in general, and this raid in particular, a tendency which both Sybil Dauriac and Jermyn seemed to find vastly amusing? I recall her humorous grimace at him when General Cavendish, apropos of nothing, began to berate the folly of expecting gun-sights adjusted to land distances to serve accurately when employed on objects in the air.

"There isn't any assurance at all, Hardigan," he grumbled, "that these sights meet air conditions—what—? what?"

Before the banker could reply came another salvo, much more distinct than before.

"It's still a good way off," observed Cavendish. "Epping Forest, I should say—what?"

"Sixteen miles!" objected some one. "Well, not quite. It's nearer than that."

For a moment no one spoke. Then

Jermyn called across the table to me, loudly:

"Rather a good sauce, Gaunt. And Sybil's cook is Irish, too."

"Capital, Mr. Jermyn! Capital!" Lady Jane Ketchell tapped him approvingly on the arm, which showed she had no reference to the sauce. "As to this firing, I was reading somewhere the other day that the Hun raiders, so high in the air, are obliged to do a lot of blundering. Sort of hit or miss, don't you know, especially on a misty night like this. Let's ignore the raiders and enjoy our supper."

"But you mustn't ignore them," protested Sybil. "We're in a dugout, don't you know; this raid could not have been better ordered."

"I do believe you're a German spy," laughed Learoyd.

But Sybil had turned to Jermyn, who, glass in hand, was declaiming something of the *morituri te salutamus* sort—sickening. She snatched a rose from a vase and threw it to him when, with a shake of the head, he ended his outburst of rot. He kissed it dramatically.

Slowly but surely, with the warming of temperament, he was rising to supreme heights of heroism, so that when with the dessert guns comparatively near at hand began to shake the walls he threw off all restraint and gave such a screaming portrayal of a brave man as was never before flung across a festal board.

Now, many of us had been under fire; none the less, to sit on the top floor of a house and pretend nonchalance when bombs were about to fall on the heart of London struck many of us, struck me, at all events, as ridiculous.

There came a shattering explosion from perhaps a block or two away, followed immediately by a crash as two of our panes of glass left their sashes and flew outward into the street.

A feminine shriek, brief, suppressed, fluttered through the room; a strong, masculine oath—then silence.

"Isn't it curious?"—Jermyn's voice was quiet in contrast to his previous tenseness—"isn't it curious that windows in air-bomb explosions always fall outward? It's invariably so."

We all gazed at him a moment.

"That's been scientifically explained," said some one. "It's counter air currents within the room."

"They say you shouldn't sit between doors and windows when—"

Irene Stoutenburgh's voice was lost in a tremendous, deafening detonation. The door of the room, torn from its hinges, fell inward with a crash, while the sound of shattered glass played about the destructive uproar.

It was, of course, beyond human endurance to remain seated, beyond *our* endurance, that is. We sprang to our feet, irresolute. Sybil was still in her chair. So was Jermyn. As we stood there he leaned forward slowly, lifting his wine-glass, his face drawn into an expression of inebriated senility. With what freak of mentality I know not, he launched himself into Baron Chevalier's death speech, in "The Parisian Romance."

"Here—" he mouthed. "Here's to Rosa—"

"Bravo!" Sybil Dauriac moved suddenly to the wall and stood poised, tense. We stood as though rooted to the spot.

"Here's to Plutus—"

Jermyn, his words, the very scene itself, were lost in a resounding explosion, followed instantaneously by a rending and grinding and a descent of plaster and sticks of wood which seemed to envelop the table. . . .

We left that dugout—precipitately. Personally, I know I should have been in the street in precisely five seconds; but my flight was checked by Lord Hardigan, caught in the barbed wire at the head of the stairs, and cursing volubly. He, being the first out of the room, had checked, in fact, the entire company. Irene Stoutenburgh was sagging against me, her pink hair-fillet hanging over her nose, weeping hysterically. Cavendish was ordering Lord Hardigan out of the way. It was a dismal scene, massed as we were in the hall, staring and wondering as Sybil worked her way back to the door, glanced into the dugout, and then faced us dramatically.

"Good people—" Her voice was resonant with surcharged emotion. "There was no bomb; nothing. It was

a—a stage trick, gentles all—a stage trick, pure and undefiled." Her breath caught; with all eyes turned upon her she fought for utterance. At length came words, slow, deliberate, with every care in enunciation. "I had conceived the idea of having a shell laden with favors come down through the ceiling as a grand finale. The stage-carpenters had rigged a collapsible wall, the shell—oh, everything! It was a last grand touch of realism. . . . Have you any idea, therefore, how apropos this bombing of London was?"

"Sybil!" I cried, half angry, half laughing. "You fiend!"

The hall was filled with outcry playfully or angrily denouncing this latest and greatest manifestation of Sybil's impish imagination.

But her voice rose clear. "One moment. . . . You stood not upon the order of your going. Admit it. But—but"—her voice rose shrilly—"where is Eric Jermyn? He—" She stopped suddenly as stage folk will when they wish to drive home their point. "He—" We stood braced for her dénouement, imperiously scornful, white-hot, sizzling. "He didn't know of this—this grand climax."

I started involuntarily, staring at her dazedly, my senses, attuned to a tremendous crescendo, utterly numbed by the quavering uncertainty of the note she had struck.

And now, protestingly: "He had not the slightest—not an idea, not— He hadn't. I swear it." Again that rasping pause. Then, with a sweep, she came up with her part. "You—you are all out here. . . . How you all ran! But—but where is Eric?"

"Well, where is he?" I growled, responding to an obvious cue.

"He's in that room—at that table. He—he didn't budge. . . . Now," she shrilled, "will you talk of bravery!"

As we crowded into the dugout, there, sure enough, was Jermyn leaning far forward on the table, littered with plaster dust and pieces of small wood, his hand, outstretched, resting upon the huge shell that had contained the favors, some of which, indeed, had spilled out of the tin replica of a deadly missile.

Throwing her scornful laughter back over her shoulder, Sybil darted to Jermyn's side, he still holding his pose of indifference to bombs or shattered rooms, or anything external. Yet his brow was furrowed, his eyes staring at the floor, a flush creeping over his dark cheeks.

"Sybil!" Lady Jane's voice was charged with angry emotion. "This is the cheapest, the simplest, the most disgusting play to the—"

I thought Jermyn shivered. But in any event it was General Cavendish's authoritative voice which broke in upon the outburst.

"Just a moment, Lady Jane. It was startling a bit, damn me if it wasn't. But, gad, it was worth while. It was well worth while. Jermyn"—he strode to the poet—"Jermyn, you have my distinguished compliments." He placed his hand ponderously upon the man's shoulder.

Eric Jermyn straightened, and for a moment sat rigid. Then, slowly, he attained his feet, swaying so that for a moment I thought he was going to topple over. But he caught himself. Then, as a murmur went among us, he held out his hand, as though for attention. And, speaking, there was a dignity in his voice, a poise in his bearing, as though he had suddenly been invested with the exaltation of a new personality.

"General," he said, "I have no right to your compliments. . . . I knew of Sybil's surprise, *knew every detail* of it—"

"Eric!" The voice of the woman who loved him, at whom he had not glanced since our entrance, was piercing.

"I knew every detail," he went on. "Something seems to have broken in my head, friends; something has cleared from my eyes. I see myself as I have been to-night, as I have been throughout. The picture is distasteful, quite." He passed his sensitive fingers across his eyes as though to eliminate it.

"Sybil—Sybil knew I was still a coward; else she wouldn't have devised this—this scene. And I, fatuous, didn't realize this. But I do now. . . . Well, I am a coward. But, I can't—General Cavendish—I can't stand here and take your compliments. I—" His voice quivered into nothingness. He was turning away when the old soldier caught him by the arm.

"My boy, you are not a coward. I know men, old fellow. I know *you*. You have won the greatest victory that man, soldier, or not, can win—the moral victory. . . . I can't give you the V. C., for that, don't you know. But I can give you my hand. And so I do."

And as Jermyn seized the big, outstretched paw in both his lean, brown hands, I saw Sybil standing, watching the pair, star-eyed, proud.



The Letters of James Whitcomb Riley

REALIZING SUCCESS—1883-90

Edited, with Comment, by EDMUND H. EITEL



THE following group of letters represents the period in James Whitcomb Riley's life when he was coming into his own. In 1882 and 1883 he gained some reputation through "The Old Swimmin'-Hole" and other poems in Hoosier dialect, and through his public readings. Lecturing in the East and West now afforded him the opportunity to meet such men as John Hay and Matthew Arnold, of whom he gives unforgettable pictures in the letters following. In 1886 Riley gave a few entertainments with the popular humorist, Bill Nye, and in 1887 he was invited to join some of the foremost authors of the country in a benefit performance in New York City in the interest of copyright reform. Riley was the unexpected delight of the occasion, and appeared not only upon the first program, but, by request, upon the second also. On the latter occasion Lowell paid him a notable tribute. In that same year, 1887, appeared *After-whiles*, the first collection of Riley's poems to be formally published. In the next year Riley's *Old-Fashioned Roses* was published in England. The enormously successful reading tours of Nye and Riley came at the end of this period.

The following letter was written to a young minister, Howard S. Taylor, who was an intimate correspondent of Riley's from the time he encouraged the struggling poet in the lonely year of 1879:

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 2, 1883.

DEAR TAYLOR:

This isn't an answer to your last, but to tell you that I have just met John Hay, and he doesn't look or act at all like the man who wrote either "Little Britches" or "Woman's Love"—nor yet "The Whiskey Skin." Very business-like, he is, and careworn in appearance—but says it is occasioned by ill health. He is not the stalwart frame

I have heretofore fancied him, but rather slight in build, a fine face, and head, and a keen dark eye—sees clean down into the bowels of things. I regret that he is rich, and half way think he hates it. Says he would like to write more, but business vexations take up all his time. He was very kind and courteous, and has invited me to his Euclid Avenue home. And did you know that he was born in Indiana? At a little old town called Salem, which he laughingly said had never appeared in history till John Morgan and his men swept through there "durin' the Army" and burnt it down. You would like him I am very sure.

I am dodgin' round a good 'eal o' country, and only a few nights ago "argied" below Crawfordsville, and your brother John joined and went along. He is a very lovely character, and I think we like each other wholly.

Hastily, but always heartily yours,

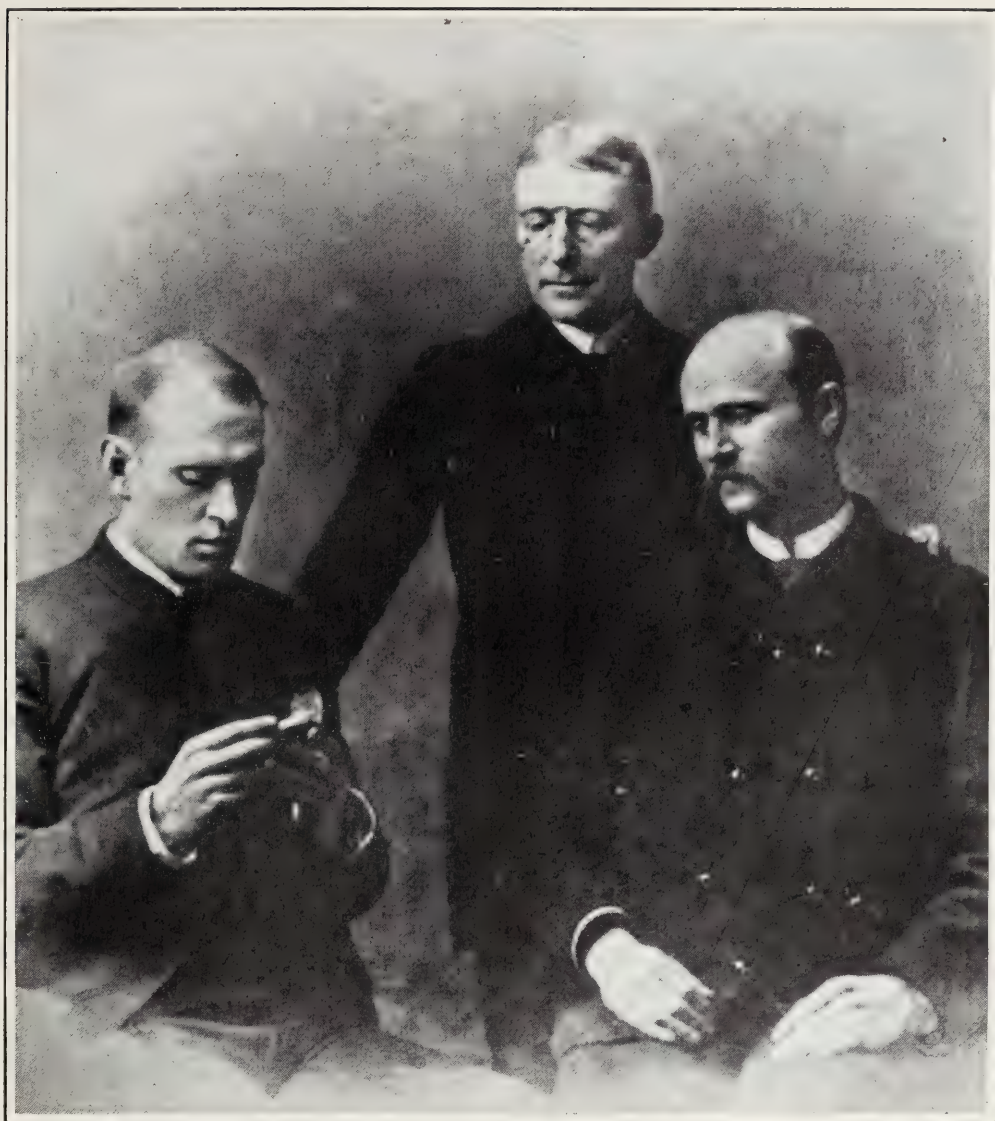
JAMESY.

In spite of his success, lecturing wore upon Riley from the first, because his innermost desire was for leisure to write poetry. To Mrs. Rosaline E. Jones, also a poet, he wrote:

CINCINNATI, November 15, 1883.

DEAR FRIEND:

You must not look for this to be a letter, since I have but a minute or two to tell you that your last good letter only reached me after the longest while. Since I last wrote you I have been almost constantly upon the road, with never an hour to call my own, and still denied the delight of talking with old friends by mail—and it's all so lonesome! Night time I always like, for then I talk to *crowds*; but through the *days*—hurry—worry—bother—bluster—anxiety—and hunger for companionship. Strangers to the right of me,—strangers to the left of me—and always the spiteful and convulsive jerking of the car, and the din and clangor of the wheels, and the yelp of wide-mouthed bells of passing trains, *ad hystericum!* How well I enjoyed your letter—even though it came so late—I think you will not guess, for I so like earnestness, and without that there never was, or is, or can be a true artist, either in painting, poetry, or music—all, all so very beau-



EUGENE FIELD, RILEY, AND BILL NYE AT THE TIME OF THEIR JOINT LECTURE IN 1886

tiful that all the world holds else is as a worthless prize, for these only can speak out the language of the soul and tell God what our mighty yearnings are. I hope you are still writing, and in that spirit, too, that has made the great advance it has for you since your first efforts attracted me. That is good. That is, or ought to be, a vast joy to you. It is all Keats ever had or could have. It is all there is of heaven down here, so be very, very glad and all content. I know I counsel better than I act, always—but sometimes just the song is all I want. And I would like to chirp a little now, but Fate says no, and so I hold my peace.

Hastily but very faithfully and truly yours,
J. W. RILEY.

To the Rev. Myron W. Reed, of Indianapolis, a minister of distinction and an intimate friend for many years, Riley described Matthew Arnold:

BOSTON, *January, 1884.*

DEAR REED:

. . . I don't know whether you will like Matthew Arnold or not—I know you like some things he has written. Two or three days ago I met him, coming out of New York into Binghamton, and had some opportunity to inspect him—my way.

He is English thoroughly, though quite Scotch in appearance. Until you hear him speak, you would say Scotch. A tall, strong face, with a basement-story chin, and an eye eager, unconscious, restless; gray and not large. A heavy man physically, though not of extra flesh—simply a fine, manly skeleton properly draped. He is self-sufficient, and yet trying to do better, on his own advice, not at all snobbish, and yet with hardly enough vanity to stand the criticism. He is a marked combination of learning, fancy, and matter-of-fact. An hour before we became acquainted I inspected him and saw his

colossal mind lost in the lore of the railroad guide same as if it were Homer in the original text. I noticed, too, that when he bought a three-cent paper he took back his two cents change and put it away as carefully as he would a fi'-pound note. He is poor, however, and I mention this only as an instance of a national characteristic which may perhaps have been inherited—only in these “God-bless-us-every-one” times I could but remark in mental aside, “’Tis very good to be American!”

He seemed greatly pleased with all he saw and spoke honestly of his surprise at the country he found here. Was utterly stolid, however, and enjoyed it all like working a sum. Didn't parade himself—and wore arctics, and never forgot his umbrella. Much of the time, too, he was studying his lecture—in printed form—and ignoring the dailies that were having so much to say about him. I think he has no sense of humor whatever. A joke that tackled him would hide its head in shame, and skulk away and weep.

He is not the genius Irving is. Irving is the Englishman you will like clean through. You must see and hear them both—but Irving is the boss.

Hastily and heartily,

J. W. RILEY.

To Arthur Hooper Dodd, president of the Papyrus Club of Boston:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 24, 1884.

DEAR FRIEND:

I am advised by your secretary, Mr. Barrett Wendell, of my election as a member of The Papyrus Club; and through you I desire to convey to that honorable body my thanks for the great honor it confers.

As direct and practical as is the official statement of my good fortune, the reading of it holds and affects me with an interest and delight my pen stammers to express. Will you, therefore, bear kindly with me through the deviations of an extra page or two.

When three years ago I first strayed like a foundling out of this primitive quarter of the country, and at last found myself staring, mute and helpless, at the brazen dome of your capitol, not knowing the way to *any* hotel—to say nothing of The Revere House—I think I never better appreciated my own personal insignificance. In the great turbulent stream of humanity that selvedged Boston Common I missed the friendly faces of the butcher and baker of my native heath, and secretly yearned for some voice out of all the wrangle to accost me with an old-time “Hello, there!” “Howdy-do?” or anything. In fact, in that hopeless hour of my desolation I would eagerly have “answered to ‘Hi!’ or to any loud cry.” But I was *not*

called upon. I was lost utterly; in search of myself I shambled off alone. The ground I got over was historical—sacred, indeed; but it didn't seem to *awe* a fellow like it ought. It was Harvey's Meditations over again to peer through the iron pickets of the Old Granary Churchyard and brood on the loveliness of death; to again envy Paul Revere, and other members of the Revolutionary Clique who had secured entrance there and were enjoying their exclusive privileges with such quiet dignity and reticence. Even the spire of the Old South Church could not stab so deeply into the spirit of my patriotism as to arouse it to anything like normal action—for it only giped and sneered at me as a common sentimentalist all the way to Boston Harbor where I next took myself to investigate an old historical rumor,—and it so scouted a like movement on Bunker Hill that I abandoned the venture—threw down my arms and skulked back into the city like the wraith of a disgusted Redcoat. All was vain. The sense of loneliness would not be dissipated, and so, in utter desperation, I cast myself bodily into the lair of—an editor [John Boyle O'Reilly]. You yourself, Mr. President, know the unfortunate man; and you further know his failings of forbearance, and the ungovernable impulses that are forever luring him on to deeds of violent kindliness and irreparable acts of charity and goodliness of the deepest dye. At that time I didn't know he was a member of your club, but I did know it, of a truth, the morning later—which was Sunday afternoon, by the way, when I awoke to greet it! But I anticipate! (now—I didn't then). The gentleman had asked me, in our interview, if I could meet him that (Saturday) evening at the Revere. I said I could—and I did. And there it was I was introduced to a merry convention of gentlemen who were balloting for a new president. This is the genesis of my first meeting with the Papyrus Club. And I wish I could recall all the jovial happenings of the occasion, but I can't. My memory *that night* even, had to drop back and pant every-once-in-a-while. But I remember clearly that the club collectively and individually—struck the target-center of my loftiest ideal of what a club should be. Editor and poet, I recall, happily combined, and witty paragraph and graceful verse were there as man and wife. I remember that the preacher and the dramatist were there, each loving the other all the more for the righteousness of his ambition and the religion of work—sermon or comedy. And there, too, were the artist and the business man, not feeling sorry for each other in the least, but, indeed, heartily applauding Art and Enterprise alike,

and each happy fellow betting on the other as just his kind of a man. And the author and publisher were there, and mingling, too, with a warmth of affection suggestive of that glorious time when the monkey and the parrot shall lie down together, etc., etc. And the doctor and his patient, they were there, each permitting the other to eat and drink anything and everything in the broad range of the menu, and in whatever quantity his appetite or inclination might suggest. And a hundred other happy things do I remember; but head and front of all is my remembrance of the thanks I failed then to happily express, and the thanks I now as vainly seek a fitting voice for. Therefore, I beg you, Mr. President, in response to the newer honor shown me, to assure The Papyrus Club of my warmest gratitude and my fondest earnest love and allegiance for all time.

Fraternally,

J. W. RILEY.

Riley was ready to publish a second book in 1884. With the encouragement of John Boyle O'Reilly, he assembled ten of his prose sketches, since they promised to sell better as a book than poetry.

This volume appeared in the following year as *The Boss Girl*, with the imprint of The Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

In the mean time, having no better book, Riley sent his little "homespun volume," *The Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems*, to Robert Browning with this letter:

INDIANAPOLIS, March 17, 1885.

DEAR SIR:

"From his poems, as I take it, Robert Browning is a brave, intrepid man,—No fear but he can face your book and never flinch!"—so a sound, but oftentimes facetious friend said to me yesterday, and so I send you the book.

It is a small collection of American dia-



RILEY REVISITING "THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE"

lectic poems—or rhymes, rather, in the "Hoosier" idiom—the same as faithfully reproduced as a lifetime's acquaintance with a simple wholesome people and their quaint vernacular enables me to portray it.

For years I have believed that unusual poetical material, in fairly rich veins, lies in this country region, and a music, too, however rude, in the quaint speech of the people; and in the specimen I beg you to accept should you find any even trivial evidence of the truth of the theory I will be glad.

May I express in this way my individual thanks out of the universal gratitude so justly yours? Reading your poems I have better learned to love all Nature's music—the mighty pæan of the Thunders, and the gentle laughter of the children.

And I have found a hale delight in the contemplation of your purely rustic studies—your faithful reproduction of the humble country people, and (as most wholesomely it seems) their *dialect* of thought and character as well as speech. And so it is I beg you

to accept with my warmest gratitude a little book of rhyme in the homely dialect of my own country.

God bless you, sir, and believe me, from years prior to this, and now, and on and on,
Your friend, JAMES W. RILEY.

The next letter is in reply to a request from Alonzo H. Davis, a newspaper man, for biographical facts. Reference is made to the Rev. (later Bishop) Robert McIntyre and William M. McConnell, another member of the newspaper fraternity:

INDIANAPOLIS, April 16, 1885.

Davis, Doggone it! I'm in bed again!

I was glad to get your letter, however, and will try to build a little one in reply. I am lying flat on my gifted back and writing with my toes. I wrote to Mr. McIntyre and McConnell yesterday, but concealed my real condition knowing both would encourage me to die—one wanting to *funeralize* and the other to *obituarize*.

You ask for my life, but I'd rather give you my money. I am a blonde of fair complexion, with an almost ungovernable trend for brunettes. Five feet-six in height—though last state fair I was considerable higher than that—in fact, I was many times taken for old High Lonesome, as I went about my daily walk. I am a house,



THE "OLD SEMINARY," AT GREENFIELD, INDIANA, WHERE RILEY WAS EDUCATED

Riley is the first figure at the left

sign and ornamental painter by trade—graining, marbling, gilding, etching, etc. Used to make lots of money but never had any on hand. It all evaporated in some mysterious way. My standard weight is a hundred and thirty-five, and when I am placed in solitary confinement for life I will eat onions passionately, birdseed I never touch. I whet my twitterer exclusively on fishbone.

My father was a lawyer, and lured me into his office once for a three months' sentence. But I made good my escape and under cover of the kindly night I fled up the pike with a patent medicine concert wagon, and had a good time for two or three of the happiest months of my life. Next I struck a country paper and tried to edit, but the proprietor, he wanted to do that, and wouldn't let me, and in about a year I quit tryin' and let him have his own way, and now it's the hardest thing in the world for me to acknowledge that he is still an editor and a most successful one. Later I went back home to Greenfield, Ind., near Indianapolis, and engaged in almost

everything but work and so became quite prominent. Noted factions and public bodies began to regard me attentively, and no grand jury was complete without my presence. I wasn't, however, considered wholly lost till I began to publish poetry brazenly affixing my own name to it. But I couldn't get any money for it, although stranger editors wrote me letters of praise regarding it. Then I sent a little of the best of it to two or three real poets East, and they commended it, and I showed their letters, and have been paid ever since. Still I am not rich. A skating-rink proprietor who yearns to be a poet should be regarded with suspicion.

But seriously, my dear friend, I can't write seriously, the way I feel. It is too solemn a thing. Mainly, however, the foregoing truthfully outlines my brief career. But I've been blue over being "downed" again and I'm trying to keep cheerful. Whenever you can give me a line, I want you to. I like you and want you always for my friend.

Sincerely yours,

J. W. RILEY.

In 1886 Amos J. Walker, Riley's lecture manager, brought Nye and Riley together for their first entertainments. The following letter to George C. Hitt indicates the success which attended their venture from the beginning:

CLEVELAND, O.,
March 6, 1886.

DEAR GEORGE:

Last night here we bagged the town—a success not even second to our Indianapolis ovation. Nye is simply superb on the stage—and no newspaper report can halfway reproduce either the curious charm of his drollery—his improvisations—inspirations, etc., or, the, at times, hysterical delight of his auditors. We repeat tonight by espe-

cial request of everybody. Newspapers all sent reporters, quite an audience of themselves, as they sat in be-tabled phalanx in the orchestra-pen and laughed and whooped and yelled and cried, wholly oblivious of their duty half the time. Mail with this their result as printed up to date. As ever,

J. W. R.

In 1886 Nye and Riley gave a few readings in Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Minnesota. Nye was ill during the winter of that year, and their lecture plans were, of necessity, postponed. The happiness of the combination before the



THE POET AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIP TO BOSTON

public and the congeniality and friendship of Nye and Riley made the two men continuously desire a reunion on the platform. This was accomplished in the two seasons of 1888-89 and 1889-90.

To Benj. S. Parker, Editor of the New Castle *Mercury*, Riley wrote of his dialect verse:

GREENFIELD, IND., Aug. 29, '87.

DEAR PARKER:

Just as your letter came I was called away from town, and so till now I have been kept from answering it.

In many respects I agree with you regarding dialect—Yankee, Southern, Hoosier and all the rest; still I most conscientiously believe (outside of all its numberless deviations) there is a legitimate use for it, and as honorable a place for it as for the English, pure and unadulterated. The only trouble seems to be its *mis*-use—its use by writers who fail wholly to interpret its real spirit and character—either through blind ignorance, or malicious perverseness, in what they are about. To range back to the very Genesis of all speech, we can only righteously conjecture a dialectic tongue—a deduction as natural as that a babe must first lisp—the child babble—and the youth and man gradually educate away all like preceding blemishes. And I think it as absolutely necessary, in the general illustration of human life and character, to employ the dialect as the speech refined—its real value, of course, dependent on the downright wisdom and honesty of the writer who employs it. And my ambition in the use of dialect is simply as above outlined. That I have few endorsers among the scholarly I grievedly admit, yet am graciously assured and compensated by the homely approbation of my class and grade of fellowmen. Once in a while, however (and there's, at last, a discernible growth of the tendency) some finished critic discriminates and estimates the dialectic purpose exactly. Let me quote from *Art Interchange* of Aug. 13. It says of a dialect poem of mine in *Aug. Century* (Nothin' To Say) that it "is an illustration of the only possible excuse for this sort of work," in that "the tender and touching little poem does not depend on the dialect"—but that—"The feeling, the homely pathos of the verse makes it of value, and the dialect is simply its strongest and most fitting expression." Now I am very proud of this detailed estimate of the poem. That is the highest praise I seek or my ambition desires, and I think you will believe me and approve me there.

I am, Yours as ever, J. W. RILEY.

During an illness at this time, Riley took great pleasure in Stevenson's new

volume, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, which awoke in him the desire to publish a book of his own poetry. As to preparing such a volume, he was in difficulties because such clippings as he had kept of his verse were scattered in many places. Mr. Henry Eitel, his brother-in-law, searched the various newspapers and magazines to which Riley had contributed and shortly afterward furnished him with a typewritten collection of more than half of his poems, for most of Riley's verse was composed by this date. From this copy Riley selected the poems for his first permanent book, *Afterwhiles*, and for many other books in succeeding years. Riley now turned from a chief preoccupation in new work to the revising of his poems for publication in book form.

To Mrs. Rosaline E. Jones:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 9, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND:

Your October letter from Chesterville was wonderfully welcome to the then "shad-dery" invalid I was. Been ill for months and months, and now anything but a Samson in point of strength—though so much better, the last few weeks. I'm printing, for the Holidays, another poem-book, called *Afterwhiles*, which I'll send you, among first of my friends—see! the very promise, tense and all, is thus down in the poem:—

*Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends,
To walk with them, in the hush
Of still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields, and stand
Long at parting, hand in hand.*

So you must forgive me for all my devious remisses everyway—I'll correct them—*afterwhile*.

*Afterwhile—the poet-man
Will do better—when he can.
He will even fulfill jes'
Ever'thing he promises!
Afterwhile, with deep regrets,
He will even pay his debts;
And by drayload, cart and hack,
Will take borrowed volumes back,
That their owners, ages gone,
Haven't had their clutches on,
And will gibber, shriek and smile
When he brings 'em—afterwhile!*

Only this stanza is not in the poem but just *here* for "smiling purposes," as Bill Nye would say. So some one told you I was married, did they? No, I've only just been dying of other "visitations," such as coughs

colds, "rhumatiz," and "every-other-day-ager"—a very popular variety in this locality.

And now will you pardon the brevity and nothingness of this capering page. It seems I'm always out o' breath more and more with each oncoming year. I holler at each day that whizzes past and lifts my hat:—"Say! whither dost thou scud—and where's my sere and yellow hair evaporating to?" Am not steadily in lecture-work this season—hope only to fill occasional dates, and do more writing—too much and long neglected, by years. And now, at last, can actually make money by it. Only think of it!!!

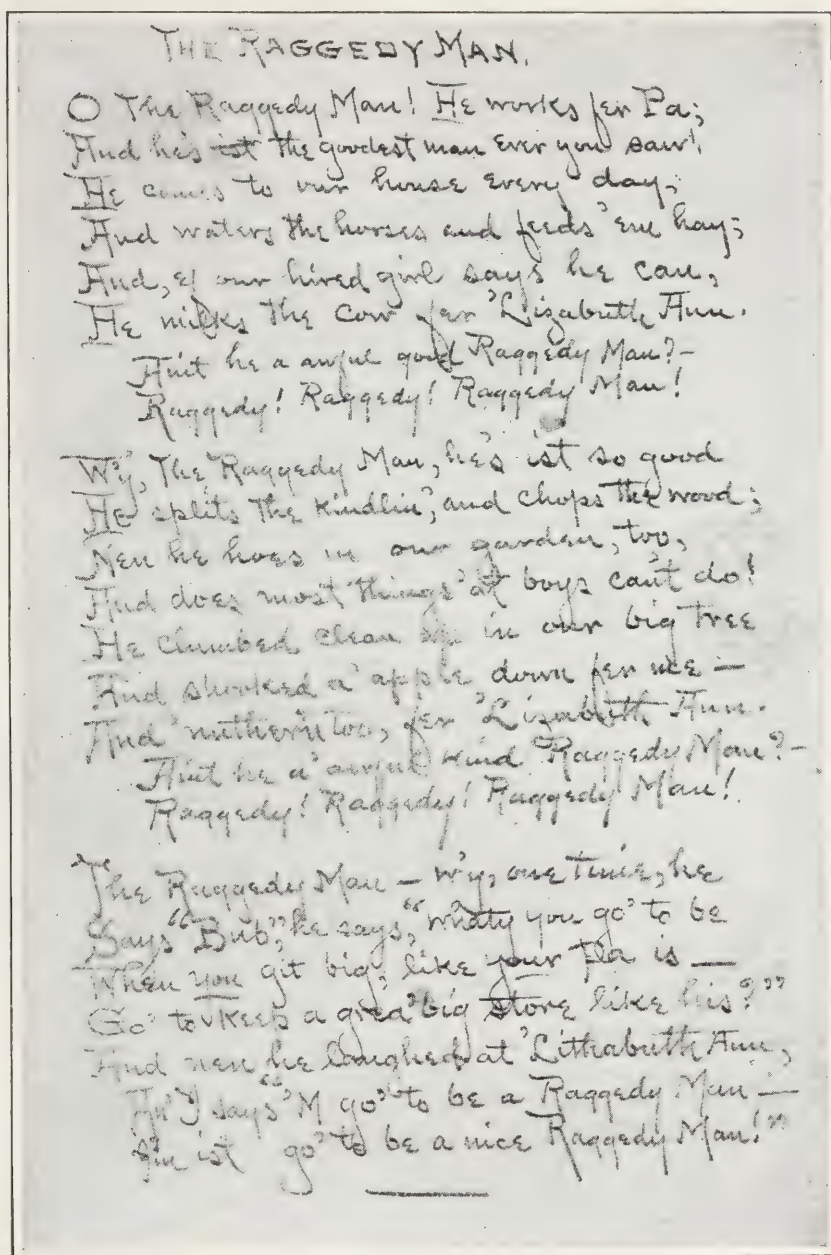
Always fraternally yours,
J. W. RILEY.

In the two following letters to Nye Riley tells of an invitation to lecture in New York City:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,
November 11, 1887.

DEAR NYE:

Just now there is an invitation to me, through Mr. Johnson of the *Century*, to come and "say a piece" at The Authors' Readings in International Copyright League interest, dates Nov. 28 & 29. And upon consulting my intentions about the matter I find that I can go, and thus hasten to warn you of the fact, so's you can have your chores at home purty well off your hands and the house red up preparitory-like, as the feller says, to receive me with corroboratin' eclaw; and, last but not least, to ast you if I hadn't better fetch along a extry shirt, and buy my ter-backer here, as I *have* heard my kind is not to be had there fer love er money. I wish, too, that you and Catalpa [Nye's name for his wife] and the fambly would meet me at the depot—wherever I git off at, so's I won't git carried past and run on into some other town where I hain't got kith ner kin. I'm the blamedest fool on travelin', I reckon, they is outside o' the durn lynatic asylum—'bout not gittin' trains, er gittin' the wrong one, and all sich aggrervations thataway!



A FACSIMILE OF "THE RAGGEDY MAN" IN RILEY'S HANDWRITING

In replying to Mr. Johnson's request to make selections for them to draw from, I gave only one title for programme,—*"The Educator,"* which you know as *"The Object Lesson"*—the rest of titles simply "hedges," you know, such as *"Character Study"*—*"Dialect Sketch,"* *"Poem,"* &c. Then told him to see, or get word to you, and you'd know better than I what would stand the best chance of pleasin' 'em, in point o' length, theme, and the rest—not forgetting *"motiff"* of course. Just sent you a rolled package, which, since, I've feared might be lost to you in *World's* mail, which please nose out without fail, as it's a picture that 'll break you all up—so unusually—ridiculously—grotesquely good, it makes me think o' some of your conceits in picture the "human form divine." Hang it up at home where I can see it again when I register.

Mr. Johnson mysteriously postscripts invitation, to keep it dark for few days. Wonder why,—and what 'ud become of a feller if he'd take it back, and I'd not get to go there after all. Reckon, though, it's all right, as I bet on his friendship among the first. Write me soon, and allus believe in me henceforrerd—'cause 'y God, Bill, I like you!

As ever yours
"JAMESIE."

Nye's reply was characteristic of the merry companionship between the two humorists:

N. Y., Nov. 18, 1887.

MY DEAR JAMESIE:

Your note was received just as I was embarking for a little lecture "sprint" and now I'm back again I will write to say that I'll meet you at whatever train & time you say and welcome you with a big and pronounced welcome then and there. Be sure to write me *exactly* as to time and train so that we may not miss each other in the great rush and crush peculiar to this Massive town.

I went over to Boston and jerked a few remarks for them the other evening. Kind friends came and laughed heartily.

There was a brief announcement the other day in the papers of the Int. Copyright Benefit to take place the 28-29 but only a partial list of the attractions. I've not seen Johnson yet but 'opes to soon. This Author's reading is a big thing, one of the best in a literary way in the union and will be presided over by our friend Jas. Russell Lowell who, as you know is the author of "the old swimmin' Hole and 'Leven more poems."

I have your highly humorous picture and letter from Chicago hung up where it will catch your eye ever and anon while you make my house your home.

Write at once and tell me accurately giving me your *motiff* and time table and how, when and where to meet you at Jersey City or the other depots of our young and thriving town so that I will be there an hour or two before hand walking up and down the platform with my team hitched outside ready to take you out to the farm where Catalpa and dear ones will be ready to greet you.

Good bye and God's best and freshest new laid blessings on your soft and flaxen head.

Yours with anticipation and things
BILL.

To Edgar Wilson Nye:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 21, 1887.

DEAR NYE:

How kind it was of the Bostonians to go and hear you, and how grateful you must indeed be! And did Bronson Alcott express himself *en rapport* with your theme and *motiff*, and greet you as greedily as he was wont to hail and boost along young Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster? Did you deftly touch upon the *Renaissance*—or whatever it is—and how did they tumble when you gave "The Fuzz Upon the Porcupine" and "Little Orchid Anna?"

Have just written Mr. Johnson, (who asks that I be there two or three days previous) to say lecture-dates hold me from arriving sooner than Saturday 26th—*then* don't know exact time, but will wire you on the road som'ers. Hope Lowell will not crawfish 'cause I'm goin' to give 'em some-

pin' new in dialect, and you must assure him that my estimate of some of *his* is really very generous—but you can tell at the same time that I could see it was all put on, and that I knowed he could spell better if he tried.

Wish you *could* stroll down to the depot, but if you can't conveniently I'll track you to your lair somehow, though you've been now in captivity so long, I more'n like couldn't tell your spoor when I saw it.

The book is now fitfully dropping from the press—in *paper boards*, however, so I'll not send it to you till in cloth—then *bring* it, 'y God! and *make* you read it. Tell Lowell, and the rest, you think you can work it so's they'll get a copy. And I'd freely give Howells one if he'd turn in and write about two magazine pages regarding its chaste Tolstoian and lubricious purity.

Will telegraph you soon as I know bearings.

So Adios.



RILEY AT THIRTY EIGHT

In presenting this picture to a young lady, Riley inscribed it:

"This is the way I looked the day
My grandpa's grandma ran away
With a cadet who said I bet
I'll win that girl's affections yet."

To Dr. James Newton Matthews:

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 23, 1887.

DEAR MATTHEWS:

Don't kuss 'cause I've 'pearently been neglectin' of ye. I couldn't he'p it—been so crowded and hustled along pell-mell by this, that and ever'thing! Didn't get your last letter and poem till late, and, being on the road then, socked the letter in my valise som'ers, and now can't find it, 'though I pawed the very bowels out o' the blasted bag. Hurried and worried now beyond all estimate, I must ask you to send another copy direct to *Journal* Edr., as I'm off at next gasp for New York and Bill Nye—or send same to me there, and she'll go in *The World*, where it'll go anyhow, should I yet chance upon it, as I may. As yet I am not at liberty to state my mission to N. Y., but, in confidence, you must know that I go there by invitation of International Copyright League, to read with American Authors, at Chickering Hall, dates 28 & 29th. Ain't that a great, big, and all-swelled-up honor for the little bench-legg'd poet out o' this blessed Hoosier Nazareth? Only think of it!—introduced by James Russell Lowell, to thousands of the crowned heads of the strictly elite literary eye-and-ear auditor of that Athens! oh heavens—oh heavens! I feel, indeed, that "I am but a poor sewing girl!" & "Save me—save me! or I shall escape!" Howells, Stoddard, Stedman, Twain, Stockton, Cable, Page—and the Lord only knows the rest of the glorious list! Now, not a word of this to anyone, till I'm announced from that quarter. Will send you word promptly of my success big or little—or none. Will not forget, either, to kindo' spread your name around, molasses-like, over their buttered bread of world-wide recognition. Will direct pubs, here to send you book soon as possible—later will send you copy, personal, in best binding—not yet from printers. The first fitful books now evaporating faster than they can possibly exude. Write me, care Bill Nye,—Office New York *World*, and enclose contributions there.—Possibly we can pull checks out of 'em. I'm goin' to try it, anyhow.

As always faithfully yours,

JAMESY.

To Mr. Henry Eitel Riley wrote of his reception in New York city. He read "When the Frost Is on the Pun-kin," "The Educator" or "Object Lesson," and "Nothin' to Say."

NEW YORK, Nov. 30, 1887.

DEAR EITEL:

Have had more success here, twice over, than counted on when I came. Everything

seems to have worked right in my favor: The Magazines, the Newspapers, the Clubs, Artists, Bohemians—everything and everybody, wholesome and hearty in their welcome, beyond description. The Notables of Authors Readings, from Lowell down, universally friendly and even applaudive. Was thus forced to again appear on yesterday's program, with a special complimentary speech from Mr. Lowell, in which he spoke of reading "Afterwhiles" and ranking its author away up in G. Oh, it was simply great, and the reception met with here is worth years of any man's life to overtake. Then to have those old white-haired laureates crowdin' round a feller, to the close—the audience still applauding and damp-eyed as the old immortals shaking and wrenching away at my hand, and occasionally introducing themselves in such names as Chas. Dudley Warner, George William Curtis, together with notable divines from all quarters. Can use them very advantageously when they *do*—if soon. Haven't written, or even sent papers to you, because time is so crowded with other things.

As ever though hastily

J. W. RILEY.

To Dr. James Newton Matthews:

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 12, 1888.

DEAR MATTHEWS:

What has become of the rollicking Kuss who twankles the strings of the twinkering rain? So long since I've heard from you I'm thinking yer aither dead or spachless, as I've been myself, for the matter o' that, for weeks and weeks also more weeks. Three or four times I've sworn to myself I'd grab some leisure by the scruff o' the neck and write something worthy of your book; but, aside from the fact of your book being worthier than anything I could write, I've been crowded, and kept so at a continuous tension with duties far less pleasant but more exacting, that yet I linger delinquent and painfully self-accusatory. Do you comprehend just such a predicament? Being a better man than I am knit, I fear not. The same remission in the case of our dear Ben Parker. He, however, has been good enough to forgive me; and, the other day, came up in my room, and just jolted me down in my chair, as it were; and I lit into it, and arose a far happier man, I do assure you. Surely no pleasure can surpass that of praising the worthy work of such worthy poets as I count you both; and with the unwavering friendship of such men as you, I would find, away on at the tail-end of life's experiences, vast compensation, though I should miss the Tom-Dick-and-Harry hurrahs of the world at large. Aside from quite a press of ordered poems—for

Holiday wear—and all want dialect nearly—blast 'em!—I've had my Christmas book [*Pipes o' Pan*] to get together—with infinite bother—far more than estimated; and Nye's book and mine [*The Railway Guide*] to “proof,” revise and arrange by mail and now not more than half done;—and trying to get some new readings for the coming lecture season—right on my heels—and the printers here chasing me from pillar to post.—Well, I would have softening of the brain, I'm dead sure, but that their original consistency evidently was intended wisely to forestall such a possibility. So that though a somewhat prosperous poet, for the nonce, I am none the less a very wretched little bench-legged freak, with oftentimes my feet nearer the stars than my frontispiece, and yet, withal a braver heart every day that I wriggle forward, making the very best I can of every situation that assaults me. And His way is the only one. If I'm glad,—why, I sing Tra-la! If I'm sad,—why I sing Tra-loo! Anyway that suits God, suits me. Wish you'd write me a line. This is break-neck speed, but no less I am your friend as always—JAMES POPCORN RILEY.

Major J. B. Pond by this time had arranged the first big tour of the Nye-Riley combination. In December, 1888, it was planned to tour the East and Southeast to Washington, D. C. At the beginning of 1889, several dates were for readings to be given in New York city and vicinity, and then in large cities westward to Kansas City, in all about one hundred dates. Riley on his dubious way to New York, in tribulation over intervening lecture dates and railroad connections, wrote to Nye:

BUFFALO, N. Y. October 23, 1888.

O SIR!

How exasperantly propinquent art thou, and yet, indeed, remote! I am swearing *sotto voce* as I write. Vaguely I trust yet to get on to you this trip, but fear I'm yet to hang fire. I want to see and thank you personally for that letter of yours to “The Strayed Revelers,” on the occasion of my recent banquet. Of course I was knocked indisputably out; but none the less you should have been there to observe my *porte* and *bonhomie*, and other mental and literary sundries. It was a merry gathering, and my hair stood up and pulsated like a telegraph pole. (You will note, by this figure, that I am not wholly bald yet—by one hair, at least.) Your letter easily took the gate-money, and with great, great applause that jarred the *plastern* loose and uncapped hell, as Milton would blindly but commensurately

grope through and permeate the appropriate way to put it.

Soon hope to open up entire budget and hear your well-beloved chortle of delight. What you tell me of Edwards is appetizing in the extreme, and certainly I will hail his coming in our midst either locally or for all time. Simply, what suits you will suit me, I'm dead certain—Only, I'm O so impatient to be in the hands of those who will protect me from myself. I wouldn't travel a mile-and-three-quarters alone in any direction either in or out of a Ry. guide, for any money on earth, were I not compelled to. Soon, I spit on my hands and pray, I will be utterly abolished from all the ache and cark and care of the one-man-show business! Then only will I be supremely blest, and at full peace with God and man.

Just leaving home, the English book arrived. My eyes! and eke “Odds-bobbs!” quoth I! It is simply exquisite—never anywhere have I seen its beauty, taste and elegance surpassed. It looks like a Classic! Tell “Catalpa” I'm reserving a copy for her, soon as I can devise a worthy enough inscription to set inside the opening cover. Saw yesterday's *World* where Van Zile quotes London *Academy* regarding it. If it only does “catch on” there as implied!—well, old man, we're made, that's all! We'll simply sweep Europe like an erratic stall-fed bison making his debut in the social circle. With no uncertain gratitude nor laxity of affection I remain steadfastly yours, JAMESIE.

In the summer of 1889 Nye was sent to Europe by the New York *World* “to ascertain,” as he said, “the feeling there among the crowned heads.” Upon his return Riley greeted him with this letter:

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 5, 1889.

DEAR NYE:

By yesterday's paper I very joyously note that you've embarked for home. Much as I've enjoyed your Parisian letters, direct from the *Champs Elysées*, I uncomplainingly exchange 'em all for *you*, confident that when I see you you'll put me onto the French tongue as she is spoke, with a Staten Island accent. Someway, from your summer work, I recognize that you've been feeling first-rate, which is a condition I have but recently attained. Three days ago, in fact, was the first time I've put a pen to paper since our divorce: So now I am attending night school and learning to write again, with fair prospects, as you see. All of your sojourn I've been with you, in fancy, and shared your sorrows and your joys. With you I have talked many different tongues with a strong national impediment, and secretly marveled

why the foreigner, wherever found, seemed so unfittingly endowed with clothes; high over your vessel's careening yet majestic poop have I peered, with you, into the bosom of the deep, when perhaps I should have looked elsewhere. The gales that buffeted your sails blew blithely also through my whiskers, whilst the oft-recurring Porpoise himped himself out of the briny just long enough to spit on his finns, and, hastily excusing himself, go down again; And when you struck the further shore, life also was a summer's day to me though I didn't know a soul in the town, or even where the barber shop was. Recently—for many weeks—I've been medicating at some of Indiana's amateur health resorts—at Martinsville I've found a genuine humorist, and you must see and hear him. Already he's a stump orator; perfectly modest, and, in real fact, a wonderfully funny and original type. Jap (Jasper) Miller is his name, and I've just written him a Poem which outlines him very fairly, so I enclose it. Soon as you are rested enough give me a line or so. My best remembrances to the wife, Miss Mitchell [Nye's niece] and the children, and to Miss Mitchell say I'll have a letter for her literary friend just as soon as my hand-writing is recovered.

As ever with affections yours,
JAMESIE.

For the winter of 1889-90 Major Pond arranged another formidable season of dates. As a result of a bitter remonstrance they consented this time to omit matinees and what Nye called "sacred concerts" on Sundays. Mayor Pond made some combinations of "one-

night stands," five to the week, however. The tour was planned to cover the chief cities of the entire country, extending into Canada as far west as British Columbia.

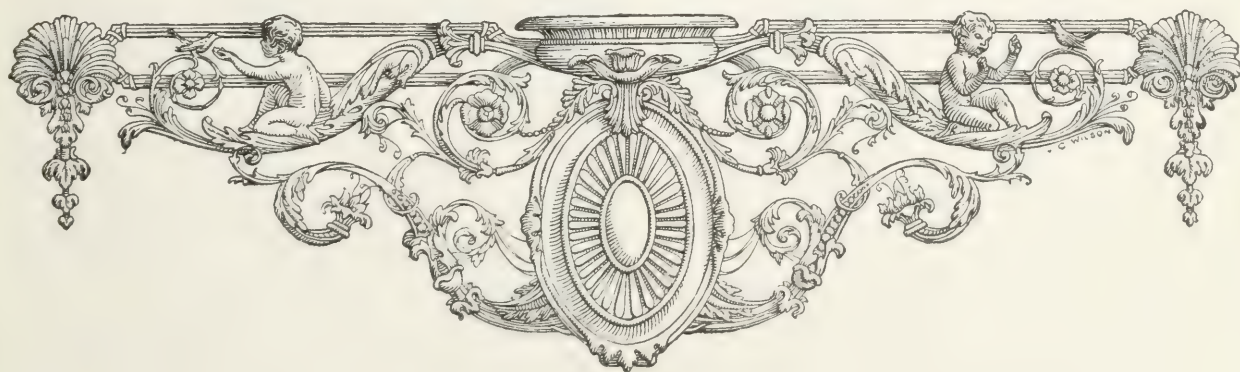
The success of the tour is one of the traditions of the lecturing period. Very heroically the two men tried to carry out the program made by their managers. They were unequal to it. Riley broke down with the goal not a great many dates away. To his brother John:

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 17, 1890.

DEAR JOHN:

Mighty glad of your letter and brotherly solicitude, but not one tithe the occasion you've been made to believe,—so very promptly put all anxiety aside. Have for two last sessions been most pitilessly overworked, ready at any minute to just drop back like the print of a small boy in the snow. Managers! managers! and all of 'em milkin' me dry! At last I have revolted—should have done so long before, as all friends now are thoroughly agreeing, since it has leaked out just what my trials and pestiferent annoyances have been. Am not strong at all yet physically, but am rapidly, through rest, growing so. Don't be at all alarmed. I'm a better man every way than you last saw me. Can command my own price for every line I write, and any lecture engagement I care to accept—am simply crowded, choked and stifled with applications all over these blessed United States.

With much love, as always your brother
JIM.



Cruelties

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK



HE bell tinkled as Mrs. Tyarck entered the little shop. She looked about her and smiled pityingly. The dim cases and counters were in dusty disarray, some cards of needlework had tumbled to the floor; a drawer showing a wrinkled jumble of tissue-paper patterns caught the last rays of the setting sun.

"Of all the sights!" was Mrs. Tyarck's comment. "She needs some one to help her. She needs new taste. Them buttons, now, who'd buy 'em? They belong to the year one."

Scornfully the shopper eyed the shelves where were boxes of buttons dating back to periods of red and black glass. There were transparent buttons with lions crouching within; there were bronze buttons with Japanese ladies smiling against gay parasols; speckled buttons with snow, hail, and planetary disturbances occurring within their circumscribed limits, and large mourning buttons with white lilies drooping upon their hard surfaces. Each box had a sample button sewn on its cover, and these sample buttons, like eyes of a bygone century, glimmered watchfully.

Mrs. Tyarck penetrated a screen of raw-colored worsteds suspended in fat hanks from a sort of clothes-line stretched above the counter. She sought the proprietor of the little shop. In the back of the store, barricaded by hodgepodge of scattered merchandise, was a door leading to a private room. Toward this door she directed a commanding voice:

"Frenzy! Frenzy Giddings! How long I got to wait here?"

There was an apologetic stir in the back room, the gentel click of a spoon in a saucer, soft hurried creakings, then a bony hand pushed back a faded curtain. Miss Frances Giddings, known among her acquaintance as "Frenzy,"

peered from the privacy of her kitchen into the uncertainties of the shop.

"I shall be with you presently."

When the tall figure finally emerged, her feet shuffled in carpet-slipped indecision, her glasses glimmered irresolutely. In another woman there might have been, out of recognition of Mrs. Tyarck's impatience, bustling haste and nervous despatch. In Miss Frenzy Giddings there was merely slow, gentle concern.

"I am at a loss to explain my unreadiness," said the punctilious, cracked voice. "Usually on prayer-meeting nights I am, if anything, in advance of the hour, but to-night I regret exceedingly that, without realizing the extent of time, I became over-absorbed in the anxieties of my garden. Now select the article you desire and I will endeavor to make amends."

"What ails your garden?" asked Mrs. Tyarck, carelessly adding, "I come in for some new kitchen toweling; that last I got down to the other store was slazy."

Miss Frenzy, with careful inefficiency, lifted down and arranged on a dusty counter three bolts of toweling. With deliberation as unconscious as it was accustomed, she unwrapped the three, the cracked voice explaining, "The perturbation to which I allude is the extraordinary claims made upon me by rose-worms."

Mrs. Tyarck, peering in the dim light, carefully examined the toweling. She pulled a few threads from one bolt and, with the air of one who protects herself against systematic fraud, proceeded ostentatiously to chew them.

"This here toweling gone up any?" The threads of the assayed linen still lingered on her thin lips as she decided. "If it's the same price it was, I'll take two yards." Then, returning to the question of lesser importance, "Well, I can't help you none with them worms

until you tell me whether they're chewers or suckers."

Miss Frenzy, putting on a second pair of glasses over those she habitually wore, now essayed the project of cutting off the two yards of toweling.

"Chewers or — er — ahem, suckers? I really cannot say. Shall you be astonished at my negligence when I tell you that I have not yet taken the measures to determine whether these worms are, as you so grotesquely term them, chewers or — er — ahem, suckers?"

Mrs. Tyarck, laughed sarcastically. "For Heaven's sake, Frenzy Giddings! it's a wonder to me you know *anything*, the time you take with your words! You ain't acquainted with your own stock, I see, for here you've cut me off two yards of the twenty-cent when I asked for the ten-cent. Well, it's your mistake, so I'll take it as if 'twuz what I'm payin' for; but look here, Frenzy, you've no call to be wool-gatherin' *your* time of life."

The rough criticism had no effect upon the native elegance of the old shopkeeper. She smiled at Mrs. Tyarck's outburst with an air of polite, if detached, sympathy. Dropping her scissors, she turned to the window, poking her head between hanging flannel night-gowns to remark:

"Pleasant weather and many taking advantage of it; were I not occupied I, too, should promenade."

Mrs. Tyarck meanwhile creaked about the little store on a tour of inspection. Some especially frivolous sets of "Hair Goods" underwent her instant repudiation. "I wear my own, thank God!" she exclaimed, adding, "it's good enough for Tyarck and me." Picking up a cluster of children's handkerchiefs, she carried them to the window for more complete condemnation, muttering: "Ark-animals and butterflies! Now what's all *that* foolishness got to do with the nose?" As Mrs. Tyarck stood apostrophizing the handkerchiefs there was a whir outside the store, the toot of a claxon, a girl's excited laugh, the flash of a scarlet jersey and tam-o'-shanter. The two women, lowering their heads after the furtive fashion that obtains in country districts, took the thing in. They stared after the automobile.

"Pleasure-riding, I see," remarked the near-sighted Miss Frenzy. "Young folks appreciate the automobiles; the extreme velocity seems peculiarly to gratify their fancy!"

Mrs. Tyarck pursed up her lips; she looked with narrow speculation after the pair, her thin face hardening.

"Them two is going out to the Forked Road Supper House," she prophesied. "No daughter of mine wouldn't be allowed to set foot in that place. Well, you're lookin' at two of a kind. That red sweater of hern won't help her none."

Miss Frenzy, now sorting change in slow pensiveness, demurred. "She is young," she remarked. "She entered the store recently for some scarlet wool for that very jersey" (Miss Frenzy was at pains to avoid the word "sweater"), "and I observed her young cheeks—quite like peaches, yes," insisted Miss Frenzy, sentimentally, "quite like peaches— I could wish that she should be careful of her complexion and not ride too extensively in the cold air."

"There's more to be thought of than complexions, these days," said the other woman, coldly. There was relentless judgment in her face, but she went on: "Well, 'tain't meetin' time yet. Say I step back and take a look at them worms 'n' see ef there's anything I can recommend."

The thin figure of the shopkeeper preceded her, and Mrs. Tyarck casting looks of disparagement on all she passed, the two took their way into the little garden. Here, inclosed by high palings, shut away from everything but sun and air, was Miss Frenzy's kingdom, and here there came a sudden change in her manner. She did not lose the careful elegance of the polite shopkeeper, but into gesture and voice crept an authority, the subtle sense of ownership and power invariably felt by those who own a bit of land, who can make things grow.

"Step judiciously," she admonished her visitor; "my cucumber-frames are somewhat eliminated by the tall verdure, here and there I have set out new plants. I should deplore having my arrangements disturbed."

Mrs. Tyarck sniffed. "You and your garden!" she ejaculated; but she reso-

lutely made her way, eyes squinting with curiosity. Settling her hat, whose black wing stuck out with a virtuous swagger, Mrs. Tyarck gave herself all the married woman's amusement over the puttering concerns of a spinster.

Soon, however, as the two women stole farther into the dense square of growing things the envy of the natural flower-lover crept into her sharp comments. "My!" she said, jealously—"my! ain't your white duchy doin' good? Say, look at them gooseberries! I suspect you don't have no particular use for 'em?" It was said of Mrs. Tyarck that she was skilful at paving the way for gifts of any kind. She made this last suggestion with a hard, conscious laugh.

All around the little garden was a fence like the high fences in London suburbs. Close against it honeysuckle poured saffron cascades, a mulberry-tree showed the beginning of conical fruitage. Blackberry vines sprayed white stars over a sunny bit of stone wall. Amid a patch of feathery grasses swayed the prim carillons of canterbury-bells; soft gaities of sweet-williams and phlox were massed against the silvery weatherboarding of Miss Frenzy's kitchen. As the two women, skirts held high, paused in front of the white-rose bush the indefatigability of the chewers and suckers was revealed. Already thousands of young rose leaves were eaten to the green framework. Miss Frenzy, with a sudden exclamation, bent to a branch on which were clusters of dainty buds.

"Ah-ah! *Millions!*" she whispered. Then, tremulously defying the worms: "No, no, no! *How dare you? Hi, hi, hi!* there's another! Ugh! Look here! Mercy! See that spray!"

With every ejaculation, shudderingly emitted, the bony hand went out like lightning, plucked something gingerly from a leaf, gave it a swift, vindictive pinch, and abhorrently tossed it away.

"That's right," nodded Mrs. Tyarck. "Squeeze 'em and heave 'em—it's about all you can do. They'll try to take advantage of you every time! There's no gratitude in worms! They ain't pertikler. It don't mean nothing to them that roses is pretty or grows good. They want to eat. Squeeze 'em and heave 'em! It's all you can do!"

There was a distant tinkle of the store bell. Miss Frenzy, absorbed in her daily horror, did not hear this. "Ugh! Ugh!" she was moaning. Again the long hand went out in a capturing gesture. "There—there! I told you so; quantities more, *quantities!* Yet last night I was under the impression that I had disposed of the greater majority."

Mrs. Tyarck's attention was diverted from the rose-worms and concentrated on the deserted shop. "I heard the bell," warned that accurate lady. Then, reprovingly: "Don't you never have any one to keep store when you're out here? You'll lose custom, Frenzy. What's more, if you ain't careful, you'll lose stock. Ivy Corners ain't what it used to be; there's them Eastern peddlers that walks around as big as life, and speakin' English to fool everybody; and now, with the war and all, every other person you see is a German spy."

As she spoke a large form appeared in the back doorway of Miss Frenzy's shop and a primly dressed woman entered the garden. She had a curiously large and blank face. She wore a mannishly made suit of slate-gray, wiry material, and her hat had two large pins of green which, inserted in front, glittered high on her forehead like bulbous, misplaced eyes. This lady carried a netted catchall distended with many knobby parcels and a bundle of tracts. As she saw the two in the garden she stretched her formless mouth over the white smile of recently installed porcelain, but the long reaches of her face had no radiance. The lady was, however, furnished with a curious catarrhal hawking which she used parenthetically, like comment. What she now had to say she prefaced with this juridic hawking.

"Well, there ain't no responsibility here, I see! Store door open, nobody around! Them two young ones of Smedge's lookin' in at the things, rubbin' their dirty hands all over the glass case, choosin' what's their favorite dry-goods! All I can say is, Frenzy, that either you trust yourself too much or you expect that Serapham and Cherabum is going to keep store for you."

Mrs. Tyarck turned as to a kindred spirit, remarking, with a contemptuous

wink: "Frenzy's rose-worms is on her mind. Seems she's overrun with 'em."

Mrs. Capron, the new-comer, strode up the little path to the scene of action, but at the sharp exclamation of Miss Frenzy she halted.

"Have a care!" said the gaunt shop-keeper, authoritatively. She waved a bony hand in ceremonious warning. "I should have warned you before," explained Miss Frenzy, "but the impediment in your way is my cat-trap. It would seem that I am systematically pestered with marauding cats. The annoyance continuing for some time, I am obliged to originate devices that curtail their penetrations."

Mrs. Capron, indignantly whisking her skirt away from a strange-looking arrangement of corset steels and barrel staves connected by wires, strode into some deep grass, then gave vent to a majestic hawk of displeasure:

"What's this I got on my shoes? Fly-paper? For the land's sake! Now how in the name of Job do I get that off?"

Mrs. Tyarck, ingratiatingly perturbed, came to the rescue of her friend; the two wrestled with adhesive bits of paper, but certain fragments, affected by contact, fulfilled their utmost prerogative and were not detachable. When they were finally prevailed upon to leave the shoe of Mrs. Capron, they stuck with surprising pertinacity to the glove of her friend. The outcries of the two ladies were full of disgust and criticism.

"Well, Frenzy Giddings! You need a man in here! Some one to clean up after you. All this old paper 'n' stuff around! It's a wonder you don't get into it yourself, but then *you* know where to step," they said, grudgingly.

Miss Frenzy hardly heard them; she was still peering carefully under the leaves and around the many clusters of babyish rosebuds. "Ah-ah!" she was still saying, shudderingly. Out went her hand with the same abhorrent gesture. "After all my watchfulness! Another, and another!"

Mrs. Capron, indignant over this indifference to her fly-paper discomfort, now sought recognition of the damages she had sustained:

"I dun'no' will this plaguey stuff ever come off my mohair! Well, I'll never set

foot in *here* again! Say, Frenzy, I can send up one of my boys to-morrow and he'll clean up for you, fly-paper and all, for ten cents."

For a moment Miss Frenzy hesitated. She stood tall and sheltering over the rose-bush, the little shawl thrown over her shoulders lifted in the breeze. She looked something like a gray moth, her arms long and thin like antennæ, her spectacled eyes, gave her a moth's fateful look of flutter and blindness before light and scorching flame.

"You are most kind, but"—with a discouraged sigh—"it cannot be done."

"It can't be done?" hawked Mrs. Capron.

Mrs. Tyarck turned a sharp look of disapproval around the little garden, saying in a low tone, "It's reel sloven in here; she'd ought to do something for it."

"Yes," insisted Mrs. Capron, "you want cleaning up in here; that's what. That seedy grass! Them ragged vines! Your flowers overrun you—and that there fly-paper—"

Miss Frenzy sought to change the subject. With an air of obstinacy that sat curiously upon her, she directed the attention of her visitors to a young tree shooting up in green assurance.

"My mystery," she announced, with gentle archness. "Not planted by human hands. Undoubtedly a seed dropped by a bird in flight. A fruit-tree, I suspect—possibly cherry, but whether wild or of the domestic species remains to be seen; only the fruit will solve the enigma."

Mrs. Capron and Mrs. Tyarck regarded the little tree carelessly. "Wild," they pronounced as one woman, adding: "Wild cherry. When it's big it will dirty your yard something fearful."

"I had a friend," related Mrs. Tyarck. "Her husband was a Mason. Seems she had a wild cherry-tree into her yard and she could never lay out a piece of light goods for bleachin' without fear of stains, and then the flies and the sparrers racketin' around all summer—why, it nearly druv her crazy!"

Miss Frenzy ignored these comments. "My mystery," she repeated, with reflecting eyes. "The seed dropped by a bird in flight. Only the fruit will solve

the enigma." With an air of ceremonious explanation, Miss Giddings turned to the two visitors. "I should acquaint you," she remarked in soft courtesy, "with the fact that, much as I regret the necessity of the fly-paper, it is, as you might say, *calculated*."

"Calculated!" With a gasp Mrs. Tyarck took off and began to polish her glasses; she kept two hard little eyes fixed on the speaker.

Mrs. Capron forgot to hawk. "*Calculated?*"

"It is to arrest the depredations of ants," confessed Miss Frenzy. She looked from one to the other with great dignity, supplementing: "I have long suffered greatly from the onslaughts of ants, both red and black. With the fly-paper, judiciously placed, I have hoped to curtail their activities."

It had grown a little grayer of twilight; the two visitors, trapped as it were within the high board inclosures, fenced all about with sweeps of tangled vine, the pale glimmering of ghostly blossoms, felt uncomfortable. With slow suspicion they moved away from one so frankly the author of gin and pit-fall; from one who could so calmly admit that bits of fly-paper dribbling about her garden paths were "*calculated*." "Who was it," whispered Mrs. Tyarck, darkly—"who was it once said that Frenzy was sort of odd?" The two visitors moved instinctively toward a way of exit. With one more sigh Miss Frenzy reluctantly followed them. As they cast about in their minds for means of final reproof, she paused at the kitchen door. There, where a rain-barrel stood under a leader, was a bit of soap in a flower-pot saucer; seizing it, the old shopkeeper began vigorously washing her hands.

"Five waters," sighed Miss Frenzy—"five waters, before I can feel that my hands are in any degree cleansed!"

The others stood watching her. Instantly they seized the opportunity.

"Well, I should think so." Mrs. Capron hawked her superior virtue. "I'm glad to hear you say that, Frenzy. Nice work indeed you've been doin' with them hands! Murderin' and slayin'! Why can't you live and let live (unless, of course, it's rats or mosqui-

toes)? Now you go and get the blood of them innercent worms on your shoulders! Why couldn't you let 'em go on feedin' where their Creator wanted 'em to feed?"

They looked at her.

"All them different cruelties," they commented—"fly-paper to track them ignorant ants onto, and that there trap for cats. . . . Well, you got more spots onto your soul than soap can take off. 'Thou shalt not kill,' it says. Why"—this burst of feeling from Mrs. Tyarck—"why, it's all I can do to set foot on a spider!"

"And look at me with wasps!" exclaimed Mrs. Capron. "How many wasps I've let go for their enjoyment of life, even though, for all I know, next thing they might sting me or one of mine."

Mrs. Capron, getting warm and virtuous, sat down in the kitchen doorway. Opening the netted catchall, she took out therefrom a bundle of tracts. This lady was the important local officer of many humanitarian societies and lost no opportunity to improve the morale of her community. The tract she selected for Miss Frenzy was of an impressive blue with the title, "Deal Tenderly with the Humble Animals that Cannot Speak."

"Now think of them ants," exhorted Mrs. Capron. She looked hard at Miss Frenzy Giddings. "Think of them thoughtless ants runnin' onto that fly-paper and not able to call out to the others what's happened to 'em!"

"You're like me," said Mrs. Tyarck. Taking her handkerchief, she wet it in the rain-barrel and obsequiously attempted to rub off a slight fly-paper stickiness still on the mohair of her friend. "You're like me. I'm that tender-hearted I can't even boil a lobster. I was so from a child. Come time the kettle boils it's Tyarck always has to put the lobster in—me all of a tremble!"

"And flies," suggested Mrs. Capron—"there's a many thinks that flies has got souls (though not the Board of Health). But even flies—look at me! I keep sugar and molasses for 'em in their own saucer, and if they come to their last end that way, why, they must die likin' it, and it's what they chose for theirselves."



Drawn by Walter J. Biggs

"MY MYSTERY," SHE ANNOUNCED, "NOT PLANTED WITH HUMAN HANDS"

Mrs. Capron drew the string of her netted catchall tight. She hawked, drew her upper lip down over the lower, and buttoned up the tight-fitting coat of mohair.

"Them cruelties of yourn will haunt you, Frenzy," summed up both ladies; "there's verses in the Bible for just such things," exclaimed the visitors together; then they all went in, the two friends turning their attention to Miss Giddings's household arrangements, offering her advice and counsel as to her clothes and the management of her kitchen range.

There were no more words about the cruelties except that that night in the long wandering prayer in which Mrs. Capron, as leader of the meeting, had ample opportunity to score against any one whom she fancied delinquent, or against whom she had a private grudge, she inserted into her petition:

"And from all needless cruelties, keep us, O Lord. The bird that hops onto our sill"—Mrs. Capron did not specify whether sparrow or nightingale, but she implored fervently—"help us to remember it's one of Thy birds and set no snare for it, and the—er—the innercent creepin' things mindin' their own business and praisin' Thee—defend 'em from our impident croolties . . . help us to live and let live and refrain from all light-minded killin' and irreligious trap-settin'."

Little Johnnie Tyarck, sitting big-eared and thin-faced alongside of his mother's angular orisons, rubbed puzzled eyes. Johnnie wondered if Mrs. Capron, always severe in her attitude toward boys, could possibly have learned about those twenty-five hop-toads he had corralled in a sewer-pipe, carefully stopping up the ends of the pipe with mud and stones. The interned hop-toads had haunted Johnnie—and yet—and yet— Well, there was something insolent and forthputting about hop-toads—they breathed with their stomachs, had morose mouths, and proved themselves crassly superfluous and useless in the general scheme. Some one, it had seemed to Johnnie, should discipline hop-toads.

Behind Johnnie's wispy little head was the grizzled one of Mr. Bloomby, the ragman. Mr. Bloomby, it was un-

derstood, was invariably haled to prayer-meeting by Mrs. Bloomby, a person of extreme virtue.

As Mrs. Capron's prayer to be defended from cruelties proceeded, Mr. Bloomby became rather hot under the celluloid collar he had extracted from recent collections of rags—he wondered if it could have possibly got round that he had once built a fire, a small but provocative fire, under a recalcitrant mule in order to persuade the mule to draw a load which he, Mr. Bloomby, deemed entirely adapted to the mule's capacity. Mr. Bloomby mentally confronted the inexperienced Supreme Being with data as to mules and the way a mule would try to get even with you.

But there was one person on whom Mrs. Capron's prayer made little, if any, impression. Miss Frances Giddings bowed her sallow face into her wobbly, gloved hand. "Five waters must I pass my hands through, O Lord," she prayed, "but never will I neglect Thy roses!" Into her mind swept clouds of fresh, heavenly bloom. With a dedication to beauty that she did not know was pagan, she lost herself in the dream of eternal gardening.

Nevertheless, the story of Frances Giddings's "cruelties" got about. There was much discussion over the dark revelations made by Mrs. Capron and Mrs. Tyarck. Morning wrappers conferred in basements; lead-wrapped crimps met in cellars; in church there were eyeglasses that glittered judgment. Just how was the village of Ivy Corners to look upon a person whose backyard was full of contraptions—this one for cats, that one for locusts; pitfalls for inquiring chickens, fly-paper for migrating ants! Under the amazing elasticity of village imagination it was finally evolved and told with indrawn breath that there had been cruelty like that "in the family." A Giddings, ancestor of Miss Frances, forgotten till now, but revamped for especial significance, was said to have been "dog-catcher," and in this governmental disguise to have inflicted incredible torments upon the stray animals of his impounding. Then came horrified descriptions of Miss Frenzy, head tied up, a flaming wad of newspaper on a broom, attacking the

diaphanous intrenchments of caterpillars. These recitals, all working up to an hysterical crescendo, were pounded like so many coffin-nails in the final burial of a shy, gentle personality. Little by little the impression grew stronger that Miss Frenzy, though still out of jail, was both cruel and "queer," and between these judgments and her sensitive appreciation of them, the tall, stooping figure was seen less and less among intimate gatherings of Ivy Corners.

Months passed before another name came up for discussion; this time it was the name of the girl in the scarlet cap and sweater; a poor enough little country name; a name hardly destined for tragedy, but when the older townswomen had finished with it, it had become a foul thing—fouler, poor defenseless young name, than the great red-ember names of Catharine de Medici or the Empress Faustine. When autumn dragged its gritty brown leaves into the gutters of Ivy Corners this name, too, had become nearly buried. The little scarlet coat had vanished from the town, but every door-knob seemed to be aware of its history, every window was alert and cold to face it down. White curtains, carefully tied back, seemed to wait primly for the moment when they also would be called to impress themselves upon any one who should be so bold as to try to win their immaculate favor.

Yet one winter night when the wind-blown trees seemed to try to claw the stars out of the sky, the girl in the scarlet coat did come back. There was a push at Miss Frenzy's door, the little shop bell jumped with a scared jangle. It was almost midnight; shadows shivered under the electric lights and the village streets were empty; a prickling drift of snow sifted past the blue bleakness of the windows. Things were at the relentless hour; a second desperate pull sent the store bell into a frightened spasm.

"Who's there?" quavered Miss Frenzy. She sat up; then, looking like a nut-colored Persian in her strange-figured wrapper, she got out of bed and held high the lamp that burned all night on her chair. The cold made her gray face quiver, but she shuffled bravely

into the store where the street light still flickered its bleak question.

On the shop floor lay a figure. Its abandon had a stark quality, as if it had been buffeted and abandoned to unappeased tortures of the elements. The old spinster, lamp in hand, leaned shivering over it. It was a little scrap of life's tragedy that had blown like a dead leaf in Miss Frenzy's path; she was not prepared for it. "Not dead? Not dead?" she quavered. Well, yes, it was dead. Miss Frenzy could see animation, the thing we call "life," but even she knew that it was dead youth, with all its fairy powers lost, that she looked upon. She bent closely to stricken lips that muttered a tuneless kind of song:

"The night train. . . . If I go back, if I go back . . ." There was a long silence and then the young voice chanted, deliriously, *"In Miss Frenzy's garden . . . the fences are high . . ."*

The girl's body lay with the stamp of primal woe fixed indelibly upon it. It was wastage in the social scheme, yet it had something of torn petal, of wind-blown butterfly, of wings that had been frozen while fluttering at the very center of the flower of life. Protest dragged at Miss Frenzy's heart.

"Young," muttered the cracked voice. "Young." The tears tore to the near-sighted eyes. Out of the old maid's defeated being came the curious sense of being true to something; of loyalty to hidden forces life had hitherto kept her from recognizing. As she might have raised a vestal virgin struck down by her flame she raised the piteous form. Staggering to her deserted bed, Miss Frenzy laid the girl in its warmth. She drew off the wrecked red clothing, she made a hot drink and got it somehow between the locked lips. "There, there!" sobbed Miss Frenzy. She knew that "There, there" was what mothers said to their hurt children, and yet she was not a mother—and this—oh, this was not a child!

When at last the exhausted frame shuddered down to sleep the old storekeeper moved away, shutting the bedroom door. She went back into the shop and roamed restlessly hither and yon. The electric light had gone out and dawn was stealing in. On every hand some

article of woman's clothing interrogated her. Lace collars, immaculate in their set pattern, swayed fastidiously from her absent touch; the cards of buttons eyed her curiously; bolts of smooth, conventional satin ribbon conveyed calm judgments. With a frightened look, she turned out the lamp and sat sleepless at the store window. . . .

All that winter Miss Frenzy held her little fort alone; her gentle face grew sterner, her careful speech more and more stilted. To all inquiries, curious, suave, or critical, she returned the invariable statement:

"I have long been in need of an assistant. This young girl is bright and willing; her friends have, most regretably, cast her off—" A dark flush would come into Miss Frenzy's face as she forced herself to add: "It appears that she has had a sad experience. . . . I intend to befriend her."

An attitude like this held by a character already under the ban of local disapproval seemed to have only one significance for the leaders of thought in Ivy Corners. It conveyed to such leaders blatant immorality, the countenancing of a sinner who should be made to pay the full penalty for a misstep. Mrs. Tyarck, head held high, was theatrically outraged. With superb ostentation she took to patronizing the "other" dry-goods shop, where, in order to put down vice, she bought things of which she disapproved, did not want, or already possessed duplicates. At this store she made gloomy remarks, such as, "Ef we ain't careful we'll be back ag'in in Godom and Sommarah." No one noticed the slight inaccuracy of pronunciation, but the angle of the wing on Mrs. Tyarck's hat proclaimed to the world at large the direction of her virtuous sentiments.

Mrs. Capron, however, laid a loftier plan of attack. Entering the little shop of an evening, she would plant herself before the counter, sigh heavily, and produce from the knobby catchall a tract. This she would hand to the drooping girl in attendance, saying, solemnly, "*There is things, young woman, as will bear thinkin' on.*" Several days later the methodical Mrs. Capron would return with another tract, commanding,

as one in authority, "Give that to your mistaken benefactor." She would then hawk once with juridic deliberation, stare into the stricken young face, and majestically depart.

But spring, which, when it brings the surge of sap in the trees, also brings back something like kindness and pity in the withered human heart, came to Ivy Corners with its old tender ministry, until the very tufts of grass between the village stones had an air of escape from confining limitations; and until the little store's isolation was pierced by one or two rays of human warmth. The minister's wife called. One or two mothers of large families invented shopping errands in order to show some measure of interest in the young life Miss Frenzy was helping back to usefulness and sanity. The girl's shamed eyes, eyes that would probably never again meet the world's with the gaze of square integrity, often rested like tired birds in looks of sympathy and encouragement. Such persons as displayed these qualities, however, were sharply disapproved by the more decided voices in village conclaves.

"There is things which has limits," criticized Mrs. Tyarck. This lady, in her effort to convey her idea of sustained condemnation, even went so far as once more to enter the little shop to inquire the price of some purple veiling hanging seductively in the window. Miss Giddings herself waited on the shopper; the girl sat near by cutting fresh paper for the shelves.

"I ain't here because I'm any the less scandalized," began Mrs. Tyarck in a loud whisper. "Your own reputation was none too safe, Frenzy, that you should go and get a Jezebel to keep store for you. Are you goin' to reduce that veilin' any? I know it's loud, but Tyarck always wants I should dress young."

Then there was short silence. The veiling was measured and cut off. Miss Giddings wrapped up the purple net without speaking. Under her glasses her eyes shot fire, her long face was suffused, but she spoke no word. Mrs. Tyarck leaned over the counter, her face poked between rows of hanging black stockings, taking on a look of bland counsel.

"It's on account of them cruelties of yours," she explained—continuing with ostentatious secrecy, "you ain't in no position to take up for this girl, Frenzy."

Then the whispers grew louder and louder until they were like hisses. Mrs. Tyarck's head darted forward like a snake's. At last in the back of the store the girl's head fell forward, her weak shoulders were shaken by helpless sobs.

The hands of the old shopkeeper fumbling with the package trembled, but Miss Frenzy appeared outwardly calm. Before counting out change, however, she paused, regarding the shopper musingly.

"Pardon me. Did I rightly hear you use the word 'cruelties'?" she questioned. To an onlooker her manner might have seemed suspiciously tranquil.

"Yes—cruelties," repeated the other, patronizingly. "There's no use denying it, Frenzy—there's that fly-paper loomin' up before you! There's them cat-traps and killin' devices, and, as if it wasn't bad enough, what must you do but go and take up with a girl that the whole town says is—"

There was a sudden curious cessation of the speaker's words. This was caused by a very sudden action on the part of Miss Giddings. Desperately seizing on a pair of the hanging black stockings, she darted with incredible swiftness around the end of the counter. With a curious sweep of her long arms she passed the black lengths around the shopper's mouth, effectively muffling her.

"Cruelties!" gasped the old shopkeeper. "Cruelties indeed! You will [gasp] be so good [gasp] as to take the word cruelties and go home and reflect upon it."

"Hey?" gasped Mrs. Tyarck. "Hey? Now, now, now!" Over the black gag her eyes looked frightened and uncomprehending. She suddenly saw herself in the grasp of the heaver and squeezer, of the chewers and suckers, and was full of consternation. "You've no call to get excited, Frenzy," she mumbled through the cottony thicknesses of stocking; then, as she worked her mouth out of its leash, "I'll have the law on you, Frenzy Giddings!"

"Leave the store!" was Miss Frenzy's sole response. She said it between set jaws. She suddenly let go of the stockings and they dropped to the floor. She picked up the parcel of purple veiling and cast it through the door into the gutter. She stood, tall and withering, pointing with inexorable finger; then, as Mrs. Tyarck, the gag removed, began to chatter fierce intimations of reprisal the old shopkeeper's eyes again flashed.

"Cruelties!" repeated Miss Frenzy, dwelling scornfully upon the word—"cruelties! Yes, I understand your reference." She kept on pointing to the open door. "You refer to the worms, to those creatures that ate and defaced helpless roses; tender young things that couldn't help themselves. . . . Very well. I am still, as it were, inexorable toward worms! So," with a shrill, excited laugh, "I still heave them and squeeze them. Therefore depart—worm! Leave the store!"

"Worm?" questioned Mrs. Tyarck, faintly. This lady had suddenly lost all her assurance, the very upstanding wing in her hat became spiritless. She looked aghast, puzzled. Her eyes, like those of a person in a trance, wandered to the package of purple veiling lying outside in the gutter, and she tried to rally. "Worm! Now look here, Frenzy Giddings, I don't know whether it's assault and battery to call a person such names, or whether it's slander, but I tell you the law has had people up for saying less than 'worm.'"

"But I said 'worm,'" repeated the old shopkeeper, firmly—"worms, contemptible and crawling, chewers and suckers of reputations; you and Mrs. Capron, the whole town (with lamentably few exceptions) are a nest of small, mean, crawling, contemptible worms. . . . Worms, I repeat, worms!"

"Frenzy Giddings!" whispered the shocked Mrs. Tyarck. She stood frozen in horror under the last hissing, unsparing indictment, then turned and fled. As she scuttled, almost whimpering, through the door she was followed by the ceaseless, unsparing epithet, "Worm!"

The shopkeeper's protégée found her stiff and still unyielding, bowed over the

Drawn by Walter J. Biggs

SHE WAS NOT A MOTHER—AND THIS WAS NOT A CHILD

Engraved by H. Leimoth



counter, her forehead reddened with shame, her hands twisted together in self-loathing.

"Get me some hot tea, my dear," gasped Miss Frenzy. She still shook and her voice was as the voice of a dying person. The fine raiment of courtesy and punctilious speech that she had all her life worn had been torn from her by her own fierce old hands; in her own gentle eyes she was hopelessly degraded. Yet she smiled triumphantly at the anxious young face of the girl as she proffered the steaming tea. "Young," muttered Miss Frenzy, her eyes following the movements of the other. "Young."

At last she roused herself and went slowly toward the door of the little private room, the girl hurrying to assist her. She paused, took the dark young head between her wrinkled hands and kissed it. "I called her a 'worm,' my dear," said Miss Frenzy. "It was a

regrettable circumstance, but she accused me of cruelties—Cruelties? . . . I called her a 'worm.'" The old shop-keeper's eyes twinkled. "On the whole, I am glad I did so."

Later, when the roses came again and the two sat with their sewing in the little garden, Miss Frenzy cheerfully remarked upon the entire absence of rose-worms. "Without conceit," she remarked—"without conceit, I should be inclined to say that the Lord has indorsed my activities." She looked affectionately at the slender figure sewing near the honeysuckle and called attention to the young cherry-tree shooting up in green assurance.

"My mystery!" announced Miss Frenzy. "Not planted by human hands. The seed doubtless dropped by a bird in flight. Whether the fruit will be sweet or bitter is to me a matter of pleasing conjecture."

Apple-Trees

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I PRAY that some day for mine ease
 I may be granted apple-trees,
 Whereunder I may lie and hear
 The golden croon-song of the May,
 And see the sky swim, azure clear,
 'Twixt apple-spray and apple-spray!—

That I may watch the ravishment
 Of buds unfolding, catch their scent,
 Their attar that is such a boon
 And banquet to the belted bees;
 And I pray this—that it be soon
 I may be granted apple-trees!

The Revival of Antisepsis

BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT



ANY one whose wound suppurates has the right to demand of his surgeon the reason why." Such is the text upon placards posted conspicuously in every ward of the Hospital of the Maison Blanche, over which Doctor Tuffier presides in Paris.

To the uninformed, this message may not seem impressive, but to the medical profession that pronouncement is of the utmost import. In so many words, it means that infected wounds should no longer dismay the physician or entail continued and needless suffering upon the patient. Not only that, but this victory over disease, won in the first place within the sound of hostile cannon, is bound to prove a lasting boon to suffering humanity at large.

This achievement is primarily the consequence of the brilliant work of Dr. Alexis Carrel, who, in the face of professional antagonism of a marked character, had the courage to attack what the great majority of his confrères declared a lost battle; and, by persistence, was able to prove that a septic wound can be sterilized by antiseptic treatment if proper care and skill be exercised. As one of England's foremost military surgeons, Sir Anthony A. Bowlby, has said, "The lesson he has taught was very necessary."

Infected wounds are an old story, and, as well-nigh every one now knows, are the consequence of microbial activities. Man has waged many struggles with germs of one kind or another, and the tactics employed have varied from time to time. The strategists of the medical profession have by no means been in agreement always as to the best plan of campaign; but after some decades of professional wrangling they had commonly arrived at an understanding which made it possible, less than three

years ago, for the leaders of their general staff, so to speak, to make this positive pronouncement: "The treatment of suppurating wounds by means of antiseptics is illusory, and belief in its efficacy is founded upon false reasoning."

Half a century ago Joseph Jackson Lister, later Lord Lister, began the preaching of the doctrine of antisepsis. At that time conditions in the average civil hospital were little short of awful. Because of ignorance of the genesis of infection, lockjaw, blood poisoning, erysipelas, and gangrene flourished in the path of the surgeon's benign efforts. Compound fractures then, if they did not entail death, nearly always necessitated the amputation of the affected limb, owing mainly to the complication of septic developments.

But Pasteur, in his laboratory, discovered the manner in which microorganisms were carried broadcast upon particles of dust floating in the atmosphere; and he proved that these germs were responsible for the decomposition of vital tissues exposed to them. Pasteur's experiments appeared to Lister in the light of a veritable revelation. His logical mind questioned, Why, since the cause of decomposition is now known, should we not be able to prevent the suppurating of wounds and banish, at the same time, those hospital diseases that are due to microbes transported by the air?

Judged by past conditions, Lister achieved wonders in his day; with a paste of lime saturated with carbolic acid he both sterilized wounds and effectually kept out baneful microbes. True, his protective agents cauterized the injury and actually destroyed sound tissues; but the hurt closed in time without infection, and the pain and resultant scar were deemed by him trifling compared with the greater sacrifices which might otherwise have been exacted. Lister was able to banish suppuration

and to effect cures in cases of compound fracture. Gauged by modern standards, that great surgeon worked somewhat crudely, but he nevertheless fashioned a foundation stone for the upbuilding of modern surgical practice.

With a growing understanding of the true functions of disinfectants, sterilizing mediums, and germicides generally, the practice of antiseptic in or at the wound was largely supplanted by what came to be known as aseptic treatment, or aseptis. This, in so many words, is a preventive measure, and amounts to nothing more than holding the potential causes of infection farther away from the hurt, thus leaving the curative work of nature to proceed more advantageously. Plainly, aseptic treatment is logically a direct evolution of Lister's antiseptic method; but it is not what he urged as a remedy for conditions as they then existed in so many of the hospitals of his time. That is to say, with a betterment in the sanitation and the administration of surgical wards, aseptis has sufficed when everything was subject to precautionary control. These distinctions should be held in mind in order to appreciate what Doctor Carrel has done and has made possible.

As a patriotic Frenchman, he hastened abroad soon after the beginning of hostilities. Shortly after arriving in France Doctor Carrel was busily engaged in ambulance service just back of the western battle-line. The thing that impressed him most was the rarity of the uninfected wound. The germ-laden soil of the fields and trenches and the bacteria wafted by the dust of the highways were fundamentally responsible. These lurking microbes were borne into the bodies of the soldiers on bits of clothing and fragments of missiles, and, according to the violence of the impact and the nature of the injuring agent, the germs were buried more or less deeply in the torn tissues. In this fashion a bacterial colony was established. Once so implanted, the micro-organisms soon started to multiply by a process of self-divisioning at maturity. In the course of only half a day, starting with a single microbe, the splitting-up action led in the end to a septic array of more than fifteen million bacilli!

His problem, as Doctor Carrel saw it, was very much akin to that which had confronted Lister half a hundred years before. It was not a case of preventing infection by aseptic precautions, but of eradicating virulent micro-organisms already lodged in the torn and exposed body substance. His task was twofold: first, to discover a germicidal liquid of sufficient potency and yet non-toxic and so mild that it would not irritate the healthy parts of the raw surfaces; and, second, to apply the antiseptic in a way that would make sure of its reaching every section of the infected area. The battling soldiers on the firing-lines were using ancient weapons brought up to date, and Doctor Carrel, in his open-mindedness and desire to achieve beneficent results, saw no reason why he should not borrow freely from Lister's teachings and modernize his method so that it would meet in every respect present requirements. This was a stroke of genius.

Working with him abroad were Dr. H. D. Dakin, of New York city, and Dr. Maurice Daufresne, of Paris; and after trying out more than two hundred antiseptics—trying them out under conditions that left no room for doubt—it was determined that hypochlorite of soda was the sterilizing liquid that would best fulfil the exacting requirements which Doctor Carrel imposed. Strange as it may seem, the antiseptic is fundamentally nothing other than the common chloride of lime known to most of us as a household disinfectant of long standing; but before the solution was acknowledged fit for the service expected of it, Doctor Dakin had to free it of a certain irritating alkali and to devise, with the aid of Doctor Daufresne, a technique for its preparation that would insure purity and an extremely nice degree of strength in application.

A peculiarly valuable characteristic of the hypochlorite solution, apart from its marked antiseptic powers when much diluted, is its remarkable property of quickly separating and dissolving dead tissues present in an injury, and facilitating their removal by drainage without harming, even after continuous application covering many days, perhaps, the tender living body substance exposed to

it. There is something well-nigh magical in the way Dakin's solution does its discriminatory work. This has been strikingly emphasized in certain experiments made upon the extremely delicate abdominal wall of the tadpole. If the creature were alive and the normal circulation active, the hypochlorite would not erode the tissues, and latent vitality, lasting for some time after the death of the tadpole, also sufficed to check the solvent action of the antiseptic. It was only after the organism had surrendered its residual bond with life that the solution was able to dissolve the abdominal substance.

One of the things most feared in suppurating wounds is erosion that may lead to secondary hemorrhage. This is a peril that is present in the case of any seriously infected injury, whatever be the cause. An impressive example of how the Carrel-Dakin treatment has lessened this hazard was reported recently by a British surgeon. In one of his cases he had occasion to ligature a large blood-vessel in an open wound. The free end of the artery, from which the circulation was cut off by the ligature, began to show signs of disappearing under the action of the hypochlorite solution, and secondary hemorrhage was apprehended. However, nothing of the sort happened; just before the point of ligature was reached, and the zone where circulation was maintained was neared, the erosion stopped!

Hypochlorite of soda has, in itself, no curative properties, but by killing the bacilli present in a hurt it leaves Nature to carry on her work of repair untrammelled. When a wound is satisfactorily sterilized, then, from the surgical viewpoint, the worst is over. The raw surfaces, with their ruddy, healthy granulations, can be brought together in a variety of ways and closure of the injury effected. Doctor Carrel has demonstrated that the freest use of the scalpel in opening up a wound is desirable, for in this way every foreign body, so often the focus of infection, can be removed and all parts and byways of the injury can be made accessible to the sterilizing fluid. Hurts so treated heal without complications, or, as they say in medical parlance, by first intention.

The climax of the labors abroad of Doctor Carrel and his able co-workers, Drs. G. Dehelly, M. Guillot, and H. Woimant, is typified in the present procedure followed at the War Demonstration Hospital, established by the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in New York city. This hospital was made ready for service early last fall, and was intended primarily to teach our own military surgeons how to give our fighting men the benefit of a revolutionary advance in the treatment of battle wounds. As it happened, the executive staff found it necessary to draw upon various domestic sources for patients, and without exception these were chosen because of the obstinate character of their afflictions and the failure of other accepted surgical practices to effect cures. Indeed, the fact that war-wounded were not available and that civil sufferers, instead, were used for the purpose of demonstration, has brought to light the amazing potentialities of the Carrel - Dakin treatment in every-day life.

The hospital is modeled along the most approved lines for military service, and represents a unit type of structure susceptible of ready expansion agreeably to the growing demands of the base. The patients there, as a rule, see the paths to complete recovery opening before them, grave though their cases may have been considered previously; and week by week members of their colony leave restored and sound who a short time before faced the prospect of continual pain and crippled limbs. Cruel burns that would not yield to ordinary treatment, raw wounds upon which new cuticle would not form, gangrenous sores that threatened the loss of an arm or a leg, and deep-seated and persistent inflammation of bones, have all surrendered to surgical cunning aided by the hypochlorite solution. The germicidal liquid has achieved what possibly the knife could not have done as thoroughly and well; it has battled with insidious microbes and won, and the cleansed body-substance has reacted and lent itself vigorously to the work of repair.

Hung above each cot is a glass reservoir containing hypochlorite of soda, and the antiseptic liquid is led to the

wound or wounds by rubber tubing. At predetermined intervals, ranging from an hour to two hours, according to the nature and extent of infection, the antiseptic liquid flushes afresh the cavity of the injury. The tubing at its lower end is provided with perforated branches, if the hurt have many recesses, and in this way the germicide reaches and spreads over all of the exposed surfaces. The periodic renewal of the antiseptic is effected by releasing a compressor on the supply-tube, and it is practicable for a single attendant to take care of a large number of patients.

Because of the variableness of the chlorine content of the raw materials of commerce used by Dakin and Daufresne in France, and other objectionable characteristics, the preparation of the hypochlorite solution took much time. To-day the antiseptic is far easier to make here because of native technical facilities. Liquid chlorine is passed into a solution of carbonate of soda, and laboratory apparatus make it possible to control to an exact degree the proportion of this ingredient.

While Dakin's solution, so-called, does not irritate the raw surfaces, which it sterilizes, still it affects the sound cuticle surrounding a wound, and the skin must, therefore, be protected. Vaseline answers admirably for this purpose and is extensively employed, but a paste made of thiosulphate of soda has also given very satisfactory results. Thiosulphate of soda is commonly used as a "fixative" in photography, and has the power to neutralize the irritant action of the antiseptic's chlorine content. It is this chemical, so helpful in the treatment of infected wounds, that likewise plays an important part in the finished gas-mask. The respirator is saturated with this stuff, and this suffices to rob the enemy's asphyxiating attack of its baneful potency.

The mere clinical appearance of a wound is, unfortunately, a very uncertain index of its readiness for closure. The eye of the surgeon alone will not suffice to detect lurking microbial flora. Doctor Carrel has shown that only by means of the microscope and bacterial "smears," made from specimens taken from numerous parts of the open injury,

can it be definitely determined when it is safe to halt the sterilizing process and to suture or otherwise close a wound without fear of reinfection. By this typically modern method it is possible to avoid distressing, if not fatal, mistakes. This is an innovation which is bound to benefit any one upon whom a surgical operation has been performed and who may have become unsuspectingly the victim of incipient infection.

The average layman does not know that in cases of suppurating wounds, no matter what their original cause, microorganisms may be imprisoned within the scar-tissues and be held there without indicating their presence by septic activity. However, in suturing a wound of this sort, the closing stitches may be the means of freeing the microbes and thus bringing about reinfection. On the other hand, the germs may be encapsuled in the scar-tissues and kept impotent for years. Even so, they constitute a potential peril, for they may be liberated by a subsequent injury at that point or by the promotion of a physical condition favoring their multiplication. It is to prevent this dreaded secondary infection that Doctor Carrel insists upon the thorough excision and surgical cleanliness of septic wounds.

At the foot of the cot of each patient at the War Demonstration Hospital there are two charts. One is the record of the number of microbes found in the wound from day to day by the microscope; the other is a comparative graph which indicates by two curves whether or not the healing process is favorable. The standard or control curve, based fundamentally upon discoveries made by Doctor Carrel about ten years ago, is the result of an algebraic formula developed by Captain de Noüy, a young French physicist, at Compiègne. This curve shows how any uninfected wound, of ascertained measurement, would heal from day to day. If the periodic measurement of the injury betrays a conspicuous lag in the rate of repair, then the attending physician knows that there is something wrong, and it is incumbent upon him to discover the cause. This may be due to a tiny bit of infected bone, hidden deep in the hurt; it may be the result of microbes multiplying in recesses

beyond the reach of the hypochlorite solution; or the germicide may not be applied according to the prescribed technique. Be the reason what it may, the charts constitute unmistakable warnings. Not only that, but each graph is, after a fashion, a check on the other.

Doctor Dehelly, who has now joined the instructional staff of the War Demonstration Hospital, spent some months in Rumania, arriving there just when typhus fever was rampant. Well-nigh all of the patients that came under his observation were sadly debilitated by lack of proper nourishment, and because of their rundown condition most of them developed abscesses, which added just that much more to the acuteness of their suffering and the aggravation of their condition. In treating typhus it is the practice to give hypodermic injections of camphor. Almost invariably the tiny wound of the needle became in a short while an abscess, simply because the prick brought to a focus, by secondary infection, the streptococcus bacteria present. This localized the septic state of the fever-stricken patient. Doctor Dehelly found that these suppurating sores were readily responsive to the Carrel-Dakin treatment; and by this cleansing process convalescence was speeded up.

In cases of mastoiditis, one of the most painful of inflammatory diseases recovery is often retarded by rather prolonged suppuration, and the peril of a serious relapse is thus encouraged. However, it has lately been established that final healing and a return to normal can be greatly hastened by sterilizing the surgical wound with hypochlorite of soda applied agreeably to the Carrel method. Again, there is the malady of empyema, as suppuration of the pleural cavity incasing the lungs is called. The usual treatment consists in providing an artificial drain for the pus, but because of the lingering nature of the infection the relieving wound more often than otherwise becomes a rather persistent fistula. This is very apt to invite serious consequences. The Carrel system of sterilization works wonderfully well in combating empyema. It not only effectually sterilizes the infected pleura,

but it makes it possible to close the point of drainage at the desired moment without fear of a distressing aftermath of any sort.

In many instances of appendicitis the problem is complicated by pustulent abscesses which may provoke peritonitis or lead to other septic and inflammatory conditions. These are ordinarily very hard to combat and may enforce long periods of pain, if nothing worse. Adaptations of the Carrel-Dakin method of dealing with infected wounds, in conjunction with surgery, have wrought astonishing cures in cases of this character. The measure of suffering that can thus be prevented is inestimable.

The ever-menacing bacilli streptococci, which add to the gravity of scarlet fever and diphtheria, are certainly contributive to the seriousness of puerperal sepsis, all too common in maternity cases. Infection, once established, is ordinarily an insidious foe which the physician finds difficult to fight successfully. The odds, however, are now in his favor, thanks to the means of attack put in his hands by Carrel and those who have worked valiantly with him. Thus are tempered the hazards of the women that go down into the very Valley of the Shadow of Death that the race may live on. Such is one of the paradoxical reflexes of the battle-fields where millions of men have died.

Years ago Pasteur classed microorganisms in two general divisions: those living in the presence of air he called "aërobic," and those living remote from such contact he named "anaërobic." The bacillus of tuberculosis is of the aërobic variety and flourishes best when exposed to an abundant supply of oxygen. What is technically termed surgical tuberculosis is that permitting the curative use of the knife, such, for instance, as of the joints, bones, glands, etc. In surgical tuberculosis the parts of the body affected are generally excluded from the air; oxygen reaches them only through the circulation of the blood. By keeping a tubercular knee, for example, in a plaster cast and quiet for months, a cure may be accomplished without recourse to the scalpel, if the general physical state be improved the while.

But this measure of inaction is not always practicable, and the tubercular affection may work out to the surface and become a suppurating sore. This last stage is commonly complicated by secondary infection—*i. e.*, by the implanting of other septic microbes. In a large majority of tubercular joints, etc., the malady reaches the distressing climax just described, and it is nearly hopeless to deal with the tubercular condition, *per se*, so long as the open wound is otherwise infected. Doctors who have specialized in this field of surgery have frankly admitted that, no matter how painstaking their efforts, it was only rarely they succeeded in completely closing the wound after treatment. The practice of some of them, in order to prevent reinfection through stitching, has been to use grafts of healthy tissue laid in the excised areas and bound down or held in place by bandages or adhesive plaster until union was effected.

However, while union has been brought about in this way to a degree, nearly perfect in numerous instances, secondary infection has balked ultimate success. Sooner or later abscesses appeared, and all because the surgeon, by his unaided eye, could not make sure that he had removed every trace of the troublesome microbial colony. At the War Demonstration Hospital, cases of tuberculosis of the hip and the knee have responded to the treatment practised there after other efforts to deal with them have failed. The abscesses or sores are opened so that the sterilizing hypochlorite of soda can do its cleansing work and search out the intrenched microbes. In this manner the secondary infection is dealt a death blow and disposed of, and the wound thereafter is reduced to a condition which allows the surgeon to treat unhampered the tubercular area. Again, the microscope and the bacterial smears guide him in determining the sterility of the wound. With this established, it is practicable to proceed to close the opening entirely.

Doctor Dehelly, who has charge of cases of this nature, is very hopeful of the ultimate benefits of this new treatment and its probable widespread application. Just the same, he recognizes

that surgical tuberculosis indicates a general tubercular condition of the patient, and that the affected part is merely a focus of the disease. Accordingly it is not logical to expect systematic relief or cure by the amelioration of a purely local manifestation of the bodily prevalence of the malady. However, this application of Carrel's revival of antiseptics is a long stride forward, because it obviates piecemeal surgery which, sooner or later, involves amputation of the whole or better part of the affected limb. Not only that, but by reducing the septic and debilitating results of suppuration, it makes it possible to bring into play curative agencies which may finally restore the sufferer to health and strength.

These benefits should not appear speculative, because we know now what the Carrel method has achieved in dealing with injuries of extreme gravity among the battle-stricken in Europe. It has made cures possible despite the fact that the virulence of infection during the present conflict has surpassed anything recorded of previous wars. Why, then, should we be skeptical of the results when applied to the problems of the civil and industrial surgeon? It has been reported by Doctor Tuffier, as a result of wide experience with war wounded, that something like 70 per cent. of the operations demanded were required because of the inroads of infection and not because of the anatomical damage done by battle agencies! In the earlier stages of the conflict, when the antiseptic method as devised by Carrel was not employed, fractures of the hip were closed successfully in only 14 per cent. of the cases—the other 86 per cent. remained suppurating. To-day, so it seems, thanks to the genius of this man, who has contributed in many ways to the wonders of modern surgery, 94 per cent. of the hip fractures heal perfectly, and only a modest 6 per cent. are obstinate and continue open!

The layman is prone to judge by results only, quite forgetting that the circumstances leading up to such a climax are anything but unimportant to the sufferer lying abed. It is said authoritatively that, "There is a profound difference between the facial appearance

of a patient whose wounds are in a fair way for sterilization, even if he still has some fever, and the 'look' of a man whose wounds, treated aseptically, are still suppurating." The latter does not sleep; his appetite is gone; he is apt to be agitated and depressed; and his state is aggravated by pain. Sterilization effects a transformation: pain vanishes; the appetite is lively; and hopefulness is the dominant mood. No wonder, then, that cheerfulness prevails in the wards of the War Demonstration Hospital in New York city. This is a happy augury of what we may find commonly in the future when antiseptic surgery comes into its own.

Knowing, as we do, that micro-organisms multiply rapidly, and after half a day of neglect may seriously infect an injury, the question may be reasonably asked, What can be done to deal with these germs, particularly in wounds of moderate extent, in the absence of an apparatus for the application of hypochlorite of soda? Syringes have been devised to take the place temporarily of the more elaborate equipment already described; and in one of our great industrial plants it is the practice to spray the "walking cases" with Dakin's solution and supplement this by a bottle of the antiseptic which the patient applies himself before returning to the company's physician for the next dressing. As a precautionary measure, all injuries, involving breaking of the skin, are considered infected wounds at the start. By thus anticipating septic developments, a great deal of pain and suffering is prevented; and it seems that new injuries when treated promptly with the solution heal by first intention, while others, manifestly infected at the start, clear up in an astonishing manner under the influence of the germicide. To be more specific, instances are mentioned, at the plant in question, of lacerated fingers and of compound fractures of the bone, in which, by the use of Dakin's solution, the partly severed members, held only by the slightest piece of integument, have been saved!

As an evolution of the hypochlorite of

soda we have another germicidal agent in chloramine paste. For fresh surface wounds this sterilizing medium is admirable, and its bactericidal potency is of a high order. It can be packed in collapsible tubes just like vaseline and other pharmaceutical preparations, and as part of any first-aid kit is far more desirable than caustic iodine which has figured so commonly in the soldier's outfit in the past three years. Chloramine paste is benign in its action upon raw and living tissues, and therefore differs radically from iodine, carbolic acid, and bichloride of mercury. Accordingly, it lends itself to general use and to the services of those not familiar with the limitations and the drawbacks of the other germicides mentioned. Here is another helpful heritage of the present conflict.

Doctor Carrel started out to save the lives of stricken soldiers and likewise to preserve, as far as his skill permitted, the bodily integrity of his patients. In other words, his object was twofold—vital and physical conservation. He knew how important to France was the maintenance of her man power fit for the battle-lines and, falling short of this standard, to return the wounded back to civil life in a condition that would enable them to be self-supporting in one way or another and not public charges or burdens upon their loved ones.

What he has done in behalf of the fighting forces becomes equally applicable to industrial armies—not to mention the vast civil populace in its multiple walks of life. Infection is not discriminatory; it is not balked by social conditions; and those best qualified to know admit its omnipresence and its ceaseless menace. Doctor Carrel has shown what science, the microscope, and common sense, in collaboration, may bring forth; and of this triad he personally lays a great deal of stress upon the last. By reason of Carrel's amazing successes the pioneer work of Lister shines in a brighter light; and, as the Psalmist of old sang, "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner."

Cera

BY R. G. BEEDE



“WONDER where the boss got the kid?”

“Looks pretty white-livered.”

“Don’t look like much of a carpenter.”

“Where’d he go?”

“Up in the loft. Guess he’d had supper in town.”

“Did he have his tools?”

“I dunno.”

“Well, he can’t be much worse than Louisiana.”

“Hell!”—Louisiana rose from his keg—“I never pretended to be a carpenter.”

He spat disgustedly. “He asked me if I could saw straight, and I told him, ‘Hanged if I know; I never tried.’”

“If you hadn’t ‘a’ had that bottle, though, you’d ‘a’ got the sack, believe me. We sure was a dry bunch that morning.”

“Well, I think I’ll turn in. That is—Don’t none of yah want a game?”

“Sure.”

“I’ll play awhile.”

“So ‘ll I.”

“What ‘ll it be? Black-jack?”

“Suits me; I’m near broke.”

The kid felt sick, deathly sick. There were so many things the matter. And now he was afraid—afraid of those men. If he could only sleep! Then he’d forget.

In the stable below, the men were passing coarse jokes. And he was a sissy, a contemptible, milk-and-water-sissy! He knew it. He’d fought against it, but it was no use. He couldn’t harden to the raillery of such as they, couldn’t stomach their dissipations, couldn’t brave their horse-play.

He finished spreading his blanket on the bare haymow floor and moved over to the open window. He was here; he must make the best of it. Perhaps, after all— But what hopes were there? His father had said he could come with

him or go to the devil. A sudden fury possessed him. “Damn him!” he whispered, his nails clawing the palms of his hands. “He thought I’d starve. He thought I’d be back begging for mercy. But I won’t. I won’t. I won’t! I’ll make a man of myself, or—or—”

The men were coming up. Most seemed not to notice the kid. He watched them as intently as the rapidly darkening shadows of the long summer day permitted. At length one addressed as “Dad” turned to the boy.

“Well, kid, where’d yah come from?”

“North Dakota.”

“North Dakota? Whew! You’re a long ways from home.”

“Yes.”

“Come out tah take up land?”

“I may—when I’m old enough.”

“Well, well; ain’t you eighteen?”

“No—not quite.”

“Where’d yah put your bed?”

“Over there.”

“Got many blankets?”

“One.”

“Only one? Best come in with me, then. I hain’t got but two, and it gets mighty cold ‘long toward morning.”

Summer in northern Alberta outdoes herself. Nature seems never to sleep. Almost before the last rays of twilight have disappeared from the west, the brightening east betokens another day. Yet, even so, the same sun awakes a world entirely refreshed, a world surging, teeming, exulting with life. But nature’s parasites are a slothful lot. Already the day had lost its freshness, had grown dry and stale, when the hired man sat up with a start, dug under his coat for his “watch,” muttered a curse, and reached for his shoes.

The kid, sleeping near, awoke, and for a long time after lay still and stiff, hardly daring to undertake the task of relating himself to his surroundings. Surely, surely it must be a dream. All this last

month was nothing but a dream. He might awake any minute and laugh at the impossible things that now seemed actualities. He just couldn't be here; it was too—too unthinkable. But the boy was unused to such early hours; his eyes closed, and he fell back again into his troubled dreams.

In one vivid dream it seemed that the old bearded man was angry; he was telling him to go. It didn't bother him, though; he'd never liked to herd sheep. He'd much rather lie under a tree and watch the squirrels, the birds, the grass, the flowers. But the old man was very angry; he must get away. He grew afraid. He must run, run, run, as fast as he could; so he ran, ran, ran, until he was so tired he'd lost all sense of direction, of distance, of speed—there was such a roaring in his ears and burning under his tongue. Finally he felt himself falling. He resisted it for a long time, still trying to run. At last he had to give in. But—yes—some one had caught him! Some one was holding him! His head was close, close against a warm, pulsing breast. It was she; somehow he recognized her; he knew her. It was all right, then; he could sleep now. He snuggled his head closer and she began to sing. Every weary, tense muscle relaxed to bathe in the lulling flood of that song. It was the song the flowers sang, the grasses breathed, the wind sighed; only until now his mind, not his ears, could appreciate it.

"Come on, you North-Dakota-ite! What dah yah think this is? Rest-cure for invalids? Kick him, Ole."

It was a terrible wrench to wake thus. And even then the boy could hardly rouse himself. He saw the men—most of them were waiting turn at the ladder, though a few were still clustered, grinning, around him; but the song—that was what confused him—the song still re-echoed in his ears.

"Guess you'll have to hunt your baby his bottle, Dad. He don't seem tah have the strength tah rise, so kinda fagged, don't yah know."

The kid shuddered and rose. "Gee! I guess I—I must have been pretty tired. I— What time is it?"

But no one, now he had awakened, gave him any more attention.

The boy hurried and was able to climb down the ladder just behind Dad. Outside, but one man was left at the pump.

"I guess we're kinda late, kid. Better wash after breakfast," Dad advised.

But the kid hastened to the pump. He wanted to plunge his head into the cold water. Perhaps then that song which was still ringing in his ears would stop.

The cold water fully awoke him. He straightened. He was alone now; all the others were inside. But the singing—yes, the singing was *real*! Some one was actually singing! The realization thrilled him. He felt the uprush of new life. It was morning; it was summer; and he was young—and decidedly hungry.

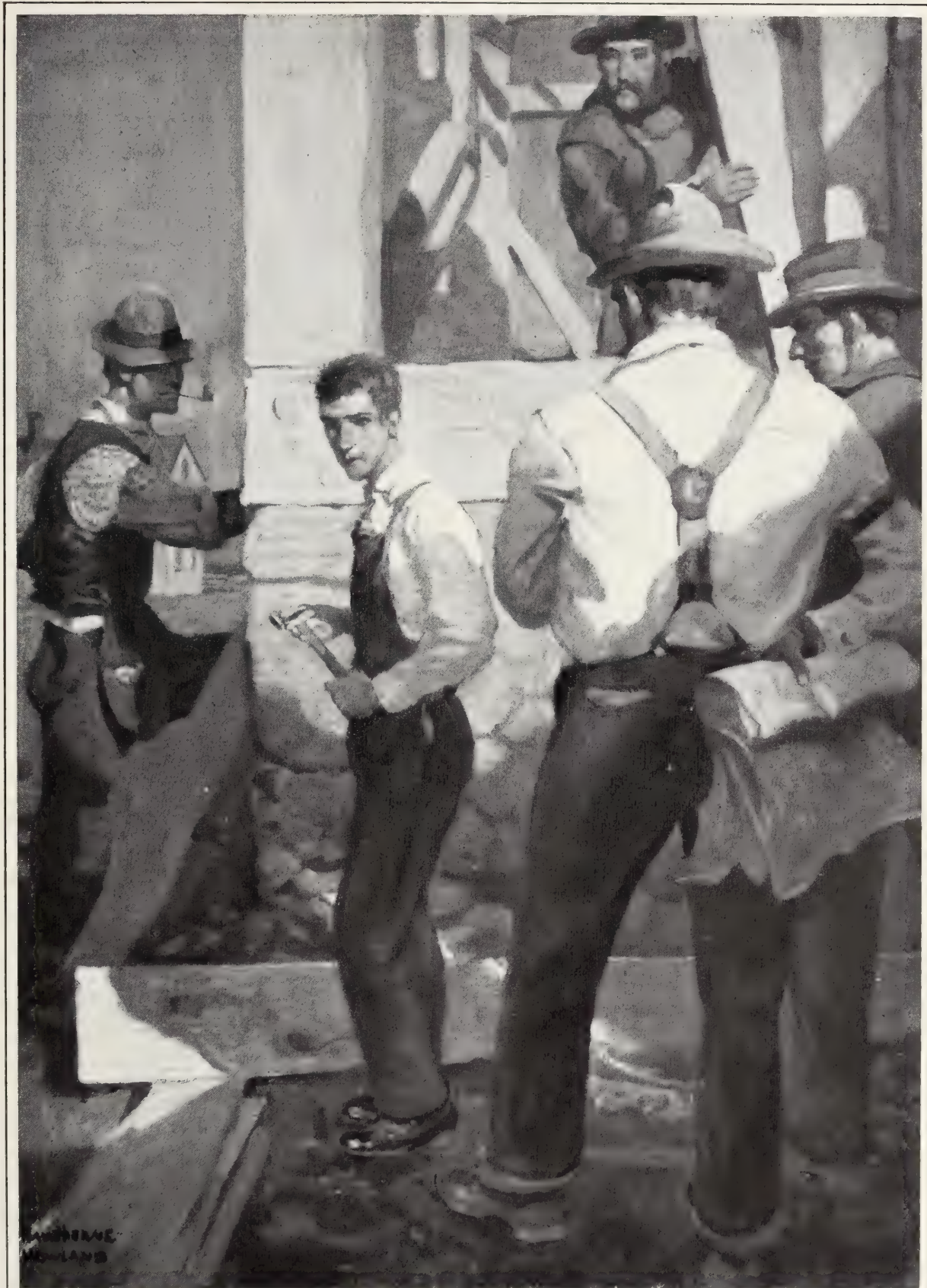
The kid's tools had already given him away. He had got them in Calgary, on lower eight, leaving in return a half-dozen scarf-pins and a cheap watch. The square was rusty and bent. The saw—even Louisiana shivered when he sighted down it. Only the hammer was good—for tacks.

"Hey, kid, we want to top-plate that sill. Start there." The foreman winked to the others.

The kid, his face coloring, walked to the place evidently designated and looked hopelessly around. What—where was the sill? He looked at the other men; they were presumably all busy. The man nearest him was nailing pieces of "two-by-four" to a heavy plank. The kid watched a moment and then tried clumsily to imitate. The men, all the while, seemed to pay him no heed. A number, though, coughed considerably. After he had pounded and banged away for what seemed hours, trying to nail a "two-by-four" to the plank, he was suddenly conscious that the foreman had come up from behind and was watching him. It made him even more nervous. Still, it was some time before the foreman spoke; he must have been enjoying it.

"Say, yah little fool, what yah doin' with that studdin'? Can't yah obey orders?"

"Did—didn't you tell me to do this?"



Drawn by Hawthorne Howland

THE FOREMAN SURVEYED HIM WITH DISGUST

"The devil I did, you little bluffer! Say, what dah yah think we are? Dah yah think yah can come out here and slip that stuff over on us? What?"

"Well, I only hired out to be a—rough carpenter."

"Rough! My Lord! Ain't he modest, though?"

"The fellow said if I could follow a line with a saw and drive a nail, I'd do; so—so I paid him my two dollars, and—and—"

"You darned fool!" The foreman surveyed him with disgust.

"Well—well, I'll do—do the best I can, if you'll only tell me how."

"Tell you how! That's good! He doesn't know yet he's fired. Why, my little man, you were fired the minute yah pulled that meat-saw and that tack-hammer out of your blanket. Get along in with yah! Beat it to the house. Tell the boss if he hires any more rough carpenters, I'll kill the next and hang the hide on him."

"So you're fired, eh? What's the matter? Didn't he think you were much of a carpenter?"

"I'm not a carpenter, but I was broke and had to do something. I thought maybe I could bluff it through. The employment agent said he thought I could."

"So that's it. Well, well. Never worked on a farm, did you?"

"No."

"Do you think you could?"

"I've got to do something."

"I need another man. You can stay, if you wish, and work for me. I'll give you"—the boss eyed him estimatingly; he was a Yankee school-teacher turned farmer—"well, twenty-five and board." The going wage was thirty-five. "Is that all right?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"All right, then. You might begin on the barn; it needs cleaning out."

The kid felt better after his talk with the boss. He could understand the boss; he wasn't such a stranger. He had associated with his kind before. But the rest of the men—he couldn't overcome the consciousness of their strangeness.

Somehow or other he managed to clean out the barn; it wasn't very dirty.

Then the boy was in a quandary. He felt as though he should seek out his boss, yet he feared, if he did, his over-zealousness might be laughed at. The desire to make good was stronger; having washed his hands and face—a totally unnecessary procedure—he rapped on the back door of the house. No answer. Some one was moving about in the lean-to which served as a kitchen; so he rapped there. The door opened instantly, and a large girl loomed up in the doorway.

"You want something?" She spoke slowly, articulating carefully, and with a pause after each word, like a foreigner who wished to speak correctly and sought the right term with deliberation.

"Yes. Is Mr. Samuels here?"

"No. He has gone to town," she replied, still with the pauses and the careful articulation.

"Oh."

"Was that all which you wanted?" came the query, with the same hesitant deliberation.

"Yes."

But the boy still lingered, staring at the girl. He had never seen her like before. In a way, she repelled him, disgusted him; she was so big—as big as the biggest of the workmen about him. Yet her size was not unwomanly; it seemed strangely to accentuate her sex. The boy was curiously attracted, though he was, at the same time, conscious of a certain distaste which welled up inside of him as at something gross.

"You better go, then. I am busy." And the girl shut the door.

She began to sing, though, before the boy had even turned to go. With a shock of astonishment and with something of disappointment, the boy identified her as the singer of the morning. It repelled him to think that such singing should come from so substantial—he had almost thought so animal—a creature. He wanted to think of the singer as some hidden nymph. He had appropriated the singing as for himself alone. He could not bear to think of such a song lodged in such a singer and sung in such a place to such people. But the rest—they surely were not as conscious of its beauty as he. And even

he couldn't really *hear* the singing, so immersed was he in the effect which it produced. It was as if the song had shattered his mind into fragments, and each fragment had begun forthwith to dream, to imagine things entirely outside its former ken.

The men scarcely noticed the boy when they returned for dinner. Only the foreman, who had seen him cleaning out the barn, cried out, good-humoredly:

"Well, kid, goin' to abandon your old trade?"

The kid did not answer.

The foreman saw the chance for more sport. "Well, well. So Willie didn't like the naughty carpenters. Now, now. Isn't that a shame?"

The kid could stand it no longer. "Damn you! You think just because you're big and strong and know how to work, you—you—" He couldn't finish; instead he fled to the barn, trying his best to hold back the sobs that rose despite all effort to down them. There, on the floor of an old, empty oat-bin, he threw himself down, still straining every nerve, every muscle to "be a man."

And there, two hours later, the girl, hunting for eggs, found him, fast asleep in that hot, smelly bin. He lay as if entirely exhausted; his breath light and quick; his face begrimed with dust, perspiration, and tears. He looked the bad boy who had hid himself apart from all to cry over his punishment and bemoan the cruel lot of one so absolutely unloved. As the girl watched, a queer, convulsive shudder shook him; he shrank together as if cringing from a blow.

The girl went quickly to him, knelt, passed her large, round, muscular arms underneath his shoulders, half lifted, then pressed him to her breast, as though wishing there to shelter him from the fear the boy's attitude suggested. Still asleep, his arms slipped easily around her, until he almost seemed to cling there. She remained this way for many minutes before she began to sing—or rather to croon—ever, ever so faintly; so faintly that one could readily have mistaken it for the wind cradling the sleepy leaves. The boy must have heard and understood, for he smiled, just a

wee, timid smile, and snuggled closer. Her eyes, which all the while had been fixed intently on his face, smiled in return. She bent over, still crooning, and just brushed her lips across his forehead. His eyelids quivered, opened wide, and he stared uncomprehendingly up at the face so near his own. Then, with a sigh of relief, he closed his eyes again and would have returned to sleep, but she, suddenly rising, with her arms still about him, set him upright on his feet. Then, with a smile, she shook him playfully, saying, with the odd breaks and pauses in her utterance which he had noted when first she spoke to him:

"Did not you have a dinner? What is the matter? Are you sick for home?"

He couldn't answer just yet. This was the same girl he had seen in the doorway, the same girl he had heard sing, but somehow she was different; her largeness no longer seemed gross. Like a child, he began to like her because he knew she would help him. And he yearned for some one to help him.

"Come, boy. Come with Cera—and get something to eat. What?"

The boy nodded.

There was work aplenty after that. He and the other hired man were the only regular workers on the big farm. At first, when the day's work was over, the boy scarcely had the strength to stumble up to his blankets in the loft. But as the days passed he grew hardened—in the flesh, at least. Then it was, in the two, three, or four leisure hours before sleep, that his supersensitive spirit rebelled against it all—his work, his companions, his food. Especially did he hate—he thought it hate—the girl, because he couldn't keep—no matter how hard he tried—from thinking of her.

The carpenters finished the new barns and left. Perhaps, had they remained longer, he might have accustomed himself to them; it would have been better than such loneliness given over solely to self-pity.

To avoid the other hired man, when work was over, the boy formed the habit of strolling away, usually over the hill to a near-by haystack. Here he stayed

until the chill of the evening drove him back to the barn.

The girl, too, had the habit of walking in the twilight of the day. But she walked through the fields, through the wheat, the barley, the oats, the flax. There she found rest. Sometimes, especially after the grain had reached its height, she would lie at full length, completely relaxed, amid the grain. Then the whole world was grain, the color of grain, the smell of grain, the music of grain, a perfect symphony of sound and color.

And so it was that their ways, the boy's and the girl's, did not meet, until one night the girl, coming back from the pasture where she had been to inspect two brand-new "bossies," found him snuggled in a round heap on the farther side of the haystack, star-gazing.

She spoke first. "You like night?"

"No; it's too cold."

"You like to be alone?"

"Oh no! That's what I hate about it."

"About what?"

"Everything."

Unasked, she seated herself by him and picked up one of his hands. She surveyed this critically for a time, then advised: "You no farmer. Better do something else."

"I'm sure I don't know what."

"You have education?"

"Yes, a kind of one."

"The lady where I used to work she say that a person, when educated, can do anything. She taught me to talk so good."

The boy offered no comment. He had wondered so much about her, who she was, where she came from—and where had she learned to sing like that?

"I am a 'Bohunck,'" the girl at length volunteered. "That is what they call us round here. I was born 'way off somewhere. I do not know where. I came to this land when I was a baby. We lived at first near a big, big town. We could not stand it there. We came out here. But the big town, what time we were there, made most of us so sick we died. I went to work for a wife of a preacher. She taught me a lot."

"Did she teach you to sing?"

"No, she would not let me sing. She

said the way I sung was wicked; that I should not sing until I get my voice shaped like other people. That is why I am working so hard. I want to sing good, not wicked; and she said it cost a lot of money to get your voice fixed. It is such a long time to wait, and I cannot help sing sometimes, even if it is wicked."

The boy told her but little of himself at first. But as the evenings passed, and they both seemed always to wander to the same spot, he began more and more to confide in her; her eyes always looked so understanding. He knew she pitied him, and, somehow or other, he wanted to be pitied, to be babied. He was tired of pitying himself. So he told her of his mother, who had died when he was fourteen. He was the only child and his mother had made a downright sissy of him. So when she died he was left alone in a world of gibes, sneers, and taunts. His father, whom both he and his mother had always secretly hated, sent him off to a boarding-school to be made a man of. It didn't work. From there he went to college. College did not change him. And he and his father had grown further apart.

Finally, at the end of his first year, the father determined something must be done. So he ordered the boy out to a ranch in western Montana. The boy would not go. The father compromised then, and only asked that the boy spend the summer with him. That, too, was unbearable. In disgust, the man told his son to either come to him at once or go to the devil. And the boy—he guessed he must have gone; he certainly was in hell now. He would have enough, though, he thought, when Samuels paid him in the fall, to go home, and at least to begin his studies afresh. He had an idea that if his father found that he really had taken care of himself for a whole summer, and had made a little money besides, the "old man" would relent. If it were not for thinking that, he would most certainly have ended it all before now.

As the evenings grew longer he and Cera were together more. It was as if, during the burning, backaching toil of the day, he associated with the thoughts

of her all that was cool, restful, and refreshing. When he first had grown to care for her, it was because, like a child, he knew she would mother him. But now it was more than that. There was that curious fascination he had felt earlier, and which had since lain dormant, only to blossom now into life—eager, impetuous life.

When "stooking" commenced, two more men had to be hired. One of them, Lars, to the astonishment of all, displayed a strong desire to "pal around" with the boy; he was at his side in the fields, at the barn, in the pasture—ever anxious to lend a hand on occasion. The boy did not exactly fancy this forced companionship, but he raised no objections until Lars evidenced a disposal to continue his attentions after work. The latter was too thick-headed to see he was not welcome; the boy was wont, by stealth, to escape from the companionship the devoted Lars sought to thrust upon him.

One evening Cera was so late that the boy had all but given up hope of seeing her, when she arrived. Without waiting to be asked, she explained, her fists still clenched and her breath coming in quick gasps.

"I just beat that big Swede."

"Not Lars?"

"Yes."

"Why? What on earth did he do?"

"He jumped on me when I go round barn. Grabbed me tight. I push him away, and we fight. I fixed him, though. I fixed him."

The boy sprang up wrathfully. "Just you wait, Cera," he cried. "I'll go fix him again!"

But the girl laughed and caught him to her. "You could not fix nobody. Do not you know that?"

"Yes, I could—I could!"

"No. And Cera wants you to stay here with her."

After this incident Lars ceased to have anything more to do with the boy, though he still continued to pester Cera with his devotion—at a respectful distance.

The threshers were to leave Saturday noon, but along about ten o'clock a rain, which had been threatening all

week, set in; so the crew, with but two hours' work left, settled down to a period of rest on the enforced hospitality of Mr. Samuels, a period which by all forecasts might lengthen into days.

The boy received his check for eighty dollars that night. He cashed it with the separator-man in order that he might pay his fellow-laborers a number of small sums, borrowed from time to time during the summer. When all were paid, he still had seventy-four dollars left—enough to take him home, and some to spare. The boss had promised to drive him into Drumley in the morning. Then, in the afternoon, he would catch a fast Canadian Pacific coast-train and in two days be home.

The evening was tedious. Already he was home again in fancy; brought back to reality, however, now and again by a loud guffaw from the threshers in the stalls below. It was so dreadfully tiresome. Nothing, absolutely nothing to do! It was too wet to go out; and if it had not been, he might not have gone. He hadn't told Cera that he was going, although he supposed she must know. When he thought of this a sense of shame and compunction came upon him. But his joy at the prospect of escaping from his surroundings was overwhelming, and dispelled such feelings.

On a sudden whim, he descended to the men below. They welcomed him noisily, with many side winks and grimaces. He had always been the butt of their ridicule, most of which, luckily, was behind his back; and he knew it.

He wanted to join in the conversation, but could think of nothing to say. Finally, a fellow suggested that they have a game. On the spur of the moment the boy spoke up:

"Yes, a game. Let's have a game."

They stared at him in wonder.

"Well, what 'll it be?"

A quiet, sad-eyed man edged forward. "What dah yah want? 'Russian bank'?"

"No." He'd show these fellows he was some sport. "Let's have a game of poker." He had played that at the boarding-school, he and his mates.

The man grinned. "Boy, I think you'd better content yourself with 'Russian bank.'"



Drawn by Hawthorne Howland

"I CAN'T GO HOME, I'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE"

"No, no. What's the matter? 'Fraid I'll rake in a little money?"

"All right, then; poker it is. Henry? Jack? Yes, Jack, we'll use the keg."

This was the first time the boy had ever played for money. It thrilled him. Now he was, in fact, a man! He was playing a man's game, and these fellows were treating him as an equal.

"It's too bad, kid; you sure had a run of bad luck. But you're a game little ol' sport, I must say. Ain't he, boys? Here, I don't want tah lay yah clear on the rocks, old man," and the sad-eyed one pushed back the boy's last five-dollar bill that had just gone to join all the others.

The boy sat tense. He'd lost his little all, every penny of it. But these men—these men that were now staring at him with almost admiration in their eyes—they must not know, must never know, what it cost—what it meant.

"Oh, that's all right. That's all right." He staggered to his feet, trying to laugh. "I—I'll get back at you some time."

"Sure yah will. Sure yah will!"

It was quite late. Most of the men had gone to their blankets. Presently he was alone. He began to walk, first slowly, then faster and faster, up and down, up and down. What was he to do? What *was* he to do? If he went to the boss and told him, and begged— But he couldn't do that. Now—now he could never go home. He'd have to stay here. He couldn't do that. He just couldn't do that. He'd rather die first—yes, anything but that which he knew now lay in store for him.

Several of the threshers had brought guns with them; prairie-chickens were plentiful. The unwholesome light of the dim lantern threw into flickering relief a yellow gun-case leaning against one of the cribs. The boy unstrapped it, took out the gun—a shot-gun—and fitted it together. But he had no shells; the men's cartridge-belts and vests were in the loft, and he didn't want to go there. But he remembered having seen a box of shells in one of the feed-boxes. He looked in several, finally found what he sought, and loaded both barrels.

It was so easy, now he was actually doing it. He half smiled. Funny, people should hate this sort of thing so. It was better, so much better, than living as some lived. He walked out into the night; some instinct made him seek solitude first. Habit led his steps to the haystack. It had cleared off in the last half-hour, but the moon was still struggling to shine through the companies of tattered clouds that the wind drove upon it.

As he walked around the stack, the moon shook free from its foes and shone bright and tranquil. Some one moved—it was Cera who stood facing him. She must have been there a long time, for her clothes were damp, and clung about her in a strange transparency the moonlight gave them. She was no longer large in terms of flesh and blood; she was merely part of it all—the night, the moon, the cool, wet earth. She had but to will it, and the Whole, of which she was so utterly a part, would absorb her, engulf her. And before her, primitive child of the great mother, Nature, stood the school-bred weakling, product of the institutions and conventions which the hand and brain of man has fashioned.

"So you want to stop your life." The girl looked fixedly at him. She did not ask a question; she stated a fact.

"How—how do you know?"

"How do I know! Don't talk like a fool. Talk what you mean, like a man."

"Cera, don't be mad. Let me alone! I—I've got to do it—got to, Cera. I lost it all, Cera, gambling—all my money. Now—now I can't go home, I'll have to stay here. And I'd rather die. And I'm going to die. I've got to, Cera. Can't you see?"

"You no right to make yourself die."

"No right! You don't know what you're talking about. I guess if I have a right to live I have a right to die, too, haven't I?"

"You have no right to stop your life."

"And why, I should like to know? Did any one ask me if I wanted to live? No, I should say not. The first thing I knew, I *was*. No one consulted me. Surely I ought to have had something to say; and *now* I'm going to have my say. Somebody, Something put me into this thing called life without asking;

I'm going to kick it away without asking them."

The clouds had veiled the moon and it had grown dark again before the girl answered: "But you kept on living when first you knew you lived. You took life from the Something that gave it. Now you want to give it back."

"Yes. Now you see my right. I'm merely returning what they gave me."

"No, you are to return your *gift*." The girl's voice had gained that natural cadence with which she sang. It was now the voice of the wind-swept prairies—Nature admonishing the prodigal. "Is what you now wish to return the same as that which was given?"

"No, of course not."

"Is it better?"

"N-o-o."

"Is it worse?"

"Yes."

"Yes, it is worse. That which was given was good. It might have grown and become a great, great man. It might yet. That which was given was tiny, but strong. In time it would be brave and strong and good. Are you brave? Are you strong? Are you good? No, you have taken that which was given, and you have lived so far away from the Thing that gave it that you are weak. You have wronged it. You have dirtied it. Have you a right to give it back now, this way? Aren't you afraid, the way you are, to stop living?"

The moon once more shone full upon the glorified face of the girl, the inspired medium of the Thing, the Something, the Somebody, to whom the boy, in his despair, was about to cast himself back. After one look, he dropped to his knees; then fell forward, sobbing, prone in the hay.

In a moment the girl was over him—just Cera now, and only eager to comfort him. After a time he told her all. But in the midst of his story the girl interrupted him:

"Then you really want to leave Cera?"

"Oh, I just can't stay here. If I could

only beg, borrow, or steal—something, anything, to get money—why, I'd—"

The girl's rising stopped him.

"Come!" And without waiting for him to rise she dragged him to his feet and, one hand in his, led him across the hill, around the barn, to the lean-to. Here she left him—to return in a moment with an old knitted mitten, which she thrust into his hand.

"What?"

"Inside!" she ordered.

He felt gingerly. Inside was a roll—a roll of bills! Lots of them!

"Cera, you don't mean you're giving this to me?"

"Yes," she answered, dully. "There is one hundred and sixty dollar. I have been working here 'most two years." She did not tell him again that it was to train her voice she had been saving it.

"Cera, if I go home with this, it will be all right. Do you hear? Everything will be all right again. I can start school, and— But I shouldn't take it, should I?"

"I gave it to you."

"Cera, you're so good, so awfully, awfully good. I don't know what to do."

"Better start to-night; you might lose it again." For some reason she seemed to wish him to go forthwith.

"There is a train at six, isn't there? I believe I can walk it. It will only take three hours. But, Cera—"

"Yes?" She was leaving, but turned slowly toward him again.

"I—I hate to go like this. You—" But she had already left, and the closed door cut his stammering speech in half.

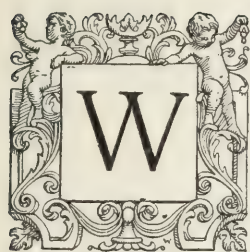
The boy stood there silent for a while; he wanted to call her back. Somehow it hurt, leaving like this. But he was actually leaving now; the thought cheered him.

Without stopping even to go back to the barn or to return the gun which he had entirely forgotten, he set off down the road, just as he was. Nine miles in front of him was Drumley—then, home. He was happy.

A Writer's Recollections

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART IV



WHEN the Oxford historian of the future comes across the name and influence of Benjamin Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol, and Greek professor, in the mid-current of the nineteenth century, he will not be without full means of finding out what made that slight figure (whereof he will be able to study the outward and visible presence in some excellent portraits, and in many caricatures) so significant and so representative. The *Life of the Master*, by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell, is to me one of the most interesting biographies of our generation. It is long—for those who have no Oxford ties, no doubt, too long; and it is cumbered with the echoes of old controversies, theological and academic, which have mostly, though by no means wholly, passed into a dusty limbo. But it is one of the rare attempts that English biography has seen to paint a man as he really was; and to paint him not with the sub-malicious strokes of a Purcell, but in love, although in truth.

Of the Master, I have many remembrances. I see, for instance, a drawing-room full of rather tongue-tied embarrassed guests, some Oxford residents, some Londoners; and the Master among them, as a stimulating—but disintegrating!—force, of whom every one was uneasily conscious. The circle was wide, the room bare, and the Balliol arm-chairs were not placed for conversation. On a high chair against the wall sat a small boy of ten—we will call him Arthur—oppressed by his surroundings. The talk languished and dropped. From one side of the large room the Master, raising his voice, addressed the small boy on the other side.

“Well, Arthur, so I hear you’ve begun Greek. How are you getting on?”

To the small boy looking round the room it seemed as though twenty awful grown-ups were waiting in a dead silence to eat him up. He rushed upon his answer. “I—I’m reading the *Anabasis*,” he said, desperately.

The false quantity sent a shock through the room. Nobody laughed, out of sympathy with the boy, who already knew that something dreadful had happened. The boy’s miserable parents, Londoners, who were among the twenty, wished themselves under the floor. The Master smiled.

“*Anābasis*, Arthur,” he said, cheerfully. “You’ll get it right next time.”

And he went across to the boy, evidently feeling for him, and wishing to put him at ease. But after thirty years, the boy and his parents still remember the incident with a shiver. It could not have produced such an effect, except in an atmosphere of tension; and that, alas! too often, was the atmosphere which surrounded the Master.

I can remember, too, many proud yet anxious half-hours in the Master’s study—such a privilege, yet such an ordeal!—when, after our migration to London, we became, at regular intervals, the Master’s week-end visitors. “Come and talk to me a little in my study,” the Master would say, pleasantly. And there in the room where he worked for so many years, as the interpreter of Greek thought to the English world, one would take a chair beside the fire, with the Master opposite. I have described my fireside tête-à-têtes, as a girl, with another head of a college—the Rector of Lincoln, Mark Pattison. But the Master was a far more strenuous companion. With him there were no diversions, none!—no relief from the breathless adventure of trying to please him, and doing one’s best. The Rector once, being a little invalidish, allowed me to make up the fire, and after watching the

process sharply, said—"Good! does it drive *you* distracted, too, when people put on coals the wrong way?" An interruption, which made for human sympathy! The dear Master, as far as I can remember, had no "nerves"; and "nerves" are a bond between many. But he occasionally had sudden returns upon himself. I remember once after we had been discussing a religious book which had interested us both, he abruptly drew himself up, in the full tide of talk, and said with a curious impatience—"But one can't be always thinking of these things!"—and changed the subject.

So much for the Master, the stimulus of whose mere presence was, according to his biographers, "often painful." But there were at least two other Masters in the "Mr. Jowett" we revered. And they, too, are fully shown in this biography. The Master who loved his friends and thought no pains too great to take for them, including the very rare pains of trying to mend their characters by faithfulness and plain speaking, whenever he thought they wanted it. The Master, again, whose sympathies were always with social reform, and with the poor, whose hidden life was full of deeds of kindness and charity, who, in spite of his difficulties of manner, was loved by all sorts and conditions of men—and women—in all circles of life; by politicians and great ladies; by diplomats and scholars and poets; by his secretary and his servants:—there are many traits of this good man and useful citizen recorded by his biographers.

And, finally, there was the Master who reminded his most intimate friends of a sentence of his about Greek literature, which occurs in the Introduction to the "Phædrus." "Under the marble exterior of Greek literature was concealed a soul thrilling with spiritual emotion," says the Master. His own was not exactly a marble exterior; but the placid and yet shrewd cheerfulness of his delicately rounded face, with its small mouth and chin, its great brow and frame of snowy hair, gave but little clue to the sensitive and mystical soul within.

But Balliol meant more to me than the Master. Professor Thomas Hill Green—"Green of Balliol"—was no less repre-

sentative in our days of the spiritual and liberating forces of the great college; and the time which has now elapsed since his death has clearly shown that his philosophic work and influence hold a lasting and conspicuous place in the history of nineteenth-century thought. He and his wife became our intimate friends, and in the Grey of *Robert Elsmere* I tried to reproduce a few of those traits—traits of a great thinker and teacher, who was also one of the simplest, sincerest, and most practical of men—which Oxford will never forget, so long as high culture and noble character are dear to her. His wife—so his friend and biographer, Lewis Nettleship, tells us—once compared him to Sir Bors in "The Holy Grail":

A square-set man and honest; and his eyes,
An outdoor sign of all the wealth within,
Smiled with his lips—a smile beneath a cloud,
But Heaven had meant it for a sunny one!

A quotation in which the mingling of a cheerful, practical, humorous temper, the temper of the active citizen and politician, with the heavy tasks of philosophic thought, is very happily suggested. As we knew him, indeed, and before the publication of the *Prolegomena to Ethics* and the Introduction to the Clarendon Press edition of Hume had led to his appointment as Whyte Professor of Moral Philosophy, Mr. Green was not only a leading Balliol tutor, but an energetic Liberal, a member both of the Oxford Town Council and of various university bodies; a helper in all the great steps taken for the higher education of women at Oxford, and keenly attracted by the project of a high school for the town boys of Oxford—a man, in other words, preoccupied, just as the Master was, and for all his philosophic genius, with the need of leading "a useful life."

Let me pause to think how much that phrase meant in the mouths of the best men whom Balliol produced, in the days when I knew Oxford. The Master, Green, Toynbee—their minds were full, half a century ago, of the "condition of the people" question, of temperance, housing, wages, electoral reform; and within the university, and by the help of the weapons of thought and teaching,

they regarded themselves as the natural allies of the Liberal party which was striving for these things through politics and Parliament. "Usefulness," "social reform," the bettering of daily life for the many—these ideas are stamped on all their work and on all the biographies of them that remain to us.

And the significance of it is only to be realized when we turn to the rival group, to Christ Church, and the religious party which that name stood for. Read the lives of Liddon, of Pusey, or—to go further back—of the great Newman himself. Is it not fair to say that "the condition of the people" question mattered little or nothing, either to Pusey or to Liddon, compared with the date of the Book of Daniel, or the retention of the Athanasian Creed? Newman, at a time when national drunkenness was an overshadowing terror in the minds of all reformers, confesses with a pathetic frankness that he had never considered "whether there were too many public-houses in England or no"; and in all his religious controversies of the 'thirties and the 'forties you will look in vain for any word of industrial or political reform. So also in the Life of that great rhetorician and beautiful personality, Canon Liddon, you will scarcely find a single letter that touches on any question of social betterment. How to safeguard the "principle of authority," how to uphold the traditional authorship of the Pentateuch, and of the Book of Daniel, against "infidel" criticism; how to stifle among the younger High-Churchmen like Mr. (now Bishop) Gore, then head of the Pusey House, the first advances toward a reasonable freedom of thought; how to maintain the doctrine of Eternal Punishment against the protest of the religious consciousness itself—it is on these matters that Canon Liddon's correspondence turns, it was to them his life was devoted.

How vainly! Who can doubt now which type of life and thought had in it the seeds of growth and permanence—the Balliol type, or the Christ Church type? There are many High-Churchmen, it is true, at the present day, and many Ritualist Churches. But they are alive to-day, just in so far as they

have learned the lesson of social pity, and the lesson of a reasonable criticism, from the men whom Pusey and Liddon and half the bishops condemned and persecuted in the middle years of the nineteenth century.

To me, in my twenties, these great names were not merely names or symbols, as they are to the men and women of the present generation. Newman I had seen in my childhood, walking about the streets of Edgbaston, and had shrunk from him in a dumb, childish resentment as from some one whom I understood to be the author of our family misfortunes. In those days, as I have already recalled in an earlier chapter, the daughters of a "mixed marriage" were brought up in the mother's faith and the sons in the father's. I, therefore, as a school-girl under Evangelical influence, was not allowed to make friends with any of my father's Catholic colleagues. Then, in 1880, twenty years later, Newman came to Oxford, and on Trinity Monday there was a great gathering at Trinity College, where the Cardinal in his red, a blanched and spiritual presence, received the homage of a new generation who saw in him a great soul and a great master of English, and cared little or nothing for the controversies in which he had spent his prime. As my turn came to shake hands, I recalled my father to him and the Edgbaston days. His face lit up—almost mischievously. "Are you the little girl I remember seeing sometimes—in the distance?" he said to me, with a smile and a look that only he and I understood.

On the Sunday preceding that gathering I went to hear his last sermon in the city he had loved so well, preached at the new Jesuit church in the suburbs; while little more than a mile away Bidding Prayer and sermon were going on as usual in the university church where in his youth, week by week, he had so deeply stirred the hearts and consciences of men. The sermon in St. Aloysius was preached with great difficulty, and was almost incoherent from the physical weakness of the speaker. Yet who that was present on that Sunday will ever forget the great ghost that fronted them, the faltering accents, the

words from which the life blood had departed, yet not the charm?

Then—Pusey! There comes back to me a bowed and uncouth figure, whom one used to see both in the cathedral procession on a Sunday, and—rarely—in the university pulpit. One sermon on Darwinism, preached, if I remember right, in the early seventies, remains with me, as the appearance of some modern Elijah, returning after long silence and exile to protest against an unbelieving world. Sara Coleridge had years before described Pusey in the pulpit with a few vivid strokes.

He has not one of the graces of oratory [she says]. His discourse is generally a rhapsody describing with infinite repetition the wickedness of sin, the worthlessness of earth, and the blessedness of heaven. He is as still as a statue all the time he is uttering it, looks as white as a sheet, and is as monotonous in delivery as possible.

Far different was the effect of Liddon, in those days, upon us younger folk! The grace and charm of Liddon's personal presence were as valuable to his party in the seventies as that of Dean Stanley had been to Liberalism at an earlier stage. There was, indeed, much in common between the aspect and manner of the two men, though no likeness, in the strict sense, whatever. But the exquisite delicacy of feature, the brightness of eye, the sensitive play of expression, were alike in both. Saint Simon says of Fénelon:

He was well made, pale, with eyes that showered intelligence and fire,—and with a physiognomy that no one who had seen it once could forget. It had both gravity and polish, seriousness and gaiety; it spoke equally of the scholar, the bishop and the *grand seigneur*, and the final impression was one of intelligence, subtlety, grace, charm; above all, of dignity. One had to tear oneself from looking at him.

Many of those who knew Liddon best could, I think, have adapted this language to him; and there is much in it that fitted Arthur Stanley.

How many other figures in that vanished Oxford world I should like to draw!—Mandell, or "Max," Creighton, our lifelong friend, then just married to the wife who was his best comrade

while he lived, and since his death has made herself an independent force in English life. I first remember the future Bishop of London when I was fifteen, and he was reading history with my father on a Devonshire reading party. The tall, slight figure in blue serge, the red-gold hair, the spectacles, the keen features, and quiet, commanding eye—I see them first against a background of rocks on the Lynton shore. Then again a few years later, in his beautiful Merton rooms, with the vine-tendrils curling round the windows, the Morris paper, and the blue willow-pattern plates upon it, that he was surely the first to collect in Oxford. A luncheon party returns upon me—in Brasenose—where the brilliant Merton fellow and tutor, already a power in Oxford, first met his future wife; afterward, their earliest married home in Oxford, so near to ours, in the new region of the parks; then the vicarage on the Northumberland coast where Creighton wrestled with the north-country folk, with their virtues and their vices, drinking deep draughts thereby from the sources of human nature; where he read and wrote history, preparing for his *magnum opus* the history of the Renaissance popes; where he entertained his friends, brought up his children, and took mighty walks—always the same restless, energetic, practical, pondering spirit, his mind set upon the Kingdom of God, and convinced that in and through the English Church a man might strive for the Kingdom as faithfully and honestly as anywhere else. The intellectual doubts and misgivings on the subject of taking orders, so common in the Oxford of his day, Creighton had never felt. His life had ripened to a rich maturity without—apparently—any of those fundamental conflicts which had scarred the lives of other men.

The fact set him in strong contrast with another historian who was also our intimate friend—John Richard Green. When I first knew him, during my engagement to my husband, and seven years before the "Short History" was published, he had just practically—though not formally—given up his orders. He had been originally curate to my husband's father, who held a London living, and the bond between him and

his vicar's family was singularly close and affectionate. After the death of the dear mother of the flock, a saintly and tender spirit, to whom Mr. Green was much attached, he remained the faithful friend of all her children. How much I had heard of him before I saw him! The expectation of our first meeting filled me with trepidation. Should I be admitted, too, into that large and generous heart?—would he “pass” the girl who had dared to be his “boy's” fiancée? But after ten minutes all was well, and he was my friend no less than my husband's, to the last hour of his fruitful, suffering life.

And how much it meant, his friendship! It became plain very soon after our marriage that ours was to be a literary partnership. My first published story, written when I was eighteen, had appeared in the *Churchman's Magazine* in 1870, and an article on the “Poema del Cid,” the first-fruits of my Spanish browsings in the Bodleian, appeared in *Macmillan* early in 1872. My husband was already writing in the *Saturday Review* and other quarters, and had won his literary spurs as one of the three authors of that *jeu d'esprit* of no small fame in its day, the *Oxford Spectator*. Our three children arrived in 1874, 1876, and 1879, and all the time I was reading, listening, talking, and beginning to write in earnest—mostly for the *Saturday Review*. “J. R. G.,” as we loved to call him, took up my efforts with the warmest encouragement, tempered, indeed, by constant fears that I should become a mere book-worm and Dryasdust, yielding day after day to the mere luxury of reading, and putting nothing into shape!

Against this supposed tendency in me he railed perpetually. “Any one can read!” he would say;—“anybody of decent wits can accumulate notes and references—the difficulty is to *write*—to make something!” And later on, when I was deep in Spanish chronicles, and thinking vaguely of a History of Spain, early Spain, at any rate, he wrote almost impatiently—“*Begin*—and begin your book. Don't do ‘studies’ and that sort of thing—one's book teaches one everything as one writes it.” I was reminded of that letter years later when I came

across in Amiel's journal a passage almost to the same effect. “It is by writing that one learns—it is by pumping that one draws water into one's well.” But in J. R. G.'s case the advice he gave his friend was carried out by himself through every hour of his short, concentrated life. “He died learning,” as the inscription on his grave testifies; but he also died *making*. In other words, the shaping, creative instinct wrestled in him with the powers of death through long years, and never deserted him to the very end. Who that has ever known the passion of the writer and the student can read without tears the record of his last months? He was already doomed when I first saw him in 1871, for signs of tuberculosis had been discovered in 1869, and all through the 'seventies and till he died, in 1883, while he was writing the “Short History,” the expanded Library Edition in four volumes, and the two brilliant monographs on “The Making of England” and “The Conquest of England,” the last of which was put together from his notes, and finished by his devoted wife and secretary after his death, he was fighting for his life, in order that he might finish his work. He was a dying man from January, 1881, but he finished and published “The Making of England” in 1882, and began “The Conquest of England.” On February 25th, ten days before his death, his wife told him that the end was near. He thought a little, and said that he had still something to say in his book “which is worth saying. I will make a fight for it. I will do what I can, and I must have sleeping draughts for a week. After that it will not matter if they lose their effect.” He worked on a little longer—but on March 7th all was over. My husband had gone out to see him in February, and came home marveling at the miracle of such life in death.

I have spoken of the wonderful stimulus and encouragement he could give to the young student. But he was no flatterer. No one could strike harder or swifter than he, when he chose.

It was to me—in his eager friendship for “Humphry's” young wife—he first intrusted the task of that primer of English literature which afterward Mr. Stopford Brooke carried out with such

astonishing success. But I was far too young for such a piece of work, and knew far too little. I made a sketch, however, and took it up to him when he was in rooms in Beaumont Street. He was entirely dissatisfied with it, and as gently and kindly as possibly told me it wouldn't do and that I must give it up. Then throwing it aside, he began to walk up and down his room, sketching out how such a general outline of English Literature might be written and should be written. I sat by enchanted, all my natural disappointment charmed away. The knowledge, the enthusiasm, the *shaping* power of the frail human being moving there before me—with the slight, emaciated figure, the great brow, the bright eyes; all the physical presence, instinct, aflame, with the intellectual and poetic passion which grew upon him as he traced the mighty stream of England's thought and song:—it was an experience never forgotten, one of those by which mind teaches mind, and the endless succession is carried on.

Sometimes his criticism took a mischievous turn, which would have given offense in any one else than he. There is a story of him in a group of intimate friends, where it seemed to him that a pair of engaged persons were too much absorbed in each other, and not ready enough to give its due to mere friendship. They sat rather apart, hand in hand, and the rest of the circle felt shut out. Whereupon J. R. G. went up to a dear old lady, the mistress of the house, took her hand, and sat holding it, silent and demure. There was laughter, and probably wrath—for the moment. But it was not easy to be angry with J. R. G. for long.

There is another memory from the early time, which comes back to me—of J. R. G. in Notre Dame. We were on our honeymoon journey, and we came across him in Paris. We went together to Notre Dame, and there, as we all lingered at the western end, looking up to the gleaming color of the distant apse, the spirit came upon him. He began to describe what the Church had seen; coming through down the generations, from vision to vision. He spoke in a low voice, but without a pause or break, standing in deep shadow close

to the western door. One scarcely saw him, and I almost lost the sense of his individuality. It seemed to be the very voice of History—Life telling of itself.

His place in the ranks of history is high and safe. That was abundantly shown by the testimony of the large gathering of English scholars and historians at the memorial meeting held in his own college some years ago. He remains as one of the leaders of that school (there is, of course, another and a strong one!) which holds that without imagination and personality a man had better not write history at all; since no re-creation of the past is really possible without the kindling and welding force that a man draws from his own spirit.

But it is as a friend that I desire—with undying love and gratitude—to commemorate him here. To my husband, to all the motherless family he had taken to his heart, he was affection and constancy itself. And as for me, just before the last visit that we paid him at Mentone in 1882, a year before he died, he was actually thinking out schemes for that history of early Spain which it seemed, both to him and me, I must at last begin, and was inquiring what help I could get from libraries on the Riviera during our stay with him. Then, when we came, I remember our talks in the little Villa St. Nicholas—his sympathy, his enthusiasm, his unselfish help; while all the time he was wrestling with death for just a few more months in which to finish his own work. Both Lord Bryce and Sir Leslie Stephen have paid their tribute to this wonderful talk of his later years. "No such talk," says Lord Bryce, "has been heard in our generation." Of Madame de Staël it was said that she wrote her books out of the talk of the distinguished men who frequented her *salon*. Her own conversation was directed to evoking from the brains of others what she afterward, as an artist, knew how to use better than they. Her talk—small blame to her!—was plundering and acquisitive. But J. R. G.'s talk *gave* perpetually—admirable listener though he was. All that he had he gave; so that our final thought of him is not that of the suffering invalid, the thwarted workman, the life cut short, but rather that of one who had

richly done his part, and left in his friends' memories no mere pathetic appeal, but much more a bracing message for their own easier and longer lives.

Of the two other historians with whom my youth threw me into contact, Mr. Freeman and Bishop Stubbs, I have some lively memories. Mr. Freeman was first known to me, I think, through "Johnny," as he was wont to call J. R. G., whom he adored. Both he and J. R. G. were admirable letter-writers, and a small volume of their correspondence—much of it already published separately—if it could be put together, like that of Flaubert and George Sand, would make excellent reading for a future generation. In 1877 and 1878, when I was plunged in the history of West-Gothic kings, I had many letters from Mr. Freeman, and never were letters about grave matters less grave. Take this outburst about a lady who had sent him some historical work to look at. He greatly liked and admired the lady, but her work drove him wild. "I never saw anything like it for missing the point of everything. . . . Then she has no notion of putting a sentence together, so that she said some things which I fancy she did not mean to say—as that 'the beloved Queen Louisa of Prussia' was the mother of M. Thiers. When she said that the Duke of Orleans's horses ran away 'leaving two infant sons,' it may have been so: I have no evidence either way."

Again: "I am going to send you the Spanish part of my Historical Geography. It will be very bad, but—when I don't know a thing I believe I generally know that I don't know it, and so manage to wrap it up in some vague phrase which, if not right, may at least not be wrong. Thus I have always held that the nursery account of Henry VIII.—And Henry the Eighth was as fat as a pig—is to be preferred to Froude's version. For, though certainly an inadequate account of the reign, it is true as far as it goes."

Once, certainly, we stayed at Somerleaze, and I retain the impression of a very busy, human, energetic man of letters, a good Churchman, and a good

citizen, brimful of likes and dislikes, and waving his red beard often as a flag of battle in many a hot skirmish, especially with J. R. G., but always warm-hearted and generally placable—except in the case of James Anthony Froude. The feud between Freeman and Froude was, of course, a standing dish in the educated world of half a century ago. It may be argued that the Muse of History has not decided the quarrel quite according to justice; that Clio has shown herself something of a jade in the matter, as easily influenced by fair externals as a certain Helen was long ago. How many people now read the *Norman Conquest*—except the few scholars who devote themselves to the same period? Whereas Froude's History, with all its sins, lives, and in my belief will long live, because the man who wrote it was a *writer*, and understood his art.

Of Bishop Stubbs, the greatest historical name surely in the England of the last half of the nineteenth century, I did not personally see much while we lived in Oxford and he was Regius Professor. He had no gifts—it was his chief weakness as a teacher—for creating a young school around him, setting one man to work on this job, and another on that, as has been done with great success in many instances abroad. He was too reserved, too critical, perhaps too sensitive. But he stood as a great influence in the background, felt if not seen. A word of praise from him meant everything; a word of condemnation, in his own subjects, settled the matter. I remember well, after I had written a number of articles on early Spanish kings and bishops, for a historical dictionary, and they were already in proof, how on my daily visits to the Bodleian I began to be puzzled by the fact that some of the very obscure books I had been using were "out" when I wanted them, or had been abstracted from my table by one of the sub-librarians. Joannes Biclarensis—he was missing! Who in the world could want that obscure chronicle of an obscure period but myself? I began to envisage some hungry German *Privatdozent*, on his holiday, raiding my poor little subject, and my books, with a view to his doctor's thesis. Then one morning, as I went in, I came across

Doctor Stubbs, with an ancient and portly volume under his arm. Joannes Biclarensis himself!—I knew it at once. The professor gave me a friendly nod, and I saw a twinkle in his eye as we passed. Going to my desk, I found another volume gone—this time the *Acts of the Councils of Toledo*. So far as I knew, not the most ardent Churchman in Oxford felt at that time any absorbing interest in the Councils of Toledo. At any rate, I had been left in undisturbed possession of them for months. Evidently something was happening, and I sat down to my work in bewilderment.

Then, on my way home, I ran into a fellow-worker for the dictionary—a well-known don and history tutor. “Do you know what’s happened?” he said, in excitement. “*Stubbs* has been going through our work! The editor wanted his imprimatur before the final printing. Can’t expect anybody but *Stubbs* to know all these things! My books are gone, too.” We walked up to the parks together in a common anxiety, like a couple of school-boys in for Smalls. Then in a few days the tension was over; my books were on my desk again; the professor stopped me in the Broad with a smile and the remark that Joannes Biclarensis was really quite an interesting old fellow, and I received a very friendly letter from the editor of the dictionary.

And perhaps I may be allowed, after these forty years, one more recollection, though I am afraid a proper reticence would suppress it! A little later, “Mr. Creighton” came to visit us, after his immigration to Embleton and the north; and I timidly gave him some lives of West-Gothic kings and bishops to read. He read them—they were very long, and terribly minute—and put down the proofs, without saying much. Then he walked down to Oxford with my husband, and sent me back a message by him: “Tell M. to go on. There is nobody but *Stubbs* doing such work in Oxford now.” The thrill of pride and delight such words gave me may be imagined. But there were already causes at work why I should not “go on.”

I shall have more to say presently about the work on the origins of modern

Spain. It was the only thorough “discipline” I ever had; it lasted about two years—years of incessant arduous work—and it led directly to the writing of *Robert Elsmere*. But before and after, how full life was of other things! The joys of one’s new home, of the children that began to patter about it, of every bit of furniture and blue pot it contained, each representing some happy *chasse* or special earning—of its garden of a quarter of an acre, where I used to feel as Hawthorne felt in the garden of the Concord Manse—amazement that nature should take the trouble to produce things as big as vegetable marrows, or as surprising as scarlet runners that topped one’s head, just that we might own and eat them. Then the life of the university town, with all those marked antagonisms I have described, those intellectual and religious movements, that were like the meeting currents of rivers in a lake; and the pleasure of new friendships, where everybody was equal, nobody was rich, and the intellectual average was naturally high. In those days, too, a small group of women, of whom I was one, were laying the foundations of the whole system of women’s education in Oxford. Mrs. Creighton and I, with Mrs. Max Müller, were the secretaries and founders of the first organized series of lectures for women in the university town; I was the first secretary of Somerville Hall, and it fell to me, by chance, to suggest the name of the future college. My friends and I were all on fire for women’s education, including women’s medical education, and very emulous of Cambridge, where the movement was already far advanced.

But hardly any of us were at all on fire for woman suffrage, wherein the Oxford educational movement differed greatly from the Cambridge movement. The majority, certainly, of the group to which I belonged at Oxford were at that time persuaded that the development of women’s power in the state—or rather, in such a state as England, with its far-reaching and imperial obligations, resting ultimately on the sanction of war—should be on lines of its own. We believed that growth through local government, and perhaps through some special machinery for bringing the wishes and

influence of women of all classes to bear on Parliament, other than the Parliamentary vote, was the real line of progress. However, I shall return to this subject later on, in connection with the intensified suffragist campaign which began about ten years ago (1907-8) and in which I took some part. I will only note here my first acquaintance with Mrs. Fawcett. I see her so clearly as a fresh, picturesque figure—in a green-silk dress and a necklace of amber beads, when she came down to Oxford in the mid-seventies to give a course of lectures in the series that Mrs. Creighton and I were organizing, and I remember well the atmosphere of sympathy and admiration which surrounded her, as she spoke to an audience in which many of us were well acquainted with the heroic story of Mr. Fawcett's blindness and of the part played by his wife in enabling him to continue his economic and Parliamentary work.

But life then was not all lectures!—nor was it all Oxford. There were vacations, and vacations generally meant for us some weeks at least of travel, even when pence were fewest. The Christmas vacation of 1874 we were in Paris. The weather was bitter and we were lodged, for cheapness' sake, in an old-fashioned hotel, where the high canopied beds with their mountainous *duvets* were very difficult to wake up in on a cold morning. But in spite of snow and sleet we filled our days to the brim. We took with us some introductions from Oxford—to Madame Mohl, the Renans, the Gaston Paris, the Boutmays, the Ribots, and from my uncle Matthew, to the Scherers at Versailles. M. Taine was already known to us, and it was at their house, on one of Madame Taine's Thursdays, that I first heard French conversation at its best. There was a young man there, dark-eyed, dark-haired, to whom I listened—not always able to follow the rapid French in which he and two other men were discussing some literary matter of the moment, but conscious, for the first time, of what the conversation of intellectual equals might be, if it were always practised, as the French are trained to practise it from their mother's milk, by the influence of a long tradition. The young man was

M. Paul Bourget, who had not yet begun to write novels, while his literary and philosophical essays seemed rather to mark him out as the disciple of M. Taine than as the Catholic protagonist he was soon to become. M. Bourget did not speak English, and my French conversation, which at that time was wholly learned from books, had a way then—and, alack! has still—of breaking down under me, just as one reached the thing one really wanted to say. So that I did not attempt to do more than listen. But I seem to remember that those with whom he talked were M. Francis Charmes, then a writer on the staff of the *Débats*, and afterward the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in succession to M. Brunetière; and M. Gaston Paris, the brilliant head of French philology at the Collège de France. What struck me then, and through all the new experiences and new acquaintanceships of our Christmas fortnight, was that strenuous and passionate intensity of the French temper which foreign nations so easily lose sight of, but which, in truth, is as much part of the French nature as their gaiety, or as what seems to us their frivolity. The war of 1870, the Commune, were but three years behind them. Germany had torn from them Alsace-Lorraine; she had occupied Paris; and their own Jacobins had ruined and burned what even Germany had spared. In the minds of the intellectual class there lay deep, on the one hand, a determination to rebuild France, on the other to avenge her defeat. The blackened ruins of the Tuileries and of the Cour des Comptes still disfigured a city which grimly kept them there as a warning against anarchy; while the statue of the Ville de Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde had worn for three years the funeral garlands. At the same time reconstruction was everywhere beginning—especially in the field of education. The corrupt, political influence of the Empire, which had used the whole educational system of the country for the purpose of keeping itself and its supporters in power, was at an end. The reorganized École Normale, under that Protestant saint M. Picot, was becoming a source of moral and mental strength among thousands of young men and

women; and the École des Sciences Politiques, the joint work of Taine, Renan, and M. Boutmy, its first director, was laying foundations, whereof the results are to be seen conspicuously today, in French character, French resource, French patience, French science, as this hideous war has revealed them.

I remember an illuminating talk with M. Renan himself on this subject during our visit. We had never yet seen him, and we carried an introduction to him from Max Müller, our neighbor and friend in Oxford. We found him alone, in a small working-room crowded with books at the Collège de France. Madame Renan was away, and he had abandoned his large library for something more easily warmed. My first sight of him was something of a shock—of the large ungainly figure, the genial face, with its spreading cheeks and humorous eyes, the big head with its scanty locks of hair. I think he felt an amused and kindly interest in the two young folk from Oxford who had come as pilgrims to his shrine, and, realizing that our French was not fluent and our shyness great, he filled up the time—and the gaps—by a monologue, lit up by many touches of Renanesque humor, on the situation in France.

First, as to literature: "No—we have no genius, no poets or writers of the first rank just now—at least so it seems to me. But we *work*—*nous travaillons beaucoup! Ce sera notre salut.*" It was the same as to politics. He had no illusions and few admirations. "The Chamber is full of mediocrities. We are governed by *avocats* and *pharmaciens*. But at least *ils ne feront pas la guerre!*"

He smiled, but there was that in the smile and the gesture which showed the smart within; from which not even his scholar's philosophy, with its ideal of a world of cosmopolitan science, could protect him. At that moment he was inclined to despair of his country. The mad adventure of the Commune had gone deep into his soul; and there were still a good many pacifying years to run before he could talk of his life as "*cette charmante promenade à travers la réalité*"—for which, with all it had contained of bad and good, he yet thanked the gods. At that time he was fifty-one; he

had just published *L'Antichrist*, the most brilliant of all the volumes of the "Origines"; and he was not yet a member of the French Academy.

I turn to a few other impressions from that distant time. One night we were in the Théâtre Français, and Racine's "Phèdre" was to be given. I at least had never been in the Maison de Molière before, and in such matters as acting I possessed, at twenty-three, only a very raw and country-cousinish judgment. There had been a certain amount of talk in Oxford of a new and remarkable French actress, but neither of us had really any idea of what was before us. Then the play began. And before the first act was over we were sitting bent forward, gazing at the stage in an intense and concentrated excitement, such as I can scarcely remember ever feeling again, except perhaps when the same actress played "Hernani" in London for the first time in 1884. Sarah Bernhardt was then—December, 1874—in the first full tide of her success. She was of a ghostly and willowy slenderness. Each of the great speeches seemed actually to rend the delicate frame. When she fell back after one of them you felt an actual physical terror lest there should not be enough life left in the slight dying woman to let her speak again. And you craved for yet more and more of the *voix d'or* which rang in one's ears as the frail yet exquisite instrument of a mighty music. Never before had it been brought home to me what dramatic art might be, or the power of the French alexandrine. And never did I come so near quarreling with "Uncle Matt" as when, on our return, after having heard my say about the genius of Sarah Bernhardt, he patted my hand indulgently with the remark, "But, my dear child—you see—you never saw Rachel!"

As we listened to Sarah Bernhardt, we were watching the outset of a great career which had still some forty years to run. On another evening we made acquaintance with a little old woman who had been born in the first year of the Terror, who had spent her first youth in the *salon* of Madame Récamier, valued there, above all, for her difficult success in drawing a smile from that old and melancholy genius, Châteaubriand;

and had since held a *salon* of her own, which deserves a special place in the history of *salons*. For it was held, according to the French tradition, and in Paris, by an Englishwoman. It was, I think, Max Müller who gave us an introduction to Madame Mohl. She sent us an invitation to one of her Friday evenings, and we duly mounted to the top of the old house in the Rue du Bac which she made famous for so long. As we entered the room I saw a small, disheveled figure, gray-headed, crouching beside a grate with a kettle in her hand. It was Madame Mohl—then eighty-one—who was trying to make the fire burn. She just raised herself to greet us, with a swift investigating glance; and then returned to her task of making the tea, in which I endeavored to help her. But she did not like to be helped; and I soon subsided into my usual listening and watching, which, perhaps, for one who was singularly immature in all social respects at twenty-three, was the best policy. I seem still to see the tall, substantial form of Julius Mohl standing behind her, with various other elderly men, who were no doubt famous folk, if one had known their names. And in the corner was the Spartan tea-table, with its few biscuits, which stood for the plain living whereon was nourished the high thinking and high talking which had passed through these rooms. Guizot, Cousin, Ampère, Fauriel, Mignet, Lamartine—all the great men of the middle century had talked there; not—in general—the poets and the artists, but the politicians, the historians, and the *savants*. The little Fairy Blackstick, incredibly old, kneeling on the floor, with the shabby dress and tousled gray hair, had made a part of the central scene in France, through the Revolution, the reign of the Citizen King, and the Second Empire—playing the rôle, through it all, of a good friend of freedom. If only one had heard her talk! But there were few people in the room, and we were none of us inspired. I must sadly put down that Friday evening among the lost opportunities of

life. For Mrs. Simpson's biography of Madame Mohl shows what a wealth of wit and memory there was in that small head! Her social sense, her humor, never deserted her, though she lived to be ninety. When she was dying her favorite cat, a tom, leaped on her bed. Her eyes lit up as she feebly stroked him. "He is so distinguished!" she whispered. "But his wife is not distinguished at all. He doesn't know it. But many men are like that." It was one of the last sayings of an expert in the human scene.

Madame Mohl was twenty-one when the Allies entered Paris in 1814. She had lived with those to whom the fall of the *Ancien Régime*, the Terror, and the Revolutionary wars had been the experience of middle life. As I look back to the *salon* in the Rue du Bac, which I saw in such a flash, yet where my hand rested for a moment in that of Madame Récamier's pet and protégée, I am reminded, too, that I once saw, at the Forsters', in 1869, when I was eighteen, the Doctor Lushington who was Lady Byron's adviser and confidant when she left her husband, and who, as a young man, had stayed with Pitt, and ridden out with Lady Hester Stanhope. One night, in Eccleston Square, we assembled for dinner in the ground-floor library instead of the drawing-room, which was up-stairs. I slipped in late, and saw in an arm-chair, his hands resting on a stick, an old, white-haired man. When dinner was announced—if I remember right—he was wheeled in to the dining-room, to a place beside my aunt. I was too far away to hear him talk, and he went home after dinner. But it was one of the guests of the evening, a friend of his, who said to me—with a kindly wish, no doubt, to thrill the girl just "out": "You ought to remember Doctor Lushington! What are you?—eighteen?—and he is eighty-six. He was in the theater on the night when the news reached London of Marie Antoinette's execution, and he can remember, though he was only a boy of eleven, how it was given out from the stage, and how the audience instantly broke up."

"On Pinions Free"

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL



OW, Miss Barcy, jest a *leetle* to the left. There, that's right as a trivet! Now you can slip it off."

With a sigh of relief Miss Barcelona McAlister let the skirt drop into the hands of the kneeling dressmaker, eying the shining folds with disfavor, tempered only by an habitual patience over trifles. Not that a new dress was an actual trifle in the horizon of Miss Barcy's wardrobe; in fact it loomed large. She had given its selection and purchase her most conscientious attention; but the fittings and the discussion of details wearied her. She would have handed over the whole responsibility to Miss Tole, but there were technicalities and questions of taste which, it seemed, could not be dismissed so casually. Therefore Miss Barcy's reluctant hand was forced.

"Land! I don't care *how* you make it!" she exclaimed, "so long 's it's neat an' suitable—an' ain't fussy. You don't put a ship's riggin' onter a gundalow."

"You wanter look your best when you're visitin', Miss Barcy." Miss Tole spoke as though urging a child to compliance. "You wouldn't wear that peddlin' rig in the city, now would you?"

Miss Barcy looked regretfully at the garments just discarded. There they lay on the sofa, mute witnesses of faithful service. A short, rough skirt, a cotton blouse, an old-fashioned jacket, a man's felt hat; all easy, loose, homely in the sense of familiar friends. One could not despise their humble comfort. They had been loyal through rain and snow; they had shielded against the keen hill wind; their hues bore mellow testimony to the good hot sun. The air of the open road was woven into their very texture; their look was of healthful daily usage. Not a button was loose, not a stitch wanting. Old and faded they might be,

but they were sweet with the cleanliness of the wearer, a cleanliness which was more than the mere matter of soap and water, having birth in the natural wholesomeness of mind and body.

"I don't see why not," returned Miss Barcy. "I reckon they look more like me 'n silk does."

"They're all right 'nough fur business," Miss Tole made haste to assure. "But you won't be dealin' in tinware an' notions when you're to Miss Guthrie's. You don't want to shame her an' them rich city folk. What with your best wool fur common an' this fur dress-up, you're ready fur anythin'."

The dressmaker struggled up from her cramped position and took her work to the window where the light poured in with the glad strength of a brilliant winter morning. "It's an elegant piece o' goods an' will make up beautiful," she continued, stroking the soft breadths with the air of a creator. "I wisht you'd let me use one o' them new sleeve patrons."

But on the question of sleeves Miss Barcy remained firm. "Them sleeves are goin' to be jest as I've allers had 'em," she asserted without heat, but leaving no loophole of escape. "Fancy fixin's don't set on me. There ain't nothin' funnier to my mind than a broom tryin' to be a feather-duster. You recollect that summer they put head-gear onter horses?"

This was going too rapidly for the pace of Miss Tole's understanding, but she nodded affirmation.

"Well," went on Miss Barcy, "I uster feel like laughin' an' cryin' too when I see them long, patient old faces stickin' down under them straw brims, an' posies in the hatband, mabbe. Seem's if we was takin' advantage of the poor critters. They didn't know how comical they looked, but I guess they sorter mistrusted somethin' warn't jest right. Well, if you put any of them new-fangled



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by H. Leinroth

INTO THE EARLY, OUT-OF-DOOR WORLD, STOLE THE TWO

notions enter me I'd look as silly as Bolter did."

"I don't b'lieve a horse ever sensed what he'd got on," returned Miss Tole, answering according to the measure of her comprehension. "Good gracious! If there ain't the minister's wife turnin' in here! You better git your waist on, Miss Barcy."

Out in the yard a little boy delved manfully in the wide, white world, shaping the snow into castle walls wherein fancy dwelt. His bright red scarf tied over cap and ears was hardly more glowing than his radiant cheeks as his small, mittened hands stoutly drove the shovel into the big drifts. Young Mrs. Patten, herself aglow with the wine of the morning, stopped, and the little boy lifted a joyous face to her greeting.

"You've made Little Luther right over sence you took him," said Miss Tole, biting off a needleful of basting. "He was as peaked as a han' spike when his aunt had him. Didn't seem reel bright, neither. Whatever you done to him?"

"Nothin'—but let him grow," returned Miss Barcy, sententiously. Her eyes followed Miss Tole's out of the window to the gay little figure in the snow.

"Well, I hope he knows when he's well off. Childern 'ain't got much gratitude."

The minister's wife brought in a big blast of clear, cold air, grateful to Miss Barcy's vigorous lungs. It was not the least of the drawbacks to dressmaking that Miss Tole's constitution required a "well-het-up" atmosphere.

"This is great news I hear," said Mrs. Patten. "How's Turkey Hill going to set its clocks without Miss Barcy? Mr. Patten says he knows it's time to stop writing when he sees Bolter and the 'Rolling Jenny' heading for home."

"They won't be half so much to sea as I will," returned Miss Barcy, a bit ruefully. "But there, I'll have a good time soon's I'm started. It's reel kind in Miss Guthrie."

"I guess she felt 's if she oughter pay you back fur what you done fur her last summer," put in Miss Tole, with that provincial candor which cannot be classed among the amenities of life. "Well, I envy you."

"There ain't a mite o' call fur her to do a thing." There was a hint of depression in Miss Barcy's tone.

"It's Miss Guthrie I'm envying," said Mrs. Patten, brightly.

"I reckon it's a good thing to have a change," went on Miss Barcy, more cheerfully. "There'll be a heap o' things fur me an' Little Luther to see."

Little Luther had followed the lure of Mrs. Patten's smile, and was standing by the stove. The snow which he had accumulated over his entire person was yielding to the heat and running in small streams which gave out the steamy odor of damp woolen. Miss Tole looked askance, but Miss Barcy calmly regarded the lake increasing around the sturdy little boots and spreading on her clean floor. "What's a mite o' water?" she thought.

"We're goin' to the movies, an' on trolleys, an'—neverywhere!" announced Little Luther. "An' sody every day, mabbe, an' managgery an' percessions an'—" Little Luther's itinerary gave out.

"That's great!" said Mrs. Patten.

"Just a country peddler, dear," said Miss Margaret Guthrie, handing a cup of tea to her friend, Miss Raynor, "driving about with an old white horse and a red cart and a little adopted boy. But I am sure there are depths, depths," repeated Miss Guthrie, impressively.

"The person who was kind to you when you were sick this summer?" inquired Miss Raynor.

"She fairly bundled me out of that dreadful boarding-place into her tiny house, and took care of me in her queer, silent fashion. So primitive, but so *real*. In addition to feeling under personal obligations, I regard her as a possible power."

"I think you are a saint to have her here," commented Miss Raynor. "A 'primitive' person and a small boy in an apartment!" The shrug of her shoulders spoke her conclusions.

"You can't do good without being a bit bored, Helen. It's such a chance for uplift work. I'm a great believer in influence. Here I have my definite charities, but I never go anywhere in the summer but I say to myself, 'What can

"I do to improve this community?" There's so much in influence."

"Yes, indeed," returned Miss Raynor, a little vaguely, but regarding her friend admiringly. "I'm afraid I think about having a good time in the summer," she admitted. "I'm not nearly as good as you, dear."

Miss Guthrie brushed aside that obvious fact deprecatingly, and continued: "If Miss Barcy realized her opportunities she could do so much, going around among the people as she does. I used to talk to her about it, but I don't know how much she understood. She never seemed to think of the duty of doing good. She has force, if it could be roused. I want to broaden her, give her ideas, show what people are doing and thinking. Just imagine what that little Turkey Hill, 'way up there near the sky, might be—an ideal community, a little temple of perfect living, with Miss Barcy a sort of high priestess. Living so near to nature must prepare one for the great truths. If I could only be the means of showing them the way, dear!"

"You're awfully good, Margaret," repeated Miss Raynor.

"My dear Helen," said Miss Guthrie, with a smile as from the Heights, "'we only pass this way once.' That is the motto I have on my wall wherever I go."

The very next day Miss Barcy, in the simple delight of her adventure, and Little Luther, trembling with the excitement of unimaginable joys, arrived at the towering apartment-house which fronted the broad and busy street of the great city.

Little Luther sat at the breakfast-table, very clean and quiet, but inwardly ecstatic. A broad sunbeam found its way over the housetops, slanted through the window, crowned his small smooth head with gold, struck the silver and glass of the service, and shattered into a constellation of dazzling stars which found rivals in the boy's eyes. Miss Barcy's smile down into the little face met a shyly happy response.

"Great times, ain't it, Little Luther?" she said.

"We've a full day before us," remarked Miss Guthrie, briskly. "We

must be about it. First I'll take Little Luther to school."

School! The joy was wiped from the shining face.

"We shall do a great many things which won't interest a little boy," continued Miss Guthrie. "He would be very lonely left here by himself. Miss Davis has a kindergarten next door, and she has consented, very kindly, to take him every morning."

Kindergarten! With a desperate effort Little Luther struggled to the surface. "I'm—I'm in the Fourth Grade!" he managed to say.

Miss Barcy threw a plank for aid. "I guess Little Luther's pritty old fur that sorter school."

Miss Guthrie paid no heed to protest. "The children are from the very best families," she continued. "The little boy will like the games. This afternoon we will all go to the museum."

Where had the delicate savor of the breakfast fled? As for the sun-stars, they grew and blurred and turned into a hundred rainbows. The boy choked back his tears, but later, when he was alone with Miss Barcy, they had their way.

"I don't want'er go to school!" he wailed. "I didn't come here to go to school!"

Miss Barcy summoned what comfort she could. "Now I wouldn't wonder if you had a reel good time," she said. "City childern have all sorts o' notions an' toys you've never hearn of."

But all through the morning she carried the boy in her heart.

"He wouldn't 'a' been a mite o' trouble," she said to herself. "All he wanted was to go 'long. He'd been good as a kitten and that happy."

He did not look happy when she saw him again.

"They're *babies!*" he said, bitterly. "Why do I have to go?"

"'Cause you're Miss Guthrie's comp'ny an' she wants you to." Miss Barcy groped for a clear explanation of the laws of the guest. "When we're comp'ny we don't make no fuss. 'Twouldn't be per-lite."

"I don't like bein' comp'ny," concluded Little Luther.

But there was a prospective plum in the day's pudding, and Little Luther

clung to hope. He did not know what a museum was, but at least it was some place to go to, and there would be shop-windows and the joys of crowded streets. Alas for the futility of a dream! There were no gay streets—only the long, cold walls of the subway; no glittering windows, but a fearsome experience on something called an escalator, the memory of which rode Little Luther's sleeping and waking moments.

If Miss Barcy and Little Luther could have wandered through the great museum, unhurried and at will, they would have had a good time. As it was, they were snatched from the very dawning of possible joys by the inexorable hand of their guide. "We won't waste time," she said, leading to the picture-gallery. Miss Barcy gazed with weary eyes, but whatever her thoughts she kept them to herself.

For the next seven days Miss Guthrie did her conscientious best. Every morning Little Luther's reluctant feet took him to the kindergarten; every morning Miss Barcy was whirled through a carefully planned round of improving functions. Patiently she plodded in the footsteps of her hostess; cheerfully she went here and there. She uttered no word of criticism, showed no surprise, no curiosity, yet sometimes Miss Guthrie experienced a moment of uneasy suspicion that there might be mental reservations going on behind those steady eyes. The feeling was but fleeting. "Impassive, like all country folk," she thought.

Only once during those days did Miss Barcy give utterance to individual comment. It was after a suffrage meeting to which she had listened with unmoved countenance.

"It was very inspiring. Didn't you find it so, Miss Barcy?" asked Miss Guthrie.

"Yes," answered Miss Barcy. After a pause she added: "I never quite sensed before that all the work in the world had been done by them suffragists. Funny how you git mistook in your idees, ain't it?"

Miss Guthrie looked up quickly, but Miss Barcy's face expressed merely a calm sincerity.

Once or twice Miss Guthrie made an

attempt to penetrate the innermost fastnesses.

"Don't you feel you would like to raise the standard of Turkey Hill?" she asked. "It seems to me you might be quite a missionary if you tried."

"Me? Land, no!" returned Miss Barcy. "I guess it ain't fur me to set up standards fur other folks."

"But think how much good you could do," insisted Miss Guthrie.

"I reckon if you can't do good by bein' you can't by doin'," said Miss Barcy, and Miss Guthrie felt the subject was dismissed.

To Little Luther the days seemed endless. Within him burned a hot rebellion at the fate which held him, and Miss Guthrie's choice of amusements offered little balm.

"I wanter see *real* movies," he confided to Miss Barcy, after a particularly depressing afternoon. "I don't wanter see them worms spin an' flowers grow. I can see them to home. I wanter see sojers an' Indians an' ingines!"

Miss Barcy's eyes were full of understanding as she looked at the little fellow pressed against her knee, but her voice was firm as she held him to his duty as a guest within the gates.

"There ain't anythin' quite so pitiful as a disapp'inted child," she said to herself. "But he's got to learn to take things standin' up. I guess it don't do none of us any good to be told how bad off we be."

On the last night of the seven, however, Little Luther's resistance gave quite away.

"It's awful to that school!" he sobbed, hysterically. "They play bein' birdies, an' goin' to sleep! They laugh at me. They don't like me, neither. When we dance round I tumble over them an' they cry. Miss Davis says I'm a very clumsy boy."

That night Miss Barcy lay awake for a long time. Little Luther's soft breathing was interrupted by an occasional catch which told of the past storm.

"He's been a good little feller," thought Miss Barcy.

In the first grayness of the morning she rose. Moving quietly about the room, she packed the bags which held the humble wardrobe. With a sigh of

relief she folded the silk dress. "I never feel to home in it," she said to herself. Then she woke Little Luther.

"Don't make no noise," she whispered. "We're goin' off, but we mustn't wake nobody."

Mystery was abroad, but Little Luther tumbled into his clothes without question; no voyage was to be feared with Miss Barcy at the helm.

Into the early, out-of-door world stole the two, each carrying a bag. The sun was just struggling out of the mist and sending tremulous rays over the little park. A flock of brown sparrows was clustered about a drinking-fountain, dipping little bills in the clear water. Suddenly they all rose, shaking the drops from their feathers. Up and off they went, beating the cold air with free and gladsome wings. Miss Barcy's eyes followed the flight. "I feel jest like them birds!" she said to herself.

They were around the corner now and out of sight of the apartment-house windows. Miss Barcy drew a long breath. Then she felt a tug at her arm.

"What is it, Little Luther?" she said, looking down. A small, stubby finger pointed to a window full of bright toys. Shop-gazing had not been encouraged by their late hostess.

"My, ain't that splendid!" said Miss Barcy. "Let's stop an' choose."

At breakfast Miss Guthrie found Miss Barcy's note:

I hope you won't mind me and Little Luther's getting off without saying good-by. There's only a few days more, anyway, and I've got something to see to. I thought I wouldn't trouble you about it. I'm real thankful for all you've done for me and Little Luther.

"That's the kind of appreciation we get in this world!" cried Miss Guthrie. "Well, they are off my hands, and I certainly have done my duty."

One morning, nearly a week later, Miss Amelia Sampson pulled up her curtain and let in the early light.

"If there ain't smoke comin' outer Miss Barcy's chimbley!" she exclaimed to herself, looking across the snowy yard. "She must 'a' come last night. I'll run in soon 's I git a bite."

"I'm glad you're back safe an' sound,"

she remarked, as she sat in her neighbor's warm kitchen, her feet on the fender. "Seems if you ben gone a year. Guess you enjoyed yourself?" The inflection of the last sentence wavered between the statement of a fact and a question. Miss Barcy treated it as the latter.

"We had a reel good time, Mely."

Little Luther was still at the breakfast-table. He spoke now, slightly inarticulate with bread and butter.

"'Twas awful fierce at first," he announced. "I had to go to school. I don't like Miss Guthrie."

Miss Barcy, leisurely clearing away the dishes which were not in Little Luther's immediate use, stopped in her progress and looked around. "You shouldn't say that, Little Luther," she reproved. "That ain't perlite. Miss Guthrie was nice an' kind to us. She done the best she knowed."

Amelia glanced from one to the other. "It takes a young un to let out things," she thought. "If Barcelona McAllister warn't so close-mouthed!" But she chose the better part of curiosity and held her peace. Her restraint had its reward.

Miss Barcy set down the dishes and came over to the stove, where she stood, looking down on the small figure of her neighbor.

"Mely," she said, "I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. First I thought I wouldn't speak of it, but so long 's Little Luther's said what he done I might 's well have it off my mind."

"Whatever you say won't go no further," assured Mely, with a fluttering sense of importance. Miss Barcy did not often make confidences.

"Good land! I ain't puttin' no check on you," returned Miss Barcy. "I can't abide don't-tells. I guess if you don't want a thing told you better not tell it. Only, I want you to understand I ain't sayin' a word ag'in' Miss Guthrie. When we was there we run away, Little Luther 'n' me. That's all."

Miss Amelia's gray side curls, sure indexes of her inward state of emotion, were visibly agitated.

"Whatever do you mean?" she gasped.

"Jest what I said; we run away."



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"SHE DIDN'T SEEM TO SENSE THE THINGS WE WANTED TO SEE," SAID MISS BARCY

"In the mornin'," broke in Little Luther. "'Fore anybody was up. I put my boots on down-stairs. There was a black man to run the elevator," he added, irrelevantly.

"What you run away fur?" asked Miss Amelia. "Warn't she nice to you?"

"My, yes; she was doin' all the time fur us, only a square-rigger can't set speed fur a dory. She ain't the fust to make that mistake. Me 'n' Little Luther got to the end o' our rope, and so we come away. I'd ruther work off a season's stock in one week than go through it ag'in."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Amelia.

"I ain't findin' a speck o' fault with Miss Guthrie," went on Miss Barcy. "She warn't to blame fur not knowin' the soundin's. She was reel kind an' free-handed. But what she done she done fur our good, an' that's wuss 'n takin' pills. 'Tain't that we don't need improvement, Little Luther 'n' me; Lord knows there's plenty o' room fur that! but when anybody makes a business of improvin' it don't set, somehow. Bein' bidden comp'ny, of course I didn't say nothin', but sometimes I thought I'd bust."

"She wouldn't let me go inter the monkey-house," remarked Little Luther. "I didn't mind the air; I wanted to see the monkeys. We went—after," he added.

"What kinder things did she do fur you?" inquired Amelia.

"She didn't seem to sense the things we wanted to see," said Miss Barcy. "Things that was ord'nary to her was big to us. Things we'd read about and hearn of. She spent a lot o' money on us, but somehow I couldn't catch onter most o' the things we went to see. One time she took us to the Symph'ny; that's a concert where rich folks go an' the tickets come to a heap."

"Concerts are kinder dry if you don't have somethin' with 'em," commented Amelia. "There was one over to the Center the other night, but a man give readin's in between the pieces."

"I allers like to hear the band play," remarked Miss Barcy. "Some of it was reel pritty, but I'd never put money out on it. Little Luther went to sleep right

in the middle of all the noise. An' we went to the gran' opery, Miss Guthrie an' me."

"Good land!" exclaimed Amelia. "That *was* goin' it!"

"Now, whatever have I got to do with gran' opery?" inquired Miss Barcy. "It was kinder funny, when they got to screechin' out their feelin's, but there warn't nobody laughin' so I kep' sober."

"What else you do?" asked Amelia, to break a reminiscent pause.

"There was clubs an' meetin's. Seemed 's if we was goin' all the time tryin' to find out what somebody thought o' somethin' else. Didn't seem to be much time fur thinkin' an' doin', only jest talkin'. There was a society fur upliftin' the world; they talked jest as if it was a house they was goin' to jack up; only, somehow, they couldn't settle how to do it. I can't tell you all about it, Mely. It makes my head fair whirl. Sunday I thought I'd git a little quiet time in church, but it warn't no better. They was doin' things all the time. I says to Miss Guthrie one day," went on Miss Barcy, "'I'd like to take Little Luther off this artemnoon to a movin'-pictur place.' But she wouldn't hear of it. Said they was bad fur morals, an' no child oughter see 'em. She did send him to some kinder movin' show, but by what he said it didn't 'mount to much. An' so," concluded Miss Barcy, "we run away."

"Where'd you go? Warn't you scart?"

"You know Mrs. Hale's girl keeps a milliner store down to the city? Well, Mrs. Hale give me her address 'fore I went, but I hadn't got a charnce to use it. We went there. She was tickled to death to see somebody from Turkey Hill. She got us a boardin'-room right round the corner, with a reel nice woman who had a boy 'bout the size o' Little Luther. We all went round together, an' we had a good time. We rode on the trolleys an' we went to the parks an' to shows. I felt like jest outer school."

Little Luther kicked his stout little boot heels against the rungs of the chair in delightful memory.

"But," said Miss Barcy, turning back to her work, "we didn't do a thing that was better 'n gittin' home!"

The Frontier of the Forbidden Land

BY ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

In charge of the Asiatic Zoölogical Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, New York

Photographs by YVETTE BORUP ANDREWS

[THE Central-Asian plateau is one of the most interesting regions of the earth, and also one of the least known. With the ultimate purpose of exploring this vast region, in which the earliest remains of primitive man are probably to be found, the American Museum of Natural History sent out a preliminary expedition, under the direction of Mr. Andrews, to study the mammalian fauna in Yun-nan, the most southern and western province of China. This is the second of Mr. Andrews's articles describing his hunting adventures on the borders of Tibet.—EDITOR.]



THE days we spent on the Snow Mountain were a succession of delightful hunts in keen, bracing air among the clouds on the grandest peaks of the world; days full to the brim with work and the pleasure of accomplishment. October slipped into November and we were still there, but had shifted camp to the other side of the mountain at the beautiful "White Water," where, in the gorgeous moonlight, the great glacier in a rift of the highest peak shone like molten silver.

We had brought with us eight Lolo hunters, a wandering unit from the independent settlement of Sze-chuan. They were tall, handsome fellows, led by a slender young chief with patrician features who rules his village like an autocrat holding absolute power of life and death. The Lolos are a strange people and have long been a thorn in the side of the Chinese government. They hold a vast territory in the province of Sze-chuan which is absolutely closed to the Chinese on pain of death and over which they exercise no control. Several expeditions have been launched against the Lolos by the Chinese, but all have ended in disaster and they continue, unchecked, their depredations along the frontiers.

The pure-blood Lolos are a fine, tall race with comparatively fair complexions and often with straight features suggesting a mixture of Mongolian with some other race. Their appearance

marks them as closely connected with the eastern Tibetans. They are great wanderers and over a very large part of Yun-nan form the bulk of the hill population, being the most numerous of all the non-Chinese tribes in the province.

Those whom we employed were living entirely by hunting, and, although we found them amiable enough, they were exceedingly independent. They preferred to hunt alone, although they recognized what an increased chance for game our high-power rifles gave them, and eventually they left us while I was away on a short trip, even though we still owed them considerable money.

The Lolos are only one of the numerous non-Chinese tribes of Yun-nan, and it is safe to say that in no other part of the world is there such a large variety of languages and dialects as in this province. One of the reasons is found in the physical characteristics of the country. It is the high mountain ranges and the deep and swift-flowing rivers that have brought about the differences in customs and languages and the innumerable tribal distinctions which are so perplexing to the anthropologist; for the rough country and consequently inadequate means of communication render difficult the mingling of migrants once separated from their parent stock, and have militated against the formation of large tribes. Directly one gets to a flat country in Yun-nan, with good roads and navigable rivers, one finds that the tribal distinctions disappear and the whole population is welded into a homo-

geneous people under a settled government, speaking one language.

By far the greatest percentage of natives about Li-kiang are the Mosos, who are essentially Tibetan in their lives and customs. They were originally an independent race who ruled a considerable extent of country in northwestern Yun-nan, and Li-kiang was their ancient capital. To the effeminate, insincere, and "highly civilized" Chinese they are "barbarians," but we found them to be simple, honest, and wholly delightful people. Many of those whom we met later had never seen a white woman, and yet their inherent decency was in the greatest contrast to the Chinese, who consider themselves so immeasurably their superiors.

The Mosos have large herds of sheep and cattle, and this is the one place in the Orient where I have ever been able to secure fresh milk and butter. The Mosos grow quantities of delicious vegetables, and squash, turnips, carrots, cabbage, potatoes, onions, corn, peas, beans, oranges, pears, persimmons, and nuts make northern Yun-nan a land of plenty.

Everything was absurdly cheap. Eggs were usually about two cents per dozen, and we could always get a chicken for an empty tin can, or two for a bottle. In fact, the latter were the greatest desiderata, and when offers of money failed to induce a native to pose for my wife's camera, a bottle would nearly always decide matters in her favor.

For many weeks we had with us a Moso hunter, Hotenfa, whose simple-hearted kindness and faithful devotion won him our warmest regard. He had a motley pack of dogs, led by a big red hound which could always be depended upon to dig out game if there was any in the mountains.

The serow is a goat-like animal as large as a small donkey, and with the gorals forms an intermediate stage between the antelopes and true goats. It is usually almost black, with fox-red lower legs, a stiff, whitish mane, and strong curved horns about a foot long which are by no means merely for ornament. They inhabit rocky cliffs covered with dense spruce forests and are exceedingly difficult to drive out, so that our expedition was especially fortunate in securing eight.

The only one which was killed without the aid of dogs I happened to get near a village called Hui-yao, while Heller and I were hunting monkeys. We had separated, Heller going along the river-bed while I skirted the cliffs near the summit. I was walking just under the rim of the gorge when suddenly, with a snort, a large animal dashed out from some bushes below me and to the right. I caught a glimpse of a great coal-black body and a pair of short, curved horns as the brute disappeared in a shallow gully, and realized that it was a serow. A few seconds later it reappeared, running directly away from me along the edge of the gorge, and when I fired it sank in its tracks, gave a convulsive twist, rolled over, and dropped into the cañon. Instantly we heard a chorus of excited yells from below and I had some hope that the natives might have rescued the animal from the river, but my heart was heavy as we worked along the cliff to find a place where it was possible to descend. A wood-cutter whom we discovered a short distance away guided us down a slope so steep that it seemed impossible for a human being to walk, and, in fact, I slid the last forty or fifty feet, narrowly escaping a broken neck.

When we reached the stream it was only to find a flat wall of rock against which the water boiled in a mass of white foam separating us from the spot where the serow had fallen. There was nothing for it but to swim, and I began to undress, inviting my boy and the wood-cutter to follow, but the former resolutely refused. It was a swim of only about forty feet, but the water surged against the face of the cliff so violently that it was no easy matter to fight one's way to the other side.

After I had climbed out upon the rocks the wood-cutter slipped gingerly into the water. Evidently the current was more than he had bargained for and a look of fear crossed his face, but he went manfully at it. He had almost reached the rock on which I was standing with outstretched hand when his strength seemed suddenly to go and he cried out in terror. I jumped into the water, hanging to the rocks with one hand and letting my legs float out behind. The wood-cutter just managed to reach my big toe and I

dragged him up-stream until, to my intense relief, he could grasp the ledge.

We picked our way among the boulders for a few yards and suddenly came upon the serow lying partly in the water. I felt like dancing with delight, but the sharp rocks were not conducive to any such demonstration. The men who shouted when the serow crashed down the cliff were building a fish-dam only fifty feet away, but were separated from the animal by a wall of racing water. They called to us that there was an easier way up the cañon near them, and, with a rope of vines, dragged the serow and the wood-cutter over to their side.

On the Snow Mountain we found serow living at altitudes of from ten to thirteen thousand feet in dense spruce forest among the cliffs. The animals seemed to be fond of sleeping under overhanging rocks, and we were continually finding beds which gave evidence of very extensive use. Apparently serow seldom come out into the open, but feed upon leaves and grass while in the thickest cover, so that getting a shot at one as I did at Hui-yao is merely a matter of extreme good fortune and might never be duplicated.

Besides goral and serow, the Snow Mountain yielded us the blue, or crested, muntjac, the rarest specimen which we obtained upon the entire expedition. These beautiful little deer have a dark, slate-blue coat and a rather bushy tail, white beneath, which, when the animal is running, is displayed as prominently as the "flag" of the Virginia deer.

The red muntjac is one of the most common animals throughout Yun-nan and is much larger than the Indian or the other Chinese species. These animals are often called barking deer because of their loud, harsh bark which may be heard for a long distance if the night is still. At one of our camps they used to bark very frequently during the day, but it is not easy to kill one without the aid of dogs or beaters, for they live in such dense jungle that it is almost impossible to force one's way through the thickets without a good deal of noise. In the early morning or just at evening we sometimes found them feeding in clearings on the edge of the heavy cover, but they always kept a sharp watch and

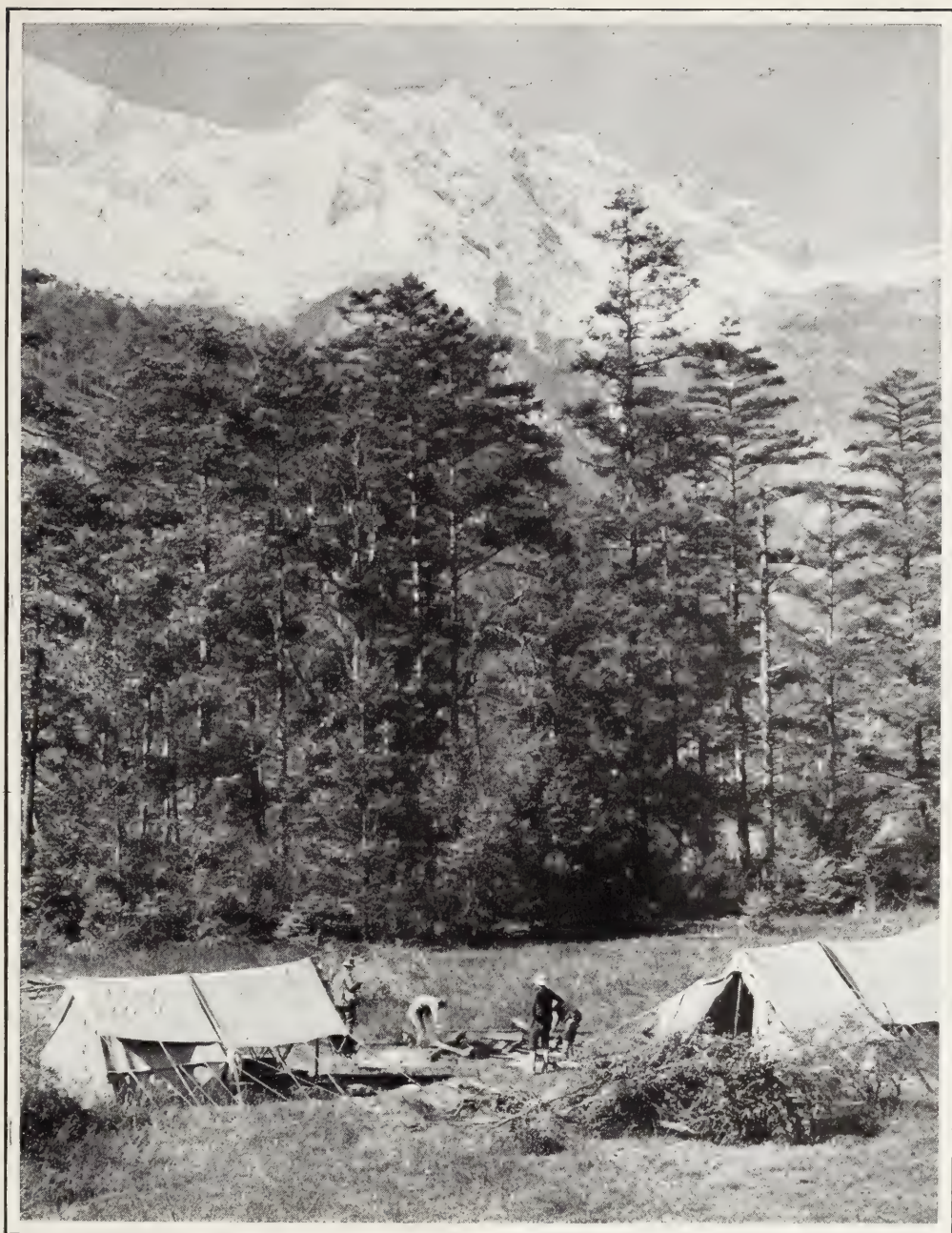
disappeared at the slightest sign of danger. The muntjac is especially interesting because its antlers grow from a greatly elongated pedicle which is covered with skin and hair instead of rising abruptly from the skull as in other members of the deer family.

On the Snow Mountain porcupines were not uncommon, and when hunting big game we often were greatly annoyed to find that our dogs had followed the trail of one of these animals. We would arrive to see the hounds dancing about the burrow with excited yelps, instead of having a goral or serow with its back to a cliff, as we had expected. These porcupines are quite different in appearance from those with which we are familiar in America, for the quills are sometimes eighteen inches in length and project far beyond the back.

Our month on the Snow Mountain yielded splendid results. Not only did we secure an unrivaled series of serows and gorals, but the small mammals proved to be abundant and of great variety. Meadow voles, Asiatic white-footed mice, spiny rats, chipmunks, squirrels, weasels, bats, and ten different species of shrews kept us busy preparing skins. Of the larger animals we obtained foxes, civets, cats, pandas, palm civets, flying squirrels, polecats, genet, pangolins, and other animals peculiar to Asia, some of which undoubtedly represent species new to science.

We felt that the Li-kiang region had been pretty thoroughly covered and were anxious to cross the Yangtse River, which would presumably prove a barrier to the migrations of small mammals and bring us into a new fauna. The river was only a few miles away, and in mid-November we left the White Water. The trail wound through a beautiful pine and spruce forest, across the "Black Water," and along the summit of a ridge fourteen thousand feet high where the white-crowned peaks towered right above our heads.

In the late morning of the second day we stood at the edge of an open grove gazing down on one of the most impressive sights in all China and one which probably not a score of white men have ever seen. At the left, and a thousand feet below, the mighty Yangtse



THE GREAT SNOW MOUNTAIN GLACIER AT "WHITE WATER"

River had broken through the great Snow Mountain range in a gorge a mile deep; a gorge which seemed to have been cut out of the solid rock sharp and clean by two strokes of a tremendous ax. A few miles to the right and the mountains widened, leaving a flat plain two hundred feet above the river. Every inch of it, as well as the finger-like valleys which stretched upward between the hills, was under cultivation, giving support for three villages, the largest of which was Ta-ku. The ferry here is the only one for many miles, but the landing on both sides is in a difficult place among jagged rocks, and as the boat only carries two

horses, it is a time-consuming task to get a big caravan across the racing green water.

The rocks and mountain-sides along the river are honeycombed with deep caverns in which people are living or mining for gold. The dwelling-caves consist of a long central shaft, just high enough to allow a man to stand erect, which widens into a circular room. Along the sides of the corridor shallow nests have been scraped out to serve as beds, and all the cooking is done not far from the door. The caves, although almost dark, make fairly comfortable living quarters and are by no means as

dirty or as evil smelling as the ordinary house.

We left the ferry on a steep trail through an open pine and spruce forest along the rim of the Yangtse gorge where the view was magnificent. Some one has said that when a tourist sees the Grand Cañon for the first time he gasps, "Indescribable!" and then immediately begins to describe it. We had similar feelings, but no words can picture the grandeur of this titanic chasm. In places the rocks were fantastically sculptured and painted in delicate tints of blue and purple; in others the sides fell away in sheer drops of thousands of feet to the green torrent below rushing on to the sea two thousand miles away. If Yunnan is ever made accessible by railroads, this gorge should become a Mecca for tourists, for it is without doubt one of the most remarkable natural sights in the world.

We had heard in Li-kiang of a village called Phete in the unmapped region north of the river where it was said there were vast forests, and on the evening of



THIS LOLO CHIEF HAS ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE OR DEATH OVER HIS VILLAGE

the second day from the ferry we saw its group of mud houses in three clusters on a tableland which jutted into a gorge cut by a tributary of the great Yangtse. The village itself was exceedingly picturesque, but never in my life have I met people of such utter and hopeless stupidity as its inhabitants. They were pleasant enough and always greeted us with a smile and salutation, but their brains seemed not to have kept pace with their bodies, and when asked the simplest question they would only stare stupidly without the slightest glimmering of intelligence.

It required an hour's cross-examination of a dozen or more people to glean that there were no hunters in the village where they had lived all their lives, but Wu, our interpreter, finally discovered a Chinese who told us of a hunter in the mountains. He asked how far, and the answer was, "Not very far."

"Well, is it ten *li*?"

"I don't know how many *li*."

"Have you ever been there?"

"Yes; it is only a few steps."

"How long will it take to get there?"

"About the time of one meal."

We were not to be deceived, for we had had experience with native ideas of distance, and ate our *tiffin* before my wife and I started on the "few steps."

A steep trail led up the valley, and after *three hours* of steady riding we reached the hunter's village of three large houses on a flat strip of cleared ground in the midst of a dense forest. The people looked much like those of Phete, but were rather anemic specimens, and five out of eight had enormous goiters. They were exceedingly shy at first, watching us with side-glances and through cracks in the wall. Wu learned that we were the first white persons they had ever seen.

As we were leaving they began to eat their evening meal in the courtyard. The principal dish consisted of mixed cornmeal and rice, boiled squash and green vegetables. All the women were busy husking corn, which was hung to dry on great racks about the house. These racks we had noticed in every village since leaving Li-kiang, and they seemed to be in universal use in the north.



A LOLO VILLAGE BUILT LARGELY OF BAMBOO MATTING

The hunter had a flock of sheep and we purchased one for two dollars and twenty cents, but there was considerable difficulty in paying for it, since these people had never seen Chinese money, even though living in China itself. For currency they used chunks of silver the size of a walnut and worth about fifty cents.

A week of hunting on the heavily forested ridges above Phete yielded few results. We had found some Lolos in the vicinity and engaged them with their dogs, but they were so suspicious and unreliable that they were of little assistance and we decided to cross the mountains toward Hsio-Chung-tien.

Even the small mammals were a great disappointment, for, although they were present in numbers, we discovered that the species were identical with those on the Snow Mountain. Apparently the Yangtse does not act as an effective barrier to migration as we confidently expected it would, and even the smallest shrews were like those south of the river. We did get a few new species, such as a beautiful silver mole, an enormous white-tailed rat, and a peculiar squirrel (*Dremomys pernyi*), but in the main the fauna remained unchanged.

The decision to visit the Chung-tien region was in the hope that the tremendous mountain ranges which barred our way would be more effective barriers than the Yangtse River.

Whenever we were in unmapped country we traveled by using as guides villagers who knew the trails in the direction we wished to go. It was often difficult to find such men and they frequently proved unreliable, but we had no serious trouble.

For communication with the different tribesmen we depended entirely upon Wu Hung-Tao, our interpreter and head "boy." He was an extraordinarily efficient man, who not only spoke mandarin Chinese, but three Yun-nan dialects. Usually there would be some members of each tribe who knew a little Chinese, but sometimes our questions had to be transmitted through several mediums. For instance, at one time we were with some Lisos who understood none of the Yun-nan dialects. I spoke in English to Wu, who translated it in Chinese to Hotenfa, our Moso hunter, and he repeated it to a Lolo, who finally transmitted it to the Liso. Judging by the strange answers which were returned, I imagine that the

questions had been somewhat distorted by the time they penetrated the brain of the Liso. We seldom had such difficulty, however, and if Wu was not able to make himself understood, Hotenfa usually could, and the information reached me after passing through only two mediums.

When we were about to start on the trip toward Hsio-Chung-tien the *mafus*, after an investigation, reported the trail to be impassable, but after an examination of some of the worst barriers, we decided that they could be cleared away, and ordered the caravan to start at half-past seven in the morning. It was not long before we found that the muleteers were right, for the trail was a mass of tangled underbrush and fallen logs. It led straight up a precipitous mountain-side where it was necessary to stop every few yards to lift the loads over a barrier or cut a path through the bamboo thickets. Fallen trees were everywhere, and time after time we had to chop away the branches to get the mules around the huge trunks. It was heartbreaking work, and late in the afternoon the exhausted men and animals dragged them-

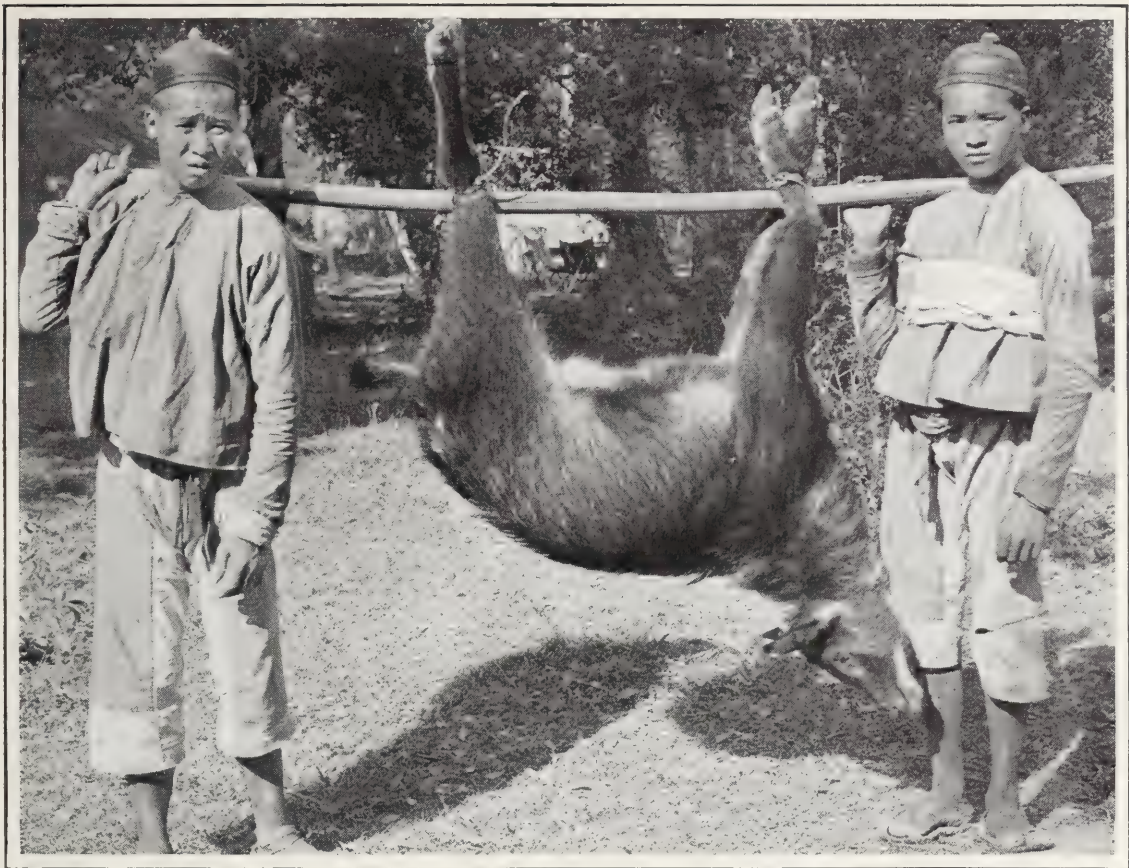
selves to the top of the pass. In a few hours we had come from autumn into midwinter, for the ground was frozen and covered with snow. We were at an altitude of nearly sixteen thousand feet and far above all timber except the rhododendron forest which spread itself out in a low gray mass along the ridges.

It was difficult to make the slightest exertion in the thin air, and a bitterly cold wind swept across the peaks so that it was impossible to keep warm even when wrapped in our heaviest coats.

Our servants and *mafus* suffered considerably, but it was too late to go on and there was no alternative save to spend the night on the pass. As soon as the tents were up the men huddled disconsolately about the fire, but my wife and I started out with a bag of traps while Heller went in the opposite direction. We expected to catch some new mammals during the night, for there were great numbers of runways on the bare hillsides. The ground was frozen so solidly that it was necessary to cut into the little tunnels with a hatchet in order to set the traps, and we were al-



THE NATIVES IN THIS LOLO VILLAGE HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN A WHITE PERSON



A SEROW KILLED BY THE WRITER

most frozen before the work was completed.

The next morning we had caught twenty specimens of a new white-bellied meadow vole and a remarkable shrew with a long curved proboscis. Every one had spent an uncomfortable night, for it was bitterly cold even in our sleeping-bags, and the men had sat up about the fire in order to keep from freezing. There was little difficulty in getting the caravan started in the gray light of early dawn, and, after descending abruptly four thousand feet on a precipitous trail to a Lolo village strung out along a beautiful little valley, we were again in the pleasant warmth of early autumn.

The natives here had never before seen a white person, and in a few moments our tents were surrounded by a crowd of strange-looking men and boys. The chief of the village presented us with an enormous rooster, and we made him happy by returning two tins of cigarettes. The Lolo women, the first we had seen, were especially surprising because of their graceful figures and handsome

faces. Their short jackets and long skirts with huge flounces gave them a rather old-fashioned aspect, quite out of harmony with the metal neck-bands, ear-rings, and bracelets which they all wore.

The men were exceedingly pleasant, and made a picturesque group in their gray and brown felt capes which are gathered about the neck by a draw-string, and to the Lolos and Mosos alike are both bed and clothing. We collected all the men together for their photographs, and, although they had not the slightest idea what we were about to do, they stood quietly after Hotenfa had assured them that the strange-looking instrument would not go off. But most interesting was their astonishment when, half an hour later, they saw the negative and were able to identify themselves upon it.

Whenever we met tribesmen in Yunnan who had not seen white persons they behaved much like other natives. They were, of course, always greatly astonished to see our caravan descend upon them, and were invariably fasci-

nated with our guns, tents, and in fact everything about us; but were generally shy and decidedly less offensive in their curiosity than the Chinese of the larger inland towns to whom foreigners are by no means unknown. As a matter of fact, I have found that our white skins, light eyes and hair are a never-failing source of interest and envy to almost all Orientals.

My wife usually excited the most curiosity, especially among the women, and as she wore knickerbockers and a flannel shirt, there were times when the determination of her sex seemed to excite the liveliest discussion. However, her long hair usually settled the matter, and when the women had decided the question of gender satisfactorily they often made timid, and most amusing, advances. She could always command more attention than any one else by her camera operations, and a group would stand in speechless amazement to see her dodge in and out of the portable dark-room when she was developing photographs or loading plates.

On Thanksgiving Day we took a dozen Lolos to hunt wapiti with us and camped not far from Hsio-Chung-tien, one of the great routes over which hundreds of caravans laden with tea pass from China

into Tibet. In no part of China are wapiti abundant, because their growing horns have such medicinal value that the animals are hunted energetically during the summer and in some localities they have been absolutely exterminated. A pair of antlers in the "velvet" is worth about one hundred and fifty dollars (Mexican). Our American wapiti is a migrant from Asia and is closely allied to the species we were hunting.

Thanksgiving morning dawned raw and gray, with occasional flurries of hail-like snow, but we did not heed the cold, for the trail led over two high ridges and along the rim of a tremendous gorge where the colors were beautiful beyond description. That night we celebrated with harmless bombs from the huge fires of bamboo stalks which exploded as they filled with steam and echoed among the trees like pistol-shots. Marco Polo speaks of this same phenomenon, which he first witnessed in this region over six hundred and thirty years ago.

While we were in this camp Tibetans were constantly passing upon the road singly and in caravans. They were picturesque, wild-looking fellows, and in their swinging walk there was a care-free independence that was strangely fascinating. They wore fur caps and



A DIFFICULT FERRY LANDING ON THE YANGTSE RIVER



A "CAVE DWELLER" OF THE YANGTSE GORGE

long, loose coats like Russian blouses, blue or red trousers, and high boots of felt or skin reaching almost to their knees. Each one carried a long sword or dagger, the hilts of which were usually inlaid with bright-colored bits of glass or stones.

Of all natives whom we have attempted to photograph these Tibetans were the most difficult. It was almost impossible to bribe them with money or tin cans to stand for a second, and when they saw the motion-picture camera set up beside the trail they would make long détours to avoid passing in front of it.

What my wife could not get by bribery she tried to do by stealth, and concealed herself behind bushes with the camera focused on a certain spot upon the road. The instant a Tibetan discovered it he would run like a frightened deer, and in some mysterious way they seemed to have passed the word along that our camp was a spot to be avoided. Sometimes a bottle was too great a temptation to be resisted and one would stand timidly, like a bird with wings half spread, only to dash away as though the devil

were after him, when he saw her head disappear beneath the focusing hood.

Wu and a *mafu* who could speak a little Tibetan finally captured one picturesque-looking fellow. He carefully tucked the tin cans, given for advance payment, inside his coat, and, with a great show of bravery, allowed her to place him where she wished. But the instant the motion-picture camera swung in his direction he dodged aside, and jumped behind it. Wu tried to hold him, but the Tibetan drew his sword, waved it wildly about his head, and took to his heels, yelling at the top of his lungs. He was well-nigh frightened to death, and when he disappeared from sight at a curve in the road he was still "going strong," with his coat-tails flapping like a sail in the wind.

One caravan came suddenly upon the motion-picture camera unawares. There were several women in the party, and as soon as the men realized that there was no escape, each one dodged behind a woman, keeping her between him and the camera. They were taking no chances with their precious selves, and

the women could be easily enough replaced if necessary.

The trouble is that the Tibetan not unnaturally has the greatest possible suspicion and dislike for strangers. The Chinese he loathes and despises, and foreigners he knows only too well are indicative of missionaries and punitive expeditions or other disturbances of his immemorial peace. He is confirmed in his attitude by the Church, which throughout Tibet has the monopoly of all the gold in the country. And the Church utterly declines to believe that any foreigner can come so far for any end less foolish than the discovery of gold and the infringing of the ecclesiastical monopoly.

It is curious how little impression the civilization and customs of the Chinese have produced on the Tibetans. Elsewhere, one of the principal characteristics of Chinese expansion is its power of absorbing other races, but with the Tibetans exactly the reverse takes place. The Chinese become Tibetanized and the children of a Chinaman married to a Tibetan woman are usually brought up in the Tibetan customs.

Probably the great cause which keeps the Tibetan from being absorbed is the cold, inhospitable nature of his country. There is little to tempt the Chinese to emigrate into Tibet and consequently they are never in sufficient numbers to influence the Tibetans around them. A similar cause has preserved some of the low-lying Shan states from absorption, the heat in this case being the reason that Chinese do not settle there.

In summer the Tibetans often travel the entire length of Yun-nan to the city of Puerh, not far from the border of Tongking. This region is celebrated for its tea, and caravan after caravan makes the long journey over the passes which form the gateways to the "Forbidden Land" to return laden with tea and pork.

The caravans sometimes stopped for lunch or to spend the night near our camp. As the horses came up one by one the loads were lifted off, the animals turned loose, and after their dinner of buttered tea and *tsamba* each man stretched out upon the ground without shelter of any kind and heedless of the freezing cold.

It is truly the life of primitive man



PICTURESQUE TIBETANS AND THEIR CARAVAN

and has bred a hardy, restless, independent race, content to wander over their boundless steppes and demanding from the outside world only to be let alone.

It was bitterly cold with continued storms while we were in the Chung-tien region. Our *mafus* were certain that the high passes over the mountains would be closed in a few days and insisted that if we did not leave soon we would be unable to get out until late in the spring, so we decided to make a long swing westward to the Mekong River. During the night of December 4th there was a heavy fall of snow and in the morning we awoke to find ourselves in fairyland. We were living in a great white palace, with ceiling and walls of filmy, glittering webs. The long delicate strands of gray moss which draped themselves from tree to tree and branch to branch were each one converted into threads of crystal forming a filigree lace-work, infinitely beautiful. It was hard to break camp and leave that silver palace, for every vista through the forest seemed more lovely than the ones before; but we knew that another fall of snow would block the passes.

An eight-day march across the mountains brought us to Wei-shi, a town of considerable size not far from the Mekong Valley. Wei-shi has a large population of Mosos, Lolos, and Tibetans, but was under a Chinese mandarin who received us hospitably. He was one of the most courteous officials whom we met in Yun-nan, but was killed in a horrible way only a few weeks after our visit. Some trouble arose with the peasants over the tax on salt, and fifteen hundred rebelled, attacked the city and captured it after a sharp fight. They beheaded the mandarin's wives and children and boiled him alive in oil.

In Wei-shi the natives told us of a trail down the Mekong Valley, but we found when too late that it was too narrow and difficult to make it practicable for a caravan such as ours. The valley has almost precipitous sides in this region and our loads had to be continually taken off and lifted around sharp corners or over rocks, so that on some days we made only three or four miles after nine hours of hard work.

The Mekong region was a disappointment so far as actual collecting was concerned, but by crossing the mountain ridges instead of traveling up the valleys we had covered an enormous extent of diverse country and learned much about the distribution of the Tibetan fauna which was of first importance.

It was apparent that in this portion of Yun-nan the principal factor in determining the distribution of mammals was the flora. Neither the highest mountain ridges nor such deep, swift rivers as the Yangtse and the Mekong seem to act as effective barriers to migration, and so long as the vegetation remains constant the fauna changes but little. But as soon as the flora begins to be radically different a totally new mammalian life appears.

The thirteen hundred mammals which resulted from our work in the north were taken in an almost continuous line across five different mountain ranges and furnish an illuminating cross-section of the entire region south to Li-kiang and west to the Mekong River. Not only are the specimens themselves of the greatest scientific interest, but the reconnaissance will prove of the utmost importance in determining the limits of the work done by the future Asiatic expeditions to be sent out by the American Museum of Natural History.

Christmas found us crossing an unmapped area of vast mountain ridges on our return to Ta-li-fu from the Mekong Valley. The days were uneventful and a seemingly endless succession of hard rides, narrow roads, and steep climbs over snow-covered passes. Our men were short of food and the pack-animals were thin and weak, so that we could seldom do more than ten miles a day. Two of the mules died one night from cold and exposure and three others were barely able to drag themselves over the last mountain range to the great Chien-chuan plain.

Nevertheless, when we rode into Ta-li-fu in mid-January the lure of the north was strong upon us and the glistening peaks of the Snow Mountain, as for the last time we saw them turn purple and gold in the setting sun, seemed to call us back again to the border of the "Forbidden Land."



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



W. D. HOWELLS

THE habitual reader of the Easy Chair, who is naturally a person of polite learning, will remember those First, Second, Third, and even Fourth Citizens sometimes employed by the Elizabethan dramatists to forward the action where it might have lagged. But mostly these citizens served the purpose of a chorus in commenting and illustrating the scene, or helping the dramatist out in his psychology at difficult or reluctant moments. They have often appeared in drama since under different names and various disguises; and the reader will scarcely be surprised to meet them here in the discussion of certain civic facts which would once have alarmed society for its existence through the apparent establishment of state socialism in divers forms. But society has now realized that it may live and prosper through the government control of food, fuel, and transportation, with even a monopoly of oil for the lubrication of aeroplane machinery; and an extension of administrative authority through the familiar functioning of the Board of Health has caused no general obstructive feeling in a community not alive beyond all others to the well-being of its citizens. It is not peculiar in being that of such a winter resort as is now common in our South; but we have thought that the passage of a city ordinance enlarging the powers of the Board of Health in rather unexampled plenitude, justifies some inquiry on the part of a Chair dedicated to the highest interests of civilization.

We all know how beneficently the Board has elsewhere acted in cases where the other civic forces have found themselves helpless. Some of us are practically familiar, as landlord or tenant, with the appeal of a tenant to the Board when a landlord would not have the defective plumbing looked to; a suf-

ferer from the lamentations of a neighbor's dog shut out for the night has known himself to call in the Board for relief; it was the Board which doubtless established the paper drinking-cups in the cars; it was unquestionably the Board that forbade spitting on the street-car floors and the sidewalks; it was patent that the Board might act at any time on almost any of Dogberry's instructions to the Watch, even to bidding the nurse still a crying child at night. But it was far from the well-ascertained faculty of the Board in such matters to the extension of its duties by a municipal ordinance to the hygienic care of foodstuffs and the cultivation of the higher decencies in the personal habits of those having charge of them.

When this took place in the thermal metropolis whose identity we are so artfully concealing, we were grateful to the like of those citizens in the Elizabethan drama for such help as their comment of the incident could offer. "I suppose," a First Citizen somewhat sourly remarked, "that we should not be so much surprised by this sort of thing if the government had not M'Adoo'ed our railroads, and Garfielded our coal-bins, and Hooverized our cupboards."

"Why, what has happened now?" a Second Citizen demanded.

"Pretty much everything," the other replied. "I should think every Southern gentleman of the old style would turn in his grave, and wonder where on earth he could spit or knock off his cigar-ash."

"What do you mean?" A Third Citizen smiled in bringing the fore-feet of his chair down from their normal tilt.

"Nothing," the First Citizen replied, but he turned his paper over and referred to the text for the sake of verbal accuracy. "A man used to think he had done enough when he had started an electric fan to keep the flies off his grape-

fruit, oranges, lemons, melons, and the vegetables that commonly went with them; but now he must keep them all close netted night and day so that no fly or other insect can get at them."

The Second Citizen grinned. "Well?"

"No cats or dogs can be kept in the stores where foodstuffs of any sorts are sold, or in the restaurants where things are cooked and eaten. If a customer brings a dog, he must leave it outside of a netted street door."

"Come! you're joking," the Third Citizen protested.

"Am I?" the First Citizen retorted. "What do you say to swinging net-doors between kitchens and dining-rooms? All the bakers and cooks that provide victuals for the public have got to keep their clothes and hands clean, and to see that their helpers do. None of them can chew or smoke or use tobacco in any shape when they're at work, and of course not spit on the floor. Every time a glass is used at a soda-fountain it's got to be sterilized with steam or hot water; not just given a dip in a slop-bucket behind the counter."

"Well, well!" the Second and Third Citizens exclaimed together, and then lapsed into the silence which the First Citizen let follow upon his version of the enactment, while the paper which he had been referring to slipped to the floor. "Why, I can remember when we didn't *try* to keep flies off things that we weren't eating at the time, or that they wouldn't be liable to slip into and get drowned. Mother had a bunch of peacock-feathers at her plate, and when the flies settled too thick, she waved it over the table and shooed them off. Of course they'd settle back, but then she'd shoo them off again, and as long as we didn't knowingly eat them we didn't mind them. She was careful about them when she was cooking, and if one of 'em got into the victuals in spite of her, nobody minded it. Flies! Mother, too, herself was neat as a pin, but she couldn't follow round after a whole houseful of children, and she had to depend upon the flies for cleaning up the crumbs and slops. *Now* they think flies bring in filth from the outside, and spread disease, and the children are expected to swat 'em instead of being

shamed for cruelty if they killed one. We even provide the children with swatters."

The First Citizen stayed to let his words sink in, and the Second Citizen tilted himself back in a parallel attitude as most suitable for comment. "I was raised here in the South, and of course we had niggers to do our cookin'. They were splendid cooks and they are yet; they're the only ones we've got, anyway; but clean? They're the color that don't show dirt, and unless you used a spy-glass, or took their word for it, you wouldn't know whether they had washed their hands from one week's end to another. I reckon that's what the bakers and the restaurant people will have to do if they want to live up to that new law."

At this point the Third Citizen thought it the moment to introduce himself autobiographically. "I was brought up in New England, where you Westerners and Southerners think we're all so tight-fisted (or *nigh*, as we call it) that no full-sized fly could pick up a living from our leavings. Flies wa'n't so plenty with us, anyway; fly-time came later and went earlier in our summers. But see here! What about the "peck of dirt" which the laws of God ordained that every human being had to eat before he died, in this town if your laws won't let any dirt accumulate where you can get at it?"

The First Citizen contented himself with suggesting, dryly: "Well, perhaps they won't enforce the laws, all of them. I hain't looked round very close, but I reckon you could find some smokin' and even chewin' where they sell provisions. And I should be surprised if there wasn't now and then a cook or bottle-washer that forgot to wash his hands before he went to work, or to rinse his dishes and glasses after he got through. I hain't seen many more net doors than usual to the fruit-stores, and I hain't seen many dogs shut out on the sidewalk before the stores when their owners went in to buy."

The Three Citizens laughed cozily together, and their amusement seemed to us so immoral that we interposed with the horrified inquiry, "And you haven't felt it your duty to report the offenders,

who have been fully warned of their duty in the matter?"

"Not yet," the First Citizen replied for himself and the other two who smilingly accepted him for their spokesman. "I'm not on the Board of Health, myself. Once, as I was sayin', the flies were the healthiest things you could have about the house; they eat up all the decay on a small scale, same as the turkey-buzzards outside. Now they bring in all the filth they can get their feet into, and tramp round on the eatables and breed all kinds of diseases. That's what the doctors think now. But supposin' they change their minds—they've done it more than once—and get back to the old idea, after you've starved out all the flies? And you've jailed all the fellows that tried to give them a chance in spite of the laws."

"That's something so," the Second laughed in taking up the word:

"The flies have a pretty hard time of it already, with the autos killin' off the horses. There used to be plenty of stables in every town where a fly could multiply and replenish the neighborhood by the hundred thousands; but flies can't breed in the droppings of an auto."

The other citizens gladdened together, and the First Citizen took the word. "Why, there ain't any length that this ordinance don't go to. There ain't any objection to nettin' the fruit and vegetables that you eat raw; but what's the sense of nettin' potatoes and onions? Any germ that can stand bein' boiled or baked with potatoes in their skins, and fried with onions, ought to be allowed his chances. And, besides, I can't help feelin' that it's flyin' in the face of Providence, if it's been ordained, as you say, that Man shall eat his peck of dirt in the land that the Lord giveth him."

The closing words of the First Citizen had a sort of Scriptural fall which cast a pious gloom over his fellow-citizens. They looked at us as if they expected us to apologize for what we had said in defense of that impious city ordinance. We felt the blight of their mood, but we tried to laugh it off. "Look here, look here! Are you sure that peck was providentially ordained? We *have* understood that it was man's hard fate and not his manifest duty. We *have* felt that

it was flying in the face of Providence to keep on eating any more of it than we could help. But no matter about that divine decree, or that doom of destiny, whichever it is. Here we have a law made by our representatives, and the question is, Shall we keep it or break it? Have any of you heard or seen any one obeying or trying to obey it?"

The First and Second Citizens smiled in derision, but the Third hesitated. Then he said, "Yes, I was in a grocery yesterday when a man came in with his dog, and the grocer told him it was against the law."

"Was the grocer smoking or chewing at the time?" the First Citizen demanded.

"No, I don't think he was," the Third answered, courageously.

"And did you take that grocer by the hand and congratulate him on his manly obedience to the law?" we asked.

"I can't say I did," the Third Citizen responded.

"No. And what should you say the feeling of the other spectators was? For or against the grocer?"

"I couldn't say definitely."

"And what about the dog?"

"Well, you know how dogs are. They seem to understand when you're talking about them. This dog seemed to understand that he had been requested to get out. But he left it to his owner, and his owner did not order him out. He stayed long enough to show that he was not going to buy anything, and when he went, you could see that he did not mean to come to that grocery any more, as plain as if he had it written on his back."

All of us laughed for joy in the human nature of the fact, but the Chair felt it right to present a serious view of it.

"Well, we certainly like to assert ourselves against a new law, if it contravenes our customs, but we are essentially a law-abiding people." As soon as we had said this, we began to doubt it, and we hurried to add: "And we shall be more and more so as military necessity becomes the law of the land. There is nothing more distinctively American than the way we have all acquiesced in the nationalization of the railroads, and the fuel and food control, when six months ago we would have lain down

and died for the principle of individualism in everything. Now we see that state socialism in the guise of military necessity has saved society, and apparently we can't have too much of it."

"Hadn't the old thing broken down?" the First Citizen demanded.

"Individualism?"

"I don't know what you call it."

The other citizens looked as if he had us there, and they did not seem to think we improved our case by asking, "Doesn't that prove that the principle of individualism was so weak that it must break down when it was put to a severe test?"

The First Citizen scratched his head in apparent search for an elusive idea, but he left the word to us.

"Why, take the history of the temperance reform! It began with people signing the pledge not to touch, taste, or handle the thing that gave its color in the cup so attractively, but finally bit like a serpent and stung like an adder. That was a very good start, and when we got to having a secret order like the Sons of Temperance, with lodges and passwords and embroidered regalia, we felt that society was saved from the rum fiend, or whatever we liked to call it. All we had to do was to keep on signing the pledge, and joining the Sons of Temperance. Then in the state of Maine they enacted a prohibition law, and nothing saved the sacred principle of individual initiative but the inability of the law to enforce itself."

"Teetotal failure," the First Citizen summarized, with a wink.

"Not at all!" we retorted. "The principle was so vital that we have now given it nation-wide prevalence after so many states had adopted it that we couldn't refuse it national recognition. Whole states, whole sections went dry, and Congress saw that something must be done, and did it."

"Well, that was all right, wasn't it?" the First Citizen challenged us.

"Perfectly. Of course a good deal of inconvenience has resulted, and some suffering, but the good old-time drunkenness was not an unmixed blessing. We must always remember that when we want a drink. And here you must re-

spect the hygienic ordinance which now threatens to gall you."

The First Citizen rose to go, and the others with him. "We sha'n't respect it," he said.

"You will break it?"

"We shall get round it."

"Well, that is better. It leaves the Americans as law-abiding as they ever were, and it will give the courts employment in the adjudicating the cases of circumambulation."

"And public opinion will support those who get round the law."

"You mean that the public likes germs in its food? Or will it do without dusty, tobacco-smoked, dog-scented, fly-blown provisions?"

At this crucial moment a Fourth Citizen excitedly arrived upon the scene. "Well, sir," he said, addressing us as a social unit, "I can't buy a banana in this whole town. Tried everywhere. The grocers and the fruit men say that if they have got to net their bananas, they won't keep them."

The First Citizen looked at us and said, "Well?"

"Well," we admitted, "that is one way of getting round it without open violence. The question now lies between the dealers and the people who want bananas. But there remains the question of netting all the citrus fruits, besides watermelons in their season, cantaloupes, grapes, and nuts, as well as potatoes and onions. Will your dealers refuse to keep these as a protest against a law which, after all, places your town in the forefront of civilization?"

"Well," the First Citizen said, "I should like a smoke somewhere. I suppose they'll allow me to smoke in the street?"

"They wouldn't in Boston—once."

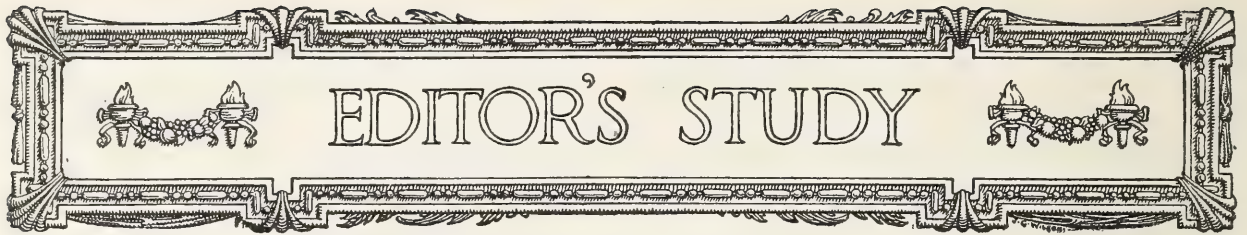
"Oh! we're not as bad as Boston was—once."

The Citizens laughed together when a Fifth Citizen appeared with a bunch of bananas in his hand.

"Hello!" the others chorused. "Where'd you get your bananas?"

"Get 'em anywhere. The fruit men have given in."

"After all," we silently reflected, "we are a law-abiding people."



HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE phenomena of human sensibility and the ground of these phenomena have, in the general conception of them, never been justly appreciated for what they really are. The definitions of philosophers and even of psychological adepts have failed us here. In very few instances where real insight has displaced formulation, the interpretation, though academically useful, is not seen as significant in its application to the affairs of life or to human experience. So profound a psychologist as Bergson seems always strictly professional in method and carefully avoids historical illustration.

The student, in every field of knowledge, seeking information rather than real interpretation, is too apt to be satisfied with complete classification of facts and phenomena; he wants outlines of history—a grammar of every science. Thus limited, he is always in the outside courts of the temple of knowledge, never in the temple itself. It is this dominance of the grammatical conception of knowledge, as well as of life, that has narrowed the ideas generally accepted of the essential nature and functions of human sensibility.

As in grammar proper, the preliminary exercise for a formal understanding of language—once deemed so important in the educational systems of England that all schools for youth were known as grammar schools—the verb had an active and a passive voice, so all the operations of nature and of human nature were indicated as matter or spirit either acting upon something or being acted upon. This formula is applicable only to mechanical activity and to human operation in the field of arbitrary volition. It does not really express any natural or spiritual operation. The forms and paradigms so germane to mechanics are alien to the kingdom of

reality, where all relations are genetic. Here there is no mechanical partitioning. In a mathematical formula, the whole is the sum of its parts. In terms of reality, it is their parent, so that none can be considered save as an implication of all. Thus we substitute reality for the mere notion or concept.

In a word, we lay stress upon creative interpretation of life and nature, not upon formal definition. Thus Bergson in his *Creative Evolution* was a great interpreter, restoring the universe to the kingdom of reality, from which Darwin and Spencer had severed it. As a psychologist, especially in his treatment of intuition as distinguished, on the one hand, from instinct and, on the other, from mental concepts, he shows the same order of creative interpretation, which has its fundamental ground in creative sensibility.

The poets and the great masters of fiction are more real psychologists than the adepts, who must confine themselves within strictly professional limitations, are allowed to be. The poet, "of imagination all compact," has the advantages, and at the same time transcends the limitations, of articulate speech; he naturally reverts to the meanings words had as they were first created, while technical analysts depend almost entirely upon their secondary significations. This is true also of the more imaginative essayists, like Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, and De Quincey. In this trait Wordsworth was, among poets, especially distinguished. Even the longest and, to ordinary readers, the most tedious of his poems abound in felicitous and creatively informed phrases, embodying surprising flashes of intuition. One of these, "a wise passivity," throws much light upon the theme of our present contemplation—the human sensibility, really the ground of all creative art.

This is the sensibility we are born with, and which owes nothing to us as individuals. It is, for each of us, our inalienable heritage since it registers our heredity from family, race, and species. Fundamentally, in its complex integrity, it registers our eternity. It is the soul—so much of that indefinable essence as we can comprehend. It is not divisible into compartments. As religious sensibility, creative imagination, and reason, it is all one—at the same time that it is inseparably one with that beyond us, the infinite whole. It is not subject to the grammatical categories—active and passive; it is at once action and passion, or—to use one of the phrases so characteristic of Wordsworth—“the vision and the faculty divine.” This same poet has, in his “Intimations of Immortality,” shown the deepest insight into the nature and quality of innate sensibility.

In its development through outward contacts with the material world and the mental activities thus constituted, through experience, and through human communications, sensibility still retains its innate and undefinable powers and its communications with an unseen world—“always beholding the face of the Father”—not only the angel of every child, but of every human being. Yet we are so intent—and by the very conditions of our planetary existence we are meant to be—upon our individual volitions and activities in relation to our outward environment that a veil seems to hide from us that subconscious realm of our being, which is the essential substance of its reality, and which is constituted independently of our conscious individual choice, though the very ground of our dilection and desire and of our real knowledge.

The most curious chapter of physiology is that relating to the prenatal fashioning of the organs of the special senses of sight and hearing. We can easily attribute to heredity the prenatal preparations for the tactile senses of touch, taste, and even of smell; for all the members of the body; and for the nervous system, including the brain. But heredity—to which, as a general implication, we must also trace the organs of sight and hearing—is itself an incomprehensible mystery. The wonder

is enhanced, in the case of vision and hearing, by the absence during the period of gestation of those vibrations of the ether which to the eye are light and in the ear are sound, and upon which these organs are supposed to depend for their very formation. We know that within the dark confines of the Mammoth Cave fishes lose the use of the organ of vision, which becomes merely rudimentary. How, then, in a like darkness, is that organ in the unborn infant developed to such a degree of perfection that it begins its functioning the moment it is opened to the light?

The physiological expert is driven to the assumption of some substitute for light in the absence of that stimulant to the preliminary development of the eye—electricity possibly. Undoubtedly the alchemy of Nature is in this, its earliest, partnership with the individual human being a sufficient, though, so far as that individual is consciously concerned, a silent and unbidden partner. It is no more strange that Nature's participation in this transaction eludes the searching scrutiny of human science than that the fundamental human sensibility, the essential soul itself, should be so completely veiled from definite human consciousness. This sensibility is so immediately open to the creative sources of all power and of all real knowledge that it is not only through its interpenetration of all human planetary dispositions and activities, a supreme factor in human evolution—that is, in the spiritual reinforcement of all outwardly directed effort—but also must be presumed to have been primarily concerned in its own specialization as outwardly developed sensibility.

Though in these outward courts of life there is so much, even in what we call progress, that seems to deny and contradict the evolutionary purpose, yet that purpose is imperatively controlling. It is, indeed, the fundamental will that is essentially an implication of the primal sensibility we have been considering as the ground of our spiritual manners and dispositions—“the fountain light of all our day,” the “master light of all our seeing,” as Wordsworth terms those “high instincts” which respond to our “obstinate questionings of sense and

outward things," in that ode which we have referred to, and which, more articulately than any other poem, expresses the intuitions of that essential part in us which is immortal.

It is an interesting fact that Wordsworth, in a prefatory note to the poem as published in a final edition of his collected works, protests against the conclusion reached by some readers that it was meant to inculcate a belief in the pre-existence of the soul, characterizing such a belief as "too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instincts of immortality." He admits, however, that he took hold of the notion as having sufficient foundation in human belief to authorize his use of it as a poet.

Wordsworth's poetic imagination reached its profoundest depth of insight and its broadest range of faculty in the use of this ancient intuition, making this ode a wonderful compendium of creative psychology, more nearly allied to Plato's poetic idea of Recollections (as independent of any individual earthly experience) than to any religious belief cherished in the mysticism of the Far East. Plato was Western, but, in his philosophy of Ideas, stood midway between the mystical imagination of the Orient and that of Wordsworth, which, as extremely Western and also as more modern, had clearer visionings. But there was nothing in either Platonic philosophy or in Wordsworth's great poem to support either the ancient belief in the transmigration of souls or the modern revival of the belief in reincarnation. The ode on Immortality was inspired wholly by the conviction of the essential quality of eternity as dominant and determinant of human destiny, the divine-human ground of our highest ideals.

Wordsworth very distinctly portrayed the contrast between our specialized planetary and our fundamental sensibility, between the emphasis of time and the hold upon us of our eternity, between the shades of the prison-house which "begin to close upon the growing boy" and the heaven-born freedom of childhood. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy!" Then

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's
mind,

And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Yet there is no irreconcilable conflict between these contrasting tutelages, the heavenly and the earthly—between sense and soul. The eternity in us sets its seal upon the earnest outward effort of those who are still plastic to the invisible mastery.

The youth, who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.

Only the inert and listless who have succumbed beneath the weight of materialism are lost in inglorious oblivion, exchanging their heritage of enchantment for dull enchainment.

We recur to this theme of human sensibility, hoping that our insistence upon its vast significance in previous numbers of the Study may not have outworn its welcome. The war, which has become the life of the world, has freshly disclosed the wonderful development of a sympathetic world-sensibility in those peoples to whom the welfare and freedom of humanity are the dominant concern. It is a sense newly born through common suffering and sacrifice, with intensely dynamic meanings rather than a merely passive significance. Impressionabilities have been transformed into violent reactions against an aggressive conspiracy. The aspects of martial conflict have themselves been correspondingly transformed in the case of armies pledged to a righteous cause and reinforced by invisible powers. Like Sir Galahad, the hero has the strength of ten because his heart is pure.

There is in the present outlook nothing to warrant apprehension. But even if, through any combination of circumstances, victory should settle upon his antagonist, the dynamic inspiration of the impassioned and resolute victim would still be unquenchable and must win in the final issue.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Sorry Tale of Hennery K. Lunk

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

WHEN I made my visit to my old home town, after twenty years' absence, I was interested in every one and everything. It is fascinating work to take a shred of memory and watch it grow as forgotten memories add themselves to it. It is as if you discovered an inch of yarn sticking out of a chest. The little tag-end of yarn is nothing of itself, but you take hold of it and pull it and out it comes—yards and yards of it—until you have a great mass of yarn in your hands, and you feel the itchy feel of it, and get the camphor-ballish smell of it, and all at once you exclaim:

"By George! By George! It's that old woolen undershirt I hated so when I was a boy!"

You are as tickled as if you had discovered a five-dollar gold-piece in an old vest. In a little while you walk the streets in a fog of long-forgotten memories. I say "fog" because it is all dim and dreamy and unreal. You are neither yourself nor the person you were twenty years before. You are like a Mohammed suspended between the floor of to-day and the ceiling of your youth, but as you hang suspended there the tracings on the ceiling grow clearer and clearer.

I remember I walked down to the river and sat on the water-logged dock of the old ferry-boat *Silas William*. The boat is gone now, and the dock is rotting, but the same old river ran by. I remembered the first time I rode across the river on the *Silas William* and what an adventure that had been. Then I remembered Hennery K. Lunk, who used to own the ferry and was captain and half the crew. I remembered, as if it had happened yesterday, how he warned me not to go too near the edge because the Mississippi River was full of saw-back whales

that would glide under a boy if he fell in the river, and saw the boy in two, and then swish around and swallow the boy in two gulps. He told me that if a man fell overboard the saw-back whales would go "swish! swish!" twice—once to cut the man in two length-wise and once to cut the man-strips cross-wise, because saw-back whales could not swallow a man unless he was cut into four pieces. Then the captain—Captain Hennery K. Lunk—dug into his pocket and gave me two peppermint lozenges and told me to eat them immediately. He told me to eat one of them bottom side up and the other one top side down. That would go a long way toward saving my life if I did happen to fall overboard, because saw-back whales could



HE WARNED ME NOT TO GO TOO NEAR THE EDGE

not bear peppermint. If I kept breathing my breath in and out when I fell overboard the saw-back whale would come up and sniff my breath and turn around and swim away again without sawing me or anything.

I remembered how he came around to where I was standing, after he had gone up to the pilot-house to get a chew of tobacco from the pilot, and asked me if I was sure I had eaten one of the peppermints top side down and the other bottom side up, and he did not seem sure that I had, so he gave me another. He kept giving me others all the way across the river and back, because he did not want me to take any chances. My heart warmed to Hennery K. Lunk as the memories returned. There was a sun-roughened old codger sitting on a pile of lath on the dock, netting a seine with slow, exact swings of his arm, and I went over and seated myself beside him.

"Morning, pardner!" I said.

"Mornin'!" he said, without looking up.

"You don't remember me," I said, "and I don't remember you, but I used to live here twenty years ago or so, and I knew a man by the name of Hennery K. Lunk—"

My stranger shook his head without stopping his netting arm. "Poor old Hennery!" he said. "So you used to know poor old Hennery K. Lunk! I thought everybody in the world had forgotten poor old Hennery by this time, he's been dead so long—"

"Dead!" I exclaimed.

"Yep! He's dead," said my netter. "Saddest thing! Saddest *durn* thing that ever happened in this town. When I think how lively and chipper and always joking Hennery K. Lunk used to be when I first knew him— He was a fine feller, Hennery was."

"I never heard a bad word spoken of him, I agreed. "He was kind and he was cheerful—"

"Used to run a ferry-boat right from this very livin' dock!" said my friend. "Old *Silas William*, she was. Many's the ride I've had on her. I don't know as I ever heard anything as sad as what come over old Hennery K. Lunk."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Well," said the old fellow, "I don't mean the way he lost his money and all. That was sad, but it only sort of led up to the real sad part. You knowed he sold his boat?"

"The ferry-boat? No, I did not know that."

"Yes, he sold her. Durndest unlucky sale! Sold her one night to two fellers in town here for four thousand dollars—"

"Four thousand dollars!" I exclaimed.

"Four thousand dollars for that rotten old hulk?"

"And the next day two fellers come down from Dee-buque, and offered him five thousand two hundred and fifty for her! Yes, sir; and it broke Hennery K. Lunk all up! It sort of sickened him, like it would anybody. He wasn't never the same afterward. It



A SUN-ROUGHENED OLD CODGER SITTING ON A PILE OF LATH

made him sort of moodish and glum all the rest of his life. He sort of dwelt on it, he did. He'd intended to retire and live on his money, but he kept mooding about that one thousand two hundred and fifty he'd lost, and he got so durned glum about it he set out to make it up, Hennery K. Lunk did. So he started a saloon—a liquor saloon."

"Bad business, but profitable," I ventured.

"And two days after he got her opened up," said the sunburned old fellow, "they passed the prohibition law and he had to take all his liquor out in the street and smash it in the gutter. It saddened Hennery K. Lunk, that did. Yes, sir! It did so. I guess he lost a good thousand dollars by that deal, and I don't know what he would have done if he hadn't had a chance to buy Thomas Doherty's crockery-store. You remember Thomas Doherty?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Done, a right good business, I guess. Hennery K. Lunk, he thought so. He thought he could make back that two thousand two hundred and fifty he was short, so he went and bought Thomas Doherty out of his crockery business. That was three days before we had that earthquake here."

"I remember reading about the earthquake," I said.

"Busted every crock and dish in Hennery K. Lunk's store," said the old fellow. "It made a big change in Hennery, too. Made him sort of melancholy like. I guess he might have sort of caved in if it hadn't been he had a chance to buy Droman's livery-stable. He figured that Droman wasn't never any business man and that a good hand at business ought to clean up three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars in no time at all. So when the foot and mouth disease come the next week—"

"You don't tell me—"

"Shot 'em!" said my historian. "State come around and shot every hoss in Hennery K. Lunk's barn. And no redress, mind you. I tell you it 'most discouraged Hennery K. Lunk. He got so blue that if he hadn't had the notion to speculate in potatoes I hate to think what he might have done right then. But it looked like a hard winter, and he went and bought all the potatoes he could scare up. He showed me on a piece of paper, with a pencil, how he ought to make up the four



THE FIRST POPPERFUL OF CORN CAUGHT FIRE

thousand two hundred and fifty dollars he was behind if potatoes went up to a dollar a bushel—"

"But they went down!" I said.

"Nope! Froze! Froze as solid as rocks, in the old Bergen Mill where he had 'em stored. So he says to me, he says, 'I ain't hardly got ambition to try no more,' he says. 'Seems like,' he says, 'life and every durned thing was against me. For two cents,' he says, 'I'd jump in the river and let one of them saw-back whales cut me in four—'"

"Did he say that?" I asked, eagerly. "I remember—"

"He had a lot of sayin's like that," said the old codger. "Hennery K. Lunk was always sayin' things of one sort or another. So he says to me, 'I only got a dollar an' forty cents left, an' it ain't much to go on,' he says, 'but I can knock together a sort of hand cart with some wheels I can pick up, and I can buy a kerosene lamp for thutty cents, and I can buy a corn-popper for a dollar, and a dime's wuth of pop'-corn, and I can start in at the hotel corner, poppin' corn an' sellin' it for five cents a bag.'"

"'You'll need some salt and butter,' I says, 'and some paper bags, and some kerosene oil, if you want to do business like that.'"

"'Well,' he says, 'I guess if I invest a dol-

lar an' forty cents into a business I can get trusted for a quarter pound of butter, and an ounce or two of salt and a couple o' pints of kerosene oil up to Fackelmeyer's grocery-store, and it's my only chance to make back the five thousand two hundred and fifty dollars I'm behind.'

"So he went ahead and done it, and the first popperful of corn he popped over the kerosene lamp caught fire and burned up the whole durned shootin'-match! Yes, sir; he was an unsuccessful man, Hennery K. Lunk was. He couldn't succeed at nothin' he undertook. Why—"

"What were you going to say?" I asked, when he hesitated.

My friend drew his hand across his forehead and looked out at the river and shook his head.

"Unfortunate! Unlucky!" he said, sadly. "Even when it come right down to suicide—"

"You don't mean to say that he—"

"He tried, but he didn't have no luck at it," said the old fellow. "He shot at himself

and missed. He jumped in the river and they pulled him out. He done everything he could, and tried every way he knew, poor feller! but he didn't have no more luck at suicide than he had at business! He was a durned failure at suicide like he was at everything else. He'd be alive yet but for one thing. It was mighty sad!"

"What was it?" I asked.

"He fretted so much over not bein' able to die that it killed him," said the sunburned old man.

I looked at him and at the lines of regret and sorrow that his face had taken on, and then I put out my hand and took his and shook it violently.

"Now I know you!" I exclaimed. "I couldn't quite place you before, but I know you now! How are you, you exaggerating old rascal? How are you, Hennery K. Lunk?"

"Well, I reckon I'll pull through awhile yet," he said, with a cheery smile, "if no saw-back whale don't swaller me in four swallers."

Parental Instruction

WHEN father came home to dinner he observed a vacant chair at the table. "Where's the boy?" he asked, nodding to the chair.

"Harold is up-stairs," came in a tone of painful precision from the mother.

"I hope he is not sick."

There was an anxious pause. "No, he is not sick," continued the mother. "It grieves me to say, Richard, that our son, your son, has been heard swearing on the street. I heard him myself."

"Swearing!" exclaimed the father. "I'll teach him to swear!" And with that the angry parent started up-stairs in the dark. Half-way up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the confusion had subsided Harold's mother was heard saying, sweetly, from the hallway: "That will do, Henry dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."

Light Work

A WESTERN man tells of a weatherbeaten, woman, somewhat over six feet in height with shoulders proportionately broad, who appeared at a house in his town and asked for light housework, explaining that she was convalescing from typhoid fever.

"Where did you come from, and where have you been?" she was asked.

"I've been diggin' out on a ranch in Wyoming," she explained, "making post-holes whilst I was gittin' my strength back."

Circumstantial Evidence

THE Doctor's small boy had been in the habit of having a romp with his father every evening before being tucked in for the night, but of late the nightly bout was foregone in consideration for father's patients.

On the fifth successive night of disappointment Bobby was very quiet, thinking: His mother could not get the reason from him. Then, just as she kissed him good-night, he sat up and said very slowly:

"Mother, I guess Daddy's not a very good doctor. Is he?"

"Why, Bobby," she laughed, "what makes you say that?"

"'Cause," he pouted, "he never gets through seeing his patients."

Transmigration

ONE morning Jorkins looked over his fence and said to his neighbor Harkins:

"What are you burying in that hole?"

"Just replanting some of my seeds, that's all," was the answer.

"Seeds!" exclaimed Jorkins, angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens!"

"That's all right," said the other. "The seeds are inside."

First Aid

MRS. HUBBUBS: "So your husband put out the fire himself?"

MRS. SUBBUBS: "Yes, he saved the house! In another moment the firemen would have been there."

Its Freshness Gone

LITTLE Frances sat on the floor beside her mother's chair, busily dressing her doll.

"Please give me a pin, mother," she said, and her mother handed her a pin from the cushion, not noticing that it was bent.

"Oh, this is a wilted one, mother," she exclaimed. "Can't you give me a fresh one?"

First, Last, and Always

DURING a lull in trench activities, a Frenchman and an Englishman fell into a dispute, each stoutly maintaining the supremacy of his own country.

Finally, to end the discussion amicably, the Frenchman politely remarked, "*Eh bien, monsieur*, if I were not a Frenchman, I should wish to be an Englishman."

"And," rejoined the Englishman, stoutly, "if I were not an Englishman, I should want to be one."

Lost Their Interest

TWO political candidates were discussing the coming local election.

"What did the audience say when you told them you had never paid a dollar for a vote?" queried one.

"A few cheered, but the majority seemed to lose interest," returned the other.

Military Indecision

A SERGEANT was trying to drill a lot of raw recruits, and after working hard for three hours he thought they seemed to be getting into some sort of shape, so decided to test them.

"Right, turn!" he cried. Then, before they had ceased to move, came another order "Left, turn!"

One hoodlum left the ranks and started off toward the barrack-room.

"Here, you!" yelled the angry sergeant. "Where are you going?"

"I've had enough," replied the recruit in a disgusted tone. "You don't know your own mind for two minutes runnin'!"

He Could Do It

"WHO can show the meaning of the word 'totem' by using it in a sentence?" asked a fourth-grade teacher.

Tom, who seldom answered a question, held up his hand.

"Thomas," beamed the teacher, "give us your sentence."

"I've got five books an' I tote 'em home every day," responded Tom, confidently.

A Perilous Task

RASTUS was asked at the recruiting-station if he would like to join the aviation corps.

"Lordy! boss," was the answer, "s'posin' dat ole machine was to stop right up in de air an' dey'd want me to git out an' crank de engine!"



If Youth But Knew

"Say, Daddy, just because you are a surgeon won't you ever get a chance to kill anybody?"



War-time Portions

"Waiter, did you bring me a dirty plate or is this my steak?"

Force of Habit

THE dentist was busy filling a young woman's teeth. When he had finished the first tooth, he handed her a mirror that she might see the result for herself. Then he continued his task, each time handing her the mirror after a tooth had been filled. Finally, when his task was completed, and she had handed back the mirror with thanks, he asked:

"Well, Mrs. Danforth, how do they look to you?"

"Look to me? Why, I haven't seen them yet!" she exclaimed.

"I mean the teeth I have just filled," said the dentist, thinking she had not understood.

"Oh, I forgot all about the teeth," she replied, as she reached for the mirror.

"What did you look at each time, then?" queried the dentist, wonderingly.

"Why, my hair, of course."

Neglected

LITTLE Ellen, sitting beside her mother at a neighborhood party, received frequent admonitions from her.

"Ellen, pull down your dress!"—"Sit still!"—"Put your feet down!"

At last the mother became interested in the lady beside her, and little Ellen, feeling neglected, whispered earnestly:

"Mamma! Mamma! How do you think I'm acting now?"

The Angels' Larder

JOHN and Mary were talking, and their young aunt overheard the following conversation:

"I am glad that they have such good things to eat in heaven," said Mary.

"You silly, they don't eat at all up there," objected John.

"I just guess they do, John Marten," answered eight-year-old Mary, with dignity. "It says in my catechism, 'The Lord makes preserves, and keeps us.'"

A Minor Offense

DOWN in Kentucky they do things in their own way.

"Hello, Tom!" said a man from the North who had returned to his birthplace for a brief visit. "I heard that Bill killed a man. Is it true?"

"Sure," replied Tom. "He chased the feller three days with a shot-gun, finally got a good bead on him, and biffed him right through the lung."

"And killed him?" queried the Northerner, with horror.

"You bet!"

"Well, how is it that they didn't lynch Bill for cold-blooded murder?" asked the man from the North.

"Well, the feller that Bill shot didn't have a friend on earth, so the game warden jest fined Bill two dollars fer huntin' without a license."

It Leaked

LITTLE Hazel, having teased her mother to let her do some real ironing, was given a few dust-cloths to press. Her mother sent her to the ironing cupboard for a holder, then passed on into the sewing-room, and did not know that the little girl had found one which was worn in places. In a few moments the mother, hearing a quick cry, went into the kitchen, and, finding the tot looking pitifully at one of her hands, asked:

"What is the trouble, dear? What have you done to your hand?"

The child looked rebukingly at her parent, and with great tears in her eyes said, "Mother! You never told me this holder leaked."

Blame the Tailor

MRS. DAY, a young matron, was seated one spring morning on the piazza of her pretty suburban cottage, busily engaged in plying her needle. A coat of her husband's was in her lap. Looking up from her work, when her husband appeared in the doorway, the young woman exclaimed, somewhat fretfully:

"Really, Eugene, it is too bad, the careless way your tailor put this button on. This is the sixth time I have had to sew it on for you."

A Flattering Likeness

YOUNG Bobbie was looking at his sister's new photograph.

"Do you think it looks like me?" she asked.

"Oh yes!" Bobbie answered, emphatically. "Only I don't think it looks like your face."

A Youthful Diplomat

EDWARD gazed longingly at the remaining piece of pie as the maid removed it to the kitchen.

"Mother," he said, "if a poor, hungry little boy was to come to our back door and ask for something to eat, would you be willing to give him that piece of pie Rose just carried away?"

"Yes, Edward, I think I would," replied the mother.

"Well, mother," said Edward, as he climbed down from his chair, "just wait a minute till I run around to the back door."

Something In a Name

DURING the absence from his office of a distinguished lawyer his assistant received a widow who desired to consult the head of the firm with a view to instituting proceedings against a New York man for breach of promise.

"What's her name?" asked the lawyer of his assistant.

"Huggins," said the assistant.

"Huggins!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Isn't it contributory negligence for a widow to have a name like that?"

Professional Modesty

A WELL-KNOWN family physician in a Southern city in ante-bellum days had for his coachman an old ducky who, by reason of his position as doctor's assistant, was regarded as an authority on the health of the community.

One day while waiting for his master he was accosted by a passer-by who inquired who was dead in the adjoining block. The old ducky straightened up, gazed intently in the direction indicated, then, breaking into a broad smile, replied:

"I don't know, sah; dat's none of our killin'."

A Lucky Bird

TWO Irishmen in Maryland decided that they would enjoy a bit of sport on the occasion of the "opening of the reed-bird season." They were provided with tremendous game-bags, and, as it was their first experience, they were very enthusiastic.

Suddenly Callahan spotted a bird, and, taking very careful aim, prepared to fire the fatal shot. But Casey seized him by the arm, crying, frantically:

"Don't fire, Callahan, don't fire! Ye've forgotten to load your gun!"



"Gracious! You must have had some accident!"
 "Nope, just a little idea I evolved to dodge the subscription lists going round"



The Return of the Prodigal

Southern Chivalry

CHAD and Jule, a young colored couple, every morning walked to the village where they both worked.

One misty morning Chad discovered a catamount stretched along a limb which hung directly over the path. Like every one else in that country, he carried a shot-gun, hoping to get a squirrel or rabbit for supper. He fired at the brute, luckily blinding it. It fell to the ground and Chad killed it by beating it with the gun. Between them the two carried it to town where it was admired, weighed, and measured. Chad proudly told his story over and over. At last one of the bystanders asked:

"Weren't you frightened, Chad?"

"Yah! yah!" laughed Chad. "I was mighty skeered when I saw the varmint right over my haid, and I didn't know what to do, 'ca'se my shot warn't big 'nough to kill him; then I 'membered I could run a heap faster than Jule—so I jes' up an' fired!"

Cause for Thanks

"I MET a real optimist the other day," said a physician, "a fellow to whom I certainly doff my hat. He had lost a leg in a railway accident, and when they picked him up the first thing he said was:

"Thank God, it was the leg with the rheumatism!"

Her Measure of Shame

LITTLE Mildred was very fond of ripe olives, and her mother had to watch to see that she did not over-indulge. One day there was company, and Mildred managed to have the olive-dish stop near her plate.

After the meal her mother, pointing to the pile of pits on Mildred's plate, asked:

"How could you make such a pig of yourself? I should think you would be ashamed to see so many pits, and ashamed to have others see them."

Mildred hung her head and replied: "I was. That was the reason I threw all the rest of them on the floor."

Carried Through

IN a rural school of Maryland a teacher was endeavoring one day to make clear to her class the degrees of comparison of adjectives. To make sure she was understood, the teacher called on each pupil in turn to give comparatives and superlatives of adjectives which she named. One little chap was asked to name the comparative degree of "sick."

"Worse," said he.

The teacher decided that she could best show him his error by letting him go on, and asked, sweetly, "Well, if 'worse' is the comparative of 'sick,' what would you give as the superlative?"

"Dead," was the instant answer.





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